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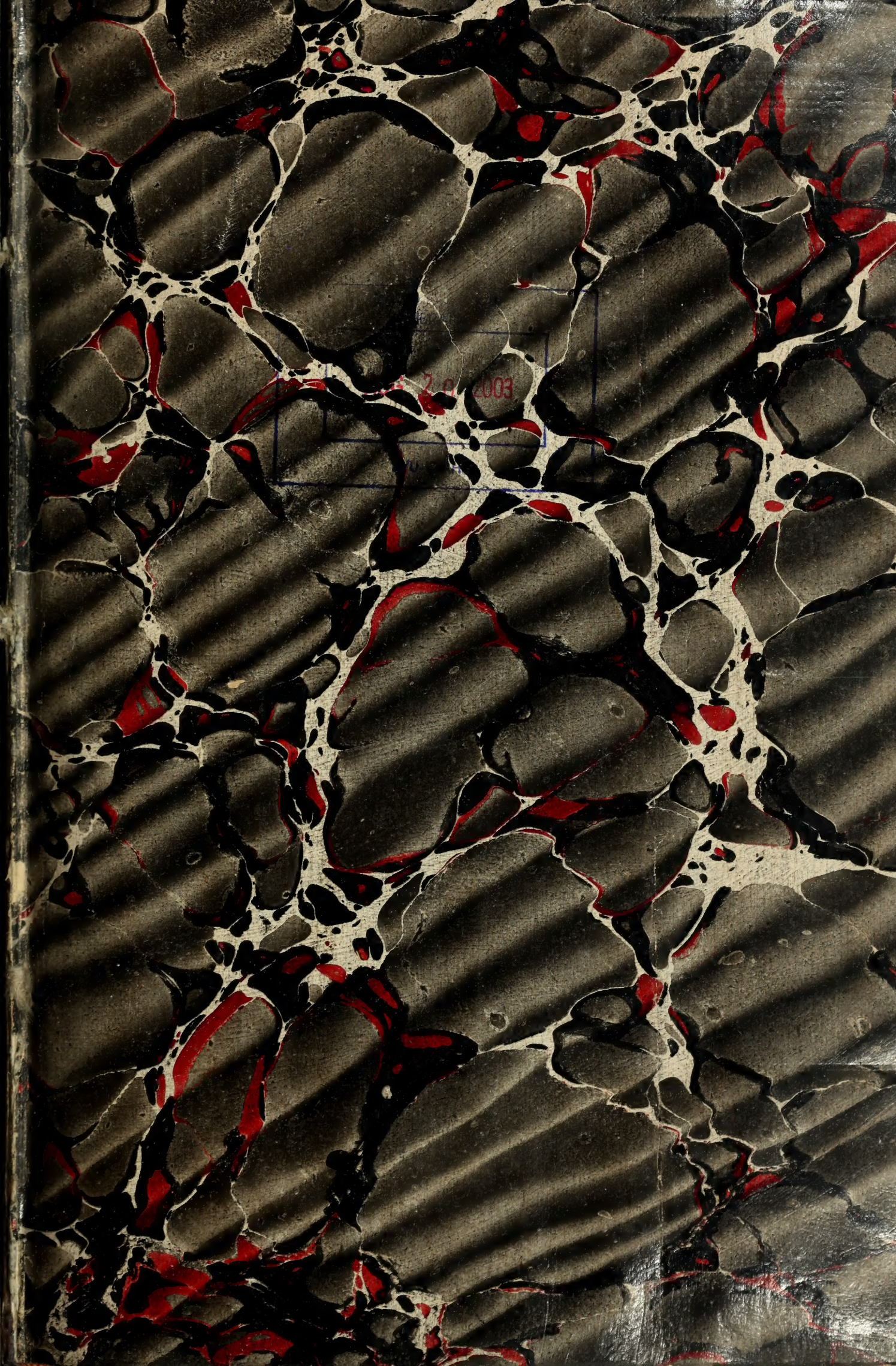
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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XXXVIII.

DECEMBER, 1868, TO MAY, 1869.

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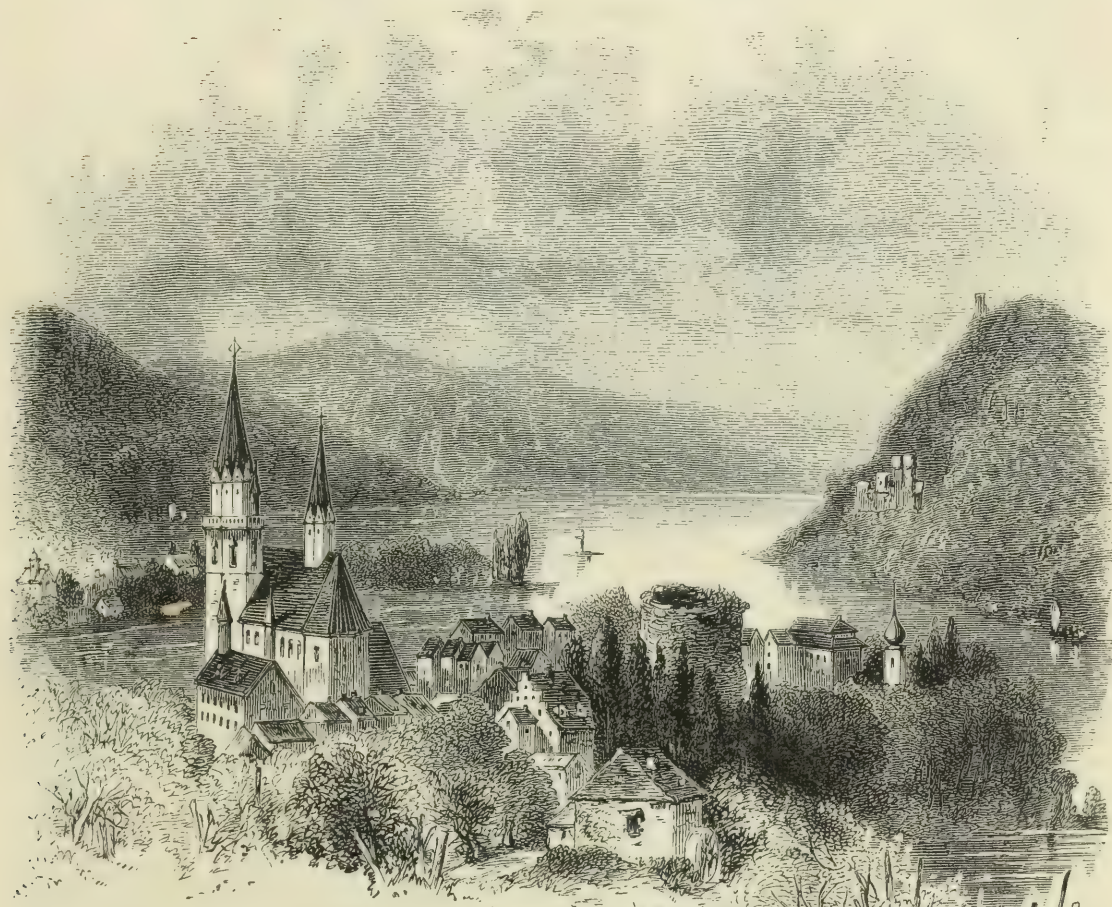
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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NO. CCXXIII.—DECEMBER, 1868.—VOL. XXXVIII.

A Pilgrimage upon the Rhine.

By JOHN D. SHERWOOD. Illustrated by CHARLES PARSONS.



I.

WHO'E'ER would sing the beauteous RHINE,
Its castled rocks and feudal towers,
And banks all crowned with royal wine,
Where reel the joyous, festal hours,—
Must wreath his pen with Bacchant grace—
Distill the sun into his song;
With purple joy its movements trace,
And, crowned with leaves, be gentle, strong;
Flow, like its stream, in varied rhyme,
And gild his verse with spoils of time.

O'er BINGEN's hills ripe grapes are hung,
Bathing their slopes in purpling mist;
While soft, green girdles, zoning, flung
'Round wall and tower, with amethyst,
Clasp tenderly each shelving ledge,
Hanging their jeweled clusters rare
O'er every rippling field and hedge;
And, crinkling through the loving air,
With wavy wealth of murmuring grace
Church, hamlet, flood and land enlace.

VOL. XXXVIII.—No. 223—1

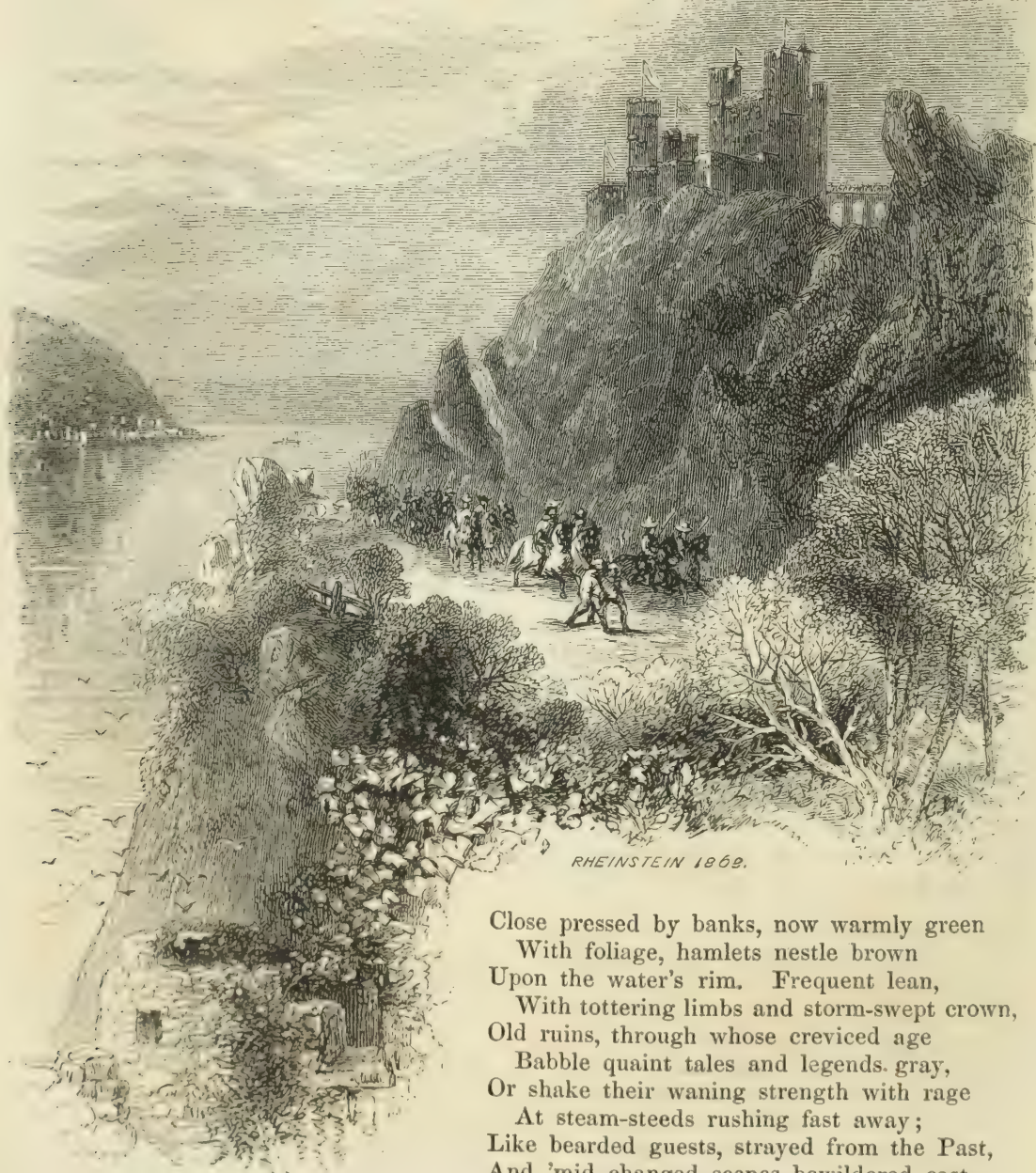


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JOHANNISBERG shines far and wide
 Amid the verdant, flowing sea;
 Its white walls glancing o'er the tide
 Which rolls its long-ridged billows free
 To RUDESHEIM's rich slanting plain,
 Rocking with rubied, furrowed wave,
 Where leafy heavens shed golden rain,
 Swelling the floods that kiss and lave
 The feet of yonder castle hoar,
 Whose shadow darkens all the shore.

II.

Above the river's hurrying swirl,
 Cliff-anchored RHEINSTEIN lifts its walls;—
 Her kingly banners there unfurl,
 And turret unto turret calls;—
 A mimic show of feudal state,
 With donjon, barbican and keep,
 Where toy-like tower and modern gate
 Rise o'er the piled and well-made steep;
 Where warders show large storied wealth,
 And share the gains they take by stealth.

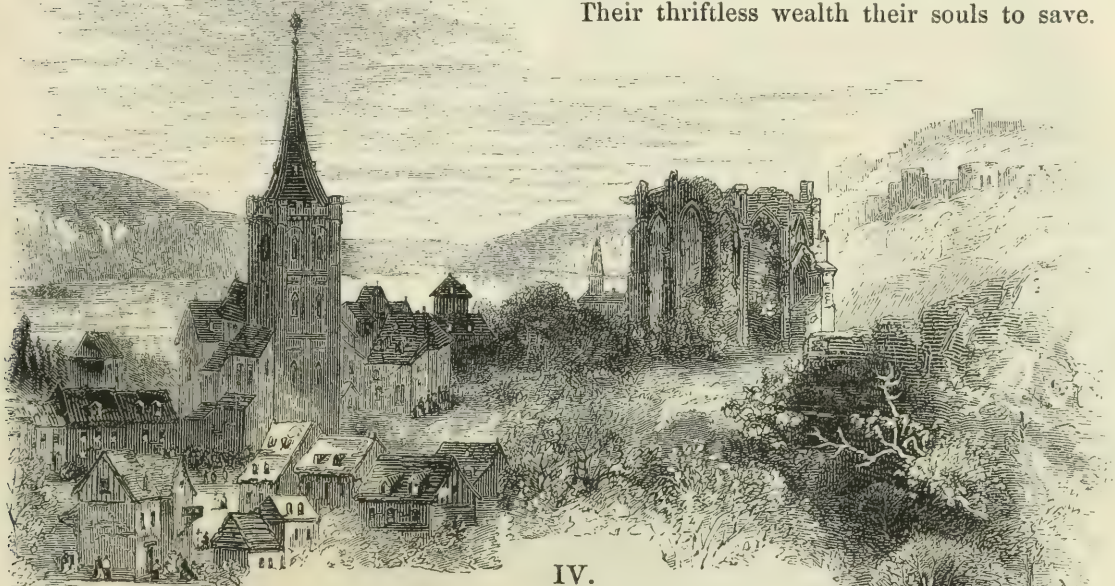


RHEINSTEIN 1869.

Close pressed by banks, now warmly green
 With foliage, hamlets nestle brown
 Upon the water's rim. Frequent lean,
 With tottering limbs and storm-swept crown,
 Old ruins, through whose creviced age
 Babble quaint tales and legends gray,
 Or shake their waning strength with rage
 At steam-steeds rushing fast away;
 Like bearded guests, strayed from the Past,
 And 'mid changed scenes bewildered cast.

III.

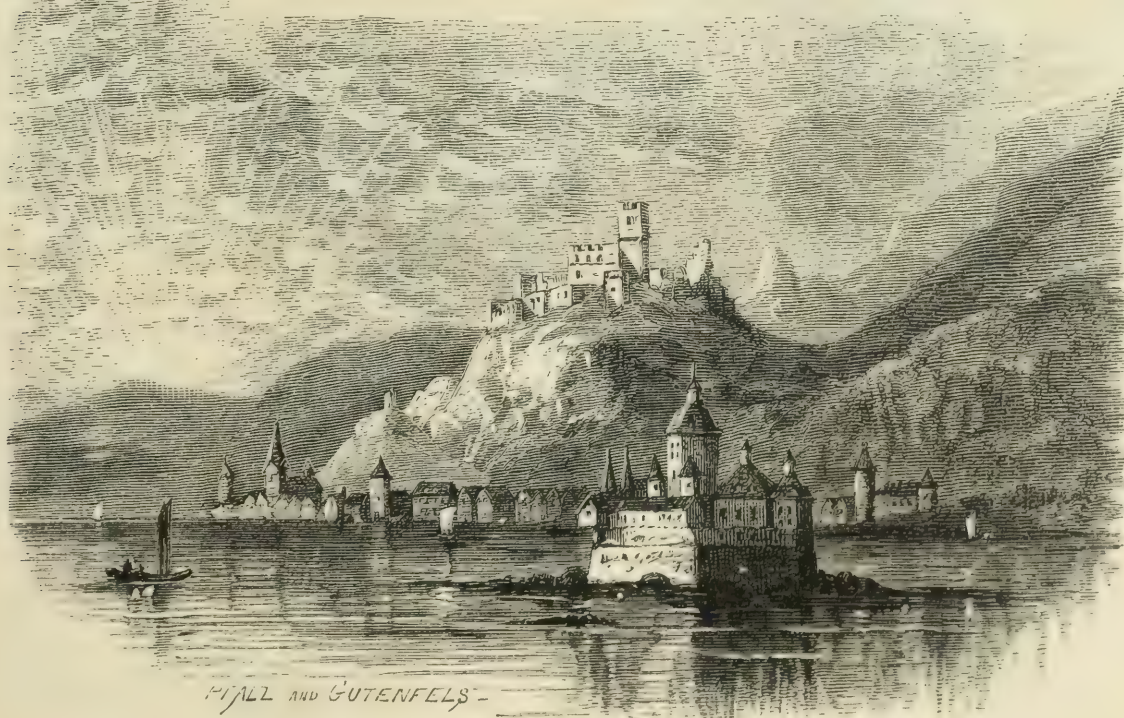
At BACHARACH the Pilgrims stray
 Through fields of ruins strown on high;
 Where swallows skim at close of day,
 Their spread wings lessening up the sky.
 Straight, slender columns drink the light,
 Spring in the air and fix their gaze—
 With well-cut coigns and shafts bedight—
 Bright relics of those earlier days
 When pious robbers, dying, gave
 Their thriftless wealth their souls to save.



Bacharach 168
C. J. G. J. G.

IV.

Two Castles—PFALZ and GUTENFELS—
 Watch o'er the foaming, brimming tide:—
 Two armed and sleepless sentinels,
 'Erst waiting for the chieftain's bride,
 Who,—floating down with silken sail,
 And music pulsing with the oar—
 Was seized and born, a captive pale,
 For weighty vengeance—where no door
 Admits or light or armed surprise,
 Or hope, or change, or blue-eyed skies.



PFALZ AND GUTENFELS—



V.

SCHÖNBERG

On SCHÖNBERG's shattered towers the sunset flings
 Its arrowy beauty, smiting with red fire
 Their mossed and mouldering strength, where sits and sings
 The cowled and monkish owl. Below the spire
 Of village church, touched by a parting ray,
 Looks downward on a gathering peasant throng
 Returning to their homes by varied way,
 Repeating high this joyous, choral Song
 Which Echo oft renews o'er listening vale and dell,
 Quick-throbbing on the air—as throbs an evening bell.

THE COW-HERDS' SONG.

One.

Sing not to us of blood-red wine,
 Nor Bacchus praise in drunken song;
 The oaken chaplets we entwine
 Are hers to whom they well belong:—

Chorus:

The honest Cow—the creamy Cow;—
 For her we raise our voices now,
 For her the milk-white flag we bear,
 For her we deck our flowing hair.

Two.

In maddening cups let others fling
 Their knotted strength and priceless health;
 To her cool, patient praise we sing
 Who to our hearths brings brimming wealth:—

Chorus:

The patient Cow—the bright-eyed Cow;
 Crown we her steady frontlet now;
 Send out our voices on the gale,
 And chant the virtues of the pail.

Three.

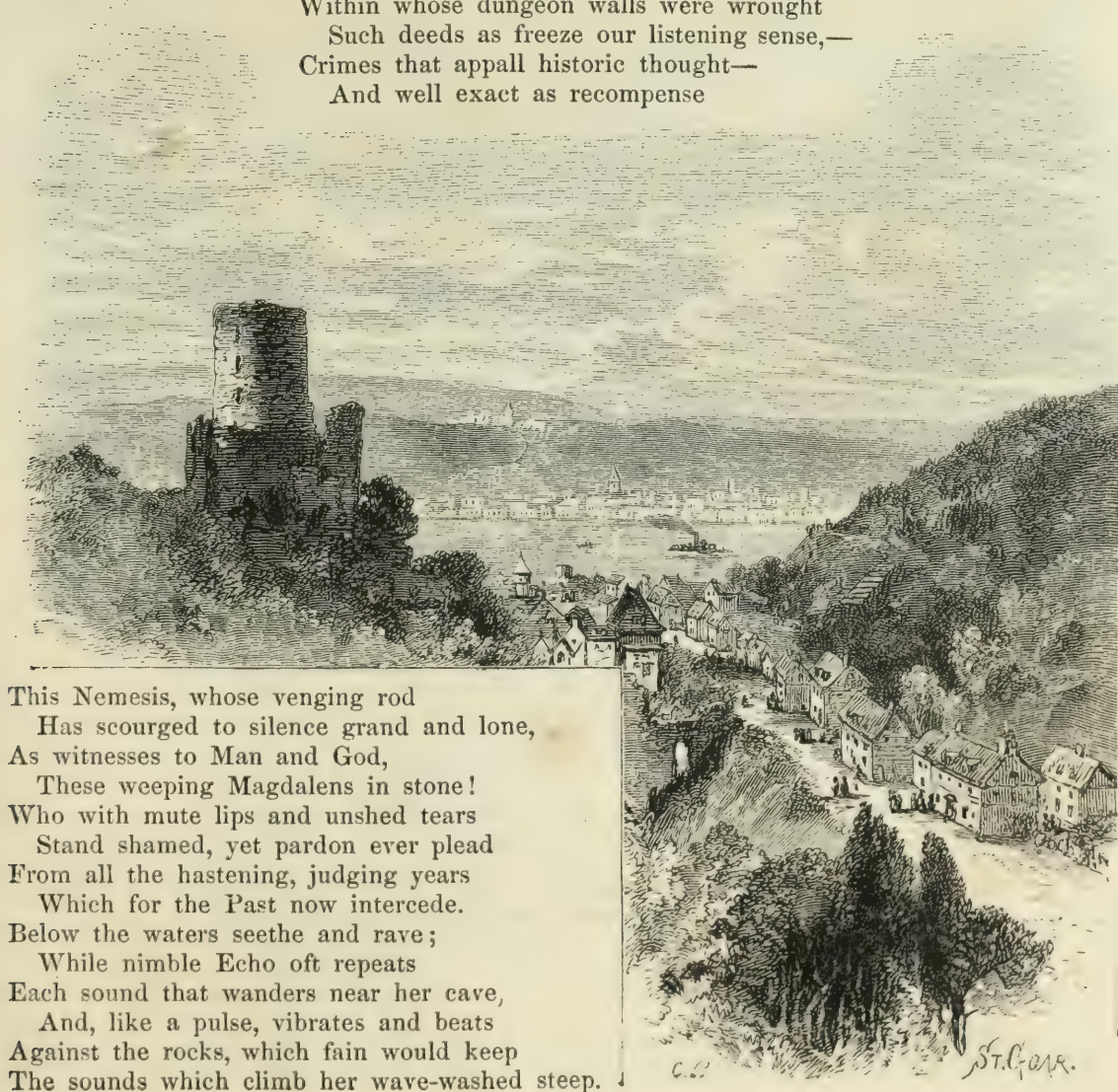
From blossomed meadows, starry fields,
 Bearing their secrets—see her come!
 And to our call those secrets yields;—
 We'll crown her at our grateful home.

Chorus:

The thoughtful Cow—the generous Cow,
 For her we bring the budding bough,
 Binding with joy her royal horn
 Who stintless gladdens night and morn.

VI.

A heap of ruins—vast and hoar!
 A harvest of the fruitful Past!
 Such are thy spoils, oh sweet ST. GOAR!
 So RHEINFELS on our path is cast,
 Within whose dungeon walls were wrought
 Such deeds as freeze our listening sense,—
 Crimes that appall historic thought—
 And well exact as recompense

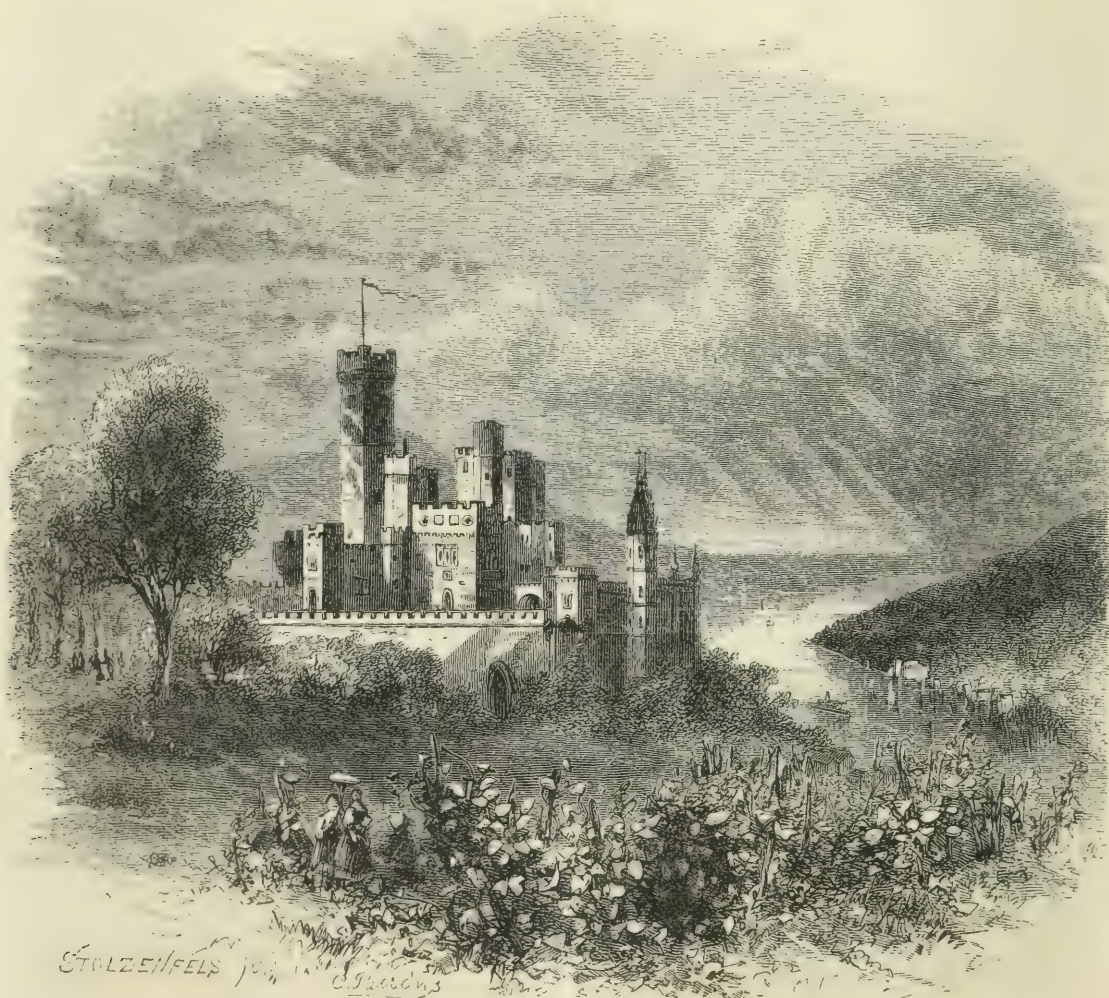


This Nemesis, whose venging rod
 Has scourged to silence grand and lone,
 As witnesses to Man and God,
 These weeping Magdalens in stone!
 Who with mute lips and unshed tears
 Stand shamed, yet pardon ever plead
 From all the hastening, judging years
 Which for the Past now intercede.
 Below the waters seethe and rave;
 While nimble Echo oft repeats
 Each sound that wanders near her cave,
 And, like a pulse, vibrates and beats
 Against the rocks, which fain would keep
 The sounds which climb her wave-washed steep.

C. L. ST. GOAR.

VII.

O'er the river's level current STOLZENFELS leans wondrous, fair;
 Like a sunset cloud in summer, pillowed on dissolving air,
 With its burnished towers and balcon, and its bannered state and pride,
 With fantastic battlements, sun-illuminated, glorified.
 Sheathed in strong and stony armor far she looks with tranced gaze,
 On the plains embossed and pearly, piled with sheaves of corn and maize;
 Looking out upon the Summer with its tangled skein of streams,
 Braided through the mellow sunshine, braided in our summer dreams;
 Out upon the nut-brown hamlets, sandaling the rocks and hills,
 Where the murmuring voice of peasants all the rustling vineyards fills;

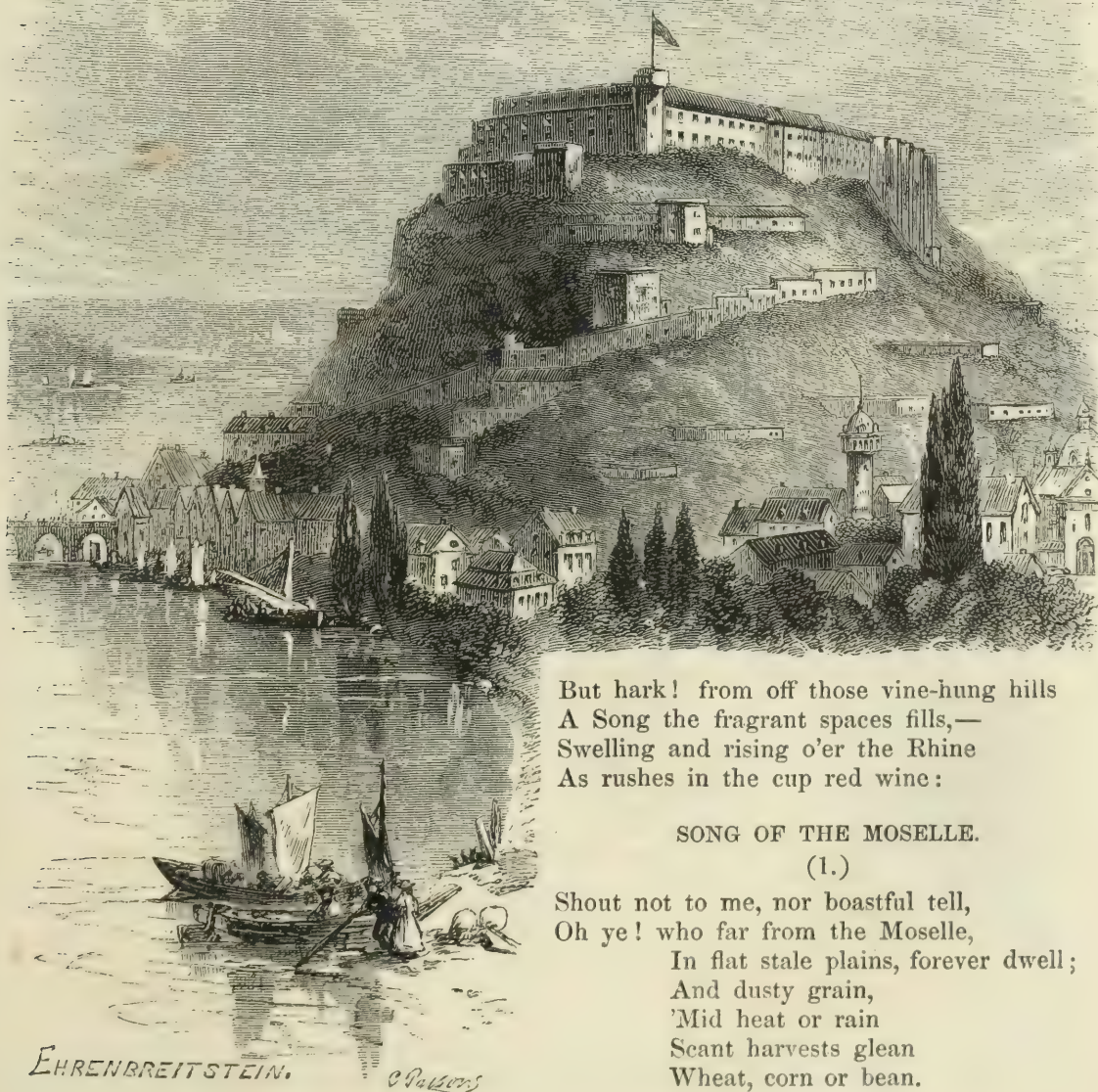


Out upon the shining river, hastening from its cradle cold,
 In the lap of Alpine winter where thick, icy sheets enfold;
 And the laugh of struggling waters freezes in their icy urns
 And the chamois 'mid the snow cliffs freely roams and safe returns;
 Looking out upon the meadows, set in frames of golden sedge,
 And the quaint and dim cathedrals, springing from its blue-rimmed edge;
 Gathering, as it proudly marches, on its grand triumphal way,
 States and Empires, fair and hoary, founded at the peep of day;
 Folding in its wide embraces—in its glittering, jeweled arms
 Lordly mansions, towns and cities, cottage meek and bosky farms;
 Till at last with hoarded treasures, full it leaps into the sea;
 Like our lives, whose amplest measures, onward flow to mystery.

VIII.

In surly grandeur through the smokeless air,
 Towering, like Titan Prussia's fort Briarean,
 Swings her hundred arms, with iron sinews knit;
 Itself with noisy uproar forcing strange silences
 Upon the subject COBLENCE which below
 Licks its mailed feet.

And yet upon thy summit grim, EHRENBREITSTEIN,
 A smile lies stranded, like the bloom of flowers
 Upon the wintry forehead of Mont Blanc.
 Visions of beauty, brodered with clustered hills
 And varied pomps of plains edged with golden grain,
 With towns and hamlets deftly wrought in cunning loom,
 Rise to the pleased sense, more ravishing than dreams.
 Into the grimy casemates, black and sulphureous,
 Peep the sunny eyes of gardens, as children
 Climb the knee and look into the furrowed face
 Of Crime.—From out the far horizon
 The Moselle leads its wavy line of villages
 Set in the emerald rim of vines, to meet the Rhine.



But hark! from off those vine-hung hills
 A Song the fragrant spaces fills,—
 Swelling and rising o'er the Rhine
 As rushes in the cup red wine:

SONG OF THE MOSELLE.

(1.)

Shout not to me, nor boastful tell,
 Oh ye! who far from the Moselle,
 In flat stale plains, forever dwell;
 And dusty grain,
 'Mid heat or rain
 Scant harvests glean
 Wheat, corn or bean.

EHRENBREITSTEIN.

(2.)

My heart-strings throb—my pulses swell
 O'er every sunny knoll and dell
 Of thine, oh blue-eyed, sweet Moselle,
 Whose purple dower,
 Each summer hour,
 Thy banks display
 To wondering day.

(3.)

At vespers mild the evening bell
 Breaks o'er each red-ripe hill and fell
 Of thine, oh dancing, gay Moselle;
 And village maid,
 In smiles arrayed,
 With sunny glance
 Wakes Song and Dance.

(4.)

Then gray, good men old legends tell
 Of what in elder days befell
 Upon the banks of our Moselle;
 When belted knight,
 In mailed might,
 For maidens fair
 All dangers dare.

(5.)

Thou blue-eyed, loved and dear Moselle,
 I would not my ripe birth-right sell—
 That birth-right loved so much and well—
 For all the wine,
 Thou robber Rhine,
 Hast from thy birth
 E'er shed on Earth.



IX.

Like Giants vast the mountains seven
 Stand sentinels
 'Round DRACHENFELS
 Whose splintered top, upholding heaven,
 By time and cannon gashed and riven,

Resting on velvet foliage green
 Forget his scars
 And cruel wars
 Sending his eye o'er woodland scene,
 Transfigured through the hazy sheen

Of cities kindled and aglow
 With work and light
 With force and might
 Through whose warm hearts thy currents go,
 Oh beauteous RHINE,—and e'er shall flow.

THE DRACHENFELS.

EXPLORATIONS IN LOWER CALIFORNIA.

[Third Paper.]

BY J. ROSS BROWNE.



HAILING THE SHIPS.

MAGDALENA BAY.

PROBABLY the first navigator who visited this magnificent bay was Fernando de Ulloa. After an exploration of the Gulf or Sea of Cortez, in 1539, he directed his course from Cape St. Lucas along the western shore of the Peninsula, touching at the Bay of Magdalena and the Islands of Marguerita and Cerros. In this voyage he reached the latitude of 30° north, and made several interesting discoveries. About three years later (1542) the same bay was visited by the famous old adventurer Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, who, according to Vanegas, gave it the name of La Magdalena. The expedition of Sebastian Viscaino, in 1602, resulted in a more perfect knowledge of its shores and harbors. Although the narratives of these enthusiastic old navigators abound in exaggerated accounts of what they saw, there

is a remarkable concurrence of testimony in regard to the sterility of the coast. It is represented as barren and forbidding in the extreme. Torquemada, in his account of the voyage of Viscaino, says, "They could get no intelligence of any water except in a cavity among the rocks, and what they had there was excessively bad." The only place now known where fresh water exists among the rocks is on the inner side of Marguerita Island, about three miles back from the shore. This is exceedingly brackish, and can only be used for drinking purposes in cases of great extremity. It is probably the same spring referred to by Torquemada.

From the narrative of Viscaino's voyage it would appear that one of the vessels, the *Capitana*, "being alone on St. Magdalen's Day, the Father Commissary and Father Thomas said

mass ashore; and on account of this festival the bay was called La Magdalena." How it came to receive the same name from Cabrillo, sixty years before, the good Padre Vanegas does not tell us.

Looking at the vast extent of this bay, the salubrity of its climate, and the placidity of its waters, the question naturally arises, how came it to pass that the Jesuits did not establish missions on its shores? We undervalue their sagacity in assuming that they were ignorant of its resources. An expedition to explore it, as a place already discovered by sea, and less difficult to be visited by land, was fitted out at Loreto in 1719, under Father Clemente Guillen, accompanied by Estevan Rodriguez Lorenzo, with an escort consisting of a party of soldiers and three bodies of native Californians, armed after the fashion of the country.

"They traveled," says Vanegas, "twenty-five days amidst all the hardships and fatigues naturally to be expected in such a craggy and barren country; and the Indians every where taking the alarm at seeing so many strange people in their country, rendered it necessary to observe the greatest order and circumspection in the march. At last they came to Magdalena Bay, which lies in the district of the mission of San Luis Gonzaga, since founded. It was every where sheltered from the winds by lofty mountains, and about half a league in breadth, running up the country toward Cape St. Lucas. Near this arm they discovered a rancheria of Indians, with whom by means of little presents they entered into terms of peace and amity. On inquiry of the Indians after water they were informed, and their own searches confirmed their report, that the only fresh water thereabout was in a well dug in the sand, and which the Indians made use of. They added that a neighboring island called Santa Rosa, which they frequently visited, afforded a sufficiency of water; but they were without any means of crossing the channel to it; neither did they find in the bay those azure shells, or appearance of the pearl beds, with which this coast was said to abound. It being known that the bay had two entrances, the captain sent some of his men to reconnoitre that on the south side, and following the course of a brook, observe whether the other arm of the bay which forms the harbor called *del Marquez* afforded a watering-place. In this survey they observed at a distance the second mouth or arm; but found that the brook before its joining the sea ran through some ponds of brackish water, so that there was no possibility for ships to water here. This discovery induced them to attempt a survey of the whole tract; but in some parts the inaccessible rocks, and in others impassable marshes, obliged them to make a circuit to the rancheria called San Benito de Arny, four leagues from the sea, where the Indians gave them the same discouraging account of the want of water on the coast. Here all the people met, and Father Guillen used his utmost endeavors for inducing them to undertake a survey of the remaining part of the coast, or at least as far as possible from the south. But the captain and soldiers were not to be prevailed upon, and the Indians, after such discouraging circumstances, insisted on returning to Loreto."

Thus we see why no settlement of white people has ever been made upon the shores of this bay. The sterility of the soil and the scarcity of water have proved insuperable obstacles to colonization, even since the careful surveys of Du Petit Thouars and Sir Edward Belcher. From time to time, as commerce with the neighboring States of Sonora, Cinaloa, and Durango became profitable to foreign countries, this bay

acquired some importance as a rendezvous for smugglers, who kept their vessels at anchor there until opportunity offered to run them into the ports of Guaymas, Mazatlan, or San Blas. Large fortunes have been made in this way, and there are now on the Pacific coast prominent capitalists, much esteemed in the business community, who are known to have engaged in this illicit traffic.

The importance of the Mexican possessions on the Pacific as a field for commercial enterprises was thoroughly appreciated by the nations of Europe before the acquisition of Upper California by the United States. England, France, and Russia, during the early part of the present century, sent out various expeditions to explore the coast; and the reports of the discoveries made excited a strong spirit of emulation to acquire these valuable possessions. President Jackson proposed the purchase of Upper California in 1835, above the line of Monterey, although its vast mineral resources were then unknown.

A survey of Magdalena Bay was made in 1839 by the French Admiral Du Petit Thouars, in the frigate *La Venus*, but nothing resulted from this to induce settlement upon its shores. In general terms they are represented as sterile and destitute of water.

Sir Edward Belcher, during the same year, spent several months making an elaborate survey and chart of Magdalena Bay. He erected an observatory on shore, and had accurate soundings made of the entire bay, including its inlets and lagoons. Brackish water was found in some of these, but no land on any of the adjacent shores suitable for cultivation. Scarcity of wood and difficulty of procuring fresh water are represented to be the prominent characteristics of this region. Numerous other authorities might be cited to the same effect—thus showing a remarkable concurrence of testimony on the part of the most eminent navigators who have visited the coast during the past three centuries.

I am particular in referring to explorations made prior to any recent transactions connected with the cession of public lands on this bay, because the character of the country has been greatly misrepresented by persons assuming to be well acquainted with it. Before my departure from San Francisco I was informed that there was a town on the bay; that the lands were very productive; that in all respects it was a suitable place for the establishment of a colony. Not only is there no town accessible to navigation, but not even a cabin within seven miles of the beach. Abundant proof exists, confirmed by my own observation, that representations made as to the fertility of the soil or its adaptability to agricultural purposes have no foundation in fact.

My visit to this region was in the latter part of January—a favorable season for exploration. It was my original intention to make a land trip around the shores of the bay, but this I found



STAMPEDED BY A POLECAT.

utterly impracticable. The information which I had received at San Francisco led me to believe that the country was a verdant plain, abounding in fine pastures and running streams. I was grievously disappointed.

My guides had no knowledge of any fresh water except on the trail to Comondú, which makes a detour through the interior, at a considerable distance from the coast. This trail passes over a desert region, prolific only in cactus and thorny shrubs. Blind trails, made by wild animals, branch off from it in every direction; and it is exceedingly difficult even for an experienced guide to avoid losing the way, owing to the shifting sands and barren tracts of gravel and cobble-stones which at intervals obliterate all traces of the route. The whole face of the earth for a hundred miles or more, north and south, and eastward across the Peninsula, is a complication of rugged mountains of a sedimentary formation, and mesas cut into fearful arroyas and ravines by the floods of former times, and stretches of naked sand-desert. All the vegetation visible to the eye seems to conspire against the intrusion of man. Every shrub is armed with thorns; the cactus, in all its varieties, solitary and erect, or in twisted masses, or snake-like undulations, tortures the traveler with piercing needles and remorseless fangs. Burs with barbed thorns cover the ground; the very grass, wherever it grows, resents the touch with wasp-like stings that fester in the flesh; and poisonous weeds tempt the hungry animals with their verdure, producing

craziness and death. Add to this the innumerable varieties of virulent reptiles and insects that infest these desolate regions in summer; the rattlesnakes, vipers, scorpions, tarantulas, centipedes, and sand-flies; the rabid polecats that creep around the camp-fire at night, producing hydrophobia by their bite; the scorching heat of the sun, and the utter absence of water, and you have a combination of horrors that might well justify the belief of the old Spaniards that the country was accursed of God. Deserters from whale-ships, in attempting to make their way to Comondú, have, in several well-authenticated instances, perished from thirst. A species of cactus grows in these arid wastes which, it is said, contains juice enough to support life; but the weary and bewildered traveler is not always in a condition to seek this source of relief. Men who lose the trail are apt to become crazed with the horrors of a situation from which they can see no escape.

It was not my object to find a country more barren than that over which we had passed on the route from Todos Santos, but rather to discover whether any of the lands accessible to navigation afforded inducements for the establishment of a colony.

The last watering-place on the trail from the Rancho Colorado is situated in an arroya, about seven miles distant from the bay, and is called the Salado. As a specimen of the loose statements made by interested parties in regard to the resources of this country, we were told be-

fore leaving La Paz that we would find quite a settlement here, consisting of a good ranch with abundance of cattle, a store-house well supplied with all the necessities of life, and many other conveniences which would greatly facilitate us in our exploration. The truth is, we found nothing but a wretched little cabin built of mud and brush-wood, inhabited by a half-breed native and his family, who if they had been more destitute of the means of subsistence would have had nothing at all. This miserable *hacqual* was perched on the edge of the barren mesa overlooking the arroya, and presented a most unpromising appearance to a party who wished to procure supplies of any kind. The ranchero had a few cattle, but no fresh meat. We got some jerked beef, however, which, with a little cheese, was all the place afforded. They had neither flour nor panoche, and scarcely knew the luxuries of tea and coffee. A small supply of these rare commodities was very gratefully received by the good woman who did the honors of the place.

We camped under a cotton-wood tree on the opposite side of the arroya, and turned our animals loose to pick up what the country afforded. Mesquit and bunch-grass are tolerably abundant in the vicinity; but the water is brackish and unpleasant to the taste. By letting it stand all night in an *oja* or earthen jar we found it much improved. My impression is, that the water generally in the sandy regions of Lower California, though abounding in saline matter, is not unwholesome. At least it did not disagree with any of our party.

The pack animals were somewhat jaded after the journey of the last ten days, and needed rest and food. With the utmost care in packing, such was the roughness of the road, their backs were badly galled—a trouble, however, that did not give our *vaqueros* much concern. Packers are proverbially cruel in all Mexican countries, and ours were not an exception.

Accompanied by the principal members of the party, I rode down to the beach nearly op-

posite the northern end of the Island of Marguerita, on the morning after our arrival at the Salado. Soon after leaving the arroya we struck into a sand-desert, covered with a tangled growth of cactus, through which it is difficult to travel without being pierced with thorns. The hummocks of sand near the beach mark the proximity of the bay. Some miles before we reached these prominent beach-marks we descried the tapering spars of two whale-ships that lay at anchor about three miles from the shore. Sand-bars extend out for over a mile, and there is no good anchorage nearer.

We found nothing on the shore save an old leathern vat for straining oil, and the carcass of a whale, over which myriads of buzzards were hovering. The air was heavily laden with the stench. Two or three half-breeds, who contrive to live in some mysterious way, were lazily reclining under the bushes, as if time and business were matters of no concern to them.

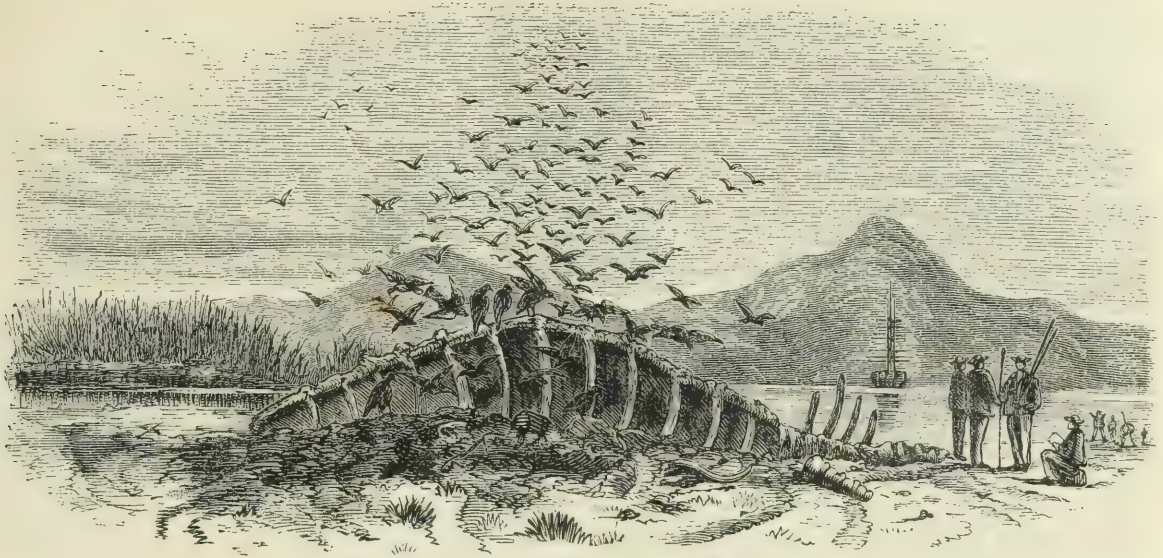
There was no water to be had nearer than the Salado, except on board the whale-ships. We had failed to provide ourselves with a sufficient supply, thinking we would have no difficulty in procuring some here; but were chagrined to find that there was not a drop to be had without begging it from these poor fellows, who, however, generously shared with us the contents of their *botas* or leathern bottles.

The first sight of the bay was very impressive. Such a magnificent sheet of water is seldom to be seen. The distant shores were scarcely visible, looking almost like low clouds on the horizon. The waters of the bay were beautifully blue and clear, and nothing could exceed the purity and softness of the atmosphere.

Our men, some of whom were practiced in the business of shell-fishing, went to work on the beach, and very soon dug up a very fine feast of clams. Cart-loads of them can be had in a few hours. While some of the members of the party were amusing themselves in this way, others of us ascended one of the sand-hills and hoisted signals on some poles which we



RANCH OF THE SALADO.



THE DEAD WHALE.

found there. These we waved to and fro, hoping the people on the vessels would send their boats ashore for us. Finding they paid no attention to our signs, we got up our animals and all rode to the top of the hill, and then taking off our coats tied them to the poles over our handkerchiefs, and made such a display as we supposed would attract their attention. For three or four hours we waved our signals with indefatigable industry, but no boat appeared.

We were about to give up in despair when we discovered six boats under the lee of Marguerita Island, all in a row, with their sails set,

evidently towing in a whale. The wind blew fresh, and they stood in for the nearest ship, which they gained in about one hour after we first saw them. The two captains, as soon as they perceived us, came ashore in one of the boats, supposing us to be a party of native Californians who had promised them some beef cattle from the interior. They manifested great surprise and some trepidation when they landed on the beach and discovered that we were strangers, rather better dressed than the people of the country.

Rumors of a piratical party under the adven-



DIGGING OLAMS.

turer D'Artois had reached them from Cape St. Lucas, and they had a suspicion that a raid upon their ships was intended, though they could not conceive any rational ground for such conduct against the property of a nation friendly to the Liberal cause. Finding we were not the D'Artois party, they were equally disturbed by a suspicion that we had come over from La Paz with a commission from Governor Pedrin to levy a contribution upon them for fishing in the waters of the bay, it being understood that a privilege of that sort had been given to a prominent citizen of La Paz. Naturally enough they were greatly rejoiced when they found that we had no designs upon them further than to ask their assistance in making a reconnoissance of the Bay.

I had hoped to be able to purchase a whale-boat here and fit it out with a crew of natives; but such a thing was quite impracticable. One or two crazy little yawls, cast off by some whale-ship, comprised all we could get any tidings of, and they were said to be forty or fifty miles up the bay. At all events we could see nothing of them.

Captain Hathaway, who commanded one of the whaling vessels, had visited the Bay of Magdalena during twelve successive seasons, and was thoroughly acquainted with every lagoon and inlet, as well as with the shores all around as far as ship or boat navigation extended. From him I received a most discouraging account of the prospect. He said he had read newspaper accounts of the project of colonizing this country, and expressed great surprise that

people should be so deceived. He regretted that the whaling season up to this date had proved so unpropitious as to make it difficult for him to spare a boat or crew; but he would do all in his power to facilitate our exploration, which he thought would be a good thing for the public, as it would furnish reliable information respecting the resources of the country. It was too late that afternoon to make any definite arrangements for a boat and crew, so I made an appointment to meet Captains Hathaway and Davis at the beach next morning.

As it was highly important that Mr. Gabb should not be delayed in his inland reconnoissance beyond the time necessary to recruit the animals, I so arranged it that our party should divide at the Salado. Mr. Gabb, Dr. Löhr, Cornelius Ironmonger, the cook and snake-charmer, Jesus Carillo the guide, and Manuel the vaquero were to remain in camp until Monday—this being Saturday. They were provided with five saddle-mules, four pack-mules, and a horse. I was very sorry that I had been disappointed in procuring a larger number of animals; but the truth is, we had been deceived at every point. Mr. Gabb and his party, having taken a look at the Bay, remained in camp to complete their preparations for the inland journey, which I confess was sufficiently formidable to occasion me much solicitude. I had great confidence, however, in the energy and endurance of every member of the party.

One of the most important objects of the reconnoissance was to ascertain with as much particularity as possible the feasibility of establish-



DIGGING FOR WATER



EXPLORING MAGDALENA BAY.

ing a colony on the shores of Magdalena Bay. I therefore deemed it the best disposition of the limited means at my command to take charge of this duty myself, as it involved no special scientific knowledge.

On Sunday morning, January 28, Dr. Wiss and myself parted from our friends, and started for the beach according to appointment. We took nothing with us but our riding animals, our blankets, and Manuel, the Doctor's mozo. Captains Hathaway and Davis met us at the hour agreed upon. They had consulted together during our absence, and being very desirous of promoting our enterprise, it was agreed that Captain Davis should fit out a spare boat for us, and make the trip with us in person.

It was a pleasant surprise to find that my whaling experience in early life had formed a bond of sympathy between the good Captain and myself, which made him doubly a friend. He knew most of my old shipmates, and we enjoyed some pleasant hours talking over old times and mutual friends. I had every reason to believe that the information he gave me was reliable. He had during the past twelve years explored the shores of the Bay, and he represented them as being destitute of wood, except a stunted growth of mangrove, mesquit, gum-tree, and cactus, and presenting every where the same desolate appearance. There was nowhere, to his knowledge, a running stream on the main land, and only one sickly little spring on the Island of Marguerita, of which the water was too brackish to sustain life for any great

length of time. He had taken thirty barrels of it on board, and I could judge for myself. None of the crew could use it, except for washing, and it was not even good for that. I tasted this water and found it very bad. Almost anywhere along the beach brackish water could be had by digging six or eight feet in the sand. Cattle were supplied by making a kind of slope down to the well, which it was customary to protect by means of posts and brush-wood. During his numerous boat-cruises in search of whales, Captain Hathaway had touched upon nearly every part of the shore, up to the head of the great lagoon. Every acre of it was familiar to him. I could not hope in a month or six months to obtain such a thorough knowledge of it as he possessed, for he knew every spit and hummock, and necessity had compelled him to seek out the watering-places. The whole country, by his account, was utterly worthless for agricultural purposes. He did not know of a single patch of land that would support a colony of Americans. Chinamen might live on clams and oysters or other marine productions; but it was not a place for white men.

Near the head of the great lagoon there was a small patch of land which presented a better appearance than the generality of the shores, but it was occupied by some native rancheros. There was an extensive mesa, also, which might be made available for a colony of Chinese by means of wells and irrigation by hand-labor or wind-mills. At a few other points, where cactus and mesquit were abundant, and bunch-

grass grew among the sand-hills, there was tolerable grazing for cattle, and at one of these a Frenchman had carried on a ranch in former years for the purpose of supplying whale-ships with fresh beef. Poisonous weeds, insects, excessive heat, and lack of water killed more cattle than he could sell, and he finally abandoned the enterprise.

At 5 A.M. of the following morning Captain Davis, Dr. Wiss, and myself started in one of the whale-boats, according to agreement, to explore the Bay. We had a stout crew of Kanakas, with an American boat-steerer, all stalwart fellows and hardy seamen. The boat was well provided with water and provisions for a cruise of two or three days, and we had lances, harpoons, and a whaling-gun, in order that we should not miss a chance of killing a whale.

Our course at first was over to Marguerita Island, the shores of which we coasted for about fifteen miles. It is very rocky and abrupt, with a deep anchorage a stone's-throw from the land. A sloping mesa extends inland to the foot of the hills, cut up here and there with deep arroyas, of a sandy and gravelly formation, well covered with bunch-grass, cactus, and wild flowers.

At a point about eight miles from the heads we landed and took a ramble a short distance back toward the hills. The crew meantime went to fishing for oysters and lobsters, of which they took a sufficient quantity in less than an hour to afford us an abundant meal. The oysters are small, but of good flavor; the lobsters very large and fine. The men caught the latter by wading in among the rocks and pinning

them to the ground by means of forked sticks till they could get a secure hold upon their backs, when they tossed them out on the land. Great quantities of beautifully colored shells lie along the beach, sometimes in piles of several feet, drifted up by the surf. They are mostly dead, and much worn by attrition. Some curious coral formations, honey-combed and exquisitely colored, may also be found here. The variety of sea-weeds is wonderful. In many places the beach presents the appearance of a flower-garden.

Proceeding close along the shore, some two or three miles toward the heads, we came to a plateau or mesa, apparently formed by nature as a site for a town. I was charmed with the picturesque beauty of this spot. It is sheltered by the headlands and surrounding hills from the prevailing winds; the water by the shore is deep, calm, and clear; scarcely a breath of air ruffled the surface. In short, a more lovely spot it would be difficult to find any where. Like all the shores, however, the appearance from the water is deceptive. The verdure, which at a distance conveys the idea of green pastures and luxuriant gardens, proves upon a nearer approach to be nothing but chaparral and cactus.

We went ashore at this promising spot and spent several hours exploring the country. The soil is a decomposed granite, and would doubtless be productive if there was water for irrigation. Traces of a torrent from the adjacent mountains, cutting through an arroya, gave evidence that in by-gone years there was no de-



CATCHING LOBSTERS.

fiency of rain. Until within two weeks of our visit, however, it was said by the people near the bay that rain had not visited this region for fourteen years. Owing to the formation of the mountains, when it does come it sweeps every thing before it.

The extent of the mesa, or town-site as we called it, is about two miles in depth by three in width. Probably a better point could not be selected as a naval dépôt. The supply of wood, however, is small, consisting entirely of cactus and scraggy bushes. Water doubtless could be had by digging wells, but from the indications we judged it would require an excavation of fifty feet to reach it. I regretted that our time was so limited and our implements so inadequate as to preclude an absolute test. By digging in the bottom of an arroya with a spade we reached brackish water at the depth of a few feet. Three miles back in the cañon is situated the spring referred to by Torquemada, from which Captain Hathaway filled his casks. As already stated the water is too brackish for use, except in cases of great extremity. Flowing as it does out of the rocks, and having no immediate connection with the sea, this is somewhat singular. My impression is the island must contain, deep within the body of the mountains, rock-salt or other saline deposits. Nothing of the kind, however, has been found upon the surface.

I am inclined to the opinion that Marguerita contains copper ore, but whether in paying quantities or not can only be determined by practical working. Nothing like a regular ledge has yet been discovered. Pyrites of iron have also been found. An amusing instance of ignorance and credulity is related of one of the whaling captains who visited the bay about the time of the gold fever in Upper California. He was out one day exploring the interior of the island in search of water. Coming upon some croppings containing iron pyrites he supposed it to be gold, and in great excitement carried down a lot of it to his crew. "Boys," said he, "we have been whaling long enough. Here is gold for us all, and for the owners too. For my part, I am done with blubber-hunting. What do you say? Shall we ship a cargo of ore and go home rich, or spend the rest of our lives catching whales and trying out oil?" The crew to a man were clamorous for the gold. Overboard went the oil, and all hands went to work loading the vessel with the golden treasures of the island. About the time the ship was laden down to the water's edge a practical miner from La Paz, hearing of the excitement, came over, and dashed the hopes of the deluded fortune-hunters by pronouncing the ore utterly worthless. An assay was made which confirmed his judgment, and the unlucky party had to go to work again catching whales—wiser if not happier men. I had some thought of proposing a name for the town-site—"Grijalva"—in honor of the first Spanish navigator who visited the Peninsula. Should the requirements of com-

merce ever render this an important rendezvous for vessels, it will be a matter of interest to know where a dépôt can be advantageously located. That it can never be available for any thing more than a dépôt is sufficiently evident. The island neither produces nor affords facilities for the production of supplies. Fuel and provisions would have to be imported. The town-site is beautifully situated, but possesses no natural resources.

Leaving Marguerita Island, we hoisted our sail and started across for Man-of-War Bay, which we passed sufficiently near to get a good idea of its general aspect and character. Sir Edward Belcher and other competent authorities speak well of this locality as a rendezvous for vessels.

The beach is sloping and gravelly, with a hilly range behind, intervening between the port and the ocean. Whalers lie at anchor here for weeks at a time during the season; and it is considered an excellent place for vessels to touch at on their way up or down the coast, being convenient to the heads and well sheltered from the prevailing winds. Fresh water can be had by digging wells a short distance from the beach. A barrel placed in a hole soon fills, and the water is comparatively good.

As Captain Davis's time was limited, and I desired to see as much as possible during our cruise, I did not deem it advisable to make a landing here. Accordingly we steered across for the main land, well up toward the extremity of the great bay. Although we ran seven knots an hour, it took us till late in the afternoon to reach it, making about twenty-eight miles from the island. A heavy surf broke upon the beach, rendering it somewhat difficult to land. Our Kanaka crew, however, understood this sort of business, so that we disembarked without any great inconvenience. Getting into the boat again afterward was rather more hazardous, though it cost us nothing more than a ducking in the surf.

The coast upon which we landed is desolate beyond description; nothing in view but desert sand-hills, with patches of mangrove, mesquit, bunch-grass, and cactus. A magnificent evening sky constituted the sole charm of the scene. I climbed several of the highest points, and could see nothing on any side but a vast stretch of desert, the dreary monotony of which was scarcely relieved by occasional elevations of bare sand, swept into billowy hummocks, like an angry sand-ocean suddenly paralyzed. For a sweep of many miles the same fearful monotony prevails; no living thing disturbs the silence; the stillness of death reigns supreme.

Captain Davis, who had explored every nook and inlet of these waters, told us this was a fair average of the entire bay shore, the only exception being small patches of lagoon, where there is a growth of rushes and mangrove that look fertile by comparison.

In the sand-hills there are spots of green weeds, where it is said good water can be had



GATHERING OYSTERS FROM THE MANGROVES.

by digging wells to the depth of six or eight feet. We dug in some of the dry lagoons and got water at the depth of three feet; but the sand was black and foul, and the water was too brackish for use. Captain Davis pointed out a spot to us where he had procured drinkable water during one of his cruises.

It did not seem to me that the most important question was as to the supply of water for drinking purposes. Sufficient can be had at almost any point by the usual process of digging.

The great consideration, in my mind, was as to the value of the water for any purposes of colonization, on an extensive scale, when found. People, it is true, must have water to drink, but they require something else as well.

There is no back country here to make settlement by Americans or Europeans an object; no interior trade to be supplied, or to furnish traffic for a colony; no land suitable for cultivation or grazing; no wood of any value for lumber or fuel; no mineral deposits within a large circuit of country; no reasonable hope to be derived from recent or earlier explorations that any thing valuable remains to be discovered. It is a country almost entirely destitute of resources. Water is not the only desideratum.

Coasting along the shore for about twenty miles, we came to a low island covered with mangroves, between which and the main we found a channel. The most prominent object of curiosity observable on the island is that the shrubs, instead of fruit, bear oysters. One naturally smiles at the idea of oysters growing on bushes, but it is true nevertheless. Attaching themselves to the branches at high-tide, they form a kind of excrescence, and there remain till their necessities prompt them to emigrate. Boat-loads of a very excellent species can be gathered in a short time.

As it was getting late, and the country presented still an aspect of unbroken sterility, we hauled around a point of land and pulled up our boat in a little cove for the night. Fuel

was scarce, but we succeeded in getting enough of drift-wood on the beach to serve us as material for a good fire, which was very pleasant, as the night air was sharp, and not much protection was afforded by the sand-hills against the wind. Captain Davis, by means of the oars and sails, constructed a tolerably comfortable tent, in which we slept soundly till morning.

At an early hour we renewed our reconnoissance of the shore. It was all, or nearly all, the same desert and cactus as far as the eye could reach. There was not a single spot visible that gave the least promise of fertility.

Numerous "schools" of killers and porpoises sported around the boat. Our men kept a sharp look-out for cow whales, but none came in sight. There was a time, the Captain told us, when he could not have sailed a quarter the distance without encountering scores of them. Of late they were getting "scary," and it was something of an achievement to capture two or three in a month. The wind dying away soon after sunrise, our crew had to pull the rest of the way back to the vessel.

I did not deem it necessary, with my limited means of observation, to make a more detailed exploration of the bay. Government vessels had spent months here, with all the advantages of ample time and the best scientific aid, and it would have been presumption in me to suppose I could make a more thorough survey in a common whale-boat, and without assistance, even could I have devoted many more months to the duty.

All the testimony I could gather from early and recent authorities, from the whaling captains, and from the native Californians, satisfied me it would be time misspent; and the conclusion I came to was, that Magdalena Bay affords no suitable location for the nucleus of a colony of civilized people.

The fisheries do not now furnish any inducements for the investment of capital which did not exist with much greater force during the past fifteen years. If money could be made

there the enterprising speculators of San Francisco would not be long ignorant of the fact. Whales are becoming scarce, so much so, indeed, as to render their pursuit no longer profitable. When it was first discovered that the bay abounded in cow whales during the months of January and February vessels flocked in from San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands, and soon filled their casks with oil; but of late the fishery has presented but few attractions to whalers, and is now nearly abandoned. The two vessels commanded by Captains Hathaway and Davis had only taken two whales up to the date of our visit, though they had scoured the waters of the bay for two months.

It is a mere chance whether a sufficient quantity of oil can be obtained during the entire season to defray the expenses of detention. In short, it is generally after a season in the Arctic, and for want of a more convenient place of sojourn while awaiting the opening of the north seas, that whale-ships now resort to this locality.

These facts, however, do not materially affect any privileges contained in the Company's grant. The colonists are merely required to subject themselves to the provisions of law in relation to the fishing of whales and seals, in common with others who may engage in the business. It would be difficult and expensive to maintain exclusive privileges in an isolated region like this. Neither the government of Mexico nor the territorial government of Lower California has yet attempted it, though the bay has been frequented by American whalers for many years.

Of the varieties of fish that inhabit these waters detailed notes are given elsewhere. Rock, cod, sturgeon, mullet, bonitos, lobsters, and oysters are found in great abundance. To Chinese fishermen these would furnish an inexhaustible source of subsistence. The climate is too warm for the kind of fish most valuable to commerce, such as are found on the coast of Russian America and in northern latitudes. At

all events fishing enterprises have been attempted on this bay without success, but whether their failure is to be attributed to mismanagement or the warmth of the climate I am unable to say. So far there has been no restriction upon enterprises of this kind in any of the bays of Lower California.

I have arrived at these conclusions as to the unpromising character of this region with considerable reluctance. It would be more consistent with my wishes to give an encouraging account of the resources of the country. But of what avail would any misrepresentation be, excluding all considerations of propriety? Sooner or later the truth could not fail to be known, and I should regard it as a great wrong to the public to make any statements or draw any conclusions not warranted by the facts. Any expenditure of capital, which could not but result in loss, would occasion disappointment.

None can deny the salubrity of the climate, or the great extent of the bay; but these alone can not be regarded as reasonable grounds for making it a place of settlement for Americans or Europeans. As before stated, a limited colony of Chinese might live upon the fisheries, or cultivate small patches of the desert plains by means of hand-irrigation. There is nothing upon which any considerable population could subsist, except what they could gather out of the sea, or procure at great expense from more favored parts of the world. The plain near the head of the lagoon might be irrigated by wind-mills, and thus rendered to some extent productive. As a stopping-place for vessels bound up and down the coast, it is probably not so convenient as Cape St. Lucas. The anchorage is more secure, and that is the only advantage.

A large tract of the main is covered by the so-called Limantour grant, as may be seen by reference to Flouroy's map. Similar grants, at other points, appear on the same map. The probability is these grants have no existence in fact. It is said Limantour never complied with any of the colonization laws, and has no claim



OUR CAMP ON THE ISLAND.



A THORNY PATH.

upon the Mexican government for this pretended cession of territory. It will be remembered that this man, Limantour, some years since claimed nearly the whole city of San Francisco, and all the adjacent military resources. After years of litigation the courts decided the claim to be fraudulent, and supported by forged testimony. Doubtless Limantour imagined that he had a territorial acquisition here which would give him less trouble, inasmuch as there would probably be less contention about it.

On our return to the whale-ships we signified our desire to be put ashore. Captains Hathaway and Davis gave us a pressing invitation to stay; but they were boiling out oil, and neither the smoke nor the smell of the blubber had any fascinations for my friend, Dr. Wiss. It reminded me of my early sea-life, though I can not say the past or present experience was pleasant. The worthy captains accordingly put us ashore, with our rolls of blankets and extra clothing.

The Doctor's mozo, Manuel, was not expected till next day with the horses and pack-mule. We were two leagues from camp, without water, and with packs weighing forty pounds each. What were we to do? If we left the packs they might be stolen by some prowling vaquero; if we remained with them we would suffer from thirst, and after all have to go back on board the whale-ships—an alternative not to be for a moment entertained. So, after some consultation, we shouldered our packs and started on, in

the broiling afternoon sun, for our camp at the Salado. It was the hardest walk I ever undertook. The sand was deep, the cactus thorny, the load heavy, and the labor unprofitable in every point of view. However, we made camp in about three hours, where a prescription of native rum from the Doctor's saddle-bags revived us.

Professor Gabb and his party had taken their departure according to agreement. The camp looked lonely without them. I missed the familiar faces around the evening fire, but felt especially depressed at the absence of Ironmonger's extravagant snake-stories.

Our animals were much refreshed after their long rest. Next day, in good time, we started for the Rancho Colorado. Under the guidance of a Mexican from the Salado we cut off some bends by taking a new trail. The guide left us too soon, and it was a miracle we ever reached our destination. For nearly an hour we were lost in the dark on a rocky mesa, with deep arroyas, impenetrable jungles of cactus, and gaping fissures in the earth. One might as well be lost on the desert of Sahara as in this country. There is no cutting across to the recognized land-marks. Many a traveler has perished of thirst in plain sight of a familiar mountain. It is inconceivable the difficulty of getting through the complicated masses of thorny shrubs and cactus by which the whole face of the country is overlaid.

A Portuguese sailor, who had run away from

a whaling vessel, was picked up in a dying condition a few months ago, twelve miles from the Salado. The Mexicans, with unerring instinct, had followed his course over the mesa, and although he left no footprints on the hard, gravelly parts of the desert, they knew by breaks in the cactus when and in what direction he had passed. This was one of the suggestive incidents we had to reflect upon as we floundered about among the rocks and thorns. The barking of a dog at no great distance gave us a clue to the direction of the ranch, which we soon after reached amidst a general barking and howling of all the mongrel dogs possible to be found at a Mexican ranch.

Next day we made but nine miles to San Hilario, where we stopped to enjoy the hospitality of a famous old Portuguese sailor who lives here. This ranch contains about twenty acres of arable land, well watered by a spring. It is situated in a wild-looking arroyo, surrounded by broken mesas.

There is a gradual ascent all the way from Magdalena to the summit of the mesa, or series of mesas, the greatest altitude of which lies nearest to the Gulf shore. The pass over which

the trail goes is about eighteen hundred feet. Some of the peaks probably exceed two thousand. The formation is evidently of recent date, and shows no signs of valuable mineral deposits. Occasional indications of the presence of iron are seen. There is no back-bone or range of mountains of an older formation, corresponding with the Cacachilla and Triunfo range farther south, to show continuity. All the evidence presented in the sedimentary character of the mesa tends to strengthen the conclusion that the southern part of the Peninsula, lying within the angle formed by La Paz, Cape St. Lucas, and Todos Santos, was at no very remote geological period an island; so that the old Spaniards were not so far wrong as might be supposed. Their error was merely in the matter of date. The "Island of California" in all probability did exist since the formation of the Pacific coast, but whether a thousand or six thousand years before the days of Cortéz I leave to geologists to determine.

The summit, or dividing point, afforded a magnificent view of the bay and town of La Paz. On the Gulf side the descent is abrupt. Tier after tier of mesa seems to break short off



RANCHO COLORADO.

at the end, causing fearful gaps and chasms in the earth. Through one of these, after passing the Rancho de los Reyes, we traveled for a distance of ten miles.

The country lying between Magdalena Bay and La Paz is, in general terms, like all we had seen—composed of alternations of rocky mesas and sand-deserts. Water is found at four or five places on the route. No sign of cultivation is any where to be seen, except on a very small scale at the place called San Hilario. The shrubbery is of a heavier growth than on the Todos Santos trail; and altogether this route is much to be preferred, being less than half the distance, and in all respects more pleasant.

We reached La Paz in three days and a half traveling time. Native vaqueros have made it in twenty-four hours without a change of animals; but what they do in the way of hard riding is far above my ambition. Dr. Wiss, a gentleman weighing over two hundred pounds, thought it a very easy undertaking.

At La Paz I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Jacob P. Leese and Mr. Jerome B. Stillson, the agents of the Lower California Company sent out to take legal possession of the grant. They had just arrived from Cape St. Lucas, at which point they had landed from the Panama steamer.

It must be apparent, upon a perusal of these sketches, that there are obstacles to the colonization of Lower California. The configuration of the country is such as to preclude the existence of any considerable quantity of arable land. It has been well described in Findlay's Coast Directory as consisting of

"Groups of bare rocks divided by ravines and hills, intersected with tracts of sandy soil nearly as unproductive as the rocks themselves. There are but very few streams, as must be evident from the fact of the mountainous ridge which occupies nearly the whole of the surface; but this again leads to the formation of torrents in the wet season, which wash away all portions of earth which might otherwise become fertile and productive. In some few places there are small valleys, not subject to these drawbacks, which exhibit great fertility. From these causes Lower California is one of the most barren and unattractive regions of the temperate zone. . . . There is seldom rain in summer north of Loreto. . . . The general aspect of the country is horrible. The imagination can not conceive any thing more naked, more desolate."

Professor Gabb's report demonstrates an important fact hitherto unknown, viz., that northwesterly from a line extending obliquely across the Peninsula from the port of La Paz to Todos Santos, for a distance of three hundred miles, the geological formation is recent. The whole country within these is a broken mesa, gradually rising from the Pacific in steppes or slopes till it attains its highest altitude, which generally lies within twenty miles of the Gulf shore. The elevation of the main ridge is sometimes so great as to lead to the error of confounding it with the Sierra Nevada range of mountains, of which it is supposed by many to be a continuation. That no precious metals exist in any great quantity within the limits of this sed-

imentary tract is more than probable. To the southward, in the Triunfo, San Antonio, and Cacachilla districts, there are valuable silver-bearing lodes, though as yet but few of them have paid the expenses of working. The "Sauce Mine," near Loreto, about which so much has been said of late, was visited not long since by Professor Ashburner, of the State Geological Survey, who reported unfavorably as to its value. The mine is now closed. Mr. Gabb was not permitted to see it; and the inference is, it will not now bear inspection better than it did when visited by Professor Ashburner.

Respecting the advantages of the Peninsula for railroad enterprises, it would be an exceedingly difficult and expensive country to grade, at any point between the Gulf and the Pacific south of Mulege. Between Mulege and Batteñas Bay a tunnel would be required through the principal ridge of mountains. Batteñas Bay is not a suitable place for a dépôt or terminus. The entrance is narrow and difficult for vessels of suitable capacity. The most feasible route discovered by Mr. Gabb, and that which in all respects presents the greatest advantages, is from a point nearly opposite the Guardian Angel Island to the Bay of San Bartolo, or some point lying between Elida Island, Cerros, and Point St. Eugenia. The country between the Gulf and the Pacific is comparatively low in this latitude—a series of mesas and arroyas extending nearly all the way across. Detailed observations on this route are given by Mr. Gabb in his official report.

The Southern Atlantic and Pacific railroad routes, surveyed by the United States, and projected by private companies, have been numerous. It is thought by many that Guaymas would be the best point for the terminus. Major Ferguson, in a valuable report, speaks favorably of Libertad. Allata, farther south, on the Mexican shore of the Gulf, presents advantages in being more accessible to vessels from the outside, by way of Cape St. Lucas.

The passage across the Gulf would involve the establishment of a steamship line capable of withstanding heavy gales, and the shipment and transportation of freight to a Peninsular dépôt on the eastern side; its transportation by railway across to the western dépôt, and reshipment to San Francisco. This would probably be too expensive for any but very valuable freight. The development of the northern States of Mexico, under a change of population, may become such as to render the saving of time more important than it is now, but the trade of Sonora and Cinaloa offers no inducements at present for so extensive and costly an undertaking. These States, however, are extremely rich in agricultural and mineral lands, and their acquisition by the United States would soon lead to a development of their resources.

A southern route, terminating at some point on the Gulf, would undoubtedly follow in a very short time the cession to our government of the northern States of Mexico.

There are difficulties connected with the proposed routes through Arizona to Upper California not yet fully appreciated, and the effect of which will be to concentrate attention on a Gulf terminus. The deserts lying between Colorado and the coast range are subject to shifting sands and overflows, which would render the construction of a railroad across to San Diego or Los Angeles, from any point on the Colorado, an expensive and hazardous undertaking.

Notwithstanding these views, I regard the question of the acquisition of Lower California by the United States as one of great importance.

This Peninsula commands the Gulf, the adjacent shores of Mexico, and the mouth of the Colorado. Its geographical position gives it a value, in a national point of view, to which its intrinsic resources can never entitle it. Combined with the acquisition of Cinaloa, Sonora, and Chihuahua, it would be not only of the greatest importance to commerce and navigation, but absolutely essential to our naval and military defenses. A strip of foreign territory could not be suffered to exist directly in front of our own possessions.

The State of Cinaloa and portions of the States of Sonora and Chihuahua are unquestionably rich in precious metals. Baron Humboldt and Mr. Ward, the standard authorities on the mineral resources of Mexico, refer to the mines of these States as among the richest in the world. In Cinaloa there are extensive tracts of land suitable for the cultivation of cotton and sugar-cane on a large scale; in Chihuahua there are forests of timber and extensive grazing ranges, with a reasonable quantity of land suitable for agriculture; in Sonora—especially on the Yaqui River—there are valuable tracts of stock-raising and arable land—all in addition to their known mineral resources.

So far as the navigation of the Colorado is concerned, I am inclined to doubt the practicability of improving it to any considerable extent. The following table of distances will show what is generally regarded as the navigable portion of the river:

	Miles by water.
From Port Isabel to Fort Yuma.....	240
From Fort Yuma to La Paz (by land 120 m.)..	170
From La Paz to Aubrey City.....	90
From Aubrey City to Hardyville.....	90
From Hardyville to El Dorado Cañon.....	70
From El Dorado Cañon to Callville.....	60
Total miles by water.....	720

The banks of the Colorado, with the exception of a few points where the river cuts through the mountains, consist of sand and alluvial soil washed down from its tributary sources.

During the greater part of the year there are

but 22 inches of water in the channel between Fort Yuma and La Paz; and higher up the navigation is still more difficult.

I made the trip from Fort Mojave to Fort Yuma, a distance of 300 miles, on board the *Cocopah*, commanded by Captain Robinson, pilot to the Ives expedition. It required nine days to travel that distance in an empty boat. The up trip to the fort, with fifty tons of barley, occupied about two months. The fact is there is no permanent channel in the river, and no amount of money can make one, so constantly are the banks breaking down and the course of the river shifting. For all the purposes of commerce it is practically unnavigable for at least six months in the year. The statements in the newspapers to the effect that Callville is the head of navigation and the great future dépôt for the supply of freight to Utah and the adjacent Territories are intended for speculative purposes. Small boats have been forced through the cañons above Fort Mojave, but on the same principle they could be driven over the Sierra Nevada Mountains. It is all a question of expense and locomotive power.

La Paz is probably as high as it will ever pay to carry freight during the months of low water in the Colorado.

I state these facts partly from my own knowledge and partly on reliable information obtained from others. I made two visits to Arizona, and saw something of the Colorado and the Gila during the winter season, when these rivers are at their lowest stage. The Gila is unnavigable at any stage of water, in a commercial point of view; the Colorado is unnavigable six months in the year. The importance, therefore, to be attached to the Colorado as a navigable stream must be taken with these deductions.

And now, reader, you have had a candid and unprejudiced account of my visit to Lower California. I have neither exaggerated nor depreciated the resources of the country. It is possible I may be mistaken on many points; but I feel conscious of having stated nothing calculated to produce a false impression.

I should be very glad to be the humble instrument of promoting, even in a degree, the acquisition to the United States of Lower California. It would be, in many points of view, a valuable addition to our territory on the Pacific coast. Russian America and British Columbia on the north, and Lower California on the south, would complete a coast-line without parallel in the territorial possessions of the nations of the world. But with this grand object, and the magnificent future it reveals, fully impressed upon my mind, I should deem even such an acquisition costly at the expense of truth.

SOUTH-COAST SAUNTERINGS IN ENGLAND.

[Saunter I.]



ON THE DEVONSHIRE COAST, NEAR DAWLISH.

ONE morning, a few months past, I read in the *Times* that the party of exploration to Palestine, for whose expenses the English public had so long been invited to subscribe, had at last sailed; whereat I was exceedingly filled with contempt. When will Englishmen be able to spare time from the tomb and the grave-clothes of the dead Christ to minister to the living Christ—hungry, naked, sick, in prison—who stands with mute appeal on every London street? And when will English students and explorers return from picking straws from fields whose last grain has been gleaned, from exhuming Nineveh and deciphering Herculaneum, to trace in their own country the vestiges of races and temples, of which almost as little is known as if they had lived in the moon? Had Stonehenge only been in Syria, who doubts that it would have long since yielded up that secret which it has held fast through so many ages?

As I questioned thus there appeared before me a venerable personage with long white robe and long white hair and beard, his head wreathed with oak leaves—evidently a Druid—who said, mildly: “The path of the pioneer is West, that of the antiquarian is East: as England explores Syria so shall America explore England.” Wherewith the old man vanished, leaving me to my reflections on this odd apparition.

What these reflections were I need not state: the sum of them was, that next morning an American Exploration Party, consisting of the writer hereof and his portmanteau, started forth to wander through the most ancient and mysterious region of England. In this long saunter—“Saunter,” from *Saint Terre*, is the right word for my pilgrimage through a land once hallowed by the human heart—I followed no prescribed path and took no “Murray;”

and I report only what I myself found interesting, whether it belong to the year eight or eighteen hundred and sixty-eight; and my journey has strengthened a suspicion, received from Kant, that there is much less difference between the two periods than many people imagine.

An engagement to give a lecture at Plymouth led me to take that as a starting-point; and surely there can be none better for an American than the old city which was the last the founders of his country ever saw in the Old World. Within a few rods of the inner haven—now called “The Catwater”—where the *Mayflower* took refuge for a little time, I read before a pleasant literary institution the story of the founding of the other Plymouth across the sea, and tried to show something of what had unfolded from that storm-wafted seed in the course of seven generations. At the close of the lecture a number of persons in the audience asked questions about the United States, relating chiefly to its modern politics and to the war. “Did I think the war was to abolish slavery?” “Did the South or the North hate the negro most?” “Was Fenianism popular in America?” These and other questions like them I answered as well as I could. I found the people generally proud of having accidentally harbored the pilgrims of “New Plymouth,” as they always call their American namesake; but I also felt at every step that among all English towns this was as little likely as any to have had any real connection with the men who were driven to it by stress of weather. There is no monument or trace of them whatever in the town.

I have met with an impression in some parts of America that the sect known as “The Plymouth Brethren,” which did not originate but

gained its first strong-hold here, was something of a Puritan movement, but it is more like the American "Campbellite" Church. I am told that the "Brethren" are very mystical, and their *culte* an extreme worship of the letter. This body has recently split into two parties on some question of interpretation so unimportant that the conflict—so fierce that the members of one side will not speak to the other—is the joke of the place. A gentleman explained to me that one party believed the devil had horns, while the other asserted he was an ass.

The town abounds in handsome residences and terraces, and has a superb garden overlooking the entire harbor and the landscape for miles around called "The Hoe." From this point on a clear day the Eddystone light-house is seen rising like a tall tree out of the sea. When I saw it there was a fine ship on the rocks near its base going to pieces. Around this carcass were hovering a number of boats and yachts, like birds of prey, seeking to save what they could of its cargo. Boat after boat came in laden with wet dry-goods, hams, and the like, and there was a large auction sale of these in the town. The sale was very largely attended by tradesmen and the country people of the neighborhood. A heavier, duller set of people in looks I never saw, and the proceedings of the auction attested the stupidity of their looks. Convinced that every thing was an inevitable bargain, they competed furiously for these damaged goods, of which lot after lot brought more than the same goods could possi-

bly have brought if purchased at the manufactories of Bradford, where most of them were made.

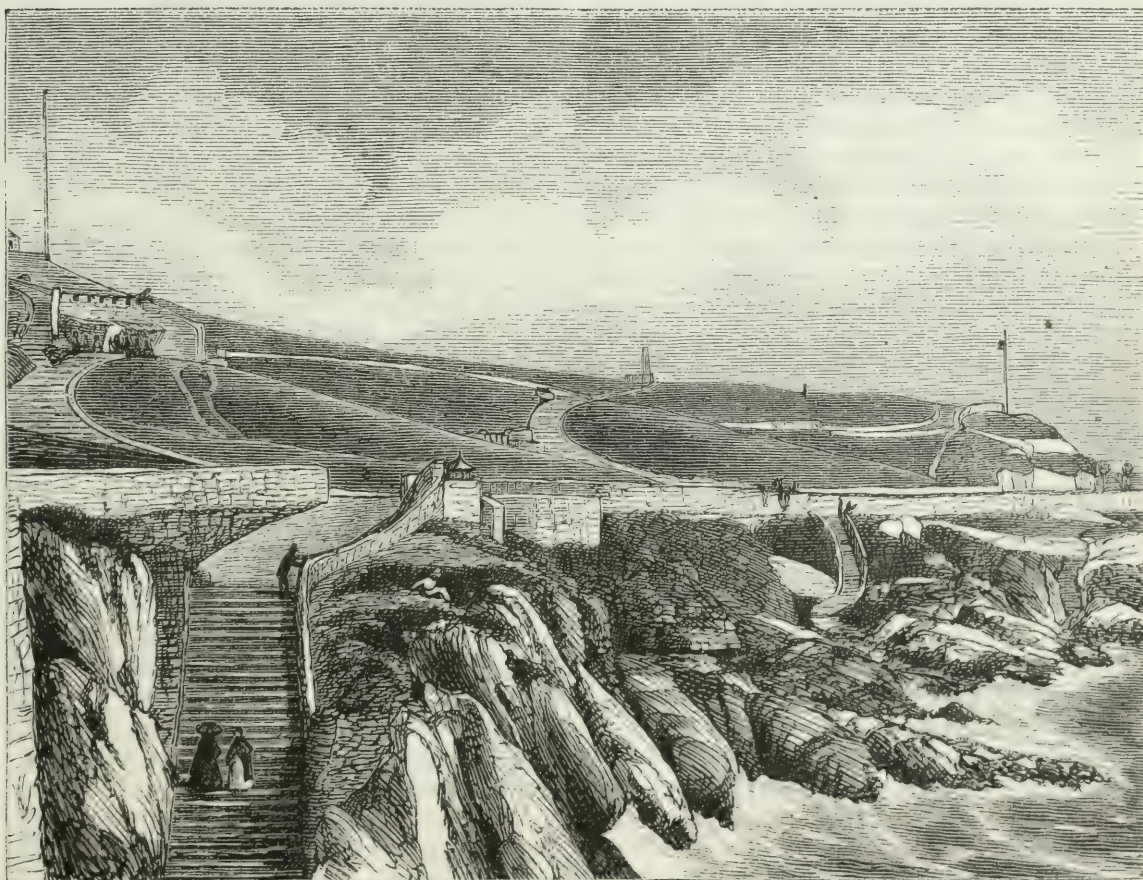
I found the past of Plymouth more interesting than its present, and spent much of my time among the quaint old monuments and tombs in its oldest church. The oldest of these was dated 1583. Many had carved on them figures of the whole families of counts and knights, gaudily painted; they had been often repainted, but always, I was told, after the original colors. Joane Townes, the Mayor's wife, had a tomb, which in its day must have been quite fine; it bore the following inscription:

"O - THAT - MY - WORDS - WERE - NOW - WRITTEN -
OR - GRAVEN - WITH - AN - IRON - PENNE - IN -
LEADE - OR - STONE - TO - CONTINUE - FOR -
I - KNOW - THAT - MY - REDEEMER - LIUETH - AND -
THAT - I - SHALL - RISE - OVT - OF - THE - EART
H - IN - THE - LAST - DAIE - AND - SHALL - BE -
COVERED - AGAINE - WITH - MY - SKINNE -
AND - SHALL - SEE - GOD - IN - MY - FLESH - YEA -
AND - SHALL - MYSELF - BEHOLDE - HIM -
NOT - WITH - OTHER - BVT - WITH - THESE - SAME -
EYES - ANNO - DOMINI - 1589."

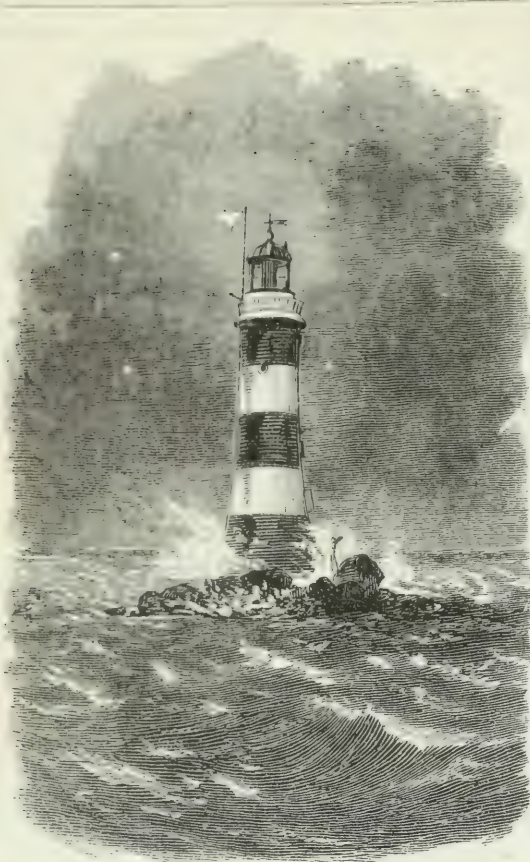
Now and then one comes across words on these old English tombs which baffle philology. Can any one say what is the meaning of "newiste" in the following?

"When Death did me assayle
To God thuse did I crye,
Of Jacobs well to newiste my soule
That it might never die."

The black features of negro pages and serv-



THE HOE.



EDDYSTONE LIGHT-HOUSE.

ants are prominent on several of the monuments of the nobility, especially those that belong to the reign of Elizabeth, when the possession of negroes was almost essential to the highest aristocratic position. Mr. George Dawson, one of the finest lecturers in England, has pointed out, in an unpublished essay on Sir Francis Drake, good reasons for believing that in Othello Shakspeare meant to portray a negro. When Drake returned from his famous discovery of the Pacific, Queen Elizabeth, in knighting him, gave him, as a device on his coat of arms, the figure of a Moor, which meant simply a compliment to the then highly respectable business of negro slave-trading; from which Mr. Dawson deduces that in those days there was no distinction between "Moor" and "Negro" in the English mind. Shakspeare, like others, knew of only one race of blacks, *negroes*—popularly called "Moors" or "Blackamoors"—and meant to draw one of these in his tragedy. The allusions in the play to Othello's peculiar heels, lips, and other traits generally ascribed to the Negro, but not to the Moor, give force to this criticism.

Memorials, relics, and monuments of Drake are met with at every turn throughout Devonshire. At Plymouth tradition points out the spot where his five ships weighed anchor on the 13th of December, 1577, for the famous voyage—illuminated by burning Spanish ships—and that at which, two years later, four of those ships, laden with the gold of California, cast anchor again, and Drake stood on a deck where the Queen was proud to visit him, to partake a banquet, and knight him as he knelt there.

At Buckland Abbey, in the neighborhood of Crowndale, where Drake was born, the descendants of the family still reside, and myth is busy in converting it all into a monument of the old navigator, or "wayrier," as the country-folk call him. A tree is shown in the park where the conqueror of the Armada took refuge, by climbing, from an enraged wounded stag. There is an old private chapel, which seems to hint that Drake still practiced Catholic rites under his Protestant Queen. His drum and his banner are preserved. The walls are lined with pictures of the Armada, on one of which is the following inscription:

"Upon the defeat of the Spanish Armada a pasquinade was found on a column at Rome, signifying that the Pope would grant indulgences for a thousand years to any one that would indicate to a certainty what was become of the Spanish fleet; whether it was taken up into heaven, or thrust down into Tartarus; suspended in the air, or floating in the sea."

The world hardly yet knows just what became of that brilliant fleet of 130 ships that hovered on the Channel like a silvery dead-wreath, and the next moment was scattered on every shore of the northern world; it is known, however, that the storms of Nature did far more than Drake toward its destruction. I have reason to believe that the next volume of Mr. Froude's History will give a strange and new chapter on this subject, and will especially reveal the terrible fate which befell the thirty or forty ships which were stranded on the Irish coast. Little as any civilized generation can sympathize with the aims of the Armada, or regret its destruction, the cruelties with which the Irish people themselves plundered and slew every man of them—each a soldier for the faith and cause of Ireland—are unparalleled among atrocities committed by a whole people. Sympathizing, so far as so respectable a word can be used in such a connection, with the object for which these Spaniards sailed, the Irish resolved themselves into a nation of robbers, and dragged their helpless defenders from the waves only to stab and behead them, apparently for sport, for even that was not necessary in order to take their clothing and jewelry.

In front of the noble gates of the Plymouth fortress, or "citadel," the sward is still green where Drake was playing at bowls when told that the Armada was in sight, and, as the legend runs, insisted that the game should be finished first and the Spaniards whipped afterward. Some boys were playing ball on the spot when I saw it. But few at Plymouth, however, knew or remembered, amidst these grand stories, one thing which Drake really did of importance—he devised a scheme, and at a heavy expense to himself carried it out, of supplying Plymouth with pure water by a leat running from Dartmoor, about thirty miles distant.

One may sit here, before this ancient portal between England and the world, and dream the Past over again through many hours—seeing ships as on a mirage of history floating out with

the explorers and traders of the world on board of them—Captain Cook, Hawkins, Drake—and others sailing in, bearing, it may be, the gentle savage Pocahontas, or Sir Walter Raleigh coming back (1617) from his unfortunate expedition to Guiana, to be arrested as he touches the shore. Here was the nest wherein was nursed the maritime strength of England; here she fledged and plumed the sail-wings that were to bear her sceptre through all the world. It is strange to think by what illusions the world is led from age to age, and what fatal realities are concealed under these illusions. Four centuries ago the whole world was impelled by the illusion of a Northwestern passage to spice-laden islands whose streams ran over golden sands. On the rough map made by Columbus there is marked “St. Brandon’s Isle,” which is a memorial of the superstition which helped to keep alive the all-absorbing dream of the age. A great sea-giant, it was believed, had informed St. Brandon of an island in the west made of solid gold set in crystal, and offered to swim to it with a ship in tow; but a storm came on and the giant perished, leaving the navigators to find the golden island as best they could. From this region sailed Cabot until his ship was stopped by land. Up and down he sailed, trying to avoid and sail through this land; but it remained obstinately in front of him. At last, wearied out, he went ashore and brought away with him three wild Indians, whom he presented to King Henry VII., who gave him ten pounds for discovering “the new isle.” The belief that America was an island lived long in England. The Duke of Newcastle, who administered for all North America for the generation preceding the Revolution, added to his impression that Jamaica was somewhere in the Mediterranean Sea this other, and always addressed his dispatches to “the Isle of New England.”

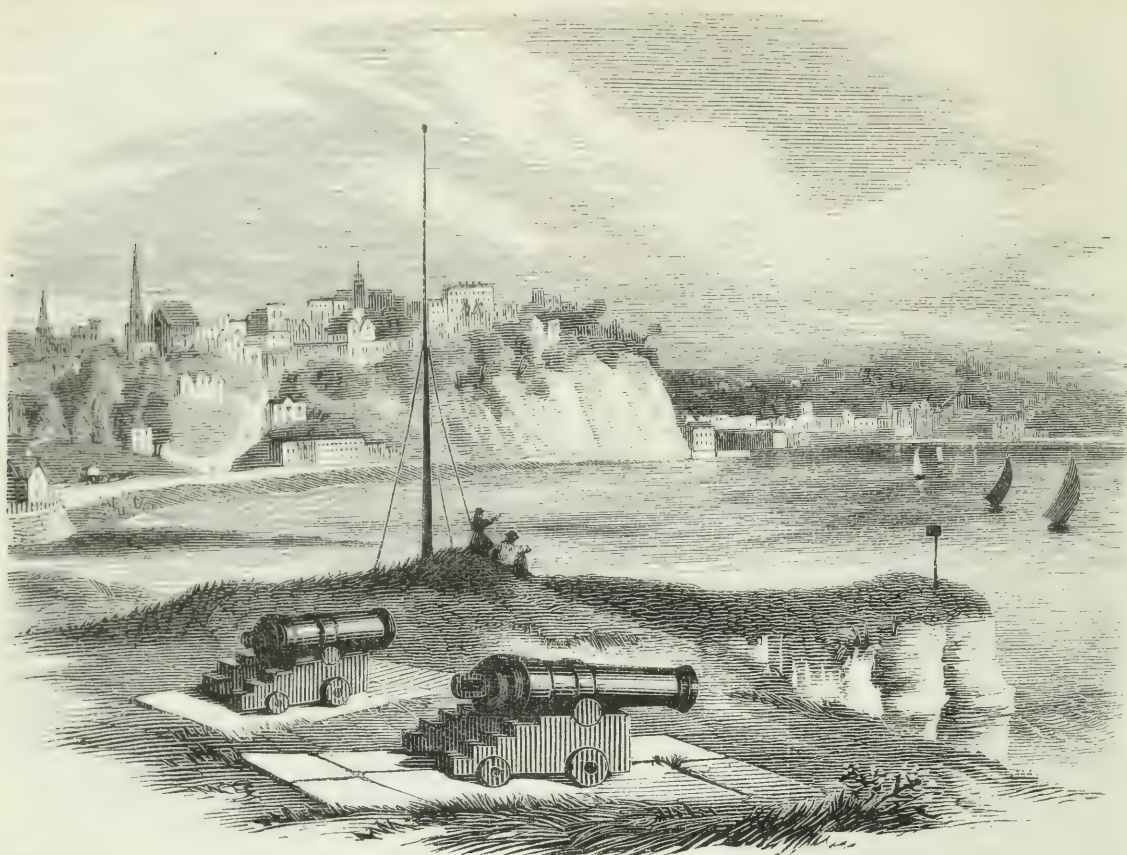
Cabot took his ten pounds from the King and came down here to die at Bristol, a disappointed man. He never forgave the American continent for having been in his way when he was seeking the Northwestern passage. But he was not the only navigator who threw aside with scorn the most important discoveries for the sake of that which did not exist. It was said that the sailors who voyaged with Columbus placed a magnet near his compass so as to divert him from sailing further westward than Cuba; but there is now more reason to believe that his course was warped by the dominant theory. The natives whom he encountered at Cuba told him that due west there was a people who knew many arts; and had he sailed as they pointed we would not now be painfully spelling out, from letters traced in dust, the history of those wonderful civilizations of Peru and Mexico which Columbus would have found at their height. He must also pursue the rainbow with the mythic bag of gold at its end—pursue it to bitter disappointment. What navies were crushed and stranded by that theory!

What brave ships and braver mariners perished through those centuries of illusion! But Nature and Destiny had their own aims, and were busy sending the races of the world to prepare the way for the ages that were to mingle them all in the West into a great human race. Thus they allured the men who were to be moulded into MAN.

Moreover these great voyages were the gymnasium in which Nature was training the sinews of her Anglo-Saxon race for the part it had to play in exploring, colonizing, and afterward emancipating the human race from the despotism and superstition inherited from the far East, whence the elements of it had migrated. I have said that there is little or no historical connection between the Plymouth of the Old and that of the New World; but the philosophical connection is direct. The ship of Drake and the *Mayflower* were really twins; and the larger room for the race physically which one sought in exploring the Pacific, the other sought morally and religiously in its voyage to New England. The *Mayflower* was the natural blossom on that sturdy Saxon stem which ages of adventure and struggle had made strong. Advance Drake into a religious era and he becomes stout Miles Standish.

But if there is a world this side of the brave mariners who made this whole region from Bristol to Plymouth classic, one is reminded at every step that there are worlds anterior to them—a world of savage life, and back of that a world of brute forces. No part of England is so rich in scientific interest as Devonshire. So much every geological student knows who has studied the wealth of the formation called “Devonian,” since Murchison and Sedgwick distinguished that great sandstone from the “Silurian.” This formation, with its treasures of fossil and coral, corresponds to a formation in human knowledge. But the old geologists only went to the threshold of the discoveries which science has since made in this region. The centre of the discoveries to which I now refer is Torquay, and Kent’s Cavern thereat.

Two hours by train, through a pleasant region, bring one across from Plymouth to this beautiful town—as beautiful in its way as Naples, and sitting on its crescent beach much in the same way. Having arrived early in the morning—too early to call on the eminent man to whom the scientific exploration of the cavern has been intrusted, I wandered for some hours about the embowered lanes for which Devonshire suburbs are famous. On one occasion, having walked some distance, forward as I thought, and finding myself close on my starting-point, I remembered an ingenious illustration made by the late Archbishop Whately from an incident in these lanes. A gentleman, he said, riding through the deep and shady Devonshire lanes did not reach the place for which he started so soon as he expected, but saw no one of whom he could inquire the right way; nevertheless the increasing number of



TORQUAY.

horses' tracks encouraged him to believe that he was in a frequented road, and on he went. At length a certain familiarity in the objects around him led to a misgiving; and he soon discovered that he had been riding round and round in a circle, the increasing number of tracks being those of his own horse. The prelate illustrated thus the mental career of those who imagine they are making progress, when they are but vehemently moving in a circle and mistaking their own multiplied tracks for those of the march of Humanity.

Another ingenious story of this neighborhood I heard used in a half-scientific, half religious discussion which occurred in a company during a meeting of the British Association. Some persons having expressed apprehension as to the general skepticism that might follow an unchecked pursuit of certain scientific inquiries, Mr. Froude, the Engineer (brother of the historian), gave the narrative of a man who had lost his way at night among the moors near Torquay. These moors sometimes lead to precipices, and are not free from pits; this the lost traveler knew, and at every step he was in deadly fear of falling into one of these pits. At last his foot slipped downward! He threw up his hands and fortunately grasped the branch of a tree, which extended over the abyss. It was pitch-dark and he could not see the bank from which he had fallen; he swung his feet that way, but no—he could not reach it. Hanging by his straining arms over the pit he shouted for help, but no help came. After struggling

as long as he could, and losing his voice, he resigned himself to the idea of a terrible death, and, his weary hands releasing their hold, he fell! The distance between his feet and the solid ground was just twelve inches. "If people," said Mr. Froude, "would only have less panic, and more faith in truth, they might often find solid ground under them instead of pitfalls."

My reader has, doubtless, by this time perceived that my story is of the cactus kind—one leaf budding into another—and will not be surprised if Mr. Froude's anecdote reminds me that it was in this neighborhood that the very remarkable family of which he is a member was reared. The father of the Froudes—the Venerable R. H. Froude—was Archdeacon of Totnes, and resided, I believe, at Dartmoor. There, at any rate, the historian Anthony Froude was born in 1818. Like nearly all the more thoughtful scholars who were at Oxford twenty-five years ago, he and his brother (now deceased) came under the powerful sway of John Henry Newman, and were High Church enthusiasts. It was at this time that he wrote "The Lives of the English Saints." In 1847 and 1848 there came out those strange books, "The Shadows of the Clouds" and "The Nemesis of Faith," which showed that his mind and heart were but girding themselves for another kind of journey from that on which he had started when he took orders as a deacon with Dr. Newman. When the latter passed into the Church of Rome Anthony's brother went with him, but for the fu-

ture historian it was the crumbling of the last temple in which he had sought refuge, and it left above him only the vault of heaven, within him the dome of reason. There was nothing in him that could make a zealot of any kind; so he gave up his orders and his Oxford fellowship and betook himself to the quiet paths of literature. The Oxonian authorities have never ceased to malign and persecute him for the books he wrote while a student there; he never replies, but pursues patiently his own work. He is nearly connected by marriage with Charles Kingsley, and his home at Brompton, in London, is very dear to the circle of fine spirits—Carlyle, Arnold, Palgrave, Spedding, and others—who are often found around its hospitable fireside. The brother who became a Catholic died. The other brother, civil engineer, has a beautiful home here at Torquay: he is the youngest of the brothers, but is already widely esteemed as a man of science. They are all remarkably handsome; Anthony, especially, is by all odds the handsomest literary man in London.

It is very notable, by-the-way, how in England—and, measurably, in America—genius runs in families: as witness the Napiers, Mackintoshes, Froudes, Newmans, Arnolds, Martineaus, Darwins, Kingsleys. The Kingsleys come from the north of Devonshire. An old family of Cheshire it was, which in the civil wars had suffered more for its adherence to the cause of the Parliament than its most distinguished descendant has suffered from his early Chartist propensities. It was probably, however, rather from his mother than from “the Kingsleys of Kingsley, in the forest of Delamere,” that Charles inherited his noble discontent with the actual, and his impulsive free thought. Mr. Carlyle told me that he remembered visiting the rectory of his father, who was a clergyman, when Charles was but a small lad. He observed then that the dreamy eyes of the mother—a lovely woman—reappeared in the boy, who sat in entire silence during the conversation, evidently drinking in every thing he saw or heard. Carlyle became the hero of Kingsley’s boyhood and youth, as he now is of his fiftieth year: that pillar he followed, when it turned its fiery side, into the land of radicalism, and now he has followed its cloudy side back into the land of bondage. The course of many a gifted young Englishman of these times is to be the historic comment on the tremendous action and reaction of Carlyle’s great brain. The reaction in Charles Kingsley’s case, coincident as it has been with his progress out of poverty to comparative prosperity, has subjected him to many taunts. A popular speaker recently said, “How can we not expect him to smile on the world when the world smiles on him?” My belief is, however, that the change is far more due to his temperament—in which moral timidity is strangely blended with physical pluck. It is a curious commentary that “muscular Christianity” should have for its chief champion a man who trembles like

a leaf before moral opposition. At the outset of his career Kingsley indulged in some heresy while preaching on a certain occasion in London, when some layman arose in the church and invited all who believed the doctrine of the Church to leave the house. Kingsley was much excited, and denounced as a “liar” any one who should charge him with heresy; but he never recovered from this blow, and has hardly ventured to speak his mind since. Of late years he has completely identified England with Justice and (apparently) the Establishment with Truth, and has merged “muscular Christianity” into Carlyle’s worship of Force.

He is far from being a pleasant speaker, his manner being affected and his voice afflicted with a sad stammer; but what he says is always profoundly interesting. Last year he preached to the Volunteers, at their camp near Wimbledon, a discourse about Judah’s lion—the lion being the British lion, and the doctrine an apotheosis of war. He was so much excited at one time, his stammer at the same time damping his utterance, that some feared he would fall into apoplexy. The discourse was powerful; but an old reader of his could not forget how he said in “Alton Locke”—I don’t know how it stands in the expurgated edition—that one of the most inscrutable things on this earth to him is a soldier. There would seem to be in his mind, and his brother Henry’s also, enough or more than enough of sinew, but a lack of bone: what they do and write is not organic, and it must pass away. Many of his warmest friends have tried to hold on to their faith that he would recur to his earlier manliness and his “first love.” Thomas Hughes despaired of him when he found him taking sides with the Confederates during the American War.

But the final blow that has severed him from nearly all of his old comrades was given when, at his inauguration as Professor of History at Cambridge, he made a formal retraction of the reformatory sentiments of his books; declaring that he regretted them, and that hereafter he meant to follow the views of older and wiser thinkers than himself. Many of those present, who had been most instrumental in securing him the professorship, hung their heads in shame; and one of his most intimate acquaintances told me that it was the saddest scene he ever witnessed. It is understood that he is now ambitious for promotion in the Church, and willing to sacrifice any thing for it. He is impressed with a belief that his only obstacle in that direction is the heresies promulgated in his works; but the advancement of Dean Stanley—who is a pure rationalist—shows that such is not the case. Heresy is rather popular just now with the ruling powers of the Establishment. The fact is, that Mr. Kingsley has not the elements of popularity, nor the suavity of manner which attain such positions; and the only pity is that he should not be content to stand by his own nature and heart and reach the honors, and ulti-



LONDON BRIDGE.

mately the homage, which the gifted and true in England are sure to win from their peers. What a strange chapter in the next "Curiosities of Literature" his career as a writer will make! He began with the palpitations of living England; with stories of Chartism, and the "Yeast" leavening Church and State; then he went backward, to old English mariners, to Hypatia and ancient Alexandria, and now he has got so far away from the great heart of to-day that he is engaged translating the very foolish life of St. Anthony, as recorded by Athanasius!

"Blot out his name then! Record one lost soul more;
One task more declined, one more foot-path untrod."



LAND'S END.

It would be difficult to imagine any thing more excitingly beautiful than the cliffs and rocks about Torbay. The water and the elements have carved them in such strange, almost artistic designs, that one can readily imagine how the early dwellers hereabout should have thought it some watering-place for the gods of Walhalla, after whose chief it was named Thor's-bay. Now there is a neatly-formed bridge, and again there is a brow called "Land's End," which looks as if Mr. Bull's head, with two horns, had set itself to confront the country across the channel for evermore. At another moment the wanderer may find himself gazing



DADDY'S HOLE.

afar, with his feet perilously close to some bottomless chasm—of which one called “Daddy’s Hole” is the most remarkable. There is a very striking correspondence between the earliest towers and castles throughout this region and the massive, solemn crags and rocks of the coast. They were plainly built in ages and by men with whom life was as serious and vigorous as the ancient forces that carved the rocks. We repeat now the brackets and turrets and openings in the spires of our churches, for their beauty simply; but those who first built them built for emergencies, and arranged for cross-bows, for hurling rocks on enemies. The fair ladies prayed for their lords and brothers, their retainers and their cause, at the shrines beneath; while those for whom they prayed stood upon their towers for watch or for defense. The forces amidst which they lived—the struggles of races, of clans, of religions—were also of Nature, and she now gently adopts their monuments and twines her green ivies and mosses about them, and sheds on them the tints of many-colored lichens and gayer blooms.

Having strolled about Torquay for some hours I proceeded to find out the Representative Man of Kent’s Cavern, the geologist Pengelly, for the purpose of visiting under his guidance that now famous hole. The explorations of it are considered so important to Science that in order to escape all possibility of “sham fossils” the public are excluded, and no one can see the workmen, who are engaged in excavations from morning until night, except in the presence of Mr. Pengelly. The general public has little reason



MR. PENGELLY.

to regret this exclusion, for a more uninteresting hole, so far as beauty is concerned, can hardly be imagined. The public, however, has its own views about the cavern, and the rigidly orthodox have an impression—derived possibly from the constant reference to it by those who discredit the Mosaic Cosmogony—that it is a by-way to a certain very warm and unmentionable place. The legend as to its name is, that a traveler went in there with his dog; the traveler was never again heard of, but the dog was found in a weak condition in the county of Kent, about 170 miles distance. (The utmost extent of the cavern is 600 feet.) When I visited Mr. Pengelly I found him in great glee over the important “find” he had just made—the most important perhaps ever made bearing on the antiquity of man—namely, the jaw-bone of a human being in the same bed with the bones of the red deer, bear, rhinoceros, and other animals of species long extinct in England. Personally, Mr. Pengelly strongly resembles the late Theodore Parker; he is an enthusiast about the cavern, for which he seems to have conceived a personal attachment. While we were present the workmen were engaged with their picks on the bed where the human remains had been found, and about a dozen fossils, all belonging to extinct animal species, were brought up. There have been found in Kent’s Hole the remains of the elephant, rhinoceros, ox, deer, horse, bear, hyena, some huge cat, and man. In front of the cavern is a huge chasm, nearly 200 feet in depth and a quarter of a mile in breadth. The character of the formation in the cavern shows that it was made by the action of waves that once beat from an arm of the sea which filled that chasm, and washed in the remains and the drift in which they are imbedded. The geographical changes which this implies, and the certainty that human eyes once saw a sea where now an ancient forest stands, give an impression of duration almost fearful. When in the afternoon I looked upon the spot on the shore of Torbay where the Prince of Orange landed when he came to take possession of England, it seemed to me I was considering an event of yesterday.

Mr. Pengelly related many amusing adven-

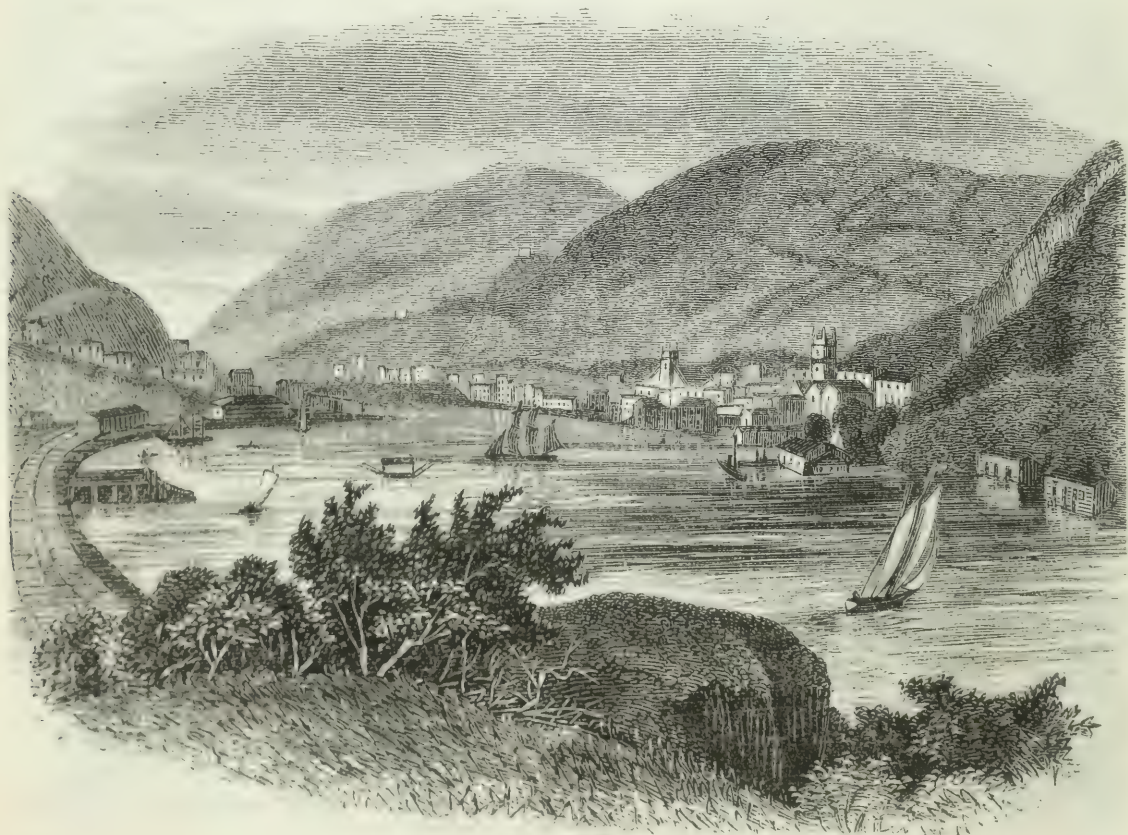


OLD TOWER AT PAIGNTON.

tures that he and other geologists had met during their researches in the neighborhood, arising chiefly from the horror which the country clergymen had of them. A flint arrow acted on these divines as a red rag on a bull. On one occasion he had visited a poor stone-breaker, whom he found conversing with the parish clergyman. When he showed the poor man a flint arrow-head, and asked him if he had met with such in his work, the parson raised his eyes and hands and rushed from the room. We sometimes fancy that the age in which Galileo vainly tried to persuade the Paduan professors to look through his telescope, which revealed the moons of Jupiter, has passed; but there are several places in Great Britain where that age survives. When Lord Rosse's great telescope was completed two religious fanatics managed to get near it, and were caught in the act of breaking one of its lenses with a stone. The efforts of some of the universities to keep out heresy have led to some amusing results. Once, when the Chair of Natural History at Edinburgh became vacant, it was proposed to invite Agassiz to accept it, but the proposition was voted down because the famous Swiss was regarded as a heretic. Professor Altmann, who received the election, was soon after entertained at a grand banquet by all the dignitaries of the city. After it he and his wife were told that they would, on the following Sabbath, be taken to the Kirk in state. Fancy the horror when the new Professor replied, "We are Unitarians, but are willing to go any where." Professor Blackie, too, of the same University, was asked:

"Does this book (the Bible) contain all you believe?" "Yes," he replied, "and a deal more!" The English Universities have long since given up subjecting their professors to this species of inquisition. It is, in fact, becoming more and more impossible to get really able men to accept positions at the thresholds of which they have to lay down their intellectual independence.

The more I travel in England the more impatient I feel with our American forefathers for having taken these names of towns and places where they are real and characteristic, and applied them to others in America where they are as much out of place as primogeniture would be among our laws. It might be pardoned that they should call their first landing-place in New England after the last point they had touched in their mother-country; but to go on naming places Dartmouth, Exeter, and the like, when the Indians had already left for such natural and beautiful names, was too bad, especially as the Indians had so much to do with its foundation. There is no classic or other reason why Lord Dartmouth should have given his name to one of our chief colleges. Dartmouth here is really at the mouth of the River Dart, which darts like a silver-feathered arrow to the sea. And Exeter is on the River Exe, once *Isca*, where the Romans fixed their *castra*. Time has modulated *Isca castra*, or "Camp on the Isca," into Exeter. But what has an old town in New Hampshire (*ecce iterum!*) to do with the Exe and the Romans? Yet one can not help being curious to see the towns of Old England



DARTMOUTH.

which have managed to get namesakes in the New World, and I have reason to thank this curiosity for some of the exquisite scenes I saw on the River Dart.

A saunterer will find a day or two well spent in rambling from the bold hills under which Dartmouth nestles to where they stretch away to the heavy ground-swells of Dartmoor. This last place has an unusual interest for an American as the situation of the prison built for Frenchmen (1809), but destined to hold the 2500 American citizens whose imprisonment by Great Britain, to whom they refused service, exasperated the war of 1812. The prison covers thirty acres, and is fortified by high walls; it is entirely refitted, and used for convicts. In one of its rooms are pathetic inscriptions left by the French prisoners. In the old burial-ground rests the dust of hundreds of Americans, who perished under the harsh prison treatment of those days, and the malaria of the bogs. Only the grave of one of them is marked, and that one by an old piece of slate; on which, however, American eyes can see an unsettled account standing.

This whole region is yet comparatively wild and unrecovered; the very winds seem to have caught the howl of the wolves that once infested it, as they sweep over the heath and moor. The wolves have not been so long gone, and there are still old moorlanders who claim vested rights in the peat and sod on account of the services rendered by their ancestors in exterminating wild beasts. The sods are used for building, and the peat for fuel, by the very primitive inhabitants of this wild region. Some of these people may even yet be found who are as nearly savages as any to be found in England—which is saying a good deal. They are mixed of Cornish, Celtic, Saxon, and Briton, and it is not impossible that the moor was originally settled by the outlaws of all these tribes; its legends, at least, are chiefly of the robbers of whom it was an ancient haunt. Their language is a formidable mixture of all the old dialects of Great Britain, and is unintelligible to any but themselves. Their dwellings look at a little distance like large mushrooms; they are built of sod, mud, peat, and loose stones, and thatched with straw and rushes. These the earth has gradually adopted, and the weather has made gray. The masses of dry mosses and lichens on them have so accumulated and mingled that a stratum is formed worthy the geologist's attention. Some of the huts still keep as an inmate the shaggy little donkey who is the capitalist, or rich relation, of the family. The missionary has an unquestionable if not a hopeful field in this region.

Lately a little girl, being asked in a new Sunday-school for what end she was created, replied, "To carry dung to the field." Yet it is said that the people on the coast are much wilder. Archdeacon Froude, to whom allusion has been made, used to wander among the huts of the shore-people who got their living

by fishing and from wrecks. His son Anthony told me that on one of these excursions his father engaged in conversation with a pious old woman, who, on being asked how they had been faring lately, replied that they "had found it hard to get along until the Lord in his mercy had sent them a wreck, from which they got a good lot!" Another story, for whose veracity my informant vouched, was that at a place called "Hope," where the breakers are hopelessly terrible, a Spanish ship went to pieces, and the only person who reached the shore alive was the chaplain. The people got around him and locked him up. They then went to the village and called on the Squire, and said that a ship had gone down, and the only man saved was "a kind o' Jesuit. They didn't like the looks o' he, so they had locked him in a barn. And if the Squire would come down they were ready to set the dogs on the Jesuit fellow." The Squire went down, and only with difficulty could persuade them to release the poor half-drowned chaplain. This occurred within the present generation. They live on strange dishes, one of the most popular being a pie made of fish and apples mixed. The inhabitants of Dartmoor are not so brutal as those on the coast, but are more stupid. They are not so dangerous as the singularly untamed wilderness in which they live.

One can hardly imagine a drearier fate than to lose one's way on these wilds at night, under the perpetual drizzle which keeps its bogs and pools ever-ready graves for the wanderer; and the many stories of such tragedies which one hears in the neighborhood might spring up there naturally as the ferns. Nearly all of such were mere narratives of people found frozen, drowned, and so on; but one which a fellow-traveler related to me has a touch of poetry in it. In one of the villages on the verge of a wild heath a bell is rung every night between two and three o'clock. This custom has been followed for over three centuries. A gentleman who had lost his way on the heath on a very dark night was guided to the village by the sound of this bell, which was rung in the night for some unexplained reason; and in his will he bequeathed a sufficient sum to have that bell rung at the same hour of the night, that no future wanderer might want the guidance which rescued him.

I had while in Devonshire, and especially amidst its wilder spots, a constant feeling of being at the bottom of a sea, as indeed I was where the sea had once rolled. It was a feeling traceable to the continual recurrence of reedy and slimy vegetation; the red earth and bogs; the water-washed cavernous rocks, and others tall, like chimneys, their sides perforated and jagged from the action of water, and their tops smoothed as if they had risen just out of the water, but had been rounded by them; and especially the "tors," which may have been little islands, flowering green on those primal seas, but whose titanic stems of

rock the abated waters have revealed. I read in the book of an old philosopher that the bottom of the sea is covered with forms exactly corresponding to those we see at the bottom of the atmosphere, but all dwarfed. Forests of coral, miniature oaks, dwarf mountains and volcanoes, human-like creatures, which we never see, because they can not soar on fin-wings to the top of their watery atmosphere any more than man can fly like his inferiors. Treeless Dartmoor, with its "tors," its huts, and its swarming gipsies, would well enough confirm this account. It has too, as if to rivet the impression, a queer little forest of dwarf oaks, which might be esteemed an eighth wonder of the world. The pigmy oaks of "Wistman's Wood" grow amidst blocks of granite on the bank of the Dart, and average eight feet in height, never exceeding ten. They are evidently of extreme age, and their branches are enveloped in moss so thick as to make some limbs of the wrist's size a foot in diameter. In the very heart of the famous Druidical region, stretching up toward frowning giant "tors," one beholds what, with a more imaginative race, would have been accounted for by legends of some enchantment by which the pagan Druids were transformed into their sacred oaks, and the oaks stunted; a work for which the Cambrian Saint Cadoc was quite adequate, if the Welsh bards sing truly.

Dartmoor, though a park for a geologist, and a paradise for a stone-mason—having "enough rock to build all the cities in England," as some one reported—has little to reward the zoologist or the lover of flowers. The cotton-grass (*Eriophorum*) covers the bogs in summer, and at all times there are long tufts of rushes, from which the wind elicits a weird music, as from harp-strings. There are here swamps filled with the whortleberry and bilberry—both rare in England—foxglove, woodbine, golden-rod, wild thyme, digitalis; and now and then a knowing one may find the pyramidal orchis and the butterfly (*Habenaria bifolia*); and if the botanist be distinguished from the gatherer of flowers he will find many plants rarer than those I have named. There is a moor-hen, and the black-cock, which seem to be indigenous; but, like all other regions, this is chiefly indebted to the lark, which sheds its "noon-dew" on the forlornest and fairest of them alike, with the impartiality of the All-Beautiful by whom its blissful strain was taught.

I stopped in Exeter only long enough to glance at its grand old cathedral. "There be divers fair streets in Exeter," writes old Leland; and although it is a very different city from the Exeter of Henry VIII.'s time, the compliment is still deserved. A fine broad street suggested its own fitness for the proud entry of the Prince of Orange, three days after his landing at Torbay. "The Earl of Macclesfield, with two hundred noblemen and gentlemen, on Flanders steeds, completely clothed in armor; two hundred negroes in attendance on

the said gentlemen, with embroidered caps and plumes of white feathers; two hundred Finlanders, clothed in beavers' skins, in black armor, and with broadswords; fifty gentlemen, and as many pages, to attend and support the Prince's standard; fifty led horses, trained to war, with two grooms to each; two state coaches; the Prince on a white charger, in a complete suit of armor, with white ostrich feathers in his helmet, and forty-two footmen running by his side; two hundred gentlemen and pages on horseback; three hundred Swiss guards armed with fuses; five hundred volunteers, with two led horses each; the Prince's guards, in number six hundred, armed cap-a-pie. The rest of the army brought up the rear. They had fifty wagons loaded with cash, and one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon."

In 1112 William Warlewast, one of the Normans who followed William I. to England, and who was by that monarch made the third Bishop of Exeter, laid the first stone of this grand cathedral. It was completed near the close of that century. A century later it was enlarged into its present imposing dimensions. The chief interest about Exeter is the cathedral, which is grand as well as historical. It is a conglomerate of the various epochs through which it has passed, and is traced over with the records of the dynasties that have presided over it. The Gothic front is inclosed between two massive Norman towers; and one feels in looking upon it that conqueror and conquered were overarched by a common majesty of religious faith. The Continental character preponderates, however, and the chief ornament is the *fleur-de-*



EXETER CATHEDRAL.

lis of the roof. Even Puritanism had taste enough, when the soldiers of the Commonwealth occupied this cathedral, to spare some of its sweetest attractions, notably its finest stained window. They laid waste, however, the cloisters, and let the bishop's palace to a sugar-refiner, whose troughs and pans remained until it was repaired in 1821. The most impressive thing, however, is its noble organ, one of the finest in England. One can almost always hear it, as services are very frequent. The choir of boys is exquisite. A gentleman of Exeter told me that he once knew the choir to sing "Blest are the departed," from Spohr's "Last Judgment," with such pathos that the great audience was thrilled, and the clergyman was so much overcome with emotion that he could not deliver his discourse. In the south tower is the heaviest peal of bells in Great Britain. In the north tower is one of the largest bells in the country. It is named Peter Bell, and is used to strike the hours. Southey wrote in "The Doctor:" "There are, I believe, only two bells in England which are known by their Christian names, and they are both called Tom. Were I called upon to act as sponsor upon such an occasion I would name my bell Peter Bell, in honor of Mr. Wordsworth." Southey evidently did not know that the Exeter bell was named Peter Bell. It was so named, however, after a bishop, centuries before Wordsworth's wagoner was dreamed of. The two "Toms" are at Lincoln and Oxford. The Exeter bell is five hundred pounds heavier than the former, and only inferior in weight and tongue to the latter.

The women of Devonshire have a reputation for homeliness, which is due to Queen Elizabeth rather than to their physical demerits. The Queen named an award—a small homestead, I believe—to every man that married an Exeter woman. Her grant was due to the ill effects on the woolen manufactures of the district, owing, as her advisers thought, to the preponderance of the female population—the men generally devoting themselves from early life to a sea-faring career—which caused the birth-rates to diminish. I was told that the ladies of the upper and middle classes in the city were good-looking enough; but certainly the people of the lower classes that I saw had the slovenly and coarse look which is noticeable in nearly all the cathedral towns of England.

Vice and brutality are the rank weeds that grow under the shadow of cathedrals in England. And one always feels, in seeing the filthy tenements, with their miserable occupants, which cluster about a great cathedral in England, that these grand buildings were never reared by the people around them. We do not need the Norman tower and the *fleur-de-lis* to remind us that both the religion and its domes were imported. Mr. Ruskin, in his recent lectures at Manchester, assured the people that there could never be a noble English architecture until there were beautiful English

homes. He exhibited there some drawings he had made of several of the finest old cathedrals of France, in which he showed that their finest architectural traits are traceable to the features of the houses of the people around them. Their most beautiful spires are but the up-raised elongated cottage-roofs; their most exquisite windows are French dormer-windows; and the chief ornament is a kind of mail, evidently suggested by the tiles on the surrounding houses. But in these English cathedrals one finds at every point a sharp contrast with the dismal square huts in which the common people live; and, indeed, the mansions of the wealthy, in the cities, are still dismal and square boxes, differing from the others only in the costliness of materials. At the time I was in Exeter the people were especially hungry and surly on account of the unusually high prices of bread and meat, and the want of employment. The beautiful cathedral, looking down upon the hungry idlers around it, reminded one of the poor boy in Squeers's Dotheboys' Hall whose mother sent him a tract. If a man or woman starves here it will not be for want of tracts and churches. The Exeter people, however, concluded, a few weeks ago, that they could not live on spiritual any more than on material bread alone; and they smashed the windows of nearly every butcher's and baker's shop in the city. "Bread-rioting" has been a constitutional infirmity in that region from early times.

That which I found most interesting throughout Devonshire was the language, the superstitions, and the customs of the people. In the cities and towns, of course, the peculiarities of these have to a great extent disappeared before the all-invading genius of the nineteenth century—Steam. But in villages and rural districts one still meets with men and women whose minds dwell in the atmosphere, and who speak in the language, of the first century. The ethnologist can not get so much from the old English and Celtic chronicles as he can by mingling with these queer folk of Devonshire and Cornwall. And first, with regard to their speech, I am fortunately able to give the reader an exact idea of it by quoting from a dialogue in the Devonshire dialect, taken down by a lady of the county. (It must not be confused, however, with the Cornish, which is as incommunicable as Chinese.) I will first give the specimens, and afterward explain the peculiar words employed.

RAB. "Well, Bet, wot'n go up to the Church town to rail an zee the wraxlin. Every body keep'th holiday to-day; the crowder and a whole gubby; thee shet dance for the cap."

BET. "I can't go, zure."

RAB. "Wull, very wull."

BET. "You be a-purt now."

RAB. "Fay! But I'm a-guest thee wot'n meend my purting; but tell ma than why thee cast'n go."

BET. "Don't be so pettish, and I wol. Why I be going to Shaleacott to zee my old gonmar."

RAB. "Won wot go? How long vurst?"

BET. "I can't tell tha; I've a gurt many chures, and here I be drilling away my time."

RAB. "Pithee don't be spare about men: I'll meet tha here a leet odds of two o'clock."

In the course of the conversation Bet gives Rab an account of one of her adventures, from which I take a paragraph:

"'Other day you must know I went to winding, and took the boy way me to cry em, and ruise away the pigs from muzzling in the corn; 'twas a tingley frost—quite a-glidder down the lane; 'twas so hard avrore that the juggymire was all one clitch of ice; et blunk'd at the same time as the weend huffed and hulder'd it in wan's eyes. I was in a sad taking—no gwain to the lewside you know—I must vace it; though ma nose and lips were a-sprayed, and my arms as spragg'd as a long cripple. By the time us a-do, the weend was a-go lie. Cryal! I was a-stugg'd in plid—I never was in such a pickle avore—my coats was a-dagg'd up, and my shoe heled in mux, for 'twas as dark as a pit. Well, to be sure, when we come home, maester was routing in the zettle (a pix take em!) before a gurt rousing fire, even to swelter wan, an we a-scrim'd way the cold."

To begin now with the first of these specimens, there is no difficulty in seeing how "rev-el" should be shortened into *rail*. "Wrax-lin" (*wrestling*) is from the Saxon *wraxlung*. "Crowder" means *fiddler*; why, unless because he draws a crowd around him, I can not imagine. "Gubby" (*crowd*) relates to the term *gubbins*, by which the wild people of Dartmoor are known; it is a word to which I shall have to refer hereafter. "A-purt" is from the French *bouter*, to pout. "A-guest" is the same as the Yankee *I guess*—an expression rarely met with out of Devonshire and New England. "Gonmar" is a mere corruption for *grandmother*. "Chures" is *household jobs*—simply the Yankee *chores*. This word is probably from the Saxon *cyrre*, "work," the form of the word in Exmoor being "chewry," but it is unknown in England outside of Devonshire. Although, as has been said, the touching of the Pilgrims on Devonshire was so incidental, more Yankee words are found here than elsewhere. "Driling" is *drawling*. In the second paragraph "winding" means *winnowing*; "cry," *carry*; "ruise," *drive*. "A-glidder" (*slippery*) is from the Saxon *glidem*, "to slip." "Juggy-mire" (*bog*) means *jog-mire*, mire through which one jogs. "Clitch" means something that has run together. "Blunk" is any light flaky body falling—as sparks, or snow. "Huffed" means *shifted*; and "huldered," *hurtled*. "Lewside" is the *leeside*, or sheltered side. "A-sprayed" means *chapped*; "spragg'd," *roughened*. The phrase "us a-do" is found in Chaucer—"I've a-do (*done*) it." "Cryal" is a modification of the exclamation *Christ!* "Plid" means *dirt*; "a-dagg'd," *tucked*; "heled," *covered* (from Saxon *helan* "to hide"). "Mux" is the Saxon *Meox*, and means *clean road dirt*. "Zettle" is the Saxon *setl*, "seat," and is imitated in our common word *settee*. "A-scrim'd" is from the Teutonic *krimpen*, and means *shriveled*.

The specimens of the dialect given above do not by any means give a fair proportion of the German words to be met with in Devonshire. They use, for example, "dring" (*to throng*),

and a narrow way is called a "drang-way;" "schilt" for *shield* (German *schild*); "avrore" (German *erfroren*) for *frozen*; and many others that could be named.

Among their most ancient words are some that we meet with occasionally in America, and usually regard as modern vulgarisms; e. g. "transmogerrefy" and "argufy." Some of their words are also significant enough. Thus "barthless" means *houseless*; it is related to the word *berth*. The root of the word is the Welsh *bar*, a "bush," and points infallibly to the period when the house was a hut made of bushes and their inhabitants literally *barbaroi*. The word "gubby," applied to the Dartmoor people in their wilder days, and now heard occasionally, is from *gubber*, "black mud," and similarly reports the era when they lived in mud huts—an era, by-the-way, not every where past in that region.

There may be a remote connection between the words "gubby" and *goblin*. Many children in the large towns of Devonshire still regard Dartmoor with superstitious awe; and a century ago the belief was quite common that on that moor there lived a race of infra-human beings, with long tusks, adepts in witchcraft, who usually passed the nights in dances around mysterious circles, such as Tam O'Shanter saw, and in various other diabolical orgies. These wild beings lived in the region of the famous lead and tin mines. Now a settlement of Germans was, in historic times at least, the first to work the Devonshire mines. The "goblin" is in Germany essentially the spirit of mines, and also caverns—but particularly it is a mining demon. He is called "Kobbold," and with the Dutch "Kabouter;" the derivative meaning being one who *knocks* (as in mines), and the superstition being that they could be at times heard thumping underground. From this certainly comes the Welsh word "cob," a *thump* (*club* is a related word), and "coblyn," a *knocker*—substantially the same with *goblin*. It is possible, also, that the definition of *black mud* applied to "gubby" may have referred to the dark complexion ascribed by so many ancient writers to the original inhabitants of this district, who were, and sometimes are now, called "gubbins."

All of these words and facts point to the belief that among the early settlers here were people of Saxon or Danish origin. And indeed we are hardly left a doubt in the matter when we consider the constant recurrence of relics of the worship of Thor with which the neighborhood abounds. Every hill is called a "tor." And here I must ask my reader's company on an excursion to Scandinavia, as the only route to ancient England.

Thor with his hammer succeeded Odin with the sword; an era of work, that is, followed that of battle. The Hammer built ships, the ships bore emigrants, and so they were worshippers of Thor who occupied Britain. They found the "gubbins" already here, and probably

made slaves of them, putting them to work in the mines, where they lived so much out of sight—as the coal-miners do now—that they became mythic, as “Goblins” and “Tröll”—this last word being simply *thralls*, or slaves. The original inhabitants were dwarfish in stature and of dark complexion; their conquerors were fair and, comparatively, giants. The god Thor was called “Red-beard;” he belonged to a race that had red beards, and consequently blue eyes and fair complexion. The Sagas represent Thor as destroying dwarfs and goblins. These were no doubt the Laps. In his “Journey to Lapland” Regnarden says, “Such is the description of this little animal called a Laplander; and it may be safely said that, after the monkey, he approaches nearest to man.” The superstition may be yet found with Swedish and other northern peasantries that the Laps are a preternatural or infernal race, and in 1576 Frobisher’s crew, having caught a Lap woman, pulled off her boots to see if her feet were cloven. Thunder and lightning are still called “Thördin” in the South of Sweden; and an old saying is known there, “If there were no thunder-storms the world would be destroyed by goblins.” Thor’s-day or *Thursday* was within a hundred years a holiday there. A superstition concerning Freya’s-day (*Friday*) still accompanies the British race in all its migrations, only whereas it was once a sacred day the Christians have made it a day of ill omen. It seems, then, that we have well-founded tradition for the belief that a large blonde race in its northwestward migration overtook and came into conflict with a dwarfish people whom they regarded as most absolutely diabolical.

The causes of this superstitious awe of the dwarfs it is not difficult to trace. Weakness is the mother of cunning. The dwarf, unable to cope with the giant in physical strength, must outwit him or perish. He utilizes his smallness; it enables him to hide in crevices. Living in the region of caverns, he hides in them, and gathers from their stalactites the idea of a stone arrow, which he lets fly at his burly antagonist. His complexion helps to render him invisible against the dark earth, while the blonde giant is a shining mark. In a primitive age all these would combine to engender the impression that he was in league with infernal powers. All of our giant tales come from this source. They all indicate that the giant was a huge lubberly simpleton who was perpetually conquered through the superior wit of some Jack the Giant-killer.

One story, long a favorite with the Scandinavian peasantry, relates that a giant was carrying home with him Askovis, a dwarf, whom he had taken captive. On the way the dwarf pointed to the horizon and described many beautiful sights of cities, men and women, which he saw there. The giant, seeing nothing, asked the dwarf how he managed to see such things. The dwarf replied that the power could be acquired only by pouring melted lead in one’s

eyes. The giant, desirous of obtaining such magic vision, requested the dwarf to melt and pour lead in his eyes—an operation which the little man was not slow in performing, and was soon leading his blind enemy a captive to his own people. This story is characteristic of nearly all the giant stories. In the end, however, the big men forced the little men to the wall and beyond it; and such as could not move on were made “thralls,” their chief work, probably, being to make for their conquerors those stone arrows which had already gained the reputation of possessing magical virtue. The invaders, of whose origin I shall have something to say hereafter, probably hurled rough rocks in battle, their leaders only being provided with iron weapons, that metal as yet being very scarce.

It is related in a Scanian story that once, when a Northman discovered a dwarf, the latter ran away, dropping his weapons as he fled. The Northman went to get the weapons, but the dwarf had by infernal art “turned them all to stone.” Of course they were ordinary flint weapons. These flint arrows became gradually associated with occult virtues. Few of us, perhaps, who listen to Weber’s most charming opera, think to what a venerable antiquity those magic bullets of Der Freischütz may be traced. Yet, in “Orva Oda’s Saga,” we read that the Norse warrior, having saved the life of a child of the Lapland chief, Guse, when an eagle was bearing it away, that chief presented to him three magical stone arrows warranted to hit whatever they were aimed at. The Swedish peasants place even now flint arrows over their doors as preventives against witchcraft, as the horseshoe is used elsewhere. They were led to this, however, by the supposition that these arrow-heads, which they picked up every where, were not the dwarfs’ arrows, but such as Thor had hurled against the dwarfs, goblins, and the like. Showers of them fell to the earth during every thunder-storm. Peasants wore them around their necks as amulets, and warriors wore them in battle as “Victory-Stones,” or “Life-Stones.” It is possible that our “madstones” have this pedigree, and the “Agnus Dei,” worn by the Irish Catholic, curiously resembles one kind of flint arrow.

In Didrik of Bern’s Saga it is related that King Nidung once feared to go into battle because he had left his “Victory-Stone” at home. He offered his daughter’s hand to the man that should bring it to him. Valent thus won his bride, and the king the victory. It was but a step from the worship of the stone arrow to the worship of the hammer which made it, and every thing else. Thus the emblem of Thor was set up. When Christianity came to Scandinavia it found the stone hammer stuck in mounds of stones; and by its ingenuity the hammer was made more and more to resemble the cross, until it actually became a cross, as the people were graduated from their old religion to the new.

Whither went these Laps—the dwarf race—when they were pressed farther and farther out of their own country? Despite all the arguments I have heard from Agassiz in America and Craufurd in England against the Old-World origin of American tribes, I can not rid myself of the belief that the Esquimaux are a branch of this same race. Not only are they exactly the same in personal appearance, but wherever they go among the American Indians they are associated with witchcraft and diabolism, exactly as the Laps were in ancient Scandinavia. In warring against them the other American Indians call in the aid of their deities to protect them against Esquimaux sorceries, and purify themselves if they have touched one of them.

About seventy years ago Samuel Hearne went to examine the Coppermine River in British America to its mouth, and for that end joined himself to a tribe of Copperhead Indians. He found them regarding the Esquimaux with the utmost hostility, solely on the ground of a belief in their diabolical relations. Wherever they found man, woman, or child of that race they were instantly murdered. On one occasion the Copperhead spies brought in tidings that five tents of Esquimaux—for so, gipsy-like, they wandered—had been pitched at a certain spot, and Hearne accompanied them, as a non-combatant observer, in their expedition against the doomed nomads. In his narrative (London, 1795) Hearne says: “When we arrived on the west side of the river each painted the front of his target or shield; some with the figure of the sun, others with that of the moon, several with different kinds of birds and beasts of prey, and many with the images of imaginary beings, which, according to their silly notions, are the inhabitants of the different elements—earth, sea, air, etc. On inquiring the reason of their doing so I learned that each man painted his shield with the image of that being on which he relied most for success in the intended engagement.” A very horrible massacre of the poor Esquimaux followed, and afterward the murderers performed a solemn ceremony of purification to prevent any evil effects following the contact with the witches. This, quite unconsciously on Hearne’s part, might do, with names changed, for a paragraph out of a Saga about some expedition of Thorwald against Vanaland.

I must now ask my reader to return with me to Devonshire and Cornwall; and, if we but remember that we are as yet in pre-historic times, the transition from Arctic America to Britain is not such a leap as may at first seem. There are not wanting evidences of enormous geographical changes in the Northern world of comparatively recent date. Seas roll where land once abounded, and a forest of icebergs glitters where once spread green foliage with gay blossoms and birds. The tendency of archaic and ethnological research now is to show that there was an era when the world had not yet

gone to pieces; and that in those days there spread over it a stubby, primitive, pioneer race, very much of the character now represented by the Laps, Esquimaux, and some of the more primitive people found in these Southwestern regions of England. They were the pre-Celtic population of these islands. The Celts found them here, and probably made slaves of them. Whence did they come?

At first the opinion prevailed that the people of the Stone Age in Great Britain might have been a clan of the dwarfish Laps who fled from their invaders to Scotland, and were thence driven by Northern hordes step by step into Ireland and Southwestern England. But there is one remarkable fact which militates against that conclusion. The skulls obtained from tumuli in Scandinavia, supposed to belong to the Stone Age, and to be those of Laps, are distinguished from the later Celtic people of that region by their being round, with heavy, overhanging brows. The skulls of the pre-Celtic population found in the British tumuli are, on the contrary, known as *Kumbecephalic*, or “boat-shaped heads.” Laps occasionally find their way to Scotland now, where they encamp, gipsy-like, and, at the centre of masses of leather clothing, look like small moving haystacks. In respect of stature and color they resemble the more primitive people of the Southwest; but the shape of their heads is different in the same way, as the skulls of the tumuli indicate. There is, therefore, reason to think that the pre-Celtic population of England came from the South, and extended into Ireland. If so, it was certainly from the Basque country, and their name, “Hibernians,” correctly points to their having come from the River *Iberos*, in Spain. And it is probable that the word “Gipsies”—an evident corruption of *Egyptians*—may quite as correctly point us to the more remote origin of this prehistoric people, whether in Scandinavia, Britain, the Basque country, or even in Arctic America. Undoubtedly in the graves of all of them—Esquimaux included—kajaks, spears, and beads have been found, exactly similar to those found in Egyptian tombs. In short, the probabilities are that somewhere in the primeval world some convulsion threw a number of people into Armenia; that there some schism parted them, the one party to go westward by the north, the other by the south; and that these two finally reached these islands, the one to be the Picts, the original inhabitants of Scotland, the other the Hibernians, the original inhabitants of Devon, Cornwall, and a southern fringe of Ireland.

The tendency of modern ethnology is to divide all the races of the world known to us into the Aryan and Turanian stocks, which, again, are possibly two branches of one original trunk. The Turanian is represented by the small-statured, dark races, and was the earliest of all races. It overran the world at an inconceivably remote period of time—before the earth was divided up into continents and islands, as now—

and thence budded and blossomed into Chinese, Aztec, Peruvian, and other empires and comparative civilizations, which were to be modified into other social formations by the subsequent admixtures of the great Aryan peoples, who occupied and spread over the great central lands of Western Asia and Europe. I venture to quote here a private note which I have received from Professor Huxley on this point:

"My impression is," he states, "that before the Aryan immigration a race of short, swarthy people (of whom I imagine the Iberians of Spain and the Silures of Britain to have been specimens) inhabited the southern and western parts of Europe, and very likely extended into Ireland. But where these people came from I know not. So far as I am aware there is no evidence that they came from the northeast. At the earliest periods to which our records extend the Iberians proper seem to have spoken Basque, while the corresponding people in the British Islands appear to have spoken Celtic dialects. But the Gauls who invaded the Roman Empire, and who were tall, fair, blue-eyed people, just like the Teutons and Scandinavians, also spoke Celtic dialects. But the Celtic dialects, philologists tell us, are derivations from the great Aryan stock of languages. Hence there seems to be every probability that the Celtic dialects were as much the proper language of the fair Gauls as the Norse and German dialects were the proper language of the people to whom they were physically similar. And, if this be the case, I can only conclude that the short and dark Celtic-speaking, Gaulish, British, and Irish populations, adopted the tongues of their invaders, and are, properly-speaking, a pre-Celtic population. In fact, the question has often suggested itself to me, whether the Celtic dialects, which differ so much from the other Aryan tongues, may not have been evolved in consequence of the contact of Aryans with the short dark folk. Thus you see that I think that the stocks are included under the terms Gauls and Keltæ—a fair race, Aryan by tongue, and very likely from the Northeast; a dark, non-Aryan, coming from God knows where."

To this I may add, however, that in a lecture which I recently heard from Professor Huxley, at the Royal Institution in London, he indicated his belief, though he did not assert, that the primitive population of Southwestern England, Wales, and Ireland, came from the south. It may be also mentioned in this connection that the Irish "Milesians" have a tradition that their ancestors came from Spain, and that even St. Patrick was "a native of Ireland, born in Spain." They maintain, however, what is very doubtful, that their ancestors sailed directly from Spain to Ireland; there being some evidence that they settled in Devon and Cornwall, and were driven by invaders to Ireland. In these last-named counties the tradition of their having been settled by primitive Irishmen is very strong and clear.

May we not trace all the legends of giants with which Cornwall and the Scilly Isles abound to the contact of the tall, fair invaders with the small, dark people who originally occupied this region? Dubois de Montpereux has shown that the Cyclopes, on the east coast of the Bosphorus, pointed out by Homer as a frightful race of giants, hurling huge boulders at the Grecian ships, were a gigantic race of nomadic Cimbri, that is, Gauls. And Nillson, the most eminent Swedish ethnologist, has shown that correspond-

ing legends of dwarfs and giants have sprung up wherever a large race came into collision with a small one. "The Philistines," he says, "were the giants of the Israelites, and these were the dwarfs of the former. The Cimbri were the giants of the Greek adventurers, and these were the dwarfs of the former. The Germans and the Celts were the giants of the Romans, and these were the dwarfs of the former. The Icelanders, Normans, English, and other kindred tribes were the giants of the Greenlanders and North American Esquimaux, and these were the *Skrálinger* or dwarfs of the former."* Cornwall is named after the Roman Corineus, of whom the ancient chronicle says: "Corineus, cousin to Brutus, the first conqueror of England, wrestling at Plymouth with the celebrated giant Gog-magog, toppled him over the cliff, broke his neck, and received in reward for that great feat the county of Cornwall." Here also Jack the Giant-killer slew Cormelian and Thunderbore:

"Child Rowland to the dark tower come,
The giant roared and out he ran;
His word was still—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man."

It is quite probable that the word "Fenian," with whose etymology philologists (as it is now the ruling to call those who used to be termed philologists) have vainly grappled, is derived from this remote period. It is understood that Fenian means a "giant" of a belligerent disposition. The word *fionn* in Irish means "white." But in those days the "white" was to the dark, small Hibernian, a Gaul, consequently a giant. But, it may be asked, what part in the great march of races did this little pre-historic people play? Nature is a great economist, and wastes nothing. Whenever a migration occurs it is chiefly the males who go. It is now principally the Irish *men* who emigrate to America, and the proportion of women in California, and other Pacific regions, is small. The men, like the first wanderer Cain when he fled to the land of Nod, mingle and marry with the women they find in the country to which they go. From such a mixture of Spanish settlers and squaws came the Creoles of America. So when the fair blue-eyed race came to Britain they took wives of the swarthy people they found here, and thus the dark pigment got into our Anglo-Saxon people, and with it the practical shrewdness of "Jack" came to modify the dullness of the Norse "giant." "Black eyes for command," said Margaret Fuller. By this mixture the speculative German has been allied to the practical Turanian, and the Anglo-Saxon made the captain race of the world.

The British, Welsh, Irish, and Pictish chronicles of the tenth and eleventh centuries contain

* Concerning these Nillson quotes Mackenzie, who says that when he was traveling in North America the Esquimaux described some whites (English) on the west coast as giants, winged, who killed an enemy with the glance of an eye, and would swallow a whole beaver for a mouthful.

legends concerning the origin of the early inhabitants of these islands which are very fanciful, now and then poetical, but always to be well sifted before taken. They are believed, however, to point in the direction of the truth at least. Scotland is therein said to have been so named from Scotia, a daughter of Pharaoh, who married Gaythelos, son of Neolus, King of Greece. Neolus, it is related, visited Egypt in the days of Moses, and led a colony thence into Spain, and afterward to Ireland, under Symon Brek, King of Spain, who brought with him the marble chair on which all British kings sit when they are crowned, and which is now a curiosity of Westminster Abbey. Under the grandson of Neolus the colony passed over to Scotland. Another chronicle derives Scotia from Scythia, whence it says the Scots originally came. The original Scots were undoubtedly Hibernians from Ireland, and the legend just quoted points again to the Spanish origin of that people. The Albani (whence Alba) are said in the same chronicles to have been a white-haired folk, their hair having gained its whiteness from the region of perpetual snows from which they came. These were probably the early Britons, the first of the many Celtic immigrant bands. The Goths are said to have been the descendants of Japhet, and to have been so called from Japhet's son Magog—no doubt another Celtic colony. Much controversy has occurred concerning the Scots. The charge that they were originally cannibals rests on a sentence by St. Jerome, who says: "When a very young boy I beheld in Gaul a tribe called Scotas devouring human flesh." When that was written the world knew no difference between the Irish and the Scots. Scot is probably from an old word *Scuet*—cognate with "scud"—and meaning a fugitive, or, as some say, a thief. They were not at all the Scots of the present day, but a set of Hibernians who fled to Ireland and afterward to Scotland before the first Celts. And in the latter country they came into alliance with the Picts, who have already been described as the first inhabitants of Scotland. Who, then, were the Picts? They were first called Picts by the Romans, "*a picto corpore*"—that is, from their habit of tattooing their bodies. They were known to the northern tribes as the Cruthneach.

"The Cruthneach," says their most ancient chronicle, "came from the land of Thracia; that is, they are the children of Glevin, son of Ercol. Agathirsi was their name. Five brothers of them came at first, viz., Solen, Ulf, Drosten, Ængus, Leithuin. The cause of their coming: Policornus, King of Thrace, fell in love with their sister, and proposed to take her without a dowry. They after this passed across the Roman territory into France, and built a city there, viz., Pictavis (Poitiers), *a pictos*; that is, from their arms; and the King of France fell in love with their sister. They put to sea after the death of their fifth brother, Leithuin; and in two days after going on the sea their sister died."

Another chronicle says they entered Scotland under Cruithne, by way of Orkney and Caithness. A Welsh chronicle (A.D. 1120-35) says

that after the Britons had conquered this country the Picts came from Scythia with a fleet under their king, Roderic. "The Britons used poisoned weapons. These wounds a Druid of the Picts professed to cure by spilling the milk of 120 cows on the plain where a battle was to be fought." Roderic was slain, and all that remained of his army were made slaves; "and for the first time the land around Caithness was tilled." The Britons refused to let them marry of their women. So the Picts petitioned Gille Caor, the King of Ireland, who sent them wives; and of this intermarriage was descended the Scots. The Irish king exacted as a condition that the right to the throne in Scotland should always be in the maternal line. (It was much more certain in those days who a person's mother was than who his or her father was.)

"Three hundred women were given
To them; they were agreeable.
But they were most cunning,
Each woman with her brother.

"There were oaths imposed on them,
By the stars and by the earth,
That from the nobility of the mother
Should always be the right to the sovereignty."

It will be observed that there is much confusion and vagueness as to the origin of the Picts. In the absence of any thing definite it seems to me natural to suppose that the habit of tattooing and painting their bodies, from which they received their name, points to their relationship with the Mongolian tribes. The Aryans had no such custom. If this be so, we should have, as the pre-Celtic occupants of Great Britain, two colonies of small dark people, who, having parted in the East, and fringing, one the southern the other the northern coasts, meeting again, after the lapse of ages, in these islands; intermarrying, and forming one people, to defend, through many ages, their refuge from the more powerful Aryans, who may have originally driven them from the East. These are the root of the genealogical tree of the race that now leads the world.

It has been my purpose to confine myself in this first saunter to the most primitive inhabitants, and to leave for a visit to Stonehenge the great epochs of Saxon, Roman, Celt, and the mysterious Druids. The views which I have given may seem to some speculative; I may say, however, that they will before long cease to seem so. When Professor Huxley shall give to the world the facts which he has recently laid before the Royal Institution, and when Sir John Lubbock shall have published a work on the Stone and Bronze Ages, which I have reason to know he is now preparing on the basis of his volume already printed, these things that now seem to some theoretical will appear as facts.

Before leaving Devon I should say that I can not doubt that the legends of the little folk called there "Pixies" (fairies) are traceable to the last remnants of the Picts, who were re-

garded with superstitious feelings, just as the Laps and the Gubbins were. As these were transformed into Gnomes and Goblins the Picts became Pixies. From their name probably came "Puck," no doubt a mischievous, dwarfish Pict and an eminent Pixy. The "Picts' Houses," in which this ancient folk lived underground, gave rise to the belief that the fairies lived in the earth. The belief has had a great many ramifications, and has formed a vocabulary of its own. In one of his notes I see that Hawthorne derived the word "asphyxia" from pixy, the idea being that one so stricken was bewitched. It is quite likely that "pox" also refers to the theory that it was the work of Puck. Similarly derived, though this is not certain, may be "pyx," the Roman Catholic shrine for consecrated wafers. The Romanists derive their "pyx" from the Greek *πύξος*, "a cup;" but there is at least equal authority to believe that it was so called by the British natives from the belief that some kind of magic was in it. Clobery (1650) writes of "The pixie-led in popish piety." An old Devon MS. has the following definition:

"PYXIE-LED: to be in a maze; to be bewildered, as if led out of the way by a hobgoblin, or Puck, or one of the fairies. The cure is to turn one of your garments the inside outward, which gives a person time to recollect himself. The way to prevent it, some say, is for a woman to turn her cap inside outward, that the pixies may have no power over her; and for a man to do the same with some of his clothes."

Pickle is a cognate word. In Devon a fungus (*Lycoperdon giganteum*) is called "pixy-puff," because it was supposed a fairy seat. "Pixy-seats," again, are the tangles that get into horses' manes, where fairies were believed to ride. "Pixy-rings" are curious round circles of lichens—like ring-worms on the earth or stone—which were regarded as circles for fairy dances. It is still declared that cattle will not graze in fields where these are found. Puck may sometimes be surprised within

"Those rings and roundelays
.....which yet remaine
On many a grassy plaine."

The belief in the "Pixies"—otherwise called "Little People"—may yet be frequently found in the rural districts of Devon, Cornwall, and Wales. "They lived there before any human beings came into the country." A Welsh driver told me, lowering his voice at the time, that there "used to be a great many, and they could be heard under the ground in every field; but they were leaving the country." It was evident that he, for one, did not desire that they should stand on the order of their going. And thus, in the myths of one age and the lowest superstitions of another, the once powerful nation of Roderic disappears from history, to live still, however, in the blood and the language of the race which absorbed the quality and strength of every enemy it conquered.

THE OLD MAN'S SONG IN AUTUMN.

Oh, heart that beats in my breast,
Say why art thou so cast down?
Oh, is it grief for the days growing brief
And the fields that are gathering brown?
The wind blows gentle and soft;
The sun shines bright in the sky;
And the woods to-day were never more gay
In all of the years gone by.
The maples gleam in the vales
Like the watch-fires of a camp;
And the cardinal flower in her secret bower
Has lighted her crimson lamp.
Not all the birds have flown,
For the robin's voice sounds clear
From the orchard rows where his warm breast glows,
And the fields of stubble near.

But my heart an answer makes:—
"The robin's note is dry;
And the woods to day are not half so gay
As they were in the years gone by.
"The Summer I loved has flown;
The lily has left her stalk;
And the roses are dead, both white and red,
That grew by the garden walk.
"The Autumn, I love it not,
For cold to me is its breath;
And its deepening blush seems the hectic flush
That bodes the coming of death.
"And Winter will follow soon,
Sobbing and moaning aloud;
And the earth below will whiten with snow
That falls from the frosty cloud."



CHARLES LORING ELLIOTT.

I.—HIS EARLIER ARTISTIC LIFE.*

ON the morning of the twelfth anniversary of the conflagration of Moscow, a stinging winter day, while the boys were sliding down hill, and the sleigh-bells were merrily ringing through the beautiful village of Auburn (New York), a youngster—who must have been, according to the records of the parish church of Scipio, if said records were properly kept, about ten years old—might have been seen, but probably was not, taking a clay furnace of ig-

nited charcoal into a small bedroom on the ground-floor of a plain but comfortable dwelling-house, which was situated near the centre of the afore-mentioned village, then and since celebrated for its two well-regulated institutions, the State Prison and the Theological Seminary, intended by legislators and pious people to be the balance-wheels of society. When the urchin had safely deposited his furnace on the floor of the apartment he left it in haste for the kitchen, and soon reappeared with a broomstick, which, on entering his bedroom once more, he forced through the door-latch, that he might be able to prosecute his undertaking without fear of interruption from any unwelcome visitors. The reader will soon discover that these formidable preparations betokened an enterprise of no little magnitude. He must first be enlightened in regard to several matters which were more or less intimately con-

* This first portion was written in 1850 (mainly as it now appears), at the suggestion and request of some intimate friends of Elliott, for the purpose of preserving an *authentic* account of his earlier artistic life. After it had been emended and finished to our satisfaction we had a limited number of copies printed for special circulation. This was nearly twenty years ago. It is hardly possible that a sketch so entirely authentic and sharply minute could be prepared at this period.

C. E. L.

nected with the events of that particular day. So leaving the urchin to his solitude, we may briefly glance at his previous history, which will be likely to cast the light of probable conjecture upon his present design.

His father was an architect of considerable mechanical genius, and many of "the principal men" of the neighborhood were indebted to his taste and skill for the somewhat imposing mansions which drew the attention of passing travelers. Like all good fathers, when they can, he sent his boy regularly to the district school.

He had at a very early period displayed a taste for artistic mechanism, and most of his leisure hours and holidays were spent in his father's work-shop, from which he had sent forth sleds, wagons, wind-mills, and saw-mills, of many different sizes, but of very beautiful workmanship, which gave him a reputation among the young folks of being the most consummate operator of this kind in the village. But a dangerous rival had appeared in the school, who threatened by his skill as a draughtsman of horses—on the slate—to eclipse the fame of the hitherto unrivaled constructor. But this artist's genius seemed to have a somewhat limited range, since he always made the *same* horse, although, by dint of hard practice, he had succeeded in representing that particular animal in a very respectable state; and since the versatility of his talent was not brought in question by his critics, he was luxuriating in the wealth of his fame.

The architect's son began to feel the stirrings of ambition, and he secretly determined to distance his rival on his own field. He collected all the pictures of horses he could lay his hands on, and began his studies on the slate. A common observer, however, could make little more out of these first attempts than oblong bodies with four uprights, evidently intended to represent horses' legs. But he gradually improved, until, with all his drawings, he began to draw on his rival. Not satisfied, however, with his success, he kept his secret and obstinately persevered, trying his subject in one position for a while, and then in another; but he grew less and less satisfied with his performances, and thinking he had "gone to work at the wrong end," he cast aside all his picture-models and *began to study from life*. He watched horses as they passed in the streets, went to the stables to examine their limbs and proportions; but he still found it "no easy matter to draw a good horse." "Why is it," he said, "that I can't draw one good horse in a month, while that fellow can draw fifty in a day?"

The mystery was not completely solved by him for years, for the good reason that its solution opens the whole arcana of art. Long afterward he discovered that while his rival had, by dint of sheer manipulation, succeeded in copying a horse standing still, without life or action, and succeeded commendably well, he had done

it only as a mechanic; while he himself went to work on his ideal—a horse in motion, in any attitude; for the innocent young soul thought one attitude as easy to draw as another. He had done a great thing, however, in beginning *to draw as an artist*, little as he knew what he was doing. He had been making *the* horse his study, and not any particular horse in one particular attitude. The difference was as great between him and his rival as between the dunce who learns by rote to scan the first book of the *Æneid* glibly and the scholar who reads Tacitus with delight and Horace with enthusiasm. The one was overcoming only the difficulties of imitating a stiff, hard, unyielding form; the other was learning principles of art which would enable him to master *all* forms. But the dear boy knew not that he had begun as Giotto began: to draw the forms of the sheep he watched on the sunny slopes of the Tuscan hills; to represent life by lines without color. He was "out of patience with himself for his stupidity!" Long afterward he learned that he had lost his patience because he could not do in his tenth year what cost the old masters so much toil.

But light began to break in on the path of his studies. Gleam after gleam came out from his pencilings. He could at last draw a horse hitched to a post, or chafing under the spur, with swelling veins, snorting nostrils, and prancing feet. At last "it mattered little to him what his horse must do." He could make him do one thing as well as another. He had passed the Rubicon of Art, although he still knew so little what he had done. But judging of himself as he judged his rival, he "thought his horse could pass muster." Having now, as patiently as he could, endured the reproach of defeat for several weeks, the time which he had bided had at last come.

One evening he drew a fine, prancing horse, full of mettle, with flowing mane and tail, and laying his slate up carefully on the kitchen mantle-piece he went to bed. All night long squadrons of prancing horses danced on his vision. In the morning he took down his slate, and hurrying off to school before the usual hour, showed his drawing to one of his little friends, who had taken his part from the beginning, and asked him privately "how he liked it." The noble little sympathizer's eyes (we have always had a liking for that boy since we heard the story) grew as large as saucers—tiny ones. He could hardly trust his senses. He gazed intensely on the picture, seized the slate, and when he could contain himself rushed across the school-room, and thrusting it triumphantly before the face of the *still-horse* boy, said, "Now, old feller, make a horse like *that*—you can't do it." There was no retreat; he was in the lists with his rival. He was to have one day to copy the *prancing* horse. He tried and failed. "Well," said the hitherto unrivaled draughtsman of still-horses, "now let him try *my* horse. I can't do *his'n*, and he can't do *mine*." This, too, was fair play. His antago-

nist also was to have a day. He did it during the ten minutes the school were at play. At noon the still-horse was shown. Even the still-horse boy acknowledged that "he had done it." Thus ended the conflict, and after that day young Elliott had as many horses to draw for his comrades as he had hitherto had of sleds, wagons, and wind-mills.

We have told this story in all its detail because it is a miniature history of the life of every true artist. We find such things in the lives of all great painters. But we must return to the youngster in his bedroom (which occurred some time later than "the horse trial"), for the chances are that before now his enterprise has got under way, nor should we be surprised if the furnace of ignited charcoal had already begun to work.

The boy shut up in that bedroom we need hardly say is the one who made so many laborious slate-studies on the horse. He had distanced all competitors in horses, and begun to extend the field of his operations. He abandoned the slate for India ink and crayons. At last he resolved to make an essay in oil-painting. Keeping his own counsels, "that no one might laugh at him," he procured a rather huge canvas, with the requisite utensils, and we now find him shut up in that little bedroom, on that "bitter cold day," attempting to copy a picture in the History of England—"The Conflagration of Moscow." But this expedition to Moscow was likely to become to the young painter even more fatal than it had proved to Napoleon himself. The dinner hour came round, but he did not show himself. Some time passed, and his mother became anxious. A search was made for him every where. Having occasion to visit the bedroom, his mother found the door fastened. She ran to the outside window, through which she saw her son sitting in his chair, his head fallen down on his breast, apparently asleep. She rapped on the window and called, but received no answer. She forced the window open, when a sight of the charcoal furnace explained the mystery to the frightened mother, who "supposed that her Charlie was dead." She sprang through the window, and rushing to his side, shook him violently; but he showed no sign of life. And there on the chair before him stood "Moscow Burning," a rude but bold sketch, in which the idea of the artist was not to be mistaken. By his side on a little stand lay the open History of England, from which he had copied—his pallet and brushes fallen from his hands; and to all appearances the young artist had painted his first and last oil-picture. But the rush of winter air soon revived him, and in a few hours he was as well as ever.

This narrow escape was far enough from curing the boy of his passion for painting; but it taught him how much better is charcoal for sketching than for breathing. He afterward finished "The Conflagration," and a good judge who saw it said it was an astonishing produc-

tion for a boy of his age, who had received no instruction whatever in art, and who had never before attempted to paint in oil. Elliott said of it: "It couldn't, of course, have been any great thing as a picture, but it was generally acknowledged that it made an excellent *fire-board*."

It is pretty evident that ideas of art were now growing into shape in the mind of the boy, and we are not much surprised that he "made up his mind that, for better or worse, he would be a painter"—a resolution he seems to have adhered to pretty obstinately, until he has won for himself a reputation in the acquisition of which any man may have considered himself fortunate had it cost him a lifetime of unceasing toil.

About this time his father had employed two men of doubtful genius in that line "to landscape" the parlor of a house he was finishing, and they had gone on daubing the walls by the yard with all sorts of enormities in the shape of woods, waters, and animals, without much regard to the laws which the Almighty originally intended should control the animal, mineral, or vegetable kingdoms. While these worthies were gone to dinner one day, Charlie, who was sure to know what was going on in the limits of the narrow artistic world around him, entered the room, and seizing up one of the pallets, sketched a bridge with a man walking over. He "worked quick and fled." When the men returned they honestly expressed their amazement and delight, and to their immortal honor "they allowed the bridge to stand, with the walking man." It may have been a no very great thing, and probably was so considered by the next proprietor of the mansion, for he had all the wall embellishments decently covered over with paper, not excepting "the bridge and the man walking over it"—which may be carefully uncovered some day. Stranger things have happened.

Charles L. Elliott used to talk with his young friends about art and artists (these associates still remember it all), and "what would be the end of all this" they could not tell. Some of them, in a certain way, entered into his feelings, but many of his hours and days were left without sympathy, and he "was driven to books for comfort and company." He became a great reader, especially of two kinds—those that described battles, and those which spoke about artists. After exhausting his father's library he used to borrow from neighbors. Chance put him in possession of a large Biographical Dictionary, and he hunted all through its thousand pages in his eleventh year, and read a great many times over its accounts of painters and sculptors, engineers and engravers, who had become famous in past ages. The miscarriage of his "charcoal picture" had not cured him of great subjects. He was fond of "battle-pieces, Scripture scenes, and heroic subjects." He copied in oil many of the pictures in the old Family Bible. "Ahasuerus and Esther" was

of no little merit; it is still in the artist's possession.

Some good instruction in art would now have been a world to him. But Auburn at that period had no artist's studio, and he had to work his way on in the dark, as West, the father of painting in this country, did, with only nature to help him. In his fifteenth year Elliott's father removed to Syracuse, which was then (1827) but a hamlet with a handful of people. Heavy forest trees were then growing where churches, villas, and groaning warehouses now stand. The site of the great railway dépôt was then "an irredeemable marsh." But a spirit of civilized bustle was beginning, and Clinton's canal would do the rest. Elliott's father had never troubled himself much about his son's paints and brushes. He considered it "a freak of boyhood that would give way to better things when the time came." But finding the freak likely to last longer than he "calculated" he determined to put a stop to it, or at all events train up the lad to some occupation more likely to keep him out of the poor-house.

So "Charles" was put behind the counter of a dry-goods and grocery store, in which his father was a partner. "Now, Charles, you may make up your mind to give up your picture business." But it happened that "of all things in the wide world *that* was the very thing he had determined never to do—poor-house or palace—come what might." Mr. Elliott *père* happened to be more proprietor of the dry-goods and groceries than he was of the painter; and customers who wanted to make careful inquiries on "the prices of Bohea tea, starch, cut-nails, New England rum, molasses, and Webster's spelling-books, and sich like," were left to solve their own problems, while Charlie retired to some garret, or out of the way nook or corner of Syracuse, to copy an engraving of Inman's "Fisher-Boy."

Things were now going on badly. In about three months Mr. Elliott informed the young gentleman that he must enter the store of a very worthy Scotchman, where, as the father had no interest, the son "would be obliged to walk Spanish." He entered; but in about another three months the worthy Scotch merchant took Mr. Elliott *père* aside, and quietly expressed "some, yes, *serious* doubts about his son's ever making a *very* great merchant." Mr. Elliott himself finally began to fear that "those paints and brushes" would prove too strong for him, and he sent his son to an academy of some repute in Onondaga Hollow. Here he had to go through "a routine not much more to his taste than dry-goods and groceries," particularly when he had some "great picture" on hand—and once more a three months' trial had turned out a failure. His father became "satisfied that even academies were not the thing." "Charles had studied very little, and painted a great deal; but he *had* painted a landscape, embracing the academy, which pleased us all." This clause in the report of Charlie's term had its effect. A point

of some importance in this narrative is, that this picture was what the painter long afterward spoke of as "my first *sober* attempt at delineation from nature, *strictly speaking*."

The academician went home, and found his father in a different state of mind. No change had perhaps taken place in his mind about the profitableness of painting pictures; but, like other sensible men, he "made the best of it," and was prepared to negotiate. Nothing more was said about "dry-goods and groceries" or "academies." These offensive subjects were not even brought up; and therefore something was likely to be done, since both "the high contracting parties" met on terms of equality. And here let us not be misunderstood. In all these trials and tests to which the father subjected the son he not only displayed true affection, but true common-sense. There is no error more fatal, nor one into which spirited boys so often fall, as to think they are born for something better than the common business of life. The world staggers under the curse of incompetency in all its high places. We have a hundred pettifoggers where we have one lawyer—a hundred daubers to one painter. It was a thousand to one that Mr. Elliott would not find in his son the all-excelling portrait painter. So we find no fault with Mr. Elliott. And it was doubtless the best thing for the boy—it *was part of his training*. If a young man has in him the passion for art too deep to be eradicated by opposition—an enthusiasm too blood-felt to be chilled by ridicule, rebuke, or rebuff—he will work his way. If he can not withstand and finally surmount such obstacles his blade is not made of Damascus steel.

Young Elliott's best and fairest test was now coming. His father had large contracts for building. Architectural drawing was an important branch of the business, and when he made known to his son his desire to have his best assistance, it was faithfully pledged. The compact was fairly entered into, and honorably fulfilled on both sides. Partly as a necessary facility to his progress, and partly to gratify his taste, he was sent to a select school for two years, where he was contented, because he could follow congenial studies, and when his father wanted any help, artistic and well-executed drawings were always furnished by the willing artist. Discerning the irremediable bent of his genius, and wishing to divert it exclusively to architecture, he procured for him elaborate and costly works in that range of art, and so accurate and beautiful was every design and combination the builder called for executed he became proud of his son's talent, and was happy in the fact that he could turn these gifts to advantage. "Art seemed now not to be squinting quite so straight to the poor-house."

During this period Elliott made a profound study of architecture and drawing in their application to practical use in common edifices—in chastening the proportions of dwellings, elaborating, and refining, and embellishments of

porticoes, windows, mantles, reliefs, etc. He suggested many tasteful and valuable models for his father, which proved essentially useful. But this study soon lost what little charm it had for "the young man who was born to be a portrait painter." His "long thinkings about the future" ended in his asking his father's consent to come to New York "to learn to be a painter." This was at once granted, and the glad day of freedom came. He started, too, with as generous a provision as his wants required.

Here the young painter made his way at once with a letter of introduction to Colonel Trumbull, who had his studio at the time in the old Academy of Fine Arts, of which he was then President. The veteran painter examined all the candidate's drawings, and one or two of his essays in oil, and then "strongly advised him to give up all idea of becoming a painter, and to apply himself wholly to architecture." "I do this," said the Colonel, "for two reasons. You don't seem to possess so much genius for painting as for architecture; and you will make a better living in this country by the latter profession. America will yet be a great field for the architect, and you certainly indicate *uncommon talents that way*."

Elliott respectfully replied that "he had gratified all his architectural propensities *up in the country*, and was fully determined, and had been ever since he was ten years old, to be a painter, and live or die by that business." It was very natural for Trumbull, on the evidence before him, to give that advice; for young Elliott had bestowed little care upon any thing but architectural drawing; and as these drawings seen by the great painter indicated extraordinary genius, he was fully justified in his opinion.

"Let me dissuade you, my young friend," replied Trumbull, "from this resolution by the history of my own life. I have devoted many years to my art, and from my career you can judge all you may hope for, even if you should be very successful. I have, it is true, received some commissions from Congress for national pictures, but this was only a piece of good luck. Aside from this what shall I say? I have painted a great many pictures which have been praised by connoisseurs, and amateurs, and artists; and yet you see hanging around this room nearly all the works on which I expended the principal energies of my artistic life. People come, and admire them, and go away; and yet here are nearly all the pictures of almost half a century of labor. I am now an old man, and time and disappointment have chilled my ambition. I have waked from the dream of life, and its *reality*, death, is looking steadily on me. My principal solicitude now is to make some good disposition of this gallery, which I think will yet have value even in the estimation of my own countrymen. I must take time to look about and see if I have friends enough in the world to give these pictures to."

"This was said," remarked Elliott himself, in narrating the facts, "with a sad feeling. He

seemed to feel that the world had not done him justice, and I have long felt so myself. But, although I could hardly help weeping at the sight of the gray-haired painter, grown sad, and perhaps misanthropic by disappointment and neglect, yet it didn't discourage me much. I thought the world would treat other painters better, and I was determined to run my chance. Seeing me resolute he said 'he would transgress the rules of the Academy, which admitted students only during the winter, and allow me to visit the Antique Gallery. He had a good deal of leisure time, and would give me instruction in drawing, and furnish me the necessary apparatus.' I began immediately, and I am happy to say that he more than redeemed his pledge. I owe much to the good old man, and I shall always be proud to own it."

Elliott remained a considerable time with Trumbull, and applied himself with great industry and earnestness *to correct drawing*. His progress was evident enough. But still Trumbull, who, during the later years of his life, advised all young painters to turn cobblers, insisted upon Elliott's becoming an architect. "But," Elliott said, "do what I could for the old man, I could not agree with him." And he went to study with Quidor, a fellow-pupil with Inman under Jarvis.

"While I was with Quidor," says Elliott, "I spent most of my time in copying prints in oil, which, for want of a better market, I sent to the auction; for, being determined to support myself, it had now become with me *most decidedly* a question of bread and butter."

It was not long, however, before he began to paint portraits, at any price he could get; and although these early efforts could not of course indicate much knowledge of the practice or principles of art as taught in the schools, "yet" (as Inman once said to the writer) "there was in Elliott's portraits, *from the beginning*, an air of fidelity, earnestness, and truth; there was warm and genial expression, and a rich, glowing, generous coloring in his rude portraits which make them still charming to look at, even to those who are not familiar with his later masterly creations."

He said "sometimes during this period how glad he would have been if he could have had the opportunity of painting *some things* besides portraits—especially if he could devote some years to a careful, elaborate, and persevering course of study in the principles and the practice of correct delineation."

While in Quidor's studio with some four or five other young men who have since been heard from (among them Colonel T. B. Thorpe), Elliott went off on another "great picture"—"The Battle of Christina," drawn from "Knick-erbocker's History of New York," in which Peter Stuyvesant and his wooden leg are very conspicuous characters. It is perhaps safe to say that even to this time that is the only *great* historical representation of that decisive battle, which terminated after ten hours of hard

fighting without the loss of a man on either side!

After a year of hard work Elliott returned to pass a winter with his friends, painting, in the mean while, a great number of excellent portraits. The following spring he resumed his labors in New York, and with considerable success. In the intervals of his portrait painting he threw off two compositions of peculiar merit—"The Bold Dragoon," and a spirited illustration of Paulding's "Dutchman's Fireside," which were exposed for sale in a shop-window. Trumbull, who had not met Elliott since he left his studio, happened to see them while walking leisurely by "in the style of a gentleman of the old school." "Who painted these pictures?" he asked of the shop-keeper. "Elliott, Colonel Trumbull." "Where is his room?"

He hurried to the place, knocked, and entering uncovered with all the stateliness of the last century, said to the young artist: "You can go on painting, Sir. You need not follow architecture. I wish you good-day, Sir," and withdrew. Elliott never saw him again.

Banishment from the inspiring scenes of nature to a man who loved her so well could not last long; and, "tired of the city and the city's ways, I determined," he said to a friend, "to go back into the country for a considerable period." And, fixed in this purpose, he returned to the region where his boyhood had been passed. There he lacked not employment; "and above all," said he, "I found more satisfaction in the honest way of doing things among old neighbors and friends than can be found in great towns, and I am satisfied I painted better pictures."

The next ten years he passed chiefly in Central New York—ten of the brightest and best years of his life. Elliott's love of nature was deep as the earnest, true man ever feels for any thing, and tender, trusting, and filial as a child's. Nor did he cultivate this love of nature as a misanthropist, for his great heart was large enough for all that is true and generous. He once said: "There is something very great and inspiring in fine scenery; but what would it all amount to without the society of friends? After all, there is nothing in all nature like a fine *human face*. Portrait painting is a big thing when it is portrait painting."

While painting the portraits of the Faculty of Hamilton College (Oneida County, New York) Elliott fell in with Huntington (now President of the National Academy of Art), a young student, whose portrait he painted with great care—a picture which even now would not be thrown into the back-ground of any collection. The meeting of those two young men in that secluded place will hereafter furnish suggestive matter for the pen or pencil of some true artist, who, when the men now living have rested from their labors, will conjure up beautiful thoughts and glowing images to thrill the fancy and touch the heart of future times. Already the world loves both their names.

It can hardly be known, while Elliott lives, how many portraits he painted during these ten years of country life; but (carefully and conscientiously as he always painted) the number must have been very great. We find, too, in comparing his pictures at the beginning and the end of these ten years, that he had made astonishing progress in his art. He was never stiff, or clumsy, or cold; but gradually grace, and ease, and warmth, and high feeling, stole into the forms on his canvas, until he reached the point—which every true painter and writer reaches on his road to excellence—when *all* things undertaken are ennobled, and forms of real beauty come forth clothed with celestial light.

Nor were those ten years of exile from the heated air of artificial life lost in any sense whatever. Nature sometimes asserts her right to nurse her great children on her own breast, and Providence comes to her aid. The schools can not do much except for common men. Nature is the great teacher; from her the highest and deepest lessons are learned. But Elliott had learned those lessons; he "had staid in the country long enough;" he "needed the electric influences of metropolitan life;" he "felt that he could now go to New York with real pleasure and brush up," "for I had begun to get lazy."

But once in the metropolis he "had to begin his career anew." His old circle had been broken up. Some of his patrons and friends had gone abroad, many "gone West," and "not a few were dead." But he got a studio, and went to work with a serious and fixed "purpose to do something *worth while* in art." He sent some of his best portraits ("for," said he, "by this time I had thrown aside every thing but portraits—I wasn't made for any thing else") to the Academy, and had the satisfaction of knowing that an unbiased judgment had set upon them the seal of judicious and enlightened approbation. He now went on painting with industry and conscientiousness any and all portraits that were offered. But there was nothing in the man or his pictures of the *sensation style*. In the very depths of his honest soul he "hated the whole thing; only let us have fair play." His reputation grew rather slow, but it was to be enduring.

He met with no great "success" till 1845, when his picture of Colonel Ericsson excited universal admiration. The best judges unhesitatingly said it was the best American portrait since Stuart. This soon became the general feeling, and that feeling has been growing, until now (1850) Elliott stands unquestionably at the head of the portrait painters of his time.

The following year (1846) a considerable number of his pictures were sent to the Academy—among others those of Horatio Stone (the sculptor, now in Rome), T. B. Thorpe, Clarke (of the *Knickerbocker*), and Thayer, which seemed to be regarded, especially by the best judges, as the finest work Elliott had yet done. The

latter was one of the finest subjects the painter is ever favored with. In transparent honesty of likeness, in earnestness of expression, in geniality of feeling, in deep, rich flesh-tints which come out from fine faces around the fireside of home, and, above all, in the spirituality of the man's individual human soul, "the Thayer picture" (as every body called it) created the same impression upon every body. In the estimation of his own countrymen Elliott's place was now defined. Competent foreign judges among us soon ratified the sentence of America.

In recalling that year (1846) we can never forget how sad the world of art was made by the too-early death of Henry Inman. He had just returned from Great Britain with his executed commissions of the portraits of Wordsworth, Chalmers, etc. His works had commanded universal admiration, as the man had inspired the deepest love. He had none of the jealousies which so often mar the magnanimity of contemporary artists, and although the world was ringing with Elliott's praises, and he had not met him for many years, yet he said, "I must choose the first fine day to go to Elliott's studio—he is painting so superbly, and he is so fine a fellow." Inman's friends saw that his life was drawing to a close, although he did not seem to notice the shadow that was moving over his path. We all felt that it would have been cruel to pluck from his "hope-illuminated brow" those last golden beams which the genial sun was casting as he went to his setting.

Inman entered Elliott's studio, and gave him the thin white hand and loving look of the great-hearted artist, and sat down. Still looking at him with a tenderness all his own, he finally said, after much friendly and sunny talk: "My dear Elliott, when I shall have somewhat recovered my health and spirits we must exchange portraits. I have never been quite so well painted as I desire. Nothing will give me more pleasure than to paint yours, except to have you paint mine."

They pledged each other that the first work they were to do after Inman got ready should be this courteous exchange of the fruits of their gifted pencils. It must have been a touching scene to them; for it is impossible for those two men not to have known that in that studio were then standing the first two portrait painters in America. Poor Inman pressed Elliott's hand kindly, and gave him his characteristic "Good-by," just as we do so carelessly when we expect to meet again in a day or two.

Inman returned to his home, never to leave it again till we bore him in that wild winter day to his home at Greenwood. The friends of art will never cease to regret that those portraits were never exchanged.

"Elliott is now painting great pictures all the time." These words were uttered a few days ago by one of the dearest and best names in this country, for which, in another department of the highest culture, he has done more perhaps than any other man. We have not the

space, even if we could, to make out the list of all Elliott's portraits executed up till the present time which will be considered well worthy of preserving. As this sketch is but the merest outline of Elliott's artistic life thus far, we shall close it by a word or two concerning the chief characteristics of his portraits, and inquire in what the power and charm of his genius for portraiture consist.

1. Extreme fidelity of likeness—this is the starting-point; without it there can be no complete portrait painting. When we look on one of Elliott's portraits we feel that he must have known not only the peculiarities of the person's face and form, but that he must have read intimately and genially the spirit of the character. In all his pictures we can trace the decisive points of the individuality—the prevailing expression.

2. But having observed that all Elliott's people, like Vandyck's, *look well*, we naturally ask, "How is this? all people are not good-looking." True, but it so happens that artists of reputation either *choose* good subjects, or, as Elliott once said, "People who want good portraits are generally apt to be good-looking themselves." Art, however, claims the right of portraying the best expression. It is the attribute of the pencil, as it is of love, to usurp those golden moments of enchantment, when every look is wreathed with fascination, when every smile breathes voluptuousness, when every glance flashes with a higher passion than the common observer sees.

There should be—and is there not?—some holy spot left in the heart of every man and woman from which something joyous, touching, loving, humane at least, and perhaps divine, will now and then come forth with a flash which, when genius holds the pencil, sets the canvas all aglow. Elliott used to say, "Every face almost *ought* to make a good picture."

We take it for granted that when Elliott paints a portrait he can not miss a likeness—nor a good picture. The first point is gained by accurate delineation—the rest follows by a skillful arrangement of position, light, shadow, and the artistic *blending* of all the accessories, and the *infusion* of the sentiment of the subject into the whole work. This brings the picture out on the sunny side of each sitter's better life. This charm belonged to Elliott, and his magnetic genius infused it into all he painted. When the man Elliott has painted looks on his own picture he becomes, in spite of himself, a better man. He is inspired with purer imaginations, tenderer sentiments, and loftier purposes. He goes away from the portrait more generous in impulse, purer in fancy, and more courteous in manner. In a word, there is something in Elliott's painting not unlike that *spirituelle aura* that pervades the writings and breathed from the form and manner of William Ellery Channing, who sanctified the atmosphere around him by the perfect human sympathy he every where inspired. We feel while we read

the writings of the one as we do when we look on the portraits of the other. We go away, and as our better nature speaks to us from the inspiration given, we feel that the world is better, and life worth more than it was before.

II.—LATER ARTISTIC LIFE.

The foregoing sketch left Elliott on the threshold of his fame. Long years of patient toil were to fix the verdict of history. He had reached the point on which the eye of every true artist rests from the beginning of his career. Subjects came to him without seeking, and he could now enforce upon the tyrant of circumstances the despotism once imposed on himself. He could paint when and whom he pleased. "This was a great comfort to me," he once said, "for I never liked even the *thought* of slighting *any* picture, and I was glad to be placed beyond the *temptation*."

We need not enumerate even the best of Elliott's pictures; the world knows them by heart, as it does the names of Irving's and Cooper's books—a word tells the whole story. Elliott was throughout life a great, unspoiled child of Nature. He loved her in the depths of his soul. He communed with her there—there he heard her own language, and in his pictures he gave her utterances to the world. He loved all her works, but man the most, for he was her last and greatest. And of this human form, the noblest part of it, the human face, was the study and the worship of his life.

For twenty years now he lived a serene, cheerful, beautiful life. He painted many of the first, the fairest, and the best forms of the nation. Happy are the possessors of his works. Of him it may be said with truth, each of his portraits is an historical picture.

If the suggestion of his life-long friend Thorpe be carried out (and the world will demand it), that some of his pictures should be brought together in an Elliott Gallery for a while, the collection will be his apotheosis in the Temple of Art forever, while the fund thus raised will build him a tomb where sculpture may write his epic in stone.

III.—SOCIAL LIFE.

It was full of the light of love from dawn till sunset. His friends were all who knew him; his enemies! he had none. The loving and reverent old painters always traced the *halo* around "Mary's" head. The Rosicrucians held that each good person is surrounded by an *aura* which has something celestial in it. Where Elliott went, this *aura* seemed to go. It always came with him. Something of it seemed to linger when he went away. It was the magnetism of a fine soul, blended with the starry twinkle of white intellectual light—not of wit, which was too cold and ungenial for him. Once when a "man of genius" left the room after "scintillating away" for an hour, saying sharp things at the expense of most of his acquaintance, Elliott took my arm, and

looking into my face with one of those rosy expressions which sometimes made his always handsome face look divine, said: "There! that fellow has gone; let's get on the sunny side of the hedge now."

Elliott was supremely happy in his home, with a wife who was his angel of love and tenderness till the last hour. And he provided generously for that home, and with rare foresight and judgment put a solid thatch over the dwelling where those he loved can rest securely.

Of most men we are apt to speak of (in certain moods) "their better nature." Nobody ever made such a distinction in talking of Elliott. He had no *bad* nature. Like the finest fruit ripening in the Italian sun, one can hardly say which is the sunny side—so luscious is it all the way through. Its first petal opens on joyous air; its whole life is a blissful bath of sunshine. You have seen the large *mezzo-giorno* nectarine thus growing on the purple shore of Sorrento. And yet a stray leaf—albeit a sheltering one—had lapped over and rested on the fairest nectarine there, till some insect (the warm air swarming with them—*all little ones*) had stopped and staid there. It did not eat in far, only it did not *go away*, and it cast a shade over quite a space, and it made a spot there. But at last, just before the ingathering gardener came round, a breeze, stronger than usual, but kinder it may be too, detached that leaf, and sent it and the dead worm whirling off, and so the spot went away, only the scar remained. But who thought of that? In all the grove there had been but one such nectarine.

A triple curse on rum—so often the baneful inheritance of genius, whose path through the Gardens of Armida seems to be haunted by the infernal enchantress forever and forever!

But see how superbly this orb moved out from the clouds as he went to his setting. Elliott and I had both trod the enchanted ground—we had wandered in these upas gardens together. Years before, after I had seen half the friends of my youth go down, and my own feet were pressing the same verge, I had waked from the spell and thrown down the wine-cup. My example had saved some; my love others. But the one of all others in the wide world my soul longed for I could not win. And yet the white-robed angel of redemption was winging his blessed flight that way. I find this record in my "Life Sketch-Book:"

April 17, '68.—Called to see Elliott by appointment, to talk about the new art of coloring marbles through the entire mass, and if it were a lost art. Found him down in the saloon. He had been drinking more than usual. But his head was clear, and his heart overflowing with the richest and most generous humanity. He was alone. He listened for a few moments, and then putting his hand on my shoulder said, with a deep and tender voice, "My dear L—, I don't want to talk art to-day—I want to speak of something a great deal bigger than that! *I must stop drinking*. I have thought it all over. You know all about this business. I want to take the pledge. Can't you give it to me as a friend? It will be better so."

"I can, my dear fellow."

"Well, then, come up to the bar, and write it out

here while I take my *last* drink. Mind, L——, write it *strong*."

I wrote it. He came to the table, and slowly taking the pen and holding it a while, as he turned on me his deep, earnest gaze, said:

"Friend L——, *this is a big thing*. Think of *my* giving this up at my time of life! Now in my old age! And yet it must be done."

He deliberately signed his name.

"Now," he continued, "you witness it—put your name there, right under mine. Now make a duplicate of this;" which we both signed.

Putting his copy carefully in his memorandum-book, and buttoning up his coat, he drew a deep breath, and, as large, generous tears rolled, one by one, down on his breast, he said:

"It's done. Now, L——, stand by me, and it will all be well."

And so he began his new life. After a brief visit to his home at Albany he resumed his painting, and with almost incredible rapidity dismissed from his easel that series of his last priceless portraits, working hard till his work was done.

A genial writer in the *Evening Post* says:

"All the houses he occupied were models of cheerfulness. The last house he bought was formerly owned by his friend Palmer, the sculptor. His studio, in which he hoped to pass the evening of his life in quiet enjoyment, was never used. At the time when he returned, and his sickness approached, he would lie down on the sofa and look around his beautiful studio with tears. He felt that he would never paint again. About a week before he died his mind seemed to wander. On Saturday he had his pencil and pallet in bed with him, and had a vision of most

beautiful colors. His last effort was to carry his pencil to his lips, as if to wet it, and then made the familiar motion with it in his fingers, as if he were painting, and then fell into a stupor from which he never recovered. For several days he lay totally without pain, and breathed his last as quietly as if an infant had fallen asleep."

"My God, Charley, you must not die now!"

This was the single loud plaint of unsubmissive sorrow that went up from a thousand of the best hearts in America. But his earthly task was done. "Home he'd gone and ta'en his wages." Apelles and Raphael, young Vandyck and old Titian, were waiting for their younger brother—the all-excelling Portrait Painter of the New World.

His brother artists bore that casket from the National Academy of Art (his proper receiving tomb) to Greenwood—a fitting train of pall-bearers. But our fancy saw another and fonder procession in that evening's twilight flitting through the sacred groves of that peerless City of the Dead:

"A pall of withered leaves sad fays are bearing
Through the long shadows of the wood-land dim,
While mourning nymphs, their golden tresses tearing,
Weep o'er the urn and wail the funeral hymn.

"The artist's dead! The gifted's task is ended;
The brush and canvas lie all useless now.
Life's picture's finished—light and shade are blended
By the Great Master to whom all must bow."

THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM:

A LOVE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER XXIX.

MRS. STEDMAN was sitting with all her children round her, trying to make the evening pass as usual, in reading, lesson-learning, drawing; broken by fits of play and merry chat. None of the boys, except the eldest, knew of what had occurred, or saw any thing remarkable in their father's absence—and she had charged Julius to be silent for the present. He, wise and grave beyond his years, and his parents' confidant in many things, was the only one who had been told more about Uncle Julius than that his father had had such a brother, who died abroad. And even he knew comparatively little; but it was enough greatly to interest and excite him. Besides, his mother—the one grand idol of his life, whom he worshiped with that adoring filial tenderness which is Heaven's best instrument for making noble men—his mother had been put into his charge, and he watched her with especial care—distracted the attention of the rest from her—and hovered about her with endless little caresses, listening all the while to every sound of the hall-bell, which made her start whenever it rang.

For Edna, more imaginative and quicker than her husband to put things together, could not get out of her mind a strange impression, which came very near the truth. And when her son brought her the letter, having first carefully allured her away from the rest, that she might read it unobserved, her hands shook so that she could scarcely break the seal.

The next minute she had burst out with a great cry of "Julius!"

Her boy ran to her alarmed, and took her in his arms—his dear little mother.

"Not you, my son. I did not mean you, but your Uncle Julius. Papa has found Uncle Julius."

There is a belief—a feeling—Julius had had it strongly not so many weeks before, when he stood in the dark outside his brother's shut door—that if the dead were to come back to us again, they would find their place filled up, their loss mourned no longer, and the smooth surface of daily life grown greenly over them, like the grass over their graves. This is true, in degree, and Infinite Mercy makes it so; else human nature could not possibly endure its anguish to the end. But there are exceptions,

and the present was one of them. Julius—poor prodigal as he might be—had fed on his own swines' husks silently, far away; he had never either disgraced or wronged any one, least of all his brother. Heavy grief though he had caused, there was mixed with it none of that aching bitterness which Edna felt in her own heart, and the mute contempt which she read in her husband's face, whenever she chanced to mention her sister. Therefore, her rejoicing over the lost and found was as unclouded as her love—and she had always loved Julius.

The wonderful news could not be long hid, especially in this loving family, where the parents kept none but necessary secrets from their children. The mother was soon the centre of an eager group, asking all manner of questions, and evidently regarding the whole matter as a sort of real-life fairy tale.

"Don't bother mamma, children," said Julius, with tender authoritativeness. "Come away with me, and I'll tell you as much as I know, while she reads papa's letter."

Dr. Stedman had written, not telegraphed, that he might startle her less and give her the latest intelligence, and had sent his letter by the faithful Tommy Fox, who was to remain that night at Brook Street, and bring Mrs. Stedman back with him the first thing next morning.

"I do not want you until the morning," wrote William to his wife. "You must get a good night's rest, for I fear you may have some days, or perhaps weeks, of heavy nursing here. However, if he survives the next twenty-four hours, he will live, I doubt not. I might have sent for you to-night, but I thought it best not."

Edna felt also that it was best not—that not even his wife should share in this solemn watch which William kept so faithfully—uncertain whether after all his brother might not slip away, unrecognizing and unrecognized, into the next world. But even if Julius died, it would be a lighter burden to bear than that which Dr. Stedman had borne so patiently, so silently, all these years; not suffering it to darken his home-life, which would indeed have been both foolish and wrong. Still it was there—and his wife knew it. Almost every human heart has some such dark chamber in it; she had had hers too.

Now, was the grief to be lifted off or not? Edna could not tell; nor William. He had only said, in reference to the future, one thing—"If Julius recovers, will my wife take him home?" At which the wife smiled to herself. There was no need to answer that question.

So, it was necessary to prepare for possibilities; and first, by telling the children as much of their uncle's history as she thought advisable. They were not inquisitive or worrying children. Still they had their natural curiosity, increased by the very few facts she was able to

give them; indeed little more than that Uncle Julius, whom they had supposed to be dead, had reappeared, and at last come home.

"But why did he not come home before, mamma?"

"Being a soldier he could not do that, I suppose."

"Still, he might have written," said Julius, a little severely. "It was unkind of him to let you and papa imagine he was dead, and grieve after him for so many years."

"People sometimes do unkind things without meaning it, or, at least, without definitely intending it," said the mother, gently. "When you are as old as I am, my son, you will have learned that—" Here she stopped, hindered by the great difficulty with all young people—how to keep them sternly to the right; and yet while preaching strict justice, to remember mercy. "In truth, my children," added she, with that plain candor which had been her safeguard all her life, and taught her sons to be as fearlessly true as herself, "it is useless to question me; for I know almost nothing, except that papa has found his brother again, which will make him so happy. You like papa to be happy, all of you?"

"Ah, yes!" and they ceased troubling her with their wonderings, but with the brilliant imagination of youth darted at once to the possibility of Uncle Julius's appearance among them, making endless speculations and arrangements concerning him. The twins, hearing he had been a soldier, brought out their favorite toy-cannon, with a man behind it, which man they immediately named "Uncle Julius." Robert, who had set his heart upon wandering half over the world, exulted in the thought of all the information he should get about foreign countries; and Will, after much meditation, leaped at once to a most brilliant conclusion.

"That folio of drawings you keep, beside the old easel in your bedroom, mamma—were they not done by Uncle Julius? You said he was an artist before he went away to India."

"Yes."

"And clever, too, to judge by those sketches, which you have never properly shown me yet, and will not let me have to copy; very good they are, some of them," continued Will, with the slightly patronizing tone of the younger generation. "Of course, he is too old to make an artist now; but he might help to make me one."

"Perhaps," said the mother, and wondered whether Uncle Julius would recognize, as his brother and she had long since began to do, the eternal law of progression, whereby one generation slips aside, or is set aside, and another takes its place—a law righteous and easy of belief to happy parents, but hard to others, who have to drop down, solitary and childless, into the great sea of oblivion, leaving not a trace behind. As she looked on her bright, brave boys growing up around her, in whom her memory and their father's would live, long

after both were in the dust, Edna thought of Julius, and sighed.

"Now, my little man, you must chatter no more, but be off to bed; for mamma has a great deal to do to-night."

Nevertheless, she was not afraid, though it was a small and already full house in which she had to make room for the wanderer; but the capacity of people's houses often corresponds with that of their hearts. And she had good servants—a good mistress usually has—and helpful, unselfish children. Her eldest, especially, followed her about the house, assisting in her plans and arrangements almost as cleverly as a daughter, and yet so manly, so wise, so reliable that for the hundredth time his mother pitied all women who had not a son like Julius.

Yet when he and she sat together over the fire, the house being silent and all preparations made, both for her temporary absence and for her return with poor Uncle Julius, if he recovered—with the reaction from her first joyful excitement over—anxious thoughts came into Edna's mind. Was she right in bringing into her household and among her young sons this man, who might be so changed—whose life for fifteen years and more was utterly unknown to her, except that he had sunk deplorably from his former estate? When her eldest son, looking at her with his honest, innocent, boyish eyes, said, earnestly, "Now, mamma, tell me all about poor Uncle Julius," Edna trembled.

But only for a moment. She knew well, her anxious life had often taught her, the plain fact that we can not live two days at once; that beyond a certain prudent forecasting of consequences we have but to see the right for the time being, and act upon it.

"My son," she answered, cautiously, as her judgment prompted, but honestly, as mothers ought who have their children's souls in their hands, "Uncle Julius has had a very hard, sad life. It may have been not even a good life. I do not know. But papa does; and he understands what is right far better than we. He says he wishes Uncle Julius to come home—he is so glad and thankful to have him at home. So of course it is all right. We can trust papa, both you and I."

"To be sure we can," said Julius, and looked his father's very image while he spoke: so that Edna had no farther fear even for her darling boy.

It was little more than ten in the forenoon, and Holt Common was bathed in the brightest spring sunshine, when Edna crossed it under Tommy Fox's guidance, to take the shortest cut to the "Goat and Compasses." She scarcely looked at the sweet sights around her—the green mosses, the perfumed gorse—so full was her heart, trembling between hope and fear, wondering whether it would please God to give this poor wrecked life into their hands—hers and Will's—to be made whole and sound again, even in this world; or whether, in His infinite

wisdom, He would take it to Himself, to do with it according to His omnipotent will, which *must* be perfect, or it would not be omnipotent.

There was a figure standing at the ale-house door—her husband watching for her. Edna looked rather than asked the trembling question, "Is he alive?" which William's smile answered at once.

He had held up bravely till now; but when he found himself alone with his wife he broke down. Edna took his head to her bosom, and let him weep there, almost like one of his own little children.

But there was no time to waste in mere emotion—the patient must not be left for ten minutes. Nothing but constant watching could save the life which flickered like a dying taper, half in and half out of the body. Julius might slip away at any moment, giving no sign, as all the night through he had given none. It was impossible to say whether he even recognized his brother, though the pressure on the brain produced stupor rather than delirium.

"He lies, looking as quiet as a baby," said Will, with a great sob. "I have cut his hair and beard; he is quite bald. You would hardly know him. I wonder if he will know you, Edna?"

"Let us come and see," answered Mrs. Stedman, as she laid aside her bonnet, and made silently all her little arrangements for the long, long sisterly watch, of which God only knew the end.

Her husband followed her with eyes full of love. "There is nobody to do this but you, my wife. You would do it, I knew." She smiled. "And I have made things as light for you as I can. Mrs. Fox will take the night-nursing. She is evidently very fond of him—but every body was always fond of Julius. My poor dear lad!"

The strong fraternal love—rare between men, but, when it does happen, the heavenliest, noblest bond, a help through life, and faithful even unto death—shone in William's eyes; and his wife honored and loved him for it.

"Come," she whispered, "perhaps, please God, we may save him yet. Come and take me to Julius's room."

For another day and night the poor brain—worn out with misery, and disordered by the continual use of opium—lay in a torpid condition, of which it was impossible to foretell the next change. Then sharp physical pain supervened, and forced into a kind of semi-consciousness the bewildered mind.

The day he had spent out on the common—(Tommy Fox afterward confessed to having seen Mr. Stone lying for hours under a damp furze-bush)—brought back his old rheumatic torments. He had over again the same illness, rheumatic fever, through which his brother had nursed him twenty years ago. Strangely enough, this agony of body was the most merciful thing that could have happened to the mind. It seemed to annihilate the present entirely, and thrust him



UNDER THE FURZE-BUSH.

back to the days of his youth. He took quite naturally the presence of Will and Edna, and very soon began to call them by their right names, and comprehend, in a confused way, that he was under their charge. And in his total helplessness the great difficulty which William had foreseen, the stopping of the supplies of opium, became easier than they had anticipated. After he had been brought back, as it were, from the very gates of the grave, to some slight recognition of where he was, and what had happened to him, he seemed to wake up, as people often do after very severe illnesses, with the freshness of a child—asking no questions, but helplessly and obediently clinging to those about him, till sometimes none of his nurses could look at him without tears.

Gradually he passed out of sickness into convalescence, began visibly to amend in body, though how far his mind was alive to the things around him it was difficult to say. He noticed nothing much—neither the changes which Edna had gradually instituted in his ragged wardrobe, nor the comforts which she gathered around him in his homely room. He spoke little, and his whole intelligence seemed to be absorbed in trying to bear, as patiently as he could, his physical sufferings, which, for a long time, were very great. When at last Edna, to whose ministering care he had grown quite accustomed, proposed taking him “home,” he assented, but without asking the slightest question as to what and where “home” was.

Letty, either as Letty or as Mrs. Vanderdecken, he never once named.

Indeed, in the complete absorption of the time, neither Edna nor her husband thought much about her themselves. The near neighborhood of Holywell Park troubled them not; the place was half shut up, the mistress being away at Brighton. Thence she never sent, never wrote; at which they were neither surprised nor sorry.

But the night before they had settled to quit Mrs. Fox’s kindly roof the good woman brought to Mrs. Stedman, for whom she had conceived a great admiration, a note from the Hall.

“I don’t know if you knows Mrs. Vanderdecken, ma’am, but perhaps you do; as it was through her little girl I heard of Dr. Stedman. And she’s a kind lady—a very kind lady indeed: *he* saw her the day before he was ill. Didn’t you, Sir?”

Edna interposed, and stopped the conversation, but her caution seemed needless. The sick man took no notice, and she hoped he had seen and heard nothing. However, just before she left him for the night, Julius called her back.

“What was that note you had? From your sister?”

“Yes.”

“Have you seen her?”

“No.”

This was all he asked, or was told, though, in much anxiety, Edna sat down beside him for another half hour. By-and-by Julius felt feebly for her hand.

"Are you there still, sister Edna? I like to have you beside me. I know you now, and Will too, though at first I did not. I thought I was dreaming. I have had so many queer dreams. They all came out of that box which you never will let me have."

"No, never again."

"Does Will say so?"

"Yes."

"Then I suppose he must be obeyed. When we were lads, kind as he was to me, Will always made me obey him." Julius smiled faintly, yet more like his own smile than Edna had ever seen yet. "Where is Will to-night?"

"Gone home, to get ready the house for us to-morrow, you know. Besides, he has his work to do."

"Ah, yes! and mine is all done. I shirked it once; and now, when I want to do it, I can not. Why do you and Will take me home? I would never have come of myself. I shall only be a burden upon you. Do you know, Edna, that I have not a half-penny in the world?"

"Yes."

"Except, of course, my pension as a soldier—a common soldier, which I have been—I ceased to be a gentleman years ago."

Edna smiled.

"Do not mock me, it is true. You had better not take me back. I shall only be a trouble to you. Nay, even a disgrace. Will is an honest, honorable, prosperous man, while I— What will all your friends say?"

"We shall never ask them. But," added Will's wife, in reasoning not her own, for her own failed her, "it is just the story of the piece of silver—'And when she hath found it she calleth her friends and neighbors together, saying, Rejoice with me, for I have found my piece that was lost.'"

Julius turned away bitterly. "Don't talk to me out of the Bible. I do not believe in the Bible. Only"—as if he feared he had hurt her—"I believe in you."

"Thank you, dear." She often called him "dear" now, in the tone she used to her own children; for, in many ways, Julius had grown so very like a child. "And I believe in the Bible. Therefore, I came here to nurse you, and keep you alive if we could. Therefore, as soon as you are stronger, I mean to take you home, to begin a new life, and never to speak of the old life any more."

Tender as her words were, there was a certain authority in them—the quiet decision which Edna always showed—and nobody attempted to gainsay.

Julius did not, but lay quiet, with his eyelids closed, till at length he suddenly opened them.

"There was a packet—letters—which I think I made up just before I was ill. Where is it?"

"Mrs. Fox found it, and delivered it to the person to whom it was addressed."

"And that was—"

"Mrs. Vanderdecken."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Quite sure. Now go to sleep."

"One minute"—and Julius lifted himself up and caught Edna's hand. "Tell her—your sister—that for the child's sake I have forgiven her all. I will never harm her. Her daughter knows nothing—never will know. Say I forgive her, and bid her good-by from me."

"I will," said Edna; and then, still holding her hand, Julius dropped into the quietest slumber which he had yet known.

When alone for the night Mrs. Stedman read over again the dirty-looking note, which had lain a whole day in the pocket of a small child, one of Mrs. Vanderdecken's Sunday-class, by whom it had been sent. Letty's cowardice had followed her to the last. There was in the missive neither beginning nor ending. Nothing that could identify it or its writer, or betray any fact that it was safer to conceal.

"I know all, and was glad your husband had been sent for to the poor man, you and he being the proper persons to manage the business. Give him my best wishes, and I hope he will soon get well. If I could do any thing—but it is better not—you will understand that. Only, if you like to come and talk it over with me, I shall be very glad to see you, for I am quite alone here, though I shall return to Brighton in two days."

Edna closed the letter with a heavy sigh, and sat long pondering over it, and how she should answer it; whether it would not be advisable, under the circumstances, and especially with regard to a future that was very difficult at best, to go and see Letty, as she asked, in her own house, and, calmly but not unkindly, "talk it over," as she proposed, thus closing forever the grave of a past that could return no more.

In her husband's absence Edna was obliged to trust to her own judgment, and what she knew his would be. He had said more than once that nothing should induce him to enter his sister-in-law's door, nor did his wife dissent from this. There is a limit beyond which self-respect can not pass; and charity itself changes its character when it becomes the subserviency of weak right to rampant wrong. But Mrs. Stedman, who had not an atom of weakness about her, or pride either, felt no hesitation whatever in crossing, just once and no more, her sister's grand threshold; neither humbly nor scornfully, but with a kindly sisterly heart. If she could do Letty any good, why, well! If not, still it was well too. They would both see clearly, once for all, what their future relations to one another were to be.

So next morning, before Julius was well awake, without saying any thing to him or any body, she started off across the common to Holywell Hall.

It was a very fine house, the finest Mrs. Stedman had ever entered; for her busy domestic life and narrow means had, until lately, kept her very much out of society. She admired it extremely, for she had such pleasure in any thing orderly, fit, and beautiful. Yet, when her little feet trod on the polished black and white



LETTY'S LETTER.

marble of the hall, and followed two tall liveried footmen up a magnificent staircase, stately, silent, and chill, her heart sank a little, and she was glad fate had not burdened her with her sister's splendid lot. It did not occur to her, in her utter lack of self-consciousness, that, had such been the case, the probabilities were that Holywell Hall would have been as bright as Brook Street.

The footman went before, and she was following him at once into Mrs. Vanderdecken's morning-room, when she heard her sister's voice within, and hesitated.

"Stedman is the name, Wood?—I don't know—yes, I do know the lady. Show her into the yellow drawing-room. Oh, she's here."

Rather awkwardly Mrs. Vanderdecken came forward, merely to shake hands, till, the servant having closed the door behind him, she stooped and kissed her sister, though not with much demonstration of affection.

"I am very glad to see you. It is extremely kind of you to come. You see I couldn't come to you—it was quite an impossibility."

"Certainly."

Then Letty burst out:

"Oh! Edna, do give me a little comfort. I have been so frightened—so thoroughly miserable. This is indeed a wretched business."

"I do not see that, since it has ended so well in Julius's recovery. He might have died. It was such a merciful chance that your little girl wrote to my husband."

"Yes; and I assure you I did not scold her

at all for doing so. I was only too thankful to get her safe away, where she would hear no more of that dreadful story, or of him, poor fellow; he made her so fond of him. She cried her eyes out till I told her Dr. Stedman was with him, and that he was getting well. That is true, is it not?"

"Yes, thank God!"

"And nobody here knows who he is; but, like Gertrude, people think him Mr. Stone?"

"No—Mr. Stedman," said Edna, coldly. "My husband was not likely to be ashamed of his brother, or to conceal his relationship to him. But you need not be alarmed; we have carefully hidden our connection with you. No one here has the least idea that you are my sister."

"Thank you, thank you!" And then, some dim notion striking Letty that it was an odd thing to express gratitude for, she added, half-apologetically, "You see, we are obliged to be careful. In our position people do talk of us so. And he was so violent, so cruel, to me—Julius, I mean. And there was something so disreputable—so dreadful—about his story. You know it, of course."

"No; he has told us almost nothing; and we are determined to inquire nothing. My husband believes less in the confession of sins than in the forsaking of them. Unless Julius speaks himself we shall never ask him a single question about his past life."

"Well, perhaps that is your best course; any other would be so very inconvenient. I de-

clare, when I listen to Gertrude's story—but I'll just repeat it to you, for it will relieve my mind."

And she told, accurately enough for her, Julius's whole sad tale, which he had told to the child, and her own interview with him, which had followed it.

The facts were all new to Edna, but she said nothing; how could she? From the sick-bed beside which she had watched so long she seemed to gaze on her elegant sister, gifted with every thing that the world could give; and she understood something about the joy in heaven, not over the rich and the prosperous, but over one sinner that repenteth. The one question, Did he repent? was all she ever asked herself, and that time alone could answer.

"Was it not dreadful of him," Letty continued, "after all these years, and when I would have met him so friendly, to try to injure me thus? Ah, Edna, you don't know the agony of a poor mother who fears losing her child's heart."

"No," said Edna; "but you need have no fear now;" and then she delivered, word for word, the message Julius had sent.

Letty was a good deal touched. "Poor fellow, poor fellow!" she repeated several times, and wiped her eyes with her lace pocket-handkerchief. "But why does he bid me good-by? Will he die, do you think?"

"God only knows. The first danger is past, but there is a weary convalescence before him. He will never be really strong, William says; and if any ill turn comes— But we will not forebode evils. I hope for the best."

"Ah, you always did. You were always the cheerfulest, bravest girl. I wish I had been more like you."

But these sudden compunctions, which ended in nothing, only made Edna sigh. She rose.

"I must go now, Letty. He will be waiting for me. I take him home to-day."

"He? Oh, I had forgotten! You mean poor Julius. I do hope he will recover; tell him I said so. Where are you taking him? to Brook Street? But of course you have no other house. Poor dear fellow, I am sure I wish him well. But are you sure he will not attempt to injure me?"

Edna smiled. It would have been a sarcastic smile once, when she was scornful and young; now it was only sad. She did not attempt to grow grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles, any more. She only understood, though it had been bitter learning, that all human creatures were of God's handiwork, and, if he had patience with them, so must she have.

"And now, Letty, good-by; for I really must go."

Upon which Letty eagerly begged her to stay.

"Why can't you have lunch with me, Edna, my dear? I am so dull, alone here. And besides, I should like to show you the house and the conservatory; you were always fond of

flowers. Ours are considered very fine, especially our orchids. Mr. Vanderdecken has paid sixty guineas apiece for some of them."

Edna shook her head. "I have no time for orchids just at present." And then, seeing real disappointment in her sister's looks, she agreed to stay with her another half hour.

"Especially as we may not meet again for some time. You must perceive, I can not ask you to Brook Street; and as for my coming here— But we shall remain sisters, feeling very kindly to one another, I trust. And, Letty dear, if ever you are in trouble, and want somebody to help you—"

Here she quite broke down. To the last day of her life Edna would never lose this sore-wounded, ill-requited love for her only sister.

Letty kissed her, not unaffectionately.

"Thank you. We all have trouble, some time or other, I suppose. But I hope mine is far off, still. I am very comfortable, and Mr. Vanderdecken is extremely kind. Then, too, I have such a pretty house. Won't you come and look at it? People say many a nobleman's mansion is not near so fine."

This was true; and Edna's innocent, generous heart admired it so warmly that her sister's spirits quite rose.

"Yes, I do think ours is a charming place, and it is a pleasure to show it to you. I am very glad you came to see me, and I only wish we could meet oftener, my dear. But I suppose that is impossible."

Edna was silent; she also felt that it was impossible.

"Gertrude will be so disappointed that she has not seen you. She thinks a great deal of her aunt Edna. And, perhaps, by-and-by, when she has forgotten all about Mr. Stone, who I shall tell her is quite well, and gone away to his own relations—"

"Oh, Letty!" broke in the other, earnestly, "whatever you tell her, let it be the exact truth. With such a child as Gertrude—with any child—straightforward truth is the only way. Forgive me—it will be long before I 'preach' to you again—but I have no little girl of my own; and Gertrude is a dear child! Be careful with her."

Letty looked a little vexed. "It is hardly needful to say that to me; but, Edna, I will take care of her. She is the light of my eyes—the best little girl that ever was born! Julius said he wished my child to grow up a better woman than her mother. Tell him, I trust she may."

They had now passed out of the winter-garden, with its overpowering atmosphere of scent, into the healthy freshness of the spring morning—the delicious spring, which always brought back to Edna the days of her childhood, and, though it came late, and long afterward, the spring-time of her happy love. This was twenty years ago, and yet, at scent of violets and primroses, and singing of nest-making birds, every year it came back again fresh as yester-

day. It did now, when she thought of going home to her own blessed home, from which, in all her married life, she had never been absent so long.

"I must be gone, indeed. I have not another moment to spare."

"Stay," said Letty, hesitating. "What hour do you go to the station? Let me send my carriage to take you—it would be easier than a fly—and—I should rather like to do it."

But Edna declined. Kindly as she felt toward her sister, to accept favors from her was impossible.

"Ah, well, perhaps you know best. Julius might not have liked it; and, after all, it might have looked a little peculiar. So good-by, Edna. Remember me kindly to all at home."

So the sisters parted, indefinitely, without hinting at any future meeting. They were so different in themselves, and their lives had grown so wide apart, that much personal association would have been worse than foolish—fatal. It was far best that each should go her own way, until, or unless, the infinite chances and changes of this world should bring about a future which now seemed impossible—as impossible as that the dead should come to life again, and the lost be found. Yet this had been.

As Edna crossed the park, her heart lightened almost into mirth by the gladness of the glad spring morning, and thought of Julius, whom she was this day taking home, with a wondering thankfulness almost equal to that with which the sisters of Bethany took home their brother Lazarus—it seemed to her as if, unto Infinite Mercy, nothing were impossible.

CHAPTER XXX.

WHEN his sister-in-law entered his room, Julius was already up and dressed, in the clothes to which they had gradually accustomed him—Edna having spirited away the old regimentals, with every thing that could remind him of his former life. To put it all behind him, and help him to begin anew, so far as there was any new life left in him, was their grand aim; and, so far, they had succeeded.

"Doesn't he look a sweet, dear fellow, ma'am, and not so very ill, after all?" said Mrs. Fox, who had hovered about him the last day or two with a tenderness indescribable.

Julius took the old woman's hand—her rough working hand—and kissed it with something of his old chivalrous air, which had made him, even under his rags and tatters, still so completely, often so painfully, "the gentleman."

"It is all owing to you, and my sister there, that the 'dear fellow' is not underground now. Off with you, Mrs. Fox, and cook my last dinner for me in your own perfect style. I'm so hungry."

"Bless you for that, my dear Mr. Stedman," said the good landlady as she hurried away;

and then Julius turned to Edna with a keen inquiry.

"You were out this morning. Where have you been?"

She never thought of answering other than the direct truth.

"I have been across the park, to see my sister. I wanted to bid her good-by before leaving this place, as she and I are not likely to meet again soon."

"You do not often meet?"

"No."

"Did you give her my message?"

"Word for word."

These were the sole questions he asked; indeed, it was the only time he mentioned Letty. Nay, when, on their way to the station, they met her carriage, and, to Edna's utter amazement, Mrs. Vanderdecken bent forward to bow and smile—altogether the courteous and stately Mrs. Vanderdecken—Julius returned the salute as he would have done to any other lady, and then leaned back, taking no more notice of her than if she had been a stranger.

But he did take notice, in a way that to Edna was infinitely pathetic, of every thing around them in the outside world, which seemed as fresh to him as if he had never seen it before. He examined, with that keen, artistic eye of his, every bit of landscape that Edna pointed out to amuse him; saw the primroses peeping through the road-side coppices, and the merry little birds flitting in and out—nest building—among the hedges as they passed. And though, when they reached the railway, he seemed to shrink a little from the sight of human beings, and entreated that they might have a carriage all to themselves, still there was no morbid misery in his aspect, and no bitterness in his words. He seemed weak and weary—that was all. Only sometimes, in words he let fall—for he did not express it directly—there was the sad longing for rest, mingled with what seemed an unconscious echo of the Psalmist's cry, "Oh, spare me a little, that I may recover my strength, before I go hence, and be no more seen!"

At the London terminus William met them, and almost without saying a word—he seemed as if he could not speak—half led, half carried his brother to his carriage.

"This is your own brougham, I see. You are a prosperous man now, Will," said Julius, feebly smiling.

And then he lay back, exhausted, and scarcely conscious of what was passing, till Edna thought that his "going hence" was a possibility by no means far off. Still, if he died, he would die at home!

Home! A little, little word—only four letters—a thing easy to be had, and yet some never have it—never know what it means, in all their lives.

Some do not care for it, either; Edna had once thought that Julius did not—but she changed her opinion now.

When they brought him, with considerable difficulty, to the large upper chamber, once the twins' nursery, but from which they had delightedly retired, on promotion, in favor of Uncle Julius—he looked round the room with a strange, sad, wondering air.

"How pretty!" he said; and then, "How comfortable!"

It was both—having been arranged, half as a bedroom, half as a sitting-room, with all the skill that his sister could devise, and his brother carry out. But, as the sick man sank into the easy-chair by the fire, and drew close to the blaze, shivering, though it was May—Edna and William turned away, almost ready to weep. For he looked so frail, so feeble—as if, let them kill the fatted calf, and bring the purple robe as they would—the festive food might drop untasted from his lips, and the raiment of welcome be used only to wrap the pale limbs of the dead.

Things seemed dreary enough for some hours. The first excitement of his journey over—the first pleasure of finding himself in a real home—his brother's home, with all the old comforts about him, and, above all, the love that made comforts quite secondary things—Julius broke down. With a great and bitter cry about his own "unworthiness," he turned his face to the wall, and sank into a paroxysm of despair.

"It is no use—it is all of no use. I am like that wreck off the Isle of Wight, which we used to watch—do you remember, Edna, how they tried and tried to save it, but could not? You can not. This poor, ruined, wasted life of mine—you had better let it go down."

"No," said Will. "No, we'll never let it go down."

"And that wreck was not a wreck after all, Julius," said Edna, cheerfully. "After months of labor they got her safe off, and now she goes sailing over the seas as bravely as ever."

"Does she really?" said Julius, with a strange superstitious feeling that brightened him in spite of himself for a moment.

"Yes; for I saw her name in the 'shipping intelligence' only two months ago. She has ceased to be A 1, of course, by this time; but she is a capital ship still, and sails steadily between here and America."

"You don't say so?" cried Julius, rousing himself with a childish interest. But the momentary brightness soon faded, and he fell back into his former depression.

Will signed to his wife to go, and joined her a minute afterward on the stair-head.

"Oh, husband, this is very hard."

"No; I expected it. We must have patience. The evil of years is not conquered in a day."

"But have you any hope?"

"While there is life there is hope. And then, we know, another and a safer Hope begins. I should not lose it, I trust, even if after all our care He took Julius out of our hands, and said, 'Give Me thy brother.'"

William was deeply affected; but still, his wife saw, he was determined not to yield to despair. She put her arms round his neck.

"Yes; we'll hope still, and strive on, to the last. And however it ends you have still me and the children."

She went down stairs and collected round her her eager little flock, whom their eldest brother had cleverly contrived to keep out of the way till now. She tried to sun herself in their merry loving faces, unseen for so long; to hear all their history since she was away; and answer, so far as she thought it well, their endless questions about her own. But in the midst of them all, half her heart went back to the lonely childless man up stairs, whose blighted and blasted life contrasted so bitterly with her own full harvest of content. And when she looked round on her five boys, and thought, what if it were one day with any of them as with Julius, when there was no father's house to come to, no mother's bosom to shelter in? And she grew almost sick with fear and sad out-looking to the future, till William appeared. It was the blessedness of Edna's life that strength, comfort, and peace always came to her with the sight of her husband.

"How is he?"

"He is asleep," said Will. "And now let me come and sit in my old place, and let all go on as usual."

Taking up his newspaper, he pretended to read, but soon stopped, to possess himself of his wife's hand, the small, soft hand, lovely still, though, like herself, it was fading a little—changing into that sweet decline which is scarcely like growing old.

"Oh, how delicious it is to have you at home! How different the house looks, boys, now your mother is come back!"

"If she had staid much longer," said Robert, indignantly, "I think we should have gone and fetched her back—from Uncle Julius or any body. If she ever goes away again—"

"Nay, I shall never go away again. Never, I hope, till—"

But when the mother saw the bright faces all fixed on hers, and looking to her for their very light of life, her heart failed her: she could not finish the sentence.

Soon all the evening routine went on as usual, broken only by those bursts of family fun, so small in repetition, so great in enjoyment; foolish family jokes, which brothers and sisters recall afterward, when scattered far and wide, as having been the best jokes in the world. Gradually the troubled elders were won, too, from their cares, and relaxed into the pleasure of their children. The mirth was at its loudest—the boys laughing so that Edna could hardly hear herself speak—when the door opened, and there stood in front of his brother's bright hearth and circle of happy children, Uncle Julius.

He was so pale, so haggard, his eyes so sad and wild, that the little twins gave a scream, and even Will, who was a boy given to poetic

imaginings, shrunk back as if he had seen a ghost.

Julius saw this—saw them all. In a moment the door would have been shut again, and the apparition vanished, but Dr. Stedman darted forward, caught him, and brought him in.

"No, no. Let me go back again. Never mind me, Will. I am used to be alone."

And even when he was coaxed forward, and seated in his brother's own comfortable easy-chair, he shrank and shivered, like a person who has so long been out in the dark and cold that the light only dazzles him, and reviving warmth gives actual pain.

"Indeed I'll not intrude," he said, nervously, to Edna. "You are all so merry here. I can go up to my room again. I only came down because I was restless—so restless; and I thought I should like to see you all."

"And here we all are; and every one of us is delighted to see Uncle Julius," said the mother, in her cheerfulest and most everyday tone. "Boys, come here, and let me exhibit you to your uncle."

Somewhat shyly, for they owned afterward he was quite different to what they had expected—not at all their hero of romance, the ideal "uncle from India"—the lads came forward, one and one. He shook hands with them timidly—as afraid of them as they of him; and tried, with a great effort, to distinguish their ages, and learn to call them by their right Christian names. But his mind seemed feeble and confused, and very soon his interest in them flagged, his eyes grew dull and heavy, and he looked piteously at his brother, as if for protection against this new, old, dreadful world.

"It is all so strange, Will; I can't understand it."

"Don't try to understand it, dear old boy. Every thing will come right presently. Sit still here, and we will go on just as if you were not present. You will get accustomed to us soon."

"Shall I? But no matter; it's not for long—I hope not for long." And then, as if struck by a sudden apprehension, he called his brother back, and whispered hurriedly, "What do they know about me—all these lads? Are you not afraid to bring me among your sons?"

Will smiled.

"I might harm them, you know. At any rate they will be ashamed of me, and so will you. Do you remember"—half his talk now consisted of his pathetic "do you remember"—"that picture I sat for, 'In another man's garden?' You laughed at it then; but it has all come true. The poor vagabond, looking on at his brother's happiness: it's just like me now, isn't it, Edna? Nay, I beg your pardon, my good little sister. I did not see you were crying." He held out his hand, and pressed hers tenderly.

"Behave better, then, brother Julius, or I'll not be good to you any more. And talking of pictures, I think you will not be the only artist

in the family. Will, my son, come over here, and show your drawings to your uncle."

This was a grand stroke of policy on Edna's part. Julius roused himself, like a dying war-horse at sound of the trumpet, and examined keenly, first the sketches, and then the face of his young nephew, so curiously like his own.

"Sixteen are you, my boy? I was sixteen once, and people called me clever, and said I should make a great painter some day. But that is all past and gone. Ah me!"

He leaned back with a groan; and that sharp agony, perhaps the sharpest next to actual guilt that any man can know, the remorse over a wasted life, came over him heavy and sore.

Edna was sending her son away; but the next moment, in one of his strange, fitful fluctuations, Julius looked up.

"Don't disappoint the boy, if, as you said, he wants me to look over his drawings. Give me them again."

They were very good for so young a draughtsman, and well chosen, being chiefly copied from the grand old Elgin marbles. As he turned them over the eyes of the sick man began to glow.

"Ah! this is well done, and this—all except the arm. But that bit of foreshortening is difficult. I remember how it bothered me when I drew it at the Academy. It was my best drawing, though; but I think yours is better still."

And he regarded, with his observant artist-eye, but also with a sad, half tender interest, the little fellow who, his face hot with happy blushes, knelt at his side; then put his hand on his nephew's shoulder.

"Any thing more to show me, my boy? Any thing of your very own?"

Shyly enough young Will drew from the very bottom of his port-folio a page of heads, which, when his mother saw, she wished had been at the bottom of the sea. But it was too late.

Uncle Julius started. "What is this?"

"It is Aunt Letty. I try to draw her over and over again from memory; but I can't succeed. She has the loveliest face in all the world," added the boy, growing quite excited. "Did you ever see her?"

Edna's heart almost stopped beating.

"Yes, I have seen her."

"And do you think you could draw her? From memory? You might. No one who had once seen Aunt Letty could ever forget her."

"No."

With a calmness that almost startled Edna—only she had ceased to be surprised at any thing now—Julius took up a crayon, and eyed it tenderly as he did so.

"I don't know if I can use this. It is years since I have touched a pencil—years!"

"Please try," entreated Will, creeping up to his uncle, as if he had an especial property in him. Truly, if the younger generation sometimes "push us from our stools," they have

likewise a wonderful power of soothing, and can often heal over the past, which they in their innocence annul and ignore.

The five boys all crowded round, watching, with different degrees of curiosity, the beautiful face growing under Uncle Julius's hand, which, in the eagerness of its long-forsaken labor, gradually became firm and bold. It seemed as if the artist's pure delight in work for work's sake were faintly dawning in him again. When the sketch was done, he held it at arm's-length, critically yet tenderly. It was Aunt Letty—feature by feature, as the boys at once exclaimed. Only, not Aunt Letty as she looked now. It was the face, young and fresh and sweet, of lovely Letty Kenderdine.



ONLY A FACE.

"Yes; that will do, I think," said Uncle Julius, holding it at arm's-length, and looking at it. "As you say, my boy, it is the most beautiful face in all the world—but only a face. I have drawn it many times: now I shall never draw it any more. Put it away."

Will obeyed, but shortly afterward came and settled himself beside his uncle, to whom from that hour he attached himself with a devotedness that nothing ever altered, though it was long before it was either noticed or returned.

Yet, until the children went to bed, Uncle Julius roused himself from time to time out of his drowsy weakness and sad preoccupation, to observe them a little, with a half inquisitive, half melancholy curiosity, as if trying to fathom the mystery of these young lives, which had been growing up, as it were, on the ruins of his own, and to trace in the new faces glimpses of the old familiar ones—now fading, fast fading, as we all do fade.

"Five sons! five hostages to fortune, as peo-

ple say. Will, your name is not likely to cease out of the earth."

"Our name, Julius," said Will, tenderly.

"Fine fellows they are, and, I dare say, you and their mother are very proud of them; but I thought—somebody must have told me, only my memory is so bad now—there was a little girl too—Edna, I should have liked so much a little girl of yours."

William touched his brother on the arm to enjoin silence, and glanced uneasily at his wife. But Edna had heard.

"Yes," she said, speaking in a low voice, but quite calmly, "Yes, I had a little girl once, but God took her. I have learned now to be happy in my boys."

Julius looked intently at his sister-in-law, as she sat there, wife and mother, fulfilling all her duties, and rejoicing in all her joys; and saw something in her face which he had never noticed before, which showed that she, too, had known sorrow, and been taught the hard lesson which we all have to learn soon or late, in one form or other—to be content, not only with what is given, but with what is taken away. And the solitary, broken-down man, who had suffered so much, but whose suffering was always in and for himself, recognized probably for the first time in his life, but with a force the effect of which was never afterward obliterated, that there might be griefs of which he knew nothing, and in which he had never attempted to sympathize, yet which were in reality as sharp as, or sharper than, his own.

CHAPTER XXXI.

It might have been best, according to poetical justice, and certainly as to tragical effect, that Julius Stedman should die—die in the odor of sanctity and the arms of his brother and sister, leaving to them a perpetual regret, and to his faithless Letty a perpetual punishment. But Heaven's justice is not always "poetical," and Heaven's mercy is above all. Sometimes—most often—it is shown in that blessed death which alone can retrieve all things, give to the wanderer home and the weary rest; but in this present case it was not so.

Julius did not die. In spite of his own prognostications and his brother's still more serious fears, he began to amend; very slowly at first, with many retrogressions, still it was an amendment. The most fatal element of destruction in his career, his opium-eating, had not, happily, been of sufficiently long standing to be incurable, and after his illness he conceived a horror of it, and never touched it more. Nevertheless, his constitution was so shaken that, in all human probability, nothing except his brother's great medical skill, in addition to constant watching, could have saved him; but he was saved. At least he was gradually brought into a state of convalescence—a sort of moonlight

existence, compared to the full day of health and strength—yet calm and quiet enough, so as to make his life bearable to himself, and, by-and-by, no very great burden upon other people—a condition which would have been to him ten times worse than death.

Whether he will have a long life is doubtful. Probably not; for, at best, his was a temperament in which the sword early wears out the scabbard. By fifty Julius Stedman will be quite an old man; as, indeed, he often looks now. But the value of life consists not in its length; and his is now as full as it used to be empty.

He still lives, nominally, in his brother's house, though he is frequently absent from it, for he hates London, and enjoys, with all his heart, the little cottage at Sevenoaks, which, though silently given up for one summer—Julius never learned why—was taken the next, bought by Dr. Stedman, and presented formally to his wife, to be a perpetual delight unto her and all the family.

There, in the deep peace of country life, Julius spends his days, mostly all the year round, keeping house in the absence of his brother and sister; and painting a good deal, though not at his former large subjects. Like many other people, as he grew older he grew much simpler in his tastes—humbler, too, and doubtful of his own powers; so that he contents himself with sitting at the feet of gentle Mother Nature, and reproducing her lovely little “bits,” which people call pre-Raphaelite—pictures which, unpretending as they are, have such a reality, and often such a deep pathos about them, that they are always admired, and, moreover, sold—a circumstance of no slight importance to the artist, since as long as a fragment of health and life remained in him, Julius would have been far too honest and honorable to subsist upon another man's bounty, even though that man were his own brother.

As it is, he earns quite enough money to maintain himself in the moderate way, which is all he cares for now, for his ambition has long died out, and his extremely precarious health will always prevent his working as hard as those must work who would attain eminence in any thing. He himself will never become a great artist—he knows that—but he is bent upon making one of his nephew Will.

There are few things more touching, and at the same time more ennobling, than the intense devotion of a young man to an elder one; and Will is devoted heart and soul to a passionate extent—which his father and mother, though not a bit jealous, are sometimes half frightened at—to his uncle Julius. The two are constantly together, and have been, ever since Dr. Stedman, for both their sakes, and at their earnest entreaty, allowed his son to begin, regularly and decisively, the career of an artist. So Uncle Julius and his nephew are sworn companions, delighting in one another's society, and bound together by a tie as close as that of brothers, and as reverently tender as that be-

tween father and son. In his great love for the boy, and his eager anticipations of Will's future, Julius Stedman has a life neither forlorn nor unhappy, for he has learned to place his happiness on something out of himself—to help to win for another the fame that can never be his own. When he looks at young Will, and hears him praised on every hand, he feels that his own name will not be quite blotted out, nor his memory forgotten upon earth, even though he should die an old bachelor, wifeless and childless.

He has never again seen Mrs. Vanderdecken. She lives still at Holywell Hall, in great honor and undiminished wealth, flourishing like a green bay-tree, except that—poor woman—she can not fairly be likened to “the wicked.” She is not wicked, only weak. Her little daughter loves her dearly, and has unlimited influence over her, so that Gertrude has no difficulty in obtaining leave to visit Aunt Edna whenever she chooses—at whose house, of course, she meets Uncle Julius, in whom she was quick enough at once to recognize her friend Mr. Stone. But Gertrude has tact and delicacy enough not to take notice of this, except confidentially to her Aunt Edna. Nor does Julius Stedman take much notice of her: but Julius the younger does, showing as fatal a predilection for her sweet little plain face, so loving and sensible, kind and true, as his uncle did for her mother's. This new little romance may, alas! cause mischief sometime: for Dr. and Mrs. Stedman dislike the idea of cousins marrying: still, they will never imagine themselves wiser than Providence, but if any serious attachment should occur, will leave their children's choice in their own hands.

Mrs. Vanderdecken herself never comes to visit her sister. That sad cowardliness, that weak shrinking from all things difficult or painful, which had been the bane of her life—nay, of more lives than her own—haunts her still. Yet poor Letty has her good points, growing better as she grows older, through the influence of her child. She is always ready to do a kindness that does not give her very much trouble, and she is not a bad wife to her disagreeable old husband, who leads her any thing but an easy life. There is many a small skeleton hid in the cupboard at Holywell Hall, but outside her home she enjoys a good deal both of pleasantness and popularity, being a very important person in her neighborhood, where every body agrees that Mrs. Vanderdecken is not only the handsomest, but the most charming, of middle-aged women.

Every body does not say that of her sister, by any means, for Mrs. Stedman is one of those women who live so entirely within their own family that beyond it they are little known, and not half appreciated. But those who really do know her, love her; and those who know her best love her most of all.

She and her husband are still in the prime of life, or at least only beginning to descend the

brow of the hill which their children are climbing so fast. All good children—diligent, upright, affectionate, honorable; no “black sheep” has yet been found in that happy little flock, out of which the only one lost is the little one—not lost, but gone before. Very few families can say as much; but then, very few are blessed with such parents as William and Edna.

They have, to all appearance, half their life's work, and enjoyment too, still before them—but who can tell? However, they have learned not to be afraid of evil tidings; for their hearts stand fast, trusting in one another, and in the Lord. Only sometimes when they feel—this husband and wife—how very close they have grown together, and how impossible it is even to conceive the idea of being apart, a vague dread comes over them, followed by an unspoken prayer.

Such a one was in Edna's eyes, at breakfast one morning, when she looked up at her husband, and silently pointed out an obituary notice in the *Times*.

“DIED—ISAAC MARCHMONT, Esq., merchant, aged 84; and, two days afterward, aged 80, ELIZABETH LILLIAS, his wife.”

“What is that?” asked Uncle Julius—and they passed round the newspaper to him without a word.

“One can hardly be sorry,” said Edna, at

last. “They had such a long life together, and, except for the loss of dear Lily, it was a very happy life; I used sometimes to fancy almost as happy as our own. And this,” she added softly, as her hand sought her husband's, “this—their dying within two days of one another—seems to me the happiest lot of all.”

“I think so too,” said William Stedman.

Julius turned, and suddenly regarded his brother and sister with those wonderful dark eyes of his—very quiet eyes now, for the fire of passion had all burned out of them—a little sad at times, though not painfully so—but bright with a strange, far-away look, such as those have to whom life has been such sharp suffering, that even in their most restful seasons the other world seems sweeter and nearer than this one. He seemed to understand what they were talking about—he understood so many things now—griefs which he himself had never known, and joys in which he could never more have any part.

“Will and Edna,” whispered he, affectionately, “I think I guess what you mean. You would fain go together—and I go alone. But we shall all meet there. I know that now. May God give you your heart's desire!”

He rose, and leaning a moment on Will's shoulder as he passed him, kissed Edna, and went away up stairs to his own peaceful, solitary room.



THE END.

A STROKE OF BUSINESS.

I SEATED myself resolutely in my low rocking-chair, with my head pressed firmly against the back, and began a vigorous thinking.

This was none of your dreamy reveries, born of pleasant surroundings and luxurious indolence; but real, hard thinking, with the practical foundation that *something had got to come of it*. This "something" was perplexingly vague; but it must assume a tangible form before I could relax the muscles of my mind, now drawn to their utmost tension. I turned the subject around, and viewed it in all its points, past, present, and future; but look which way I would, it presented such a hopeless snarl that, unless some good fairy came to my assistance, there seemed to be no possible way out of it.

The facts were these: I had a small school—I should modestly say, a *very* small school, since the number of pupils had that very day been reduced from five to three; and if it continued to progress backward at this rate I should not long be able to say that I had any school at all.

Six months ago I had thrown all the energies of my nature into this one venture; I had worked, talked, calculated, consulted every body I knew, annihilated distance with my feet in endless tramps about the city in search of rooms, in search of parents, in search of responsible names for my circulars; and encountered in this circuit more disagreeable people, more faithless people, and more utterly stupid and absurd people than I had supposed it possible for the world to contain.

I was in a sort of fever; and, like a madman or a somnambulist, accomplished feats that I could by no possibility have undertaken in my sober senses. Driven to frenzy by the perversity of people in always being out when I wanted them to be in, I actually followed a reverend gentleman whose name I *must* have on my circular, and who seemed possessed with the spirit of gadding, to the fearful precincts of his dentist's sanctum, whither he had gone to enjoy himself for a couple of hours; and came suddenly upon him as, with his mouth stuffed with a napkin, the dentist's hand, and an instrument or two, he was wholly at the mercy of any unscrupulous applicant who chose to take advantage of him.

I shall never forget his expression of astonishment when I opened my battery upon him, nor the dentist's of disappointment when he found that I did not want *him*. I think the latter had rather calculated on taking out all my teeth and putting in a new set.

When the Doctor of Divinity had fairly gotten himself free, and his mouth was restored to its natural size and shape, he proved to be a very pleasant-looking gentleman; and regarded me so kindly, while I stammered out my errand with an apology for my ill-timed attack, that I was very much relieved. I got the name in full, and also the smiling assurance that I

would certainly succeed, with such an amount of energy and perseverance.

I sighed now as I remembered how much this encouraged me at the time; for, alas! he had not proved a true prophet.

My school-room was not altogether what I desired, but it was the best that I could do. Such rooms as I wanted were not to be had; and half a dozen eligible ones had been almost closed and double-barred in my face as soon as I mentioned the word "school." I began with five scholars, and devoted myself to the improvement of their minds in what I considered a highly original and thorough manner; for did not my circulars say that "Miss Berenice Mapleton's select school for beginners would be conducted upon principles especially favorable for acquiring the rudiments of a thorough English education; and French would be taught orally, and reduced to the comprehension of the youngest child?"

Every one admired the phraseology; and I must say that I expected more from those circulars, and all the visits that I had paid to parents of promising families, than the five frightened-looking little girls who made their appearance in my school-room on that sunny September morning. However, I put a cheerful face on the matter, and taught them as carefully as though there had been thirty instead of five.

Friends assured me that this was quite an encouraging beginning; and some one cited the experience of a lady who opened with one scholar and finished with a school of eighty! At this rate my proper maximum would be four hundred; and I went on hopefully from day to day—walking to school in storms that, but for the school, would have seen me snug at home, and sometimes finding no scholars to teach when I got there.

On such occasions I solaced myself with composition, and was sometimes rewarded by the sight of a business-like letter containing a check; and sometimes my poor little rolls were returned to me "declined with thanks." One of these bundles now greeted my eyes on the mantle as I sat thinking.

By degrees I learned that my room was not in the right situation. A railroad had to be crossed from one direction that was a stumbling-block to several anxious parents who would have sent had it not been for that; I was too far off from others who professed a great regard for me, and urged me to move into their neighborhood; and others held back because the school was so small!

When I sent in my bills the father of two of the children, whom I had looked upon as quite a friend of mine, and who had advised me strongly to get up the school, promising the full benefit of his countenance and support, took no notice of the neat slip of paper that I pinned in the pinafore of the oldest girl. Edith assured me that she had given it to her father; but weeks passed on, and the end of the quarter came. My last \$10 bill had been broken, and

I sent a very carefully worded note to Mr. Slight, reminding him of "the little debt which had probably slipped his memory in the press of what had seemed to him more important matters." The money (such a paltry sum at best!) was sent, with a curt, business-like note demanding a receipt; and now, without any apparent reason, Edith and Grace had collected their books and said that they were not coming to school any more.

It was a chilly, depressing day, and I walked thoughtfully home, to find the house chilly and depressing, and to hear from Miss Plidget that "coal had gone up," to partake of weak tea and strong butter, and to be told that "tea and butter had gone up"—until it seemed as though every thing must be resting on a foundation of yeast; and in despair I went "up" myself, and locked myself into my room.

This same room was not extensive, and was of a shape in which my eye took no delight, being long and narrow, with only one window, and all the arrangements economized space as much as possible. The lounge was my bed at night, and the various little nick-nacks disposed about the walls were thought to give it a home-like appearance. Sometimes it did look very pleasant to me, with the pictures, and books, and mosses, etc.; and I knew that Miss Plidget delighted in showing it to visitors as "Miss Mapleton's room," and that the visitors all admired it; but this evening nothing looked pleasant, as I sat, with compressed lips and weary head, trying to solve the problem of putting nothing and nothing together and having the result something.

It was quite evident to the most obtuse perception that the school would not support me, and no other line of business seemed open to me. I had just one thousand dollars in gold-bearing bonds, and my ships that I had already sent out to sea, instead of coming back to me laden with treasures never came back at all. It had always been the way with me, that my pound, instead of gaining ten pounds, dissolved itself into thin air and disappeared altogether. For I had had a few thousands, which, through the representations of one and another, and a strong natural desire of ease and luxury, I invested in various ways, having first secured the aforesaid thousand in government bonds. Never a penny did I receive from any thing else.

I had a thousand in oil stock, into which I went, as I was assured, "on the ground-floor"—which seemed to be considered a very good thing, though I could never quite understand it—but I thought, rather bitterly, that I had probably come out in the attic, if that was the end farthest removed from the treasure. For some time I was buoyed up by reports that the workers were just about to strike oil, though how they could continually come so near it, without actually doing it, is one of the unexplained mysteries; but, as I believe they are still boring down into the bowels of the earth, they seem much more likely to strike fire.

Then I went into a gold mine—or rather

my money did—and with the usual happy results. Every thing progressed flourishingly until the workmen struck water; and I had read somewhere that this was a pretty thorough extinguisher to all mining operations. And when I heard of the huge blocks of quartz that have to be crushed and pounded for the sake of a little gold, it seemed almost as reasonable to form a company and attack the city paving-stones.

I also dabbled in coal, and had lately been offered thirty cents on a dollar for that stock. I suppose that most young women, with no one in particular to look after them, would have acknowledged themselves extinguished after all these experiences, and meekly taken in sewing, or married some humdrum widower with a home and six children in it. But I think I would have preferred cutting my throat to either of these alternatives; and I had no idea of doing *that*.

Poor Miss Plidget, rather an advanced single lady, with whom I had been living very comfortably for some time, worried over her boarders, and had battles with unconscionable butchers and grocers, all for the sake of a home—for she assured me that she made nothing by it—and a lodging in the dining-room pantry. I did not feel disposed to go into business with her, even if it would have supported a partner.

I suddenly seized the daily paper, and looked at the advertisements. I skipped all the profitable employments into which people were to be initiated by enclosing a stamp, or a dollar, or something else that they would never see again; and my eye rested involuntarily on the list of houses for sale. Now, what in the name of common-sense had I to do with this? Would my \$1000 buy any thing of that sort, and what could I do with it after I had bought it?

Still my eye lingered, and I thought rapidly. One paragraph in particular riveted my attention:

FOR SALE—A small house in a central situation, in perfect repair. Will be sold a bargain if applied for immediately. BROAD AND LONG, Real Estate Agents, No. 40 Plum Street."

The indistinct phantom gradually assumed a well-defined outline; and when the chaotic clouds of fancy had cleared away I beheld as complete a little scheme as a desperate young woman, left entirely to her own resources, could possibly devise. I would buy that house; I would use the parlors for a school-room, and rent the remainder to some respectable family. Such houses were always in demand; and it was possible that by this arrangement I might get my school-room rent free.

It was rather a bold idea, considering that I had just one thousand dollars in my possession; but my determination was iron; and the next thing was to fix upon some one who would be likely to lend me the remainder of the money. Oh, my friends! (so-called) how little you knew that many of you were then weighed in a mental balance and found wanting! One after

another they came up at my call; but, although most of them were fully able to accommodate me, I hesitated to apply the test that would prove them sterling gold or worthless dross. It is a well-known saying that when a man is ready to put his hand in his pocket for you his love is not to be doubted. I had yet to prove that I had any true lovers.

Finally I came to the conclusion that I had done enough for one night, and went to bed upon it. In the morning, which was fortunately Saturday, I put on my bonnet with an air of great resolution, and bore straight down upon Mr. Portman.

Had I been a boy I should have encouraged myself by whistling all the way there; but as it was I could only keep up an incessant thinking, and wonder what my old friend would say when he saw me in his office—and, still more, what he would say when I told him my errand. This, however, was to be approached by gradual steps; and I tried to feel composed as I called to mind all the kindnesses I had received in the shape of handsome Christmas presents, and various attentions that rich old bachelors are apt to bestow on their friends' children.

For Mr. Portman had been my father's friend, and I had seen his face ever since I could remember. He had kindly said that he regretted not having twenty children to send to my school, and he had done all that he could toward establishing it. But would he now feel disposed to lend me three or four thousand dollars?

I peeped in timidly, but, to my great delight, he was entirely alone.

"My dear Miss Berenice!" he exclaimed, warmly, taking me by both hands; "this is indeed a pleasure! Sit right down here, and tell me what is the matter—for I know that you never would have bearded the old fellow in his den for nothing."

"There is a great deal the matter," said I, desperately, as I began to feel my nicely-prepared speech slipping entirely away from me.

"I am sorry to hear it," he replied, looking grave immediately, and evidently expecting some overwhelming communication.

I tried to begin as I had intended, but it would not come, and, exhausted with nervous excitement, I burst into tears. Then every thing came out in a perfect stream, without being "sorted" at all; and there was the strangest mixture of my hopes and fears and projects, and my intention of buying a house in the same breath that I acknowledged myself unable to pay for one room, until my hearer looked quite stunned, and evidently began to wonder if I had lost my senses.

Then he looked amused, and presently he said: "My dear girl, there is no need of crying; let us examine this matter rationally. You wish, you say, to buy a small house, that you may have a more desirable room for your school, and lessen the expense of rent; that strikes me as a particularly sensible idea. As

to the money part, you will not be obliged to pay the whole sum down; how much have you at your command?"

"I have just one thousand dollars in the world," I replied, shortly.

"*One thousand dollars!*" repeated Mr. Portman, in amazement. "You can not really mean it! The daughter of my old friend Edward Mapleton reduced to *this!* Why did you not let me know it before?"

"I would not have told you *now*," said I, proudly, "had you not asked me."

The old gentleman walked about the office, shaking his head in a very disapproving way. "Poor child!" said he, "poor child!"

"I am not so very much to be pitied," said I, determined to assert myself to the last; "I have youth and health, and although I *do* labor under the disadvantage of being a woman, I intend to accomplish something yet. I will never be dependent on any one except for kindness; but if you are willing, Mr. Portman, to lend me whatever is required above my thousand—"

"*'Willing!'*" he exclaimed, warmly; "I would be 'willing,' Berenice, to do far more; but if this is the only assistance you will accept, let us go at once and look at the house."

My heart was considerably lightened as we set forth, and directing our steps to No. 40 Plum Street, we found Messrs. Broad and Long in the shape of one hard-looking gentleman, who was neither broad nor long, except by name.

He eyed us critically, and then said, in an indifferent way: "Yes—neat little house—present owner going West. No. 99 Lumbago Street—take a look at it?"

Mr. Portman nodded assent, and a short walk brought us to a very clean little street, about the centre of which stood "my house"—its dimensions reminding me of a very delicate slice of cake. It was just the place for a school, as I saw at the first glance; and Mr. Portman evidently thought so too, although he was very quiet about it. A long saloon-parlor—the very thing for a school-room—a cunning little dining-room back, and nicely-finished chambers above, with a third story above them.

Mr. Portman examined every part of the house very critically, and when the agent left us for a moment he told me that it was very well built, and that the price, \$4000, was extremely moderate.

"You could probably get \$5000 for it, after a little time, if you wished to sell," said he.

This was a new view of the case; and it set me thinking more desperately than ever. Make a clear \$1000, after paying Mr. Portman what I owed him, and thus double my money! It was quite exciting; and I felt disposed to go at once into the real estate business.

The end of it all was that the house became mine, at least nominally, for I always felt that it really belonged to Mr. Portman; and when the deed was executed and placed in my hands I al-

most doubted my own identity. My æsthetic soul, however, received a severe shock in the wording of the document, wherein I was stigmatized as "Berenice Mapleton, *spinster*!" How much more agreeable to my feelings the term "damsel" or "maiden" would have been! I tried to remember that I was twenty-four; but "spinster" sounded like forty, at least. Spinster or not, though, the house was mine; and I, almost a pauper, was actually a property-holder!

"Now," said Mr. Portman, cheerfully, when the matter was all arranged, "I really think, Miss Berenice, this is the brightest thing you have done for many a day."

"That *you* have done, you mean," I murmured.

"No," he replied, stoutly, "*my* noddle didn't hatch out the plan at all; the credit of it all belongs to *you*. And, unless I am a false prophet, your fortunes will turn from this very day."

I had given heed already to too many false prophets to be much elated now; but, nevertheless, there *was* an excitement in buying a house; and it really seemed as though a school *must* flourish in such a neighborhood as that. I felt like laying violent hands on several little curly-pates who were playing around, and dragging them forcibly to my temple of learning.

Mr. Portman knew of a young married couple, just from Maine, who would be glad to occupy the remainder of my house; and before long they were installed there, at a rent that covered all expenses, and left my school-room rent free! I began to have quite a respect for my own business qualities. The bride was just the sweetest little thing I ever saw; and she would bring her sewing into the school-room, and listen to my style of teaching, and declare that she learned so much herself that she ought to be regularly entered as a pupil, and pay her tuition-fee like the others.

I took great pride in my new school-room; and two new scholars from the neighborhood came to supply the place of those I had lost. Every one prophesied brilliant success for me in the spring, and I looked quite hopefully forward.

But my fortune was destined to come from another quarter.

I had not been long in possession of my house when I was informed, one evening, that a gentleman wished to see me in the parlor. Now my room looked particularly cozy and pleasant, and I was, moreover, writing—deep in a story that promised to be a great success. My hair was somewhat tumbled about, but rather picturesquely so; and quite forgetful of my little apron, I concluded to go down just as I was. Probably some pompous-looking father of a family awaited me, with a string of questions about my school; and trying to assume a proper expression of dignity, I walked quietly into the room.

Rather a tall gentleman was bending over Miss Plidget's photograph-album—the grand ornament of the centre-table; and although

the gas was miserably low, I could see that he was just then occupied with *my* picture, or with that of Miss Plidget herself, which was just opposite to it. He seemed quite absorbed, and did not hear me when I came in.

The visitor was young and fine-looking, with a frank, determined face, that would win his way any where. On the card that I had received was written "George Helmwood." Surely *he* could not have any children to place at school! What could he possibly want with me?

He looked around surprised when I turned up the gas, and glanced hastily from me to the album again. He bowed politely as he said, "I called to see Miss Mapleton—I was told that she lives here."

"I am Miss Mapleton," I replied, rather surprised.

"A lady who has a school on Lumbago Street," he continued, hesitatingly, "who owns a house there."

I pleaded guilty to both of these charges, and the gentleman looked both amused and embarrassed.

"Pardon me," he said, presently, with a smile. "I—I expected to see an older lady. I scarcely know how to begin."

"Is it any thing about the school?" I asked, by way of helping him.

"No," was the reply; "it is about the house. The truth is, Miss Mapleton, I want to buy the house—or rather my father does—and he has authorized me to negotiate for it. Have you any desire to sell it?"

"I have only just bought it," said I, scarcely knowing what else to say; "and my school is there. Besides, it is rented for a year."

"Will you let my father call and see you about it?" asked my visitor, after a pause. "The truth is, I—I do not understand such business very well. My father is willing to give \$10,000 for the property—he *must* have it, if possible."

Was I really in my sober senses? Ten thousand dollars! I must have looked and acted in an inexpressibly silly manner, for Mr. Helmwood soon took his leave without arriving at any understanding whatever, except that I was to receive a visit from his father.

The next day I rushed down to Mr. Portman for instructions.

"Bravo! Miss Berenice," said he, laughing, when he had heard my story, "you will turn out a woman of fortune yet. I know the Helmwoods well—very nice people indeed—and the *son*, let me tell you, is particularly nice. Father and son are in business together, and their large importing warehouse is on the street back of your premises. By extending their place they will probably realize a few hundred thousands from increased business; and they can therefore well afford to pay you \$10,000 to get you out of the way. Let them do it, by all means."

Thus fortified I was quite ready for Mr. Helmwood senior, who was a remarkably fine-

looking old gentleman, not unlike his son, and who stared at me during the interview as though he had a dim recollection of having seen me before. He was quite at his ease, and I felt much less embarrassed in discussing business matters with him than with his son; there was, moreover, a warmth and urbanity in his manner that quite charmed me.

"Now, my dear young lady," said he, in a quick, earnest way, "the facts of the case are just these: I do not wish to be regarded by you in the light of a filibuster, nor as coveting what is legally and properly yours; but I have had my eye on that little property for some time past; and it was only lately, while in a neighboring city on a matter of business, that I was informed it was for sale. I immediately wrote to George to secure it at once; but he wrote back that it had been bought by a single lady for a school. (And here I may as well say in parenthesis that you do not at all answer the idea we had formed of the single lady in question, and I can not help looking upon you in some sort as an impostor.) I then marched George immediately off to this elderly maiden of our imaginations to see if she could be prevailed upon to sell at an advance. The young man, however, returned in an unsettled state of mind, having evidently failed to bring you to terms, and coolly requested me to finish the business myself. I believe, Miss Mapleton, that you paid \$4000 for the house. I will double that amount."

I bit my lip to keep from smiling. Truly the son *was* unbusiness-like. "I did not buy the house to sell again," I replied, very quietly.

"I know it. You bought it, of course, for your school, and I suppose it just suits you; but, unfortunately, it just suits *me* too. Would \$9000 tempt you?"

I remained silent, fearful that if I spoke I should laugh.

"Now," said Mr. Helmwood, rising in his earnestness, "I *must* have the place! and, rather than lose it, I will give you \$10,000 for it."

"That is just what your son offered me at first," I replied, without raising my eyelashes.

"The young idiot!" exclaimed his father, laughing. "Pray, how did he word his offer, if you can recall it?"

"To the best of my recollection he said: 'My father is willing to give \$10,000 for the property—he *must* have it, if possible.'"

"And you have been quietly laughing at me in your sleeve all this time!" said my visitor. "I *am* willing to give \$10,000 for the property, but I *preferred* getting it for \$8000, which is considerably above its value to any one but myself. Is it a bargain, then, at \$10,000?"

"Mr. Helmwood," said I, as I felt the color rising in my face, "one thing you will please to remember in this matter—I did not offer my property for sale, nor had I any idea of disposing of it; but, much to my surprise, I was solicited by you to part with it. I am not 'a sharp woman'—a character that I particularly

detest—as I have lost nearly all the little I possessed in foolish ventures; and after your son's visit to me I went, much perplexed, to consult my friend, Mr. Portman, through whose assistance I was enabled to buy the house. He advised me to accept Mr. George Helmwood's offer, and explained to me that you would be an immense gainer by purchasing my little property, even at this extravagant price. I have a great horror of taking advantage of any one, and I was afraid that it might not be quite right to receive so much more for a thing than I had given."

"My dear Miss Mapleton," replied Mr. Helmwood, with a manner of great respect, "I should never think of fastening upon you the term of 'sharp woman;' but you will not object, I hope, to my regarding you as a remarkably clever young lady. You are quite right in saying that the property is worth far more than \$10,000 to me; and I give it the more cheerfully since I have seen the owner. But I shall certainly have a good laugh at George for his style of doing business. Perhaps, however, had I been his age instead of mine, I should not have acquitted myself any better."

This was rather embarrassing, and I hastened to say: "Mr. George Helmwood could not have mentioned to you that I have rented the premises for a year?"

"Oh yes; he did say something of the kind. But I will undertake to reconcile the inmates to a change of residence, provided I have your consent to proceed in the matter."

Finally I gave it; it seemed to be the best thing I could do; and just as he was leaving Mr. Helmwood scrutinized me closely, as he asked:

"Will you allow me to inquire, Miss Mapleton, if Mr. Sylvester Willingfleet was a relative of yours?"

"He was my grandfather," I replied.

"I am very glad to hear it!" he exclaimed, seizing my hand warmly. "He was one of the old merchants of the city, and a valued friend of mine. Many a pleasant hour have I passed in his hospitable mansion, where, besides entertaining his equals, there was an especial table set for the poor every day. The grand-daughter of such a man should not—"

"Be earning her own living?" said I, seeing that he hesitated. "His grand-daughter, Sir, does not consider that she is disgracing either him or herself by such a course."

I knew that my head went up an inch or two, and that my eyes flashed; for he said, kindly: "You have just his look—a little haughty at times, for he was a thorough-bred old aristocrat. I was troubled the first moment I saw you to decide whom you resembled so strongly. And now, my dear young lady, you will, I hope, allow us to look upon you as a friend. My wife will call at once; and I hope very soon to welcome you at our house, as I have been so often welcomed at your grandfather's."

"Well, Berenice Mapleton," said I, when I

found myself alone with that individual, "what do you think of yourself *now*? Are you really yourself or somebody else? Or have you been dreaming all these bewildering things?"

Mr. Portman came in that very evening, and congratulated me on my good fortune, laughing heartily at my account of the interview with Mr. Helmwood; and by the next morning I was so fully persuaded that things were what they seemed that I bought a pound of French candy to celebrate the event, and tried to inveigle Miss Plidget into sharing the feast with me.

But that wary female, who was given to dyspepsia and other absurdities, solemnly worked her way through one sugar-plum, analyzing it all the while, as though it had been a fragment of quartz, or something else equally indigestible, and then absolutely refused to touch any more.

I was engaged in exploring the recesses of the neat little *bonbon* bag, when Mrs. Helmwood was announced; and I went down to receive a warm embrace from the most elegant-looking, not *old* lady, but middle-aged lady, I had ever seen. Her features were regular and beautiful, she was perfectly dressed, and had the air of a dowager duchess. She insisted upon my going home with her at once on a visit; declared, in answer to my objections, that I was not a stranger, as she had known my grandfather well; and, finally, I was deposited in a lovely square room, surrounded by every luxury, and expected to remain for an indefinite period.

There were no daughters, and only that one son; so Mrs. Helmwood declared that it was a real charity for a young lady to enliven their dullness. It was certainly a very pleasant task, as I enlivened my own at the same time; and I felt very thankful for the advantage of having had a grandfather.

Master George and I were rather shy of each other at first; but this gradually wore off—and, somehow or other, we found ourselves alone together very frequently. I tried to avoid this, for I had no desire to repay these people's kindness to me by taking their son from them, for whom they probably had some grander match in store. But one day the young gentleman made some exceedingly incoherent remarks to me, and drew a highly-colored picture of our first meeting—in which "my picturesquely careless hair" and "coquettish little apron" (it had a great blotch of ink in one corner, but fortunately he did not see that) figured largely—and the "exquisite picture" in Miss Plidget's album came in for a share of the general enthusiasm; and I conducted myself in consequence very much like an idiot, and came near forgetting every thing, until I suddenly remembered to assure him that his father and mother would probably be any thing but pleased at such an arrangement, and that I could never consent to enter a family that was not desirous of receiving me.

My lover suddenly disappeared, and soon returned with his father.

"It seems to me, young lady," said the older gentleman, with a very quizzical look, "that in all George's transactions with you I am brought in to finish the business. I would have nothing to do with such a stupid fellow. Your very honorable conduct, my dear little girl, only makes me more anxious than ever to welcome you as a daughter; and if I had entertained any objections to such a *finale*, do you think I would have been weak enough to expose my son to the peril of daily contact with a girl like *you*?"

I had nothing to say to this; and Mr. Helmwood took me in his arms and kissed me, and then led me to his wife, from whom I received an equally warm welcome.

It is needless to say that those five infants, on whom I had expended so much surplus energy, were turned out to pasture without any compunctions of conscience; and the young couple from Maine were provided with a larger domicile, and some very nice furniture to put in it.

Mr. Portman would not allow me to pay my debt to him, but insisted upon its being appropriated to my trousseau; and my identical gold bonds were returned to me just as I had given them to him. He had the pleasure of giving me away; but he said that the fact of my never having belonged to him made this considerably easier.

My father-in-law declared that he had rather outwitted me, after all, as the money was all in the family.

TRINITY SEASON.

MICHAELMAS TO ADVENT.

MICHAELMAS is the chief of the holidays which occur in the autumnal part of the Trinity season. The Feast of St. Michael and all the Holy Angels, popularly called Michaelmas, falls upon the 29th of September. Many years, yes, centuries ago a church was built upon Mount St. Angelo in Apulia and dedicated to St. Michael; hence the appellation of the day which is the anniversary of that dedication.

The hierarchy of heaven seems to be composed—outside of the Deity and the Great Angel of the Covenant—of archangels, angels, cherubim, and seraphim. The archangels are Michael, Raphael, Uriel, Gabriel, Seraphael, Lehodiel, and Barachiel. But before all these was "the anointed cherub, who sealed up the sum, full of wisdom and perfect in beauty; who was upon the holy mountain of God, and walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire; who was perfect in his ways from the day he was created until iniquity was found in him"—was Heïlel, "the shining one"—Lucifer. "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!" It has been noticed as a curious and interesting scriptural

fact that God the Father seems to have had his attendant archangel, Heïlcl; God the Son, his attendant archangel, Michael—"who is like to God;" God the Holy Spirit, his attendant archangel, Gabriel—"God is my strength." It is also very curious that the anointed cherub Heïlcl, the attendant of the Father, was the one who "lifted up his heart because of his beauty, who corrupted his wisdom by reason of his brightness," and was "cast as profane out of the mountain of God," and became Satan, the fallen spirit, and was "brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit."

After the disappearance of Heïlcl from heaven Michael became the Corypheus of the angelic host. "The Protestant Beadsman," a fine work by Barnard of Brantinghamthorpe on the holy-days of the Church, etc., says: "The rank of archangel is given in Scripture to none but Michael, who is represented as the guardian and protector both of the Jewish Church and of the Church of Christ, in which the former merged." On this account he is celebrated by name, while the rest of the holy angels are praised collectively. St. Michael is mentioned in Scripture five times, and always in a military view: thrice by Daniel, as fighting for the Jewish Church against Persia; once by St. John, as fighting at the head of his angelic troops against the dragon and his host; and once by St. Jude, as fighting personally with the devil about the body of Moses. An author of great name inclines to the opinion that there is no other archangel but Michael, and adds that he succeeded Lucifer in this high dignity." Bishop Horsely is disposed to infer from the title which Gabriel gave him—"Michael your prince"—that "he is the Son of God himself." We can not enter into a discussion of the subject.

Hone gives us a copy of an ancient print which represents Michael standing over the dragon, dressed in ancient Roman armor, bearing the banner of the cross in his right hand and a flaming sword in his left, with the six principal angels arranged three on each side, carrying various emblems. The apocryphal "Book of Enoch" describes Michael as the holy angel who presides over human virtue and commands the nations; Raphael as presiding over the spirits of men; Uriel as presiding over clamor and terror; and Gabriel as presiding over Paradise and the cherubim. Randle Holme, the herald, says that Michael is the head of the order of archangels, and that his design is a banner hanging on a cross; Raphael the leader of the order of powers; Uriel the commander of the seraphim; and Gabriel the governor of the angels. An old writer relates that "Michael bore the banner of the celestial host, and chased the angel Lucifer and his followers from heaven, and inclosed them in dark air until the day of judgment; not in the upper region, but betwixt heaven and earth, that when they look up they may see the joy they have lost, and when they look down they

may see men mount to heaven from whence they fell." This will recall to the reader the imprecation in *Lalla Rookh* where Moore makes the traitor dwell in front of Paradise, "beholding heaven and feeling hell."

Hone says: "In the great army of angels the archangels are deemed commanders. The angels themselves are said to be divided into as many legions as there are archangels; whether these are seven or nine does not appear to be determined."

St. Michael's Day, though set down in the Anglican as well as the Roman calendar, and there is also a special service provided for its due celebration in the Book of Common Prayer—"it being observed," says Wheatly, "that the people may know what benefits are derived from the ministry of angels"—is more particularly a distinguished festival in the Roman Church. It is believed in the latter Church that "angels as well as saints intercede for men, and that intercession may be moved by prayers to them. Thus patron saints and angels are sometimes drawn for by putting certain favorite names together and selecting one, to whom the invocations of the individual are from that time especially addressed." In Romanistic countries where superstition is most rife, as in Italy and Spain, nearly every one has a patron saint, and the greatest trust seems to be placed in these intercessors. "Bishop Patrick cites a Roman litany," says Hone, "wherein, after addresses to God, the Trinity, and the Virgin Mary, there are invocations to St. Michael, St. Gabriel, and St. Raphael, together with all the orders of angels, to 'pray for us.' He also instances that in the old Roman and Sarum missals there is a proper mass to Raphael the archangel, as the protector of pilgrims and travelers, and a skillful worker with medicine." This was doubtless suggested by the "Book of Tobit," in which Raphael enacts the parts of guide, friend, and physician. "Likewise," continues the Bishop, "there is an office for the continual intercession of St. Gabriel and all the heavenly militia. In these services St. Michael is invoked as a 'most glorious and warlike prince, chief officer of Paradise, the receiver of souls, captain of God's host, the admirable general, and the vanquisher of evil spirits.'" The old legends describe various miracles which were performed by St. Michael; but they are as absurd and improbable as those related of other saints.

Much is said about angels and cherubim and seraphim in the Scriptures, and more in the old Jewish writings. It would occupy too much space to go into an elaborate examination of the subject. Hence we forbear, presuming that what is said in the Bible is more or less familiar, and that what is merely tradition is probably of questionable value.

Michaelmas in England has long been a marked period in the civic year. It is the time on which many of the elections are held; when mayors and guardians of the peace are chosen. Bourne thinks that this time was se-

lected for such purposes "because the feast of angels naturally brings to the mind the old opinion of tutelar spirits, who have, or are thought to have, the particular charge of certain bodies of men or districts of country; as also that every man has his guardian angel, who attends him from the cradle to the grave, from the moment of his coming in to his going out of the world."

Michaelmas is also one of the four quarter-days for the payment of rent. It is also a holiday; and in the olden time the landlords always made it a gay season to their tenants, who upon quarter-days usually brought a present with the rent. Hence the Michaelmas goose, which every one has heard of, and yet no one can satisfactorily account for. Gascoigne says in his "Posies," written about the year 1575:

"And when the tenauntes come
To pay their quarter's rent,
They bring some fowle at Midsummer,
A dish of fish in Lent;
At Christmasse a capon,
At Michaelmasse a goose,
And somewhat else at New-yere's-tide,
For feare their lease flie loose."

When the calendar was reformed the people were alarmed lest stubble-geese should not synchronize with Michaelmas. Brande writes that the "plowmen always eat goose at the harvest-home; and that it is a popular saying, If you eat goose on Michaelmas-day you will not want money all the year round." We read, too, that a piece of land in Hereford was rented by one Barnaby of the lord of Sastres "for twenty pence a year and one goose fit for the lord's dinner on the feast of St. Michael the archangel." Martin says that in the Western Isles they have a celebration and bake the *ban-nock*, or St. Michael's cake, and that "strangers as well as the family must eat the bread that night." Macaulay refers to the custom as having been "universal until a late day." He also adds that St. Patrick is credited with working a miracle in Ireland by the assistance of St. Michael; and that "in commemoration of this Michaelmas was instituted a festival day of joy, plenty, and universal benevolence." Mr. Brande, likewise, has discovered traces of reveling which once took place in Hertfordshire upon Michaelmas, which the people of that county sometimes called Ganging-day, from the sport of every one following a leader who went, like Master Puck, "over bush, over brier, etc.," very much to the discomfort of those who were "ganging after." The gangers console or amuse themselves with bumping the persons they meet, which causes the better class of women to remain at home. Of course all ends with cakes and ale in the usual way.

"There have been merry times at Michaelmas," says William Howitt; "who would believe it? yet there have been merry times at Michaelmas. Mayors and aldermen were then elected, and made their bows to each other; and be sure there were merry doings when mayors and aldermen were in the case.

Stubble-geese, like the aldermen, were now in prime condition; but being the weaker, according to the proverb, went to the wall, and thence to the kitchen, and twirled upon the spit. It was a jolly day in old Mother Church; she ordered every body that could get it to eat a goose in honor of St. Michael and all the angels. So in church and corporation, in abbey and town-hall, in farm and cottage, there was an universal eating of fat geese; and nobody that I ever heard of complained of the injunction. Queen Elizabeth was eating her goose at the time that the news of the defeat of the Spanish Armada was brought to her, and no doubt she thought the Spaniards great and very green geese for having come there, and that they would be much greater geese if they ever came there again. Ever after Queen Bess most assiduously ate her goose at Michaelmas, and probably with Spanish chestnuts, as the people on the Continent do now; or, if she did not, she would not have repented if she had, for it is a princely addition. Queen Bess ate her goose all the more assiduously because it was an old saying that, if you ate your goose at Michaelmas, you would have plenty of money all the year round—a prescription that, if its efficacy were at all proportioned to its agreeableness, people would be geese indeed not to comply with. How, indeed, could any one desire a pleasanter way of replenishing a purse? Queen Bess was always dreadfully in want of money; and as this came to be seen, and not the less to be felt, by those who had the taxes to pay, and as no more Armadas came to be defeated, people lost all faith in eating roast goose, except the comfortable faith that Robert Southey had when he addressed one in a sonnet, and asking the goose where it could have been so bravely fed, and receiving no answer, added himself:

"But this I know, that thou art very fine,
Seasoned with sage, with onions, and port wine."

"Jolly times, it is clear, there have been at Michaelmas. Now, roast pigs no longer run about with oranges in their mouths, crying, Come eat me! but stubble-geese do seem to meet you at every turn, and cackle out invitingly that pathetic request.

"Nothing in this degenerating world has degenerated so much as Michaelmas. Nobody nowadays, if their fathers had not told them, could have any idea how easily Michaelmas was once made to go over. It once was a gay day in spite of its being a pay day. I remember, when a boy, how merry were our rent nights. The supper-table at my father's was set out in a large, old-fashioned dining-room, and in came one bright face after another, as if the thing money had not brought it there. We six lads were allowed to sit up on these nights later than usual, and to sit down with the whole rustic group. Never did any hours flow more magically than those. There were assembled the wits, the humorists, the histo-

rians, the rural patriarchs of the neighborhood; and the whole country round, its doings, and its character and traditions passed in review. At one end of the table sat the stately form of the landlord, radiant with the mirth of the present and remembrance of the past; at the other, the mild and maternal glance of one of the best and noblest of women, who thought, felt, and lived for every creature within the reach of her untiring sympathies. What knowledge of human life have I gleaned at these times! How entirely in memory do they seem to have belonged to some better and more patriarchal age!"

The scenes described so well by Howitt belong to a by-gone age. Michaelmas, in a great degree, has faded as a "jolly day," and become merely "quarter-day." But in the Church the festival of St. Michael and all the Holy Angels will ever be celebrated as long as devotion and love of the beautiful exist in the world.

St. Jerome's Day, the 30th, closes the month of September. It may be found in the English and Roman almanacs. Hieronymus, or St. Jerome, was a distinguished presbyter who lived about the year 400. He was one of the prominent Latin fathers. Inferior to Chrysostom and Augustine in genius, and perhaps talents, he excelled them both in learning. He traveled extensively, and wrote voluminously on a variety of subjects. His translation of the Bible was the foundation, to some extent, of the Vulgate version, and for that he will always be remembered. The latter days of his life he passed in a monastery, becoming gloomy and unsympathetic. His views are not perfectly reliable, and, we may add, no father is more disingenuously quoted. There is nothing of interest in his day beyond his memory. It is chiefly honored in the Roman Church, which of course duly celebrates it with a proper office.

October, or the eighth month of the Roman, was called by the Saxons Winter-fulleth, or Wynmonath—"Wine month." Spenser says:

"Then came October, full of merry glee,
For yet his noule was totty of the must."

The change in the year becomes now thoroughly apparent. The harvests are gathered, the flowers are gone, and the woods present, with the ripe leaves, hues ever varying and ever beautiful. Hardly any spectacle can be more rich and glorious than that presented by the American forest in October—"the many-colored woods."

In England shooting and fox-hunting begin in October. The pheasants are then in season, and the fox must lose his brush. As there is no riding after hounds in our own country, we substitute deer-stalking or a buffalo-chase. Squirrels and prairie-hens and quail are also favorite objects of sport with our people in October, especially in the Far West, where game abounds. But shooting is degenerating from a manly sport to a common business, and it is to be feared that the destruction of the game from

off the face of the earth may be one of the consequences.

The 1st of October is set down in the English almanac to St. Remigius. He is noted for having admitted Clovis to the Church through *trine* immersion, and having also instructed him in the faith. Clovis thus obtained the titles of the "most Christian king" and the "eldest son of the Church." The former title was one of the appellations of the king of France as long as France had a king. In similar style the king of Spain is called "his most Catholic Majesty," and the sovereign of Great Britain, "Defender of the Faith." On the 1st the Roman Church also commemorates the "Rosary," which is only a string of beads of various sizes to facilitate believers in saying *Paters* and *Aves* and other prayers in a perfunctory way.

The feast of the Holy Guardian Angels, which comes on the 2d, is entirely a Roman festival, and seems to be similar, but subordinate, to that of the feast of St. Michael. Holme ranks the angels in "nine quiores—seraphims, cherubims, archangels, angels, thrones, principalities, powers, dominions, virtues;" and Father Henriquez describes their mode of life, habits, dress, etc., but says that they have "no particular houses." St. Paul, however, warns people against worshiping of angels, and intruding into those things one hath not seen. Father Henriquez, being a Jesuit, did not heed the admonition, but describes Paradise and its inhabitants as minutely as if he had been in the heavenly Jerusalem. The truth is, no one knows any thing about the details of the next world and heaven; and though it may be a curious, yet it is a fruitless, subject of speculation.

The 4th is dedicated to St. Francis of Assis, the founder of the order of mendicant friars. He flourished about the year 1200, and gained a great reputation by his sanctity, his travels, and his works. The Romanists esteem him highly, and Cousin even pays a tribute to his memory.

St. Denys, whose name occurs in the calendars on the 8th, was another worthy who lived in the seventh and eighth centuries. He was the patron saint of France, which country, Bishop Patrick says, "glories in his relics." Nevertheless Germany claims to have his bones, and where they really are the saint himself perhaps knows. He is celebrated for the rather apocryphal act of walking after his martyrdom. The Roman Missal says:

"He fell indeed, but presently arose,
The breathless body finds both feet and way,
He takes his head in hand and forward goes."

He is thus usually represented in the old pictures.

The memory of King Edward the Confessor, so dear to the Anglo-Saxons, is preserved upon the 13th. The day which is in the English almanac is the anniversary of the so-called translation of his bones to their final resting-place. King Edward was long affectionately

remembered for his wise and beneficent laws, which made his people good and happy.

St. Theresa's Day, the 15th, is noted chiefly on account of the memorable speech she is said to have uttered. One day, being in poverty and sorrow, with only two sous left, she exclaimed, "Theresa and two sous—nothing!" Reflecting, she added, "Theresa, two sous, and *God*—every thing!" Such is faith in a pure mind. It savors of the sublime.

St. Luke's Day comes upon the 18th. Evangelist, historian, friend and physician of St. Paul, his day, of course, is in all Christian calendars. But little is known of Luke beyond what Scripture recounts. Tradition has partially confounded him with Lucius, but without reason. Some writers infer that he was a painter, and think that the old masters' ideas of the Madonna were derived from some work of his pencil. He accompanied St. Paul to Philippi, where he remained and wrote his gospel. At a later day he compiled the Acts. His style, though not always pure, is refined. The introduction to the gospel is the finest specimen of classic Greek in the New Testament. This is not the place to discuss his writings. Mr. Taylor, his biographer, thinks that he removed to Achaia at last, where he died at the age of eighty-four. There is a special service for his day in the Prayer-Book, and it is observed by all the Churches which honor the memories of the good and wise men of ancient days.

St. Crispin's Day, the 25th, will ever be remembered as the anniversary of the battle of Agincourt, fought in the year 1415, when Henry V. of England signally defeated the French under the Constable d'Albret. The scene at night before the action has been exquisitely described by Shakspeare in his play of Henry V. :

"From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch."

Agincourt may be classed with Cressy and Poitiers in its importance and influence among the memorable battles of the world, and Henry could say with truth :

"And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered."

St. Crispin and St. Crispinian were two Christian cordwainers, who removed from Rome to Soissons in the third century, and in imitation of St. Paul followed their gentle craft and preached the Gospel. Having finished their course they suffered cruel martyrdom, and have ever since been the patron saints of the "mystery" of shoemakers. No miracle is reported of these saints, unless it be that they made shoes which fitted without being broken in—something not often accomplished in these more enlightened days. In former days the pious memory of St. Crispin was honored in England by feasting and jollity on the part of

the guild of shoemakers and cobblers; and as late as 1822 St. Crispin was crowned by the cordwainers of Newcastle. In Flanders the company of cobblers, by an ancient command of Charles V., who had been hospitably entertained by one of the craft, takes precedence of the company of shoemakers, and has for its arms a boot surmounted by a crown. In this country, however, we fancy "shoes are not sewed with merry notes," and St. Crispin's Day is not as familiar to shoemakers as Blue-Monday.

St. Simon and St. Jude have their day together on the 28th. We can not tell why these saints are allowed but half a day apiece, but so it is. Both belonged to the Twelve Apostles. The former was called Zelotes; little or nothing is known of him beyond a bare rumor that he went to Britain, where he suffered death. The latter was the brother of James, the uterine brother of Christ. He wrote the remarkable epistle of one chapter, which St. Peter probably had read when he wrote his second epistle. Tradition relates that Jude traveled as far east as Persia, where he preached and was martyred. St. Simon's and St. Jude's Day is observed by the Church generally, and there is a special office for its commemoration in the Book of Common Prayer.

All-Hallow-e'en comes upon the last day of the month. Ecclesiastically speaking, it is the vigil of All-Saints'-day. In early days it was a custom to keep the day before a leading feast, and especially the night, as a vigil or preparation for the more solemn observance of the coming festival. As asceticism has for the most part passed away, probably vigils are seldom kept now, even by the "rigidly righteous," and devotees are rare, too, in the few monasteries that remain. The loss of the vigil will not be esteemed great by those who, in religion, think it is far better to be good than to feel good.

"It's Hesper, Hallow-eve!
Sweet, new-old Hallow-eve!
For what thou wert, for what thou art,
Thrice welcome, Hallow-eve!"

Holy-eve, or Nutcrack-night, is another of those seasons which abound with curious and superstitious practices, or rather did so in the days of our Saxon ancestors. "In the north of England," says Mary Howitt, "many of these are still found to linger. One of the most common is that of diving for apples; or catching at them with the mouth only, the hands being tied behind and the apples suspended on one end of a long transverse beam, at the other extremity of which is fixed a lighted candle. The fruit and nuts form the most prominent part of the evening feast, and from this circumstance the night has received the name of Nutcrack-night. Nuts also were employed as one, and perhaps the oldest, of the many modes of divination practiced at this season, for Hutchinson is quite correct when he says of this eve that it seems to retain the celebration of a festival to Pomona, when it is supposed the summer stores are opened on the approach of win-

ter. Divinations and consulting of omens attended all these ceremonies in the practice of the heathen. Hence, in the rural sacrifice of nuts, if the nuts lie still and burn together it prognosticates a hopeful love; if, on the contrary, they bounce and fly asunder the sign is unpropitious. Here, again, as in so many instances, the custom may be traced back from an unmeaning frolic to a popish superstition, and from that to a classic rite. Nuts have a religious import, says the Roman calendar; and, going yet farther, we find this is but an echo from the times of paganism. Among the Romans it was a custom for the bridegroom to throw nuts about the room that the boys might scramble for them, thereby, as some will have it, intimating that the new husband meant henceforth to lay aside the sports of boyhood."

In an old pictured missal an individual is seen, according to Brand, on All-Hallow-e'en, "balancing himself upon a pole laid across two stools," playing antics. Harvey, the conjuror, writes: "This is the last day of October. I am alone; but the servants have demanded of me apples, ale, and nuts, and so I may run over my own annals of All-Hallows'-eve; for I have been an adept on occasion of this anile solemnity."

It was an old custom in Scotland for young girls to decide upon their future husbands by pulling cabbages, blindfold, upon Hallow-e'en. Burns says: "The first ceremony is pulling kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with. Its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any earth stick to the root, that is fortunate; and the taste of the stem is indicative of the disposition. The stalks are placed over the door, and the Christian names of those who by chance pass under are the names in question." We believe that pulling cabbages is in vogue even in our country in some rural districts on Hallow-e'en, so that at such a time notable housewives are very apt to keep a look-out on their cabbages.

The customs of All-Hallow-eve are too numerous to permit us to give any thing like a full account of them. Much on the subject may be found in the notes to Burns's poem of "All-Hallow-e'en." Hone tells us of bonfires, and divinations by ashes and white stones; burning and cracking of nuts; pulling of oats; winding of blue yarn; of eating the apple with an eye on a mirror; of harrowing hemp-seed; of winnowing corn; of stacking barley; of the Hallow-e'en cake, and we wot not how much more. The end or aim of all which practices is to enable young folk to find out what will be their future fortune, and how they will marry, if they are destined to marry at all.

"Mysterious Hallow-eve!
Weird-mantled Hallow-eve!
Much joy and pain have cause more vain
Than ours of Hallow-eve!"

November, the ninth month of the Roman, was termed Wintmonath or "Wind month" by the Saxons. This month bears an unfavorable reputation. Bishop Warburton writes: "The dreadful month of November! when little wretches hang and drown themselves, and great ones sell themselves to the court and the devil;" and Leigh Hunt adds: "The gloomy month of November, in which, Frenchmen say, we hang and drown ourselves;" but he admits, after all, that though "November, with its frequent rains, the fall of the leaf, and the visible approach of winter, is a gloomy month to the gloomy, to others it brings only pensiveness—a feeling very far from destitute of pleasure."

The 1st is All-Saints'-day, in fact a complement to All-Angels'-day. Indeed, it was also dedicated to the angel who guards seeds and fruits, and was hence called *La Mas Ubhal*, pronounced *Lamasool*—the origin of the name *Lambswool*, a drink composed of roasted apples, sugar, and ale, in vogue among the Saxons upon various occasions of festivity.

The festival of All-Saints was probably adapted from the pagans. The Pantheon, which Agrippa built, as its name seems to indicate—though that is questioned—as a circular temple for all the gods, after the establishment of Christianity, was purified by order of the Emperor Phocas, and dedicated to all the saints. Later Pope Gregory fixed the festival for the 1st of November. There is a regular service in the Prayer-Book for its celebration, on which occasion the chapter from the Apocalypse containing the sealing of the tribes is read.

Many of the old customs which we have described as practiced upon Hallow-e'en were continued upon All-Saints'-day, especially the divinations and festal fires; farther we read that "All-Saints'-day was a time of pleasant gossiping."

It is followed by All-Souls'-day. On this day the Abbot of Cluny, in the ninth century, introduced the ceremony of praying for the dead, and out of which grew the masses for the dead sung in the Roman Church. One of these contain the celebrated hymn *Dies Iræ*. All-Souls'-day, though in the English almanac, is not recognized in the Prayer-Book. The Romanists, however, regard the day as important; for if it occur on a Sunday it is kept on Saturday, and not postponed to Monday, as is the case with some other feasts. Protestants do not honor the day, as they only appeal to the "good examples" of those who have gone before, and do not pray for the departed. To preserve and prize the memory of the distinguished dead is just and profitable; it is a reward for right conduct in life; more is of no avail, and touches upon superstition.

The 4th is the day upon which the Italians recall the noble acts of the good Cardinal-Archbishop Charles Borromeo of Milan. He lived in the sixteenth century; and from the great

services that he rendered while Milan was afflicted by famine and plague will be remembered as long as time shall last. Never was there a more noble, pious, beneficent, self-sacrificing spirit. His tomb is revered even at this day.

The 5th is Guy Fawkes Day. The English Prayer-Book contains "A Form of Prayer with Thanksgiving, to be used yearly upon the Fifth day of November, for the happy deliverance of King James I. and the three Estates of England from the traitorous and bloody-intended Massacre by Gunpowder."

"Please to remember the fifth of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot;
We know no reason
Why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot!
Holla, boys! Huzza!"

So they sang when they burned "Guys" and cried "No popery!" Doubtless Guy Fawkes is too well remembered through history and romance to need that we should enlarge upon his day.

The service in the English Prayer-Book for the fifth also commemorates "The Happy Arrival of His Majesty King William III. on this day, and the Deliverance of the Church and Nation." It was the overflow of Protestant feeling which begot both the services of the fifth. Now they seem out of date, like the service for King Charles the Martyr. They are still used, however, in the cathedrals and in the Queen's chapel.

Lord Mayor's Day, the 9th, is a conspicuous day in London. Prior to the thirteenth century the chief magistrate of the city held his office for life, but in 1214 the mayoralty was made elective annually. Later, in the reign of Richard II., the title of *lord* was given to the incumbent, in consequence of the important service the Mayor Walworth was then considered to have rendered the crown in killing Wat Tyler in Smithfield. Upon the inauguration of the mayor a great parade is made. But the "Lord Mayor's Show," while it was a great exhibition, and awakened a great deal of interest among the people formerly, has declined. It was, as Mary Howitt remarks, "a degenerate copy of the old *pageant* or *triumph*, which assumed a variety of forms at different times, blending paganism, Christianity, and chivalry in marvelous confusion. At one period it was the fashion for the city to employ dramatists of note upon these matters; and there are extant pageants by Decker, Middleton, and Webster." The Mayor's Show is frequently alluded to in English novels, especially the scene on the Thames, which was quite brilliant.

Martinmas, or St. Martin's Day, occurs on the 11th. It is in both the calendars. The Romanists call this saint "the Great St. Martin, the glory of Gaul." He was a Hungarian soldier who lived in the fourth century, and became a hermit and exorcist. Tradition gives him the credit of working a number of miracles

and of being a man of wondrous ability. He is best known from the following anecdote which is related of him, and which has been illustrated by an old painter. Meeting one hard winter's day, at the gate of Amiens, a poor man, half naked and starved with cold, whom no one took compassion upon, he drew his sword and cut his cloak—the only garment he had on, having given his other clothes away to the poor—in twain and gave half to the beggar. It is said that he had a vision that night of Christ, who commended him for ministering to Him in the person of the pauper. As a consequence Martin became a devotee. His day is only observed in the Romish Church.

In olden time Martinmas had its customs, and was a convivial day in town and country. Martilmasse beef was as well known as Easter bacon and Michaelmas goose. But some affirm that Martinmas also had a goose, and that Martinmas goose was better than Michaelmas goose, for it was not so "green." An old ballad alludes to the day thus:

"It is the day of Martilmasse;
Cuppes of ale should frellie passe;
When the dailie sports be done,
Round the market-crosse they runne,
Prentis laddes and gallant blades,
Dancing with their gamesome maids,
Till the Beadel, stout and sowre,
Shakes his bell and calls the houre;
Then farewell ladde and farewell lasse
To the merry night of Martilmasse."

St. Cecilia's Day, the 22d in the English calendar, is worthy of a passing note. She is reputed to have been one of the early martyrs, but derives her particular reputation from being regarded as patroness of church music. She was married to a nobleman of the name of Valerian. Attracted by sweet sounds one day he entered her room suddenly and found her rapt in ecstasy, and a young man with wings playing upon an instrument. After that she had angel visits. Tradition gives her great pre-eminence in music, and she is generally represented as engaged in that art or in listening to the angelic choirs. The composition of an ode to St. Cecilia was once considered almost *the* test of poetic genius. The most celebrated are those of Dryden, Pope, and Collins. Hone has a copy of the engraving by Sadler giving the scene we have described. There are also pictures of her by the old painters.

St. Clement's Day, the 23d. Clemens Romanus, as he is sometimes styled, was one of the early fathers of the Church, and also Bishop of Rome before the establishment of the Papacy. Whether he is the same Clement whose name St. Paul says "is written in the Book of Life" is quite uncertain; but he is the author of the fine epistle to the Corinthians which bears his name. Apocryphal stories are told of the miracles he performed, and especially of his having caused the sea to retire on a certain occasion. He is the patron saint of blacksmiths. The guild of blacksmiths in England used to hold a festival upon St. Clement's Day and cel-

eborate it much as the cordwainers did the day of St. Crispin.

"Come all you Vulcans stout and strong,
Unto St. Clem we do belong;
And we must drink before we part
All for to cheer each merry heart.
Come all you Vulcans strong and stout,
Unto St. Clem I pray turn out."

St. Catherine's Day follows, upon the 25th. She lived in the third century, and was put to death by Maxentius upon a wheel, which gave name to the fire-work long known as a Catherine-wheel. Such were her piety and erudition that she was regarded after her martyrdom as the patroness of Christian philosophy. Barnaby Googe says:

"What should I tell what sophisters on Cathrin's-day devise,
Or else the superstitious toys that maisters exercise?"

It would be unkind to forget that St. Catherine is the patroness of spinsters. Young women used to make merry together upon her day, or go "Cath'arning," as they called it. The custom is still in vogue in distant parts of England where old rustic fashions remain. Camden intimates that in Ireland the girls used to keep St. Catherine's Day that they might get good husbands, and the women that they might get better ones. Hence it may be inferred that though St. Catherine was a spinster saint, and patroness of spinsters, she was not considered as a pattern saint. The window of West Wickham Church, Kent, contains a fine representation of St. Catherine in stained glass. Engravings of her and pictures are also numerous.

Thanksgiving-day occurs this year in the State of New York upon the 26th of November, or the last Thursday of the month. Formerly this was a day set apart by the authorities of the respective States; but now it has become also a national day, and is appointed by the Executive of the nation. This is very well, for it insures a harmony throughout the Union with regard to its proper observation. The festival of annual thanksgiving for the fruits of the earth seems to have existed for all time. It existed among the pagans of every nation, and among the Jews. We trace it in the East, on the banks of the Nile, and in the sacrifices to Ceres and Pomona. We find it among the Saxons, Britons, and Northmen. We discover it in the wave-offerings of the Jews, and in their feast of ingathering. The Christian Church doubtless adopted it from the latter. The Church for a long time had her Rogation-days and fasts of the four seasons, or Ember-days, and finally added what we call Thanksgiving-day. There is a regular service in the Prayer-Book for the due celebration of this festival, which provides that it shall be read upon the first Thursday in November, unless some other day shall be appointed by the civil authority. It is a day now recognized throughout the country, and has obtained a fast hold

upon the habits, feelings, and affections of the people. The Romanists are the only denomination of Christians which disregards it, and appears unwilling to unite in the general custom of returning thanks to Providence for the blessings of the year and the fruits of the earth. The features of Thanksgiving-day are so familiar to our readers that it would be superfluous to say any thing about them.

The 29th of November is Advent-Sunday, the first day of another ecclesiastical year. The Trinity season ends upon the 28th.

We now close the series of articles, in the course of which we have carried our readers through the entire circle of an ecclesiastical year—from Advent to its recurrence. We have necessarily been concise, and have left much unsaid that might be said upon so fruitful a topic. Something might be written about every day in the year. Our labor has been to prune our material. Yet in taking leave of our readers we venture to indulge a hope that our brief notices of times and seasons, of fasts and festivals, of days that bear their own names, have revived in their minds agreeable memories and associations, and have yielded them a measure of profit and pleasure.

A REPORT OF OUTRAGES.

By J. W. DE FOREST.

AT the close of every month a Bureau officer makes out a report of "outrages committed by whites against freedmen," and another of "outrages committed by freedmen against whites." As each of these papers must be in triplicate—one copy for the Assistant Commissioner of the State, one for the military commandant of the district, and one for retention—it follows that during my fifteen months of duty as Sub-Assistant Commissioner in Greenville, South Carolina, I ruled, and filled out, and certified to just ninety documents of this nature. In this period there were, if I remember aright, seven outrages, which makes very nearly one-thirteenth of an outrage to each paper. For the more convenient information of the public I will consolidate my ninety reports into one.

THE CASE OF CATO ALLUMS.

The first morning after my predecessor had turned over to me his records and left me alone in my South Carolina pashalic—yes, at six o'clock on that morning of new responsibilities and untried power, a timorous yet persistent rap roused me from bed. Hastening to the door in such drapery as could be secured at once, I set it ajar and looked out upon a negro of about thirty-five, medium in height, but singularly muscular in build, whose eager face and somewhat crouching carriage indicated strong anxiety for protection.

"Good-morning, Sir," he said, in better English than is common to our manumitted slaves. "I wants very much to see you, Sir, right away."

"Wait till I have dressed," I answered. "I will be out in ten minutes."

"But it's mighty pressin', Boss," he insisted. "It's something that's following me up mighty sharp. I wants to speak to you now."

"Go on," I assented, and letting him into the room, proceeded to dress in his presence.

"Did you ever hear of me—Cato Allums?" he asked. "Cap'n Bray was a mighty good friend to me, and helped me powerful. If you've got his papers, I reckon you'll find my name on 'em. I'm the man that was robbed by a gang from old Jimmy Johnson's house last year; robbed of two thousan' poun's of meat and a heap of other things. Cap'n Bray took up for me—the Lord A'mighty bless him for his friendship to me! I wish he was here now. That was some of old Jimmy Johnson's mischief. But I won't talk about that ar. I've got a worse trial on hand. It's been a bad night for me, Boss—I don't know what your title is. I'll tell you how it happened. Last night, after we was all in bed—me and my brother-in-law and his wife and children—comes a rap at the door. Well, ye see I've been so hunted and robbed by these yere bushwhackers that I wasn't gwine to let nobody in without knowing who 'twas; and so says I, 'Who's thar?' I couldn' make out much what they said, though they said something—kind o' muttered, like they didn' want to show who they was. Then I gets up and goes to the door with my revolver in my hand: Cap'n Bray give me the revolver; he did, Boss, and told me to shoot any man, white or black, that attacked me; he said he'd see me out in it. 'Who's thar?' says I. They kep knocking, and didn' speak. Then I looked out of the cracks in the logs, and made out by the moon that thar was five or six of 'em. Says I, 'You can't come in yere unless I know who you be.' Then they begun to drive at the do' with a log, and jest as it give in I heard one of 'em say, 'Break it down and shoot every boogar of 'em.' Well, Boss, when the do' come down I jumped out to run; I reckoned they was the same men that had robbed me befo', and had come now to kill me; for many and many has said to me, 'Cato, they'll bushwhack you yet for following 'em up so.' Jest as I jumped out, one of 'em fired and missed me. Then I saw another aiming at me, with his pistol resting on his arm. Boss, I" (here his face quivered, and he looked at me with indescribable anxiety)—"I shot him."

"You did?" I answered. "It's my belief that you served him perfectly right."

He drew a long breath, sat down in a chair to which I had previously signed him, seemed to rest his jaded soul for a moment, and then continued his story:

"Boss, you don' know how I felt that minute; I never shot a man befo'. But I couldn' stop to think about it. I run with all my might for the road, they a-shooting after me, and one bullet hitting the fence as I jumped it; and in a minute or two I was in the woods and out of

sight. I don' know whether the man is dead; all I knows is that he fell over when I shot; I don' know who he was—don' know any of 'em."

"Where did this happen?" I inquired.

"Over in the edge of Pickens District, about ten miles from yere, and two miles from old Jimmy Johnson's settlement; and that's whar all my troubles has started from, Boss; that old Jimmy Johnson has been a sore neighbor for me."

An hour later, seated in my office, I made a further investigation into the case of Cato Allums. I found a file of papers, signed by one of my predecessors, showing that Cato had indeed been robbed about a year previous, and that the efforts of the military authorities had not been able to discover the malefactors, although "old Jimmy Johnson," the supposed instigator of the mischief, had been arrested and confined for a season in Castle Pinckney at Charleston. While I was studying into these by-gone matters Cato stepped out in search of an acquaintance to vouch for his character. He returned with one of those devil-may-care, dissipated-looking youths whom one so frequently meets at the South, and who have the air of being a cross between the Plug-Ugly, the fine gentleman, and the professional gambler.

"Major, this boy is sound," asseverated the stranger, with many oaths. "He's a square, decent, sensible, polite nigger. I've known Cato ever since I was a baby, and I never had but one thing against him. He's just as civil a nigger as need be. No gentleman ever had cause to quarrel with him in no way, shape, nor manner. Wherever Cato goes, if he meets a gentleman, he offs hat and say good-morning; and if he sees a gentleman coming across the fields he puts down the bars for him; just as polite, decent a nigger, Major, as you can find! I'll allow that Cato is sharp on a trade; if you go to swapping horses with him you've got to keep your eye skinned; he an't agoing to make money for you out of his own pocket."

"Well, I s'pose a man has a right to look out for himself," suggested the negro, apologetically.

"That's so, Cato," assented the youngster. "I han't got a word to say against you on that account. If ever you trade horses with me you are welcome to cheat me, if you can. I tell you, Major, I've only one thing against Cato. They do say he kept a white woman for his wife or something. I don't know how it is, whether it's so or not; only I do say that if he did that he did wrong. Yes, Cato, if you did that you did wrong, and I can't uphold you in it."

"They said so," admitted Cato, who had looked monstrously uneasy under this charge. "But when the woman had a baby a while ago it was just as white and pretty a baby as ever you saw. It wa'n't no nigger's baby."

"Well, if that's so, it's all right. I an't down on you, Cato, about it, if it an't as they say 'tis. As for killing this man last night I don't know any thing about it, in no way, shape, nor man-

ner. I don't know who the man is, nor what he was thar for. But I'll bet ten dollars, Major, that Cato served him right in shooting him. I'll swap horses even with Cato on that. I say, Cato, whenever you want to trade your sorrel mare, let me know."

Meanwhile I was pondering as to what I should do with my homicide. A few months later I should have suspended my judgment with regard to the truth of his story until after I had heard the other side, and examined somewhat into the evidence. But in my present state of inexperience I believed Cato Allums; believed that his house had been broken open by men who might be assassins, and were unquestionably burglars; believed that he was a worthy applicant for such protection and counsel as lay in the Freedmen's Bureau. But it was a dubious and critical matter to handle. On the one hand I wanted to make sure that this man should not fall a victim to any burst of popular fury, and that the bushwhackers who had outraged him should be brought to condign punishment. On the other hand I so interpreted my orders as to believe that my first and great duty lay in raising the blacks and restoring the whites of my district to a confidence in civil law, and thus fitting both as rapidly as possible to assume the duties of citizenship. If the military power were to rule them forever—if it were to settle all their difficulties without demanding of them any exercise of judgment or self-control, how could they ever be, in any profound and lasting sense, "reconstructed?" If there were to be any beginning in this essential work, it might as well come at once. Leaving Cato locked up in my office, I called on the leading lawyer of the Greenville bar, well known throughout the country as Governor Perry, but not then noted as an opponent of the Congressional plan of reconstruction; and after relating to him the case of Cato Allums, asked him if the civil authorities could be trusted to manage it with firmness and justice.

"They can," he assured me. "If the magistrate of this man's neighborhood is not fit for his post, you can refer it to the solicitor of the district court, Mr. Jacob Reed, of Anderson. You may be sure that he will do the same justice by a negro as by a white man."

Returning to Cato, I told him that he must go home, apply to his magistrate as an injured and innocent man, make a formal complaint against the persons who had molested him, and demand an investigation. He looked exceedingly gloomy, and answered, "But, Boss, what if they should arrest *me*?"

"You must let yourself be arrested, if they do it according to the forms of law. Killing a man is serious business, and can not be passed over without grave notice."

"Oh, if you knew how many men had been shot up our way, and nothing said! Jest shot down, Master, right in thar own do's, and no law about it! I tell you, Boss, I don't like to be tried. They'd make believe try me, and

they'd jest hang me. I tell you, it's mighty resky."

"We must see," I replied. "I could protect you now, no doubt; but my protection would not last for long; in a year or two the Bureau and the garrisons will go. If your case is not brought to a settlement now, it will be then. Settle it at once, while the Yankees are here to see that you have justice. Don't put yourself in the position of an outlaw, subject to be hunted for life."

After a long discussion he consented to return home and report himself to the nearest magistrate. I gave him a letter to the official, in which I stated the matter as it appeared to me, representing it as an attack of burglars upon the house of a peaceful citizen, and demanding that the gang should be traced, arrested, and punished.

"The point now is to reach your magistrate before any further bloodshed takes place," I said to him as he rose to leave. "Can you get home safely?"

"Oh yes!" he laughed. "I knows every road and cross-cut. It would be mighty hard to trap me, Boss. And if any man does git a holt on me," he added, pointing to his revolver, "he'll let go agin in a hurry."

During the next three days I had many fears for Cato Allums. Pickens District is a vast region of hills and mountains, wild in its landscape, and hardly less wild in the character of many of its inhabitants, always noted for displays of individual pugnacity, and stained since the advent of secession with the blood of several Unionists. I feared that I had sent this man to sure destruction at the hands of the bushwhackers who then infested South Carolina, or of a mob of citizens roused to fury by the spectacle of a white slain by a negro. On the fourth day my anxiety was somewhat relieved by the appearance of a Pickens farmer, in homespun, who delivered a letter from James Parsons, the magistrate of the "beat" in which Cato lived. From the letter and the messenger I gleaned the following facts with regard to the outrage. The gang which attacked Cato's house consisted of five "mean whites" from Anderson District, who, with the usual disregard of their caste for Poor Richard's axiom that time is money, had ridden no less than twenty-four miles to effect their picayune stroke of business. Of course they had their side of the story to tell; they had gone to Cato's place, they said, to recover a pistol which he had stolen from one of their number; they had knocked civilly at his door, and had only broken it in when he threatened to shoot them.

The letter added that Jack Williams, the injured man, had received a ball through the intestines, and was lying at the house of a neighbor of Parsons, in great agony and near to death. He had made his affidavit that he meant no harm to Cato Allums, and that, so far from aiming a pistol, he was endeavoring to escape when overtaken by the fatal bullet.

"It's a tough lot, I reckon," commented the messenger. "Willums's wife has come up to see him, an' she told him it served him right for meddlin' with a nigger."

The letter went on to state that, as soon as Williams should die, a coroner's jury would be empaneled, and that, according to the civil law, the verdict of the jury would decide whether Cato should or should not be prosecuted as a criminal.

"What is the feeling in your district with regard to this affair?" I asked the messenger.

"Well, we think the nigger ought to be tried. Shootin' a white man an't no joke. If they get a notion that they can do it whenever they think they ought to, they'll think they ought to oftener than will be comfortable."

"Do you mean to give him a fair trial? Or will you get up a mob and lynch him?"

"We're bound to give him as fair a trial as a white man would have," he replied, somewhat indignantly. "We han't no use for lynching. We're a law-abiding people, Major."

Somewhat doubting this last assertion, I nevertheless resolved to continue my experiment, knowing that, if it ended well, it would be the best ending possible.

"See that you do give him a fair trial," I exhorted, somewhat authoritatively. "Obey precisely the instructions of your magistrate, who seems to be a judicious and conscientious man. Do the thing justly, and you shall be sustained in it. Tell your neighbors that; tell them that the United States Government wants nothing but justice; tell them that I am here simply to see justice carried out."

I wrote another letter to Parsons, approving of his course, directing him to call on the military for assistance if necessary to prevent a mob, and urging him not to neglect using the law against the whites if they should prove to be burglars, as well as against the black if he should prove to be an assassin. In a day or two a reply came, stating that Williams was dead, and that the coroner's jury had charged Cato Allums with willful murder.

"Under the circumstances I must issue a warrant for his arrest," added the magistrate. "I do not see how else I can carry out even the appearance of civil law. I trust that you will make no objection. And if you meet up with him I hope you will be so good as tell him not to make resistance. He has not yet been to see me. He sent me your first letter, instead of bringing it to me; and I hear that he is lying out, and says he won't be tried."

The next morning Cato arrived on his sorrel mare, revolver in belt.

"Well, Master, they're boun' to be the death of me," he said. "They've brought me in guilty without tryin' me. And now, if they kin ketch me, they'll hang me up to the first tree. That's the way courts is for niggers."

So I was obliged to explain the mystery of law to this man who had never lived under the

law, and who knew little more of it than if he were a native of the Marquesas. It was hard work to make a fellow whose neck was in danger understand the deliberate wisdom of that sequence of the coroner's jury, the grand jury, and the criminal jury; and Cato had more objections to the safety and sagacity of the process than I can now remember; but the substance of them was that he did not believe in the good faith of Southern jurors.

"Ef they once git me in Pickens Court House jail, I'm a gone nigger," said he. "I'll go in jail yere, with this garrison close by and a big village full of 'spectable people. But Pickens Court House is no place at all. It's jest a few houses. The bushwhackers will come in and take me out o' jail and hang me."

"If you are injured unlawfully I will see that those who do it are severely punished," I replied. "But you must take the risk, if there is any. I should demand that of a white man. Look here, Cato, can you fairly ask any thing more than a white man's chance?"

"No, Master, I can't," he replied, after a moment of reflection. "I'd scorn to ask more'n a white man's chance. Well, Master, I'll do what you say; I'll go back to Mars Parsons and give myself up."

He had scarcely been gone twenty minutes before Parsons's constable arrived in search of him, accompanied by two assistants, all armed with revolvers.

"Cato has gone to surrender himself," I assured them. "I am surprised that you did not meet him."

"Gone to surrender himself!" exclaimed the constable, with some indignation at the absurdity of the story. "You won't catch him doing that without a fight. He's a bad, hard nigger, Sir. He's gone to Tennessee, most likely. Which road did he take, Sir?"

"The road to Pickens, as I believe. If you want to find him, go back to Mr. Parsons; that is the best advice that I can give you."

The men looked at each other doubtfully; they were perfectly respectful, but they did not trust me. Noting the hard, pugnacious expression of their faces, an expression very common in the wilder districts of the South, I thought it best to advise them against violence.

"If you meet him, treat him gently," I said. "Make no threats or threatening gestures, and I will be bound that he will offer no resistance."

"We won't hurt him unless he tries to fight or escape," they answered. "If he sets in for any thing of that sort we must do our sworn duty. I hope you wouldn't ask any thing less of us, Major."

A day or two later Mr. Parsons paid me a visit, bringing the information that Cato had surrendered himself and was in Pickens Court House jail.

"Now, then," said I, "let us see if the whites of your district are worthy of living in the same region with this negro. He has shot a man, as he believes, justifiably and in his own defense;

yet he surrenders himself to trial, as becomes a good citizen. Do you show that you can protect him in your jail and try him justly before your courts. The Northern people doubt whether you can give a negro a white man's chance. Show that you can do it. It will be a great triumph for you; it will disprove a grave suspicion. You can not take a surer step toward recovering your rights as citizens."

My magistrate was a farmer, a plain and apparently a poor man, dressed in homespun, mild and grave in manner, and, as I judged, thoroughly honorable in his intentions.

"I understand the importance of doing this matter justly and according to the forms of law," he said. "I am very much obliged to you for trusting me with it, instead of managing it by means of the garrison. I believe we can show you that we mean to be as fair to a nigger as we know how to be to a white man. There is some excitement among us now; there are some fellows who are right mad at the idea of a nigger shooting a white man; and I told Cato that it was best for him to go to jail for that reason. You see, if he was not sent to jail, people would say niggers have a better chance than white folks, and would get madder than they are now, and perhaps lynch him. Yes, I allow there's some excitement; but it will blow over before long. Some folks are mighty pleased with Cato already for surrendering himself."

"But what have you done about the bushwhackers?" I asked. "Have you tried to arrest them?"

"They have put back to Anderson, where they belong, and that is out of my jurisdiction. I have sent on a statement of the case to the magistrate of their settlement, and asked him to take action in it. I can't do more."

"But don't you think your coroner's jury was a little severe on Cato?" I continued. "Don't you think Cato would have been cleared at once, if he had been white and Williams black?"

"No, Major, I don't think so," he answered, firmly. "Killing a man is severe business, any how, and ought to be thoroughly looked into. At any rate, the process has all been according to law, and even a nigger can't ask more, nor less."

This being clearly irrefutable, I could only express my commendation of Mr. Parsons's course, and urge him to be energetic in keeping the affair within the legal channel. Meantime I had forwarded a statement of Cato Allums's case to Major-General Scott, the Assistant Commissioner of South Carolina, and had received a reply approving my action. A month or so later the Circuit Court of Special Sessions and Common Pleas convened at Pickens Court House. There had been an inflammatory paragraph or two from those veteran blowhards and professional mischief-makers, the "sound Southern editors;" the manly act of Cato Allums in shooting a burglar had been described as the unprovoked murder of a worthy citizen

by a black ruffian; but the men of Pickens District had shown themselves to be a law-abiding race, and the prisoner had not been lynched.

The case waited; the State solicitor was anxious to get it off the docket; but where were the witnesses for the prosecution? No one had been present at the tragedy but the five friends of the dead man and Cato Allums's own relatives; and from the nature of the circumstances, as well as from the ties of blood and race, these last would undoubtedly testify in favor of the prisoner. The five gentlemen from Anderson had been duly summoned, and in vain; a bench-warrant was issued for their apprehension—still in the character of witnesses. But Mr. Jack Williams's nocturnal comrades were that kind of men who, to use a Southern country-phrase, "have no use for a court-house." The more they were called on to "come to court," the further and faster they went from it. The constable dispatched to find them returned to say that they were "lying out in the swamps;" and presently it was reported that they had "done gone out of the country."

This fact turned public opinion at once; the tale of the stolen pistol was dismissed from popular credence, and Cato Allums was decided to have done the duty of a good citizen in shooting a scoundrel. As Pickens District had shown itself law-abiding, so did it show itself amenable to reason and considerate in sentiment; many of the men who had insisted upon the prosecution now besieged the court to have the prisoner dismissed from further action; and among the most urgent of these was the magistrate who had committed him—Squire Parsons.

"I can not throw the case out at once," replied the solicitor. "It is my duty to hold it over till the next sessions, and see if these witnesses can not be made to appear. But the man shall be admitted to bail. I will advise that any bail be accepted which he can give."

So Cato Allums was bailed out for the low amount of one thousand dollars, on the security of his brother-in-law, a mulatto, who probably was not worth half that money. This was substantially the end of the matter, for Jack Williams's friends persisted in keeping themselves retired from the public gaze, and at the next sessions Cato was informed that he need not trouble himself further about coming to court. Somewhat disgusted at having been imprisoned and put to various costs in his own defense, he removed to East Tennessee; but, having farmed it there during one season, he got homesick for his native "settlement," and came back to live among his old neighbors.

"How are you treated?" I asked him, when he called upon me after his return.

"I han't nothing to complain of," he answered. "Every body is friendly, and the men that wanted me tried is the friendliest of all. But, Master, I never was treated like most niggers was. Mighty few white men has tried to ride over Cato."

He was a fine, stalwart, vigorous fellow, as strong as a mule physically, and with plenty of moral muscle, all qualities which command the respect of the general Southerner. Even his sharpness in trading horses was calculated to win him the admiration of the chaffering farmers of Pickens District. After telling me, with some triumph, of certain of his successful dickers, he added: "But I don't always get the best of it; I was mightily come up with last spring when I was gwine to Tennessee. Ye see, I sent over part of my traps by my brother-in-law and a friend of his'n. They begged me to lend um my gun and one of my revolvers, and hung to it so that I had to say yes, though I was feared they wouldn't know how to take care of um. Well, the fust night they camped out a man in Yankee clothes came into the camp and wanted to see their shootin' irons. Then says he, 'It's contrary to the law for you to carry these, an' I mus' take um.' And the big fools jes let him carry um off. If I'd been thar, Master, he wouldn't have got um, not if he'd had on all the soger clothes in the world. Of course he wasn't a Yankee; he was some mighty smart reb."

Then he had a couple of complaints to make: one about a horse which had been stolen from him by bushwhackers, with the connivance of a citizen of Abbeville; the other about a little farm which a Pickens man had sought to swindle him out of, on pretense of some old, uncompleted trade in Confederate money. As General Sickles had authorized civil law in South Carolina I advised him to try the courts, but to wait until the stay-order then in force was annulled, so as to be able to collect immediately on getting judgment. After some further talk about the still mysterious robbery of his two thousand pounds of bacon, and certain threats of legal vengeance against "old Jimmy Johnson," whom he held to be somehow responsible for it, he departed, and I saw him no more.

Such is the history of Cato Allums, as nearly as I am able to state it from memory. So far as concerns the homicide I considered the result a triumph of justice, public conscience, and public sense. It had been decided, with the consent of Southern law and Southern public opinion, that a negro has precisely the same right of self-defense as a white man; and thenceforward every ruffian and bushwhacker in the region would understand that in trespassing on the property or threatening the life of a black he did it at his peril. The great point gained was, that the Southerners had of their own accord come to this decision. It was far better than if the release of Cato Allums and the expatriation of his assailants had been attained by military interference.

LARGENT AND JOLY, BUSHWHACKERS.

In consequence of the complaints of Cato Allums I made inquiries about "old Jimmy Johnson" (not his true name), and learned the secret of his evil reputation. From the time

of the surrender down to a little before my arrival in Greenville, this northwestern portion of South Carolina had been disturbed by the misdemeanors of two noted bushwhackers or desperadoes named Largent and Joly, ex-soldiers of the Confederate army. Joly, a native of Spartanburg District, South Carolina, and a farmer by occupation, had lost a brother in the war, and had avenged his death by taking a hand in the murder of some straggling Union soldiers after the proclamation of peace. Largent had been, it was reported, a Baltimore Plug-Ugly; but when I inquired about him of a fighting gentleman who had formerly known that city well, he could not recollect such a person. "He must be," he said, humorously, "one of the latter-day saints; he must have come on after I left."

As is usually the case with desperate characters, both these men were under thirty years of age. This fact, that violent crime is generally youthful, seems, by-the-way, to be unknown to novelists; they paint their bloody-minded villains as men of mature development, fearfully grizzled and haggard with a long life of wickedness. Although Largent's motive in his murders and maraudings was apparently nothing but a love of mischief, he was much the most troublesome and formidable of the two. Small, agile, muscular, ready with his weapons, as full of stratagems as a fox, and as audacious as a wolf, he for months defied the pursuit of the garrisons of the region and made himself the terror of Union men and negroes. He sent threatening messages to the former, bullied the latter with cocked revolver, and plundered both. Certain citizens were called to their doors of dark nights; there would be a pistol shot and the fall of a corpse; then a clatter of hoofs through the night; then silence. Some of these atrocities were imputed to Largent and others to Joly, although there was no proof. The two scoundrels lived on the farmers of the region, sometimes remaining several weeks in one lurking-place, sometimes changing their den every night. The inhabitants gave them shelter, partly from admiration of their defiance of the Yankees, and partly from fear of their vindictiveness. One of their favorite resorts was the house of the above mentioned Jimmy Johnson; and hence Cato Allums's charge that the old man connived at the robbery of his two thousand pounds of bacon.

Some of Largent's escapes from the soldiery were remarkable. Overtaken by a squad of volunteers, he fell down as if intoxicated, lay perfectly still until his pursuers were close upon him, then shot two or three men in a breath, leaped to his feet, and got away unhurt. On another occasion a company surrounded him by night in old Jimmy Johnson's house, and several were already in the veranda, blocking up his exit, when Largent rushed out with a pistol in each hand, firing right and left, and disappeared in the darkness. Twenty cartridges or more were burned in this curious

mêlée, and yet neither pursuers nor pursued were injured.

Tired at last of being hunted, and finding that the farmers no longer received them joyfully as the redeemers of the South, the two reprobates vanished. Their departure from the district happened before my arrival, and I tell their story as I heard it, without vouching for its correctness in particulars.

TEXAS BROWN AND HIS GANG.

A more impudent, pertinacious, and ferocious desperado was one Brown, called, on account of his supposed birth-place, Texas Brown, and believed to be a deserter from Wheeler's cavalry. Before I reached Greenville it was reported that a cantankerous old farmer named Ezra French, furious at two of his former slaves for quitting his employment immediately on their emancipation, had hired Brown to murder them for the consideration of two hundred dollars. Aided by two or three mean whites of the rougher sort, the Texan caught his victims, took them into a swamp, tied them to saplings, prepared and ate his supper in their presence, and then deliberately shot one of them. The other, inspired with maniacal strength by this spectacle, broke his bonds, rushed through the thickets unharmed by the bullets which were sent after him, told his tale to a terrified friend who for long kept it secret, and immediately fled from the State. This adventure led to a quarrel between Brown and his employer; for as the former had but one corpse to exhibit, the latter refused to pay more than one hundred dollars for the job; and in the constant bickerings between the two worthies the atrocity became public.

Like Joly and Largent, this scoundrel considered the world his oyster, and opened it without scruple. If he saw any article that he wanted in a cross-roads grocery, he took it, merely saying to the proprietor, "This suits me." If he needed lodging, he entered the house of a farmer, told his awe-inspiring name, and was entertained. If he fancied a horse, he traded for it pretty much on his own terms, or he stole it. If he met a negro with a bundle or a cart, he appropriated therefrom whatever he fancied, made the poor scared darkey take off his hat or get on his knees, and then dismissed him with perhaps a kicking. He had a kind of ferocious humor in his composition, and delighted as much in terrifying people as in harming them. For instance, seeing three negroes engaged in mending the roof of a barn, he amused himself with firing balls by their heads to make them dodge. Meeting a negro with a new hat, he forced him to toss it in the air, and sent a shot through it; then ordered him to drop it in the mud and to dance upon it; then departed, saying, "Next time make a bow."

Incomprehensible and almost incredible was the imbecility, indeed I hardly know how to call it less than cowardice, with which the inhabit-

ants, white and black, submitted to the insults and extortions of this blackguard. For months he resided in a considerable hamlet of Abbeville District, called Cokesbury, without any molestation except from an occasional and always unsuccessful raid of the neighboring garrisons of Aiken and Anderson. What with a small minority which admired him, and a vast majority which feared him, there were always men to warn him of the approach of the blue-coats, and other men, dark-minded farmers of one secluded locality or another, who would receive him into their houses until the search was over. He rode through the country with impunity; he even came into Greenville, where there was a garrison of a full company; indeed, it is my belief now that I have seen him there. Brown was described to me as twenty-three or twenty-five years of age, of medium height, slender, sinewy, and agile, with a dark complexion, piercing black eyes, a jaw disfigured by a pistol shot, and an expression of brutal ferocity. Such a man, dressed in gray homespun, his trowsers tucked into long boots, a blanket hanging from his shoulders, and a broad-brimmed black hat slouched over his ill-favored countenance, met me one winter morning in the main street of the village, eyed me with such a savage and steady glare that I turned to look at him, gave me one searching backward glance as if to see what purpose I had, and then passed on with a swagger. At the time I knew nothing of Brown's personal appearance, and was not aware that he was in the habit of making such bold ventures. I simply paused to face this individual because his demeanor was offensively defiant. After all, he may not have been the Texan desperado, but some bomb-proof hero who would not have fought a mouse.

Brown's shot in the face was the result of an "unpleasantness" with a person named Foster, against whom he had some grudge of an unknown nature, and whom he invited out on a ride, with the intent, as was supposed, of assassination. Not an innocent lamb himself, the selected victim had suspicions of danger, and kept on his guard. Arriving at a narrow path which entered a forest, Brown told his companion to take the lead.

"Go ahead yourself," replied Foster, reining up his horse. The Texan dashed on thirty yards, leaped from his saddle, and ambuscaded himself behind a tree, at the same time drawing one of his revolvers. Foster fired as the other ruffian peeped from behind his cover, and Brown fell with a ball through his head, apparently lifeless. The lucky marksman put himself to the superfluous trouble of getting out of the country, as if Southern justice were at that time likely to notice such a trifle as the homicide of an outlaw. Brown recovered his senses, crawled to the house of a neighboring farmer, and was as carefully nursed back to health as if he were a benefactor to the human race.

The most curious of this ruffian's adventures occurred in a "store" at Cokesbury, and was related to me by an eye-witness. While Brown was in the sale-room, conversing on equal terms with two or three respectable citizens, among whom was a clergyman whom I shall venture to style the Rev. P. V. Nasby, a negro named Lewis entered to make some trifling purchase. Not knowing the desperado by sight, or not being aware of the deferential respect which would be exacted by him, Lewis approached the group of colloquists without offering any profound salutation.

"Take off your hat," shouted Brown. The negro stared, but lifted his hat. "Now get on your knees," ordered the Texan, at the same time advancing with a threatening air. Instead of obeying, Lewis sprang forward, seized the wrists of this menacing instructor in deportment, and held them in a grasp of iron. Brown struggled violently to free himself, pouring out a torrent of oaths, calling on the store-keeper to hand him a pistol, and threatening murder. The reverend Nasby, driven by his cloth and his conscience to interfere, patted the outlawed scoundrel on the shoulder, and said, in a meek voice, "Don't, Mr. Brown! Mr. Brown, I beg you, don't! I know this boy Lewis. He is a good, quiet, decent-behaved nigger. He has always been civil to white men. I haven't the least idea that he meant to be disrespectful. I beg that you won't hurt him."

"I will!" screamed the Texan, still struggling. "By ——! I'll kill him. I'll cut his d—d throat."

"Well," answered the heroic Nasby, "I am a minister of the Gospel, and if there is to be murder done here I am not going to stay and see it."

With which sublime words, worthy to be engraven on his face with a pen of iron, he picked up his hat and left this scene of ungodly strife.

What followed? The citizens of Cokesbury wanted to get rid of Brown; only a few days later they secretly petitioned for a garrison to drive him out; here they had him bound in two fists as firm as fetters; what did they do? Doctor Vance, one of the proprietors of the store, whose name deserves and shall have wide publicity, mustered up all his heroism, and said: "Mr. Brown, if you will pledge your word as a gentleman that you won't harm Lewis I will make him let go of you."

After a long scuffle, after finding that he had not strength to free himself, this hired murderer of negroes gave the required promise—on his word of honor, be it understood—and obtained his release. It was confidently predicted that he "would find some chance to kill the nigger;" but either from fear of so muscular an antagonist, or because other matters occupied his valuable time, he never tried it.

Sullivan and Birkett, two young Southerners of respectable connections, one of them the son of a leading lawyer in Laurens District, were so captivated by Brown's exploits in bullying ne-

groes and defying the Yankees (and doubtless also by that wonderful horsemanship and marksmanship which could strike a sapling with a pistol-ball at full gallop) that they became his open adherents, and joined him in his villainous knight-errandries. These three youths, the eldest twenty-five and the others barely twenty, were an incubus upon four large districts, containing a population of near a hundred thousand souls. Not a citizen dared to arrest them, or scarcely to give information about them. Men who had a complaint to make against Brown's gang came to me in private, and whispered their story under strenuous injunctions of secrecy. Sullivan called on a certain high civil official, boasted of his affiliation with the Texan bushwhacker, and was suffered to depart with a fatherly remonstrance. Birkett was to the last countenanced and protected by his relations, as merely a wild boy whose only fault was a passion for reckless feats, more or less pardonable in a youth of spirit. The general imbecility of public opinion with regard to these ruffians was inexplicable, unless it can be attributed to a secret sympathy with them as exponents of Southern independence, or to a languor of feeling resulting from the exhaustion produced by the war. Sullivan's father, I must state, was a noble exception to this despicable feebleness, disinheriting his unworthy offspring and driving him from his house.

The story of the gang was hurried to a *dénouement* by a circumstance which resulted from the murder of Ezra French's negro. It will be remembered that French had promised Brown two hundred dollars for two assassinations, and that, only one having been accomplished, he refused to pay more than half the price of blood. To punish the old farmer for his niggardliness, and also by way of collecting interest on the debt, Sullivan called at the house of the defaulter, put a pistol to his head, and forced him to sign a note for five hundred dollars. French advertised the note in the papers, forbade any one to pay it, and fled to Mississippi. As he left secretly, not even confiding his departure to his family, it was generally supposed that he had been murdered; and now at last Governor Orr took official notice of this series of outrages, offering a reward of three hundred dollars each for the apprehension of Brown, Sullivan, and Birkett. A few days later Birkett rode into the village of Anderson with the avowed intention of killing Lieutenant Loeche of the garrison, whom he suspected, very justly, of an attempt to entrap him. Trotting up to the head-quarters of the post, and seeing an officer in full uniform mounting a horse, he asked a negro, "Is that Lieutenant Loeche?"

"No," said the man. "That is Colonel Smith, the commandant."

"He will do just as well," observed Birkett, coolly; and resting his revolver on his left arm, fired at the Colonel, narrowly missing him. Smith dashed toward him, but the desperado

had the swiftest horse, and, after a short chase, disappeared in the forests near the village. Then followed a successful raid upon one of his haunts, and he was sent in irons to Castle Pinckney in Charleston Harbor, there to be tried by a military commission and sentenced to hard labor upon the fortifications of Tortugas. It will scarcely be believed that one of this rogue's cousins had the impudence to ask Colonel Smith to join in a petition for his release. The pretense was that the youngster was insane; the Colonel's reply was, that there was too much method in his madness.

Alarmed by this arrest, and by a certain show of activity which the Governor's reward had aroused among the civil authorities, Birkett's comrades left Cokesbury and sought shelter in Greenville District, at the house of a drunken farmer whom I shall christen John Jones. Brown was as boastful as ever; he offered to kill any man, white or black, for five dollars; he robbed negroes, made them take off their hats, and get on their knees. Hearing of these outrages, I reported them to Major M'Clary, commandant of the infantry garrison at Greenville; and a corporal was sent with four men, mounted on quarter-master animals, to arrest the bushwhackers. Reaching John Jones's house at sunrise and meeting the proprietor at his gate, they asked him if he had seen any strangers.

"You want Brown and Sullivan, I s'pose," said he. "I don't mind telling you all about them. I'm tired of them, by —! They've just left here. They ain't more than a mile off at this minute. But you can't catch 'em—with your creeturs; they've got the best horses around here. And if you do catch 'em they're too many for you; they've got two revolvers apiece, and that's twenty shots to your five. If you go for 'em, I advise you to begin firing as soon as you lay eyes on 'em. At long range you have the advantage, but at short range they'll have it."

Having given this advice, in the spirit of a man who didn't care much which whipped, John Jones walked away to his bottoms and left the result to Providence. To his great disappointment, doubtless, the detail did not come up with the bushwhackers, and nobody was killed. Brown and Sullivan reached North Carolina; remained there until they supposed that the excitement against them had abated; returned in some mysterious manner, probably by long night marches, to Cokesbury; then, finding that they were still unpopular, vanished for good.

A HARBORER OF BUSHWHACKERS.

Shortly after the fruitless expedition to John Jones's house that gentleman held with me a dialogue which is curiously illustrative of the ideas of honor and gentility prevalent among many of our Southern brethren. Clad in homespun, loutish and yet fearless in carriage, red in the face with forty years of whisky, his breath

profusely scented with that vigorous fluid, his expression indicative of nothing worse than drunken good-humor, he stalked into my office, took a chair, and observed, "Major, I hear you haven't a high opinion of John Jones."

"You have been harboring Texas Brown," I replied, "and I sent a detail to your house to arrest him there. We may as well be frank in this matter. I knew where he was; I knew precisely where John Jones could be found; I gave the corporal full instructions about his road; I told him the number of your milestone."

For a moment he was silent, utterly disconcerted, and probably fearful of arrest. "Well, Major, I'll tell you how it is," he said at last. "John Jones is a gentleman. He never refused a man the use of his roof. A gentleman comes along and says, Give me a lodging for the night. What can I do? I can't shut my door on him. I take him in, let him eat what's on the table, and charge him a dollar in the morning. That's my way. I never refused any man a night's lodging or a meal of victuals. If he can pay for it, well and good; if he can't, he's welcome. That's John Jones, Major. If you'll come to his house you shall have the best he can furnish, and not a dollar to pay."

"But this Brown is an outlaw and a scoundrel; he has no claim on the hospitality of a good citizen."

"Major, I know it; that is, I know it now. I used to think a good deal of Brown; I thought he was a lively, smart, wild fellow who would settle down some day; I allow I thought a good deal of Brown. But he's no account, Major. I tell you, Brown has ruined himself—as a gentleman."

Was there ever any thing more deliciously absurd than this intoxicated farmer declaring that this vagrant cut-throat had "ruined himself as a gentleman?" It was inexpressibly refreshing to hear him, and I let him go on with his boosy maunderings.

"John Jones has done with Brown," he continued. "He has no use for him. I've no use for any body that won't work, Major; I don't want 'em round my place; I told Brown so. He didn't stay at my house when you thought he did; he staid at another house that I can't tell you of. But he come over to me at daybreak and wanted to buy my best horse. I sold it, Major, because I knew that if I didn't he would steal it. That's the reason I knowed your men couldn't catch him; I knowed he was astraddle of the best stock in this district. Yes, I sold Brown a horse and got my money. But that was all—that time; I didn't lodge him nor feed him. I don't want to set eyes on him again. Major, you mustn't do injustice to John Jones; he an't of the same sort with Texas Brown in no way, shape, nor manner; nor he an't of the same sort with some other folks. John Jones is a gentleman. If he wants to kill you, Major"—here he rose and laid his hand impressively on my shoulder—

"if he wants to put you out of his way, he won't hire another man to take you into the woods and murder you in cold blood—you know what I mean? John Jones won't do that. He'll take a crack at you with his own pistol, and, if he misses you, you shall have your crack."

With this magnanimous declaration, and with a further warm invitation to partake of his hospitality ("No dollar in the morning, Major"), he departed. Numberless, and for the most part ludicrous, were John Jones's oddities. While the volunteers garrisoned Greenville his favorite amusement was to ride up to the camp, defy the "d—d Yankees" to fight, and, when they came out after him, gallop away laughing. It seems incredible, but nevertheless it is a fact, that this curious being was kind and generous to negroes, as is proved by the circumstance that his slaves did not desert him on the emancipation, and are still laboring contentedly on his plantation. His last visit to me was for the purpose of getting a teacher for a freedmen's school, which he had resolved, he said, to set up on his place at his own expense. What came of it I can not say, for I left Greenville shortly after.

After the bushwhacking gangs of Largent and Texas Brown had disappeared from my pashalic the outrages which I had to report dwindled into petty squabbles, in which the negroes were quite as often the aggressors as the whites. There would be a seizing of guns, a picking up of bludgeons, a deal of loud threatening, and occasionally a blow. The civil law generally took these affairs in hand, and they are not worth inserting in a "report of outrages."

THE WITCHES OF HAZELCOPSE.

I.

EVERY village is a little world. It has in itself all the elements which its residents deem necessary to its completeness. The traveler who passes through, and even the visitor who sojourns for a brief time, can have but as imperfect knowledge of this little world as we have of the moon, when we look at that world through a telescope. We see the man in the moon, but we don't know any thing about him.

All who passed through the small town of Hazelcapse saw Aunt Crane. If they but rode through in the stage only, they must inevitably see her. Her dilapidated cottage was on the main, indeed the only, street in the village. No man in vehicle, no horseman, or pedestrian passed her window that she did not bring upon him the searching glance of her sharp black eyes. She was looking for somebody. She had been looking all her days, and had never seen him yet! She was looking, and, if she is not dead, is looking still, for the man who is her "affinity." Not that Aunt Crane had ever heard any of the talk of modern speculators in "biology." But she had in her life the phenomena which these learned people pretend to classify. A precious mess they make of it too!

You saw Aunt Crane. But, at a glance, you could make no more of her than of the man in the moon. You saw simply an aged person, not very prepossessing, who wore so very large a pair of spectacles, with round glasses, that she seemed to be hiding herself behind them, while she peeped out at the world. The weird face would perhaps dwell in your memory, if you are curious about faces. If not, you would forget Aunt Crane in the next person or thing by which your attention was attracted. But if there were any village authority near you would be told that Aunt Crane was a character. She was one of those useful persons, skillful at a poultice or a pie. She could compound wonderful salves for obstinate felons, and appetizing dishes for invalids. She could cull and arrange simples and herbs, or deck a marriage feast. She could dress very young babies in their first costume, or compose the limbs of the dead in their last. Her fingers were deft alike in putting together christening dresses or shrouds. She could welcome the first cry of untried lungs, or watch for the last breath of those who had finished their work. She could marshal the bashful parties at a country wedding, or arrange the mourners at a funeral with decent solemnity. She was a character; always in request; "Figaro here! Figaro there!"

People said she was a witch. I do not think she was. To be sure she was old; but we shall all be that, if we live long enough. She was poor; but in the chances and changes of the world any woman may become poor; and that through no fault of her own, if she puts any confidence in man. For the male animal of the human species is very apt to leave any woman in the lurch who trusts to him. Poor withered Aunt Crane was any thing but handsome. Age and want had told upon her, and left their impress upon her features. So they may tell upon yours, my dear young Miss, if you live as long and endure as much of this world's hardships as she did. No—Aunt Crane was not a witch.

People did *not* say that Carrie Drew was a witch. But I think she was. And I dare say that if I had been one of the youth of Hazelcapse, of an impressible temperament, that I should have been able to record as experience what I now give as fancy. There was enchantment in her face, witchery in her smiles, glamour in her eyes; and wherever she moved she cast a spell over the lords of creation. The ladies liked her too. They could not help it, though they said she was a coquette. Perhaps they were right. The ladies like coquettes, as soldiers like and envy the skill of the sharpshooters who are good against the common enemy.

Some modern wiseacre has written an essay in which he says (it must be *he*) that all flirts and coquettes are little women. That is nonsense. Coquetry has nothing to do with altitude or circumference. I have known most desperate flirts who were stately and majestic.

Women of noble size and strength are always most efficient. Your pretty, petite flyaway amuses her dangles; but they have some chance of escape. But your big beauty holds them like a vice, until she is tired of them; and then gives them such a toss that they seldom come back, unless she beckons for them. And then they return as obedient and repentant as if their dismissal had been entirely their own fault, and quite deserved.

Carrie Drew *was* a witch; no weazened, ugly, stooping, poor old creature; no little flirt, but a magnificent woman, sure of her power, and serene and rejoicing in her beauty. She had a right to rejoice in it. There is no handsome woman who is not aware of the flattering fact; and whatever pretensions a lady has to attractiveness she is fully sensible of. And why not? Knowledge, they say, is power. Not even beauty could get on without the consciousness of beauty. The only thing necessary is to conceal your self-satisfaction; not by too palpable pretense and hypocrisy of humility. To overdo the thing is to defeat yourself.

People fancied that Carrie Drew cared for no man alive except her brothers, her cousins, and a very young boy or two, to whom she could be civil, and no harm ensue. Of course all other young gentlemen were afraid of her, as men are apt to be afraid of women worth their attention. And so Carrie was in danger of passing into ancient maidenhood, simply because the men dared not seriously attempt to win her good graces. Some foolish fellows had tried, and made a miss, where they had thought to win one. Their folly, however, was not in appreciating her, but in overestimating themselves. The lady knew her own value, and was not to be won by any person save one to whom she might honorably surrender. There *was* one gentleman to whom, if they could have changed sexes, she would most seriously have paid court. Women can't do that, and more's the pity. If the privilege of choice could be a little more equally divided, there would be more happy marriages. But "woman must wait," and the right men do not always find the right women. As the world now stands, the ladies who are wise do not too severely repel at first the men they intend to take at last. Neither must they too readily welcome those whom they hope to secure. It is a delicate matter to finesse in, after all. Would not a little simple honesty be better?

If Aunt Crane could be really supposed to love any young person it was Carrie Drew. She had her own reasons for that. It was certainly not because Carrie showed any particular attention to her. I think the young lady was rather afraid of the old woman. And if she had known why Aunt Crane took so much interest in her she would have been mortified a little, probably, as well as afraid. It is well to have every body's friendship, but there are some friendships one can not be proud of.

Aunt Crane had been a belle once—long be-

fore Carrie was born. She knew, when she was young, whom she would prefer; but in the mingled folly of prudishness and coquetry she gave him no chance. All men are not repelled so easily. If they were, there would have been no need of a Malthus to paint the dangers of too rapid an increase of population. Aunt Crane—she was a Miss then—failed to secure the man she desired, and accepted somebody else. It was a dear acceptance. He led her a wretched life while he lived; and when he died she had, in decency, to pretend to be sorry. But she did not make any unreasonable ado. Indeed, she was scarcely up to the regulation mourning in such cases. Those who knew her said that she had no regrets for him. The public judged that she was an unfeeling old creature, who cared for nobody but herself—and never had cared.

But she did care for one. And that was Carrie Drew. And she had cared for another. That was Carrie's father. Flirtations are soon forgotten, even by the same generation with the flirts. And the next may never hear of them. The secret of Mrs. Crane's heart was never so much as known to the object of it; and though some of the old people could remember that there was once, for a little while, a very strong current of village talk on the subject, nobody thought any more of it than of the fashions of the last century.

We have said that Aunt Crane's vocation, or one of her vocations, was to nurse the sick. She did not offer to comfort Mr. Drew. She could not have closed *his* eyes. His wife performed that last office for him; and Mr. Drew was one of the very few in Hazelcops to whose last hours old Mrs. Crane did not minister. She had a passion for such things. The world was weary and sad to her. Had she lived in any but a Protestant community she would have taken the veil. As she had not that refuge from herself, like many another, she found relief for her own care and secret sorrow in following the vocation of a Sister of Charity, without the vows.

You who carelessly or uncharitably think there are people in the world devoid of feeling, be assured that you do them injustice. The very coldness and sternness of the exterior may veil a bleeding heart. No mourner round the coffin of Carrie's father was in deeper grief than the poor old woman—witch they called her—whose trembling fingers gave the last touch to his hair, and the last plait to his shroud. She would have thrown herself upon the body, and wailed out her grief; but too many witnesses were by, and she dared not. Only she reverently stooped, as many did, and printed one kiss—her first and last—upon his brow. There was given the first actual, unconstrained demonstration she had ever made of her affection. She was withered and aged. He was dead. But that kiss was the life-delayed salutation of her youth and love. The dead form was not more unconscious of the

secret of her heart than the man had been all his life. Wonderful revelations will the "secrets of all hearts" be, when the judgment brings them to light. And *One* only will know them till that day.

II.

Life's lessons teach wisdom. To those who have not gone through the course, the wisdom of the old seems folly. The aged, who look on the movements of youth, know more about their hearts and desires and motives than they know themselves; particularly when, as Carrie Drew was to old Mrs. Crane, the young happen to be objects of especial attention and close watching. Indeed the old lady, in her heart, considered it only an accident that Carrie was not her own daughter. Was she not *his* child, the living image of him whom she had loved all her life?

She had been married to another. Uncomplaining she had borne his cruel neglect and more cruel notice, but never betrayed her secret, or failed in respect and duty. Fortunately she had borne no children. They would have seemed to her but step-sons and daughters compared with Carrie Drew. They would have been less than step-children. For a woman dearly loves the children of the man she loves, though they are not her own. But Mrs. Crane, with the cruel disappointment at her heart, the withering secret there, and with the little affection which she had for her husband, or he for her, would have regarded his children as unwelcome strangers, even though she herself had borne them.

There are many things which seem strange and cruel and wretched in the world. Perhaps they are so. Perhaps it is chiefly the way in which we view them. But there is only one way of helping the matter. And that is to correct as much of the evil that is in the world as lies within our power. And this was what Aunt Crane resolved to attempt in regard to Carrie Drew.

People of character have their own way of doing things. Aunt Crane was a character. Those who have no individuality follow other people's customs, make the same blunders, with the same results, and are accounted wise. Such as have a mode of their own have at least the satisfaction of their own approval. Mrs. Crane was resolved that Carrie Drew should not waste her life, either in solitude or in company which is worse—that of a husband taken as a makeshift.

Ordinary match-makers mar more matches than they make. Many a young couple have been surfeited by injudicious praise, and caused to separate by the very methods which foolish meddlers have taken to unite them to each other. Declare to a young woman that to accept a young man is just the properest thing she can do, and ten to one she will not do it. Help a young man on with a young woman, and the chances are that you will help him off. Of all fools lovers are the most foolish.

Hazelcopsce was all alive with a new sensation. It was positively declared that Willie Sharp and Carrie Drew were affianced. Every body said that it was precisely the best and happiest thing that could be. Willie blushed, and Carrie pouted. They did not quite like—who does?—to be thus hurriedly disposed of; inspected, devoted, ticketed, and put out of the market. Congratulations became odious to them, and felicitations unendurable. And when the climax was reached by Rev. Mr. Lovematch, with an eye to his fee and fingers itching for his wedding-gloves, Carrie Drew was furious. The reverend gentleman, with that malapropos adroitness with which too many of the sacred profession are gifted, congratulated the lady before a roomful. Carrie could not be impolite to the parson in the primitive village of Hazelcopsce. So she revenged herself upon her lover, and snubbed him emphatically upon the first opportunity. Willie was highly indignant at an insult of which he could not conceive the cause, and fell off from his incipient attachment, taking refuge in a flirtation with another young lady, who was only too glad to welcome him.

The old witch heard what the young witch had done, and anticipated the danger. She forthwith determined, like the witch in the play, "I'll do, and I'll do, and I'll do!" What she did nobody could tell, or even be sure that she did it. For witches have a secret, dark, and midnight mode of accomplishing their purposes. All that was apparent was that the young folks were undone, whoever might have done their undoing.

The village of Hazelcopsce suddenly reversed its mind, and came to the conclusion that such a match could not be, and ought not to be. Aunt Crane was as busy and as invisible as the patron of witches in a gale of wind, and through her agency the prospering breeze which had set toward matrimony became an adverse tempest. All the women counseled Carrie, and maligned her faithless swain. All the men advised Willie, and abused the changeful flirt. When Carrie, hearing overmuch, ventured a word of remonstrance and defense in Willie's behalf, the women told her she was very forward and indelicate. When he, for her, offered to throw down the gage and do battle, the men gave but a smile of pity. The two young folk were fairly persecuted with advice adverse, as they had been nauseated with encouragement. They were talked into silence. Rev. Mr. Lovematch offered Carrie condolence in as bad time and taste as his congratulation had been, and assured her that she was "providentially" saved from an unsuitable alliance. Carrie took her revenge a second time.

Every body in Hazelcopsce was quiet on a certain summer morning. The Sharp-Drew matter, after nine days' wonder, had ceased to be an excitement. The village had returned to its normal condition of somnolent repose. The flies droned in and out of Aunt Crane's

windows, and her wheel droned in her "keeping-room," for she adhered to the old time tradition of a spinning-wheel. We have said that every body was quiet. Aunt Crane was an exception. Her very spectacles seemed to sparkle with a strange excitement; and her step to and fro as she span had an elasticity at which her demure cat looked up with feline wonder and some alarm. The old lady had evidently "done, and done, and done" whatever she had intended, and not even her cat was in the secret.

The mail-stage—there were, as yet, no railway tracks through Hazelcopse—stopped at the village inn. Still, there was no bustle. It was midsummer, and no election was pending. The hostler lazily brought the water for the horses. The driver lazily descended from his perch. The inn-keeper yawned as he took the bundle of copies of the county newspaper from the driver; and the postmaster yawned in response as he slowly cut the packing-twine, and very deliberately tore off the wrapper. The schoolmaster slowly dragged out the broken arm-chair, slowly and carefully deposited himself upon it, and very indolently opened and shook out the folds from the still damp paper. After a tedious process of wiping and polishing he adjusted his spectacles on his nose, and applied himself to read.

Suddenly he sprang from his chair as if something had stung him. The postmaster dropped the half dozen letters he was sorting to hear the news. The blacksmith opposite, noticing the commotion, dropped his sledge and ran over. Ditto the village tailor his shears. Ditto the shop-keeper, who fared worst of the three, since he marred a half dozen of eggs which he was receiving "on account." The doctor stopped in his sulky, and leaned forward to hear. The Reverend Mr. Lovematch moved up with as much haste as his dignity would permit. All Hazelcopse was assembled around the post-office.

All but Aunt Crane. Her window commanded a diagonal view of the tavern and the post-office. She stopped her wheel, and peeped out over her spectacles. She did not join the group, but seemed to understand the situation at once. For she took off her cap and waved it over her head, and while her white locks fell over her shoulders, danced around her little room with a lightness of step remarkable to see. The cat, astonished, rose from her mat, hunched her back like a camel, exasperated her tail to the hirsute size of three tails, spat and hissed at her old friend, and flew out at the window.

The paragraph which had excited all this commotion, from the schoolmaster to the cat, including the parson, was a brief one, and read as follows:

"MARRIED—in New York, by the Rev. Mr. CREAM-CHEESE, WILLIAM SHARP, Esq., to CAROLINE, daughter of the late SAMUEL DREW, Esq., of Hazelcopse."

The party had run away from Hazelcopse to avoid the publication of the bans, and to escape the further interference of good-natured friends

(good-natured with an adjective, for which consult Sir Fretful Plagiary). The Reverend Mr. Lovematch was wronged out of his fee, thanks to his congratulations; but the bridegroom was magnanimous, and remembered him at Thanksgiving time.

Hazelcopse was propitiated at the "home-coming" and the reception; which was upon the most liberal and comprehensive scale. Aunt Crane was the happy directress of details on that occasion, and wore a new cap, and a new countenance, mysterious still, yet satisfied. Hers was an original mode of match-making, and she deserved credit for it; though all the people to this day have not fairly taken it in. They think she was a dreadful old witch to set such stories going about the young people, and to try to break up the match. She says nothing in her own defense, knowing well that Carrie understands her.

Aunt Crane's best pin-cushion, a present of long ago, has a pin-o-graph legend on it—"Welcome to"—the rest to be supplied as the case may require. And her wheel drones placidly; and the cat, with recovered serenity, purs quietly; and Aunt Crane peeps curiously out at the world from behind her spectacles, ready for the next young event, which it requires no witch to predict.

CONSTITUTIONALITY OF THE LEGAL-TENDER ACT.

AFTER an experience of the benefits of this Act in war, second only in importance to that derived from the action of the public forces, the country is startled by objections to its constitutionality in the public press and in the platform of Democratical Conventions. They owe their origin to the hope that the Supreme Court of the United States, which is expected to decide this question at its winter term, may be influenced to suppose that popular opinion is strongly adverse to the measure. The cases which are up for decision are understood to be of three descriptions:

Firstly, Those relating to contracts made before the passage of the Act, payable in what then constituted the lawful money of the United States. *Secondly*, Those made since which by their terms are payable in gold. *Thirdly*, Those of the ordinary description.

If its retroactive character is maintained, the decision will include all contracts made since the law took effect which do not specify that they are payable in gold. As those made payable in that medium since February, 1862, stand upon special grounds, and their payment with legal-tenders at their nominal value would indicate a fraudulent intent, it is not necessary to examine these grounds in considering the main question, whether, when the nation is engaged in a war which threatens its existence, it is within the power of the General Government, when all other means fail, to resort to a forced circulation of its securities. The ques-

tion, as it involves the financial action of the people for a series of years, is the most important ever raised for decision.

Before proceeding to show that modern nations, the most opulent, engaged in war have been compelled to adopt this policy, and have thus proved that it is "necessary and proper" for those which are less opulent, the question may be usefully examined whether the collection of debts at such a time in a better medium than the paper which the Government is compelled to use for the manifold purposes of the war would exercise a counteracting influence upon the issue of the contest.

We have been so accustomed to the undisturbed operation of the laws for the collection of debts, that we forget that their enforcement is an exertion of the public power which may involve important consequences. One of the rebellions known to our early history arose from an attempt, through the ordinary legal tribunals, to collect debts in gold and silver after our colonial finances had been debauched by issues of paper. Captain Shays, in December, 1786, marched at the head of a rebellious force consisting of about 2000 men, of which he was leader, to Springfield and Worcester, in Massachusetts, and prevented the holding of the courts in those places. This force was subsequently dispersed by the militia under General Shepherd.

In our own times it became necessary for the State to interfere between John Jacob Astor and the occupants of land in Putnam County, the title of which he claimed, and the State was obliged to pay him half a million of dollars to quiet the disturbance of the public peace, which was threatened and likely to arise if the officers of the law should attempt to follow up the decision in favor of Mr. Astor by placing him in actual possession.

The most recent instance of trouble was that which arose between Stephen Van Rensselaer and other manorial proprietors and their tenants in Rensselaer, Albany, Delaware, and other counties of this State, growing out of attempts of the owners to collect their rents through proceedings at law. Secret associations were formed to prevent the arrest of tenants; the Sheriff of Delaware County was killed, and during Governor Wright's term that county was declared to be in a state of insurrection. The village of Delhi became a military encampment. The excitement, owing to an amendment of the Constitution favorable to the interests of the tenants, and to a disinclination on the part of local courts and juries to favor the landlords, has died away; but the effort to collect the rents by lawful proceedings came near involving the State in a serious and costly conflict.

The ground set up by Judge Denio in his dissenting opinion in the case of Meyer against Roosevelt and the Metropolitan Bank against Van Dyck (27th New York Reports, p. 400), in which the validity of the Legal-tender Act was maintained in the Court of Appeals of this

State by Judges Davies, Wright, Emott, Rosekrans, Balcom, and Marvin, against Judges Denio and Selden, is this in effect: that the States of this Union may proceed during war, in defiance of the action of the General Government, to collect the debts of their citizens in their State tribunals against any debtor in gold and silver; and that they may, in case the proceedings for this purpose are impeded by riotous demonstrations of magnitude, require of the General Government, under its stipulation to protect each State against domestic violence, a force to put down the obstructing array and enable the State to fulfill this duty at its pleasure. How far this counteracting influence might operate upon the fate of the national war would depend upon the frequency and the force of such demonstrations; but we submit that the subject is one comprised in those measures of safety, preparation, and counteraction, which bear upon the issues of war; and if such a power is lodged with the States—as Judge Denio in effect claims—it is founded on a principle that would enable the States to counteract the efforts of the Nation to wage successful war.

It is hardly to be supposed that the citizens of the Northern and Western States—six or seven tenths of whom belonged to the debtor class—would have tolerated the collection of debts in gold and silver during the recent war. Their debts had been contracted under the State bank-paper system; gold had been expelled as the consequence of it, and what had not been taken from the channels of trade by the army was expelled as a consequence of the war. If debts had been generally enforced at such a time in gold and silver, universal ruin would have ensued.

In war, it is said, every citizen on one side is bound to be a party against every citizen on the other side. There is no exception or limit to the rule but in the discretion of each belligerent. The combined forces of one power are arrayed and thrown against the combined forces of the other. The largest creditor and the humblest debtor may be required to stand side by side in the army of the country, exposed to be destroyed for the safety of the national life; but yet the creditor may at such a time pursue his remedies, and in case of domestic violence, as the fruit of the proceedings, require the withdrawal of a sufficient portion of the public force in the direction of his interests, and in the opposite direction from the public interests. Such, in effect, is Judge Denio's doctrine. Instead of the Union being supreme in such a juncture, it would be the creditor interest, or at least the State tribunals in support of that interest.

The ground that the States may thus in war restrain the General Government from making its paper a tender for private debts is founded by Judge Denio upon the supposed unlimited control of the States over the manner in which contracts may be made and discharged. The subject of tender, he claims, lies within the do-

main of State legislation, except so far as the States are specially restricted by the clause that nothing but gold and silver shall be made by them a tender for debts—that this restriction goes to the subject-matter, and hence restricts, by implication, the General Government. There is a striking inconsistency with this view at page 544 of the opinion. “The word money,” says Judge Denio, “as used in the Constitution, *ex vi termini*, implies all that is expressed in the words legal tender; and without the use of these words in the acts of Congress, the coins struck at the national mint, and the foreign coins, the value of which has been regulated by Congress, could be used in forced payments in all cases.”

The acts of Congress thus referred to are the numerous acts passed during the first administration and nearly all succeeding administrations, prescribing that our gold and silver coins, and certain foreign coins, “shall be a legal tender for all debts and demands.” These frequent acts of Congress, and the fact that no State had ever passed any act declaring what shall be the subject of a tender, raised very strongly the inference that the General and not the State governments was the true depository of this power. But Judge Denio, in attempting to disturb this inference, attributes to the word “money” in the clause of the Constitution authorizing Congress “to coin money and regulate its value,” a meaning or quality altogether inconsistent with his general doctrine. If the word “money” implies the creation of a thing tenderable for debts, then it is clear, as Congress alone possesses the power of coinage, that it alone possesses the power to provide a tender. The accuracy of this interpretation can not be denied. Indeed it is unanswerable.

This interpretation is not nearly as strained as that applied by Congress and the Supreme Court to the clause that Congress shall have power “to establish post-offices and post-roads.” These naked words have been held to amount to a complete investment in the General Government of entire power over the mail to the exclusion of all other authority. The view of Judge Denio that the word “money” implies the creation of what is tenderable for debts is a much more reasonable, as it is unquestionably a true interpretation of the Constitution. If the States were invested with this power to prescribe what shall be a tender, restricted only by the clause that they shall make nothing but gold and silver such tender, a certain amount might be prescribed in one State and another and different in other States. Restrictions are construed strictly, and if the power to prescribe a tender were thus lodged with the States, and it were thus exercised, their own courts would have authority to adjudicate upon the question without appeal to the national tribunal. If the right of appeal exists to the national tribunal the General Government has jurisdiction and the States have not. One of the great objects of union would be frustrated if the States could

make different arrangements on this subject; whereas, if it is a power appertaining to the national authority, there would be the same uniformity with respect to what money is tenderable for debts as there is throughout all the States as to the standard of weights and measures. Congress alone has authority to “fix” the standard, a word implying less freedom in change; whereas, in the same clause the word “regulate” is used, as applied to the value of money, showing that its value may be regulated by Congress according to public exigencies, as they from time to time arise.

Judge Denio’s ground, that the restriction upon the States against their making any thing but gold and silver a tender for debts applies to the General Government, derives no support from established rules of construction. The framers of the Constitution might have restricted, in terms, the General Government equally with the States, and the omission to do so directly is to be taken as implying that they did not intend to do so indirectly. The whole clause, of which the restriction in question is a part, shows beyond a doubt that Judge Denio’s enlargement of it so as to embrace the General Government proceeds upon an erroneous principle. The clause is as follows:

“No State shall enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation; grant letters of marque and reprisal; coin money; emit bills of credit; make any thing but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts; pass any bill of attainder, *ex post facto* law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts; or grant any title of nobility.”

If the ground that one of these restrictions—that relating to tender—applies as well to Congress as to the States is correct, it would be a necessary inference that others of them, and particularly the restriction against impairing the obligation of contracts, also applied; whereas the General Government can enter into a treaty or alliance; grant letters of marque and reprisal; emit bills of credit; and pass laws impairing the obligation of contracts. The restriction as to *ex post facto* laws, held to relate wholly to criminal proceedings, was specially applied to Congress in another clause. The rule contended for by Judge Denio, which extends one of these restrictions by construction so as to embrace the General Government, might do infinite mischief; for the General Government is obliged, in order to maintain its existence, to avail itself of many of the powers thus forbidden to the States. In laying the embargo which preceded the declaration of war against Great Britain it was compelled to annul, and did annul, all contracts, though made before its adoption, which conflicted with the measure, and this was the case also during that war and the one in which we were lately engaged. In establishing a uniform system of bankruptcy Congress, as a part of the measure of relief which the power is supposed to imply, discharges debtors from their contracts, which perhaps it might not do if the restriction on the States against their impairing the obligation of con-

tracts were extended by Judge Denio's rule so as to embrace control over the action of Congress. In the exercise of the coining power it is competent for Congress to improve or debase the standard, and thus affect directly the relations between debtor and creditor. This also would be impossible if the General Government had no authority to impair the obligation of contracts.

Judge Denio, in order to carry out his theory to its just conclusion, insists that in exercising the coining power Congress is bound to require that the coins fabricated under its authority shall have ever the relative proportions of gold or silver respectively, and of the respective alloys with which they are mixed, that ordinary coins had at the time of the adoption of the Constitution. The right to change them in an important degree is denied. This doctrine is not due to any restriction in terms on the power of the General Government, and must consequently grow out of the language of the clause which declares that "Congress shall have power to coin money and regulate its value."

Nearly every European nation has, from time to time, altered its standard. The silver in the ruble of Russia was reduced from 312.1 grains in the time of Peter the Great to 273 in the time of Alexander in 1802. The livre of France from the time of Charlemagne to that of the Revolution was reduced immensely. Jacob says that the coins of Germany were in a constant state of change. The silver pound sterling of England, which, in the time of Edward III., consisted of eleven ounces and a fraction, was reduced in successive reigns until it became debased to about four ounces. In 1694 a sagacious Scotchman suggested that in lieu of this policy, which enabled the Government and all private debtors to pay off their debts in pounds of lighter weight than they were when the debt was contracted, it would be better to mix paper with the currency, and out of this suggestion grew the creation of the Bank of England. By the act of Parliament, passed during the reign of William IV., the bills of the Bank are made a legal tender over the United Kingdom, except at the counter of the Bank or of its branches. If the degradation of the coins and money of the world shall continue, will it not be in the power of the United States to adopt countervailing regulations? But for the discovery of the gold mines of California and Australia it is probable that a debasement of the coins would have taken place, for Jacob, who wrote his work on the precious metals under the auspices of Mr. Huskisson, then British Minister, informs us that the habit of the great commercial nations to treat paper, issued in inordinate amounts, as money, had lowered the production of the precious metals in important mines and produced a dangerous disproportion between the large amount of paper promises and the small amount of those metals that could be called upon for their redemption.

As our Government was established to endure for all time, the various vicissitudes that may arise in the experience of the world were taken into view and provided for as far as human wisdom was competent for the task, and it is idle to suppose that the men who framed our Constitution intended so to fetter the law-making power that they could not regulate our coinage to meet whatever emergencies might arise. The language of the power that Congress might "regulate its value" conferred this authority in the fullest manner. It conveys discretionary authority, and excludes all other authority. The assumption of Judge Denio that "the subject of private contracts, embracing the manner in which they may be made and in which they may be discharged, lies within the domain of State legislation" is not, in respect to the matter in question, correct; on the contrary, the States of this Union have no power over what constitutes one of the ordinary subjects of a contract, which is money; they have not prescribed and can not prescribe against the legislation of Congress what shall be tenderable for debts; nor can they either in insolvent proceedings or in any way impair or discharge any lawful contracts, but power over these subjects appertains more fully to the national authority. Instead of the General Government being restricted, it appears that the framers of the Constitution had the subject under consideration and determined to restrict only the States.

Although the Government is thus wholly unrestricted in these respects by the terms of the Constitution, it is conceded that as the General Government is one of limited powers in many respects, the power to bestow on the representative of money, which Judge Denio concedes may be issued, the function of being tenderable for debts must be affirmatively shown. The language of his opinion at page 528 is this: "The right to issue the obligations of the Government for money borrowed, or for property or services furnished for national purposes, is not and can not be questioned. The form and denomination of such securities are matters which belong to the discretion of the Government making them; and if an issue could be raised upon the intent to have them circulate as the *representative of money*, I should still think that it was legally unobjectionable so to accommodate them to the business wants of the community as to make it the interest of successive holders to continue them in circulation, and thus benefit the treasury by deferring the time of their presentment for payment."

Judge Denio, at page 534, is thus inconsistent with what is contained in the preceding quotation: "Pecuniary means gained by the circulation of paper not bearing interest are the profits which bankers acquire by their peculiar business. It is a well-known pursuit, in which individuals may engage, by government license, when that is required by law, and without it when it is not exacted by some legal requirement. I think that so far as the immediate

question is concerned, the Government has an equal right to authorize the national treasury to embark in any other of the pursuits of business by which money is acquired as in this of making profits by the forced circulation of its notes under this legal-tender clause." As the business of a banker does not embrace the forced circulation of his notes, what is said in the former quotation more appropriately describes the business of a banker than the latter, and yet he affirms that the former is lawful and hurtless, and that the latter, as it would imply authority to enter into banking, is unlawful. The inconsistency can scarcely be reconciled.

But, assuming that Judge Denio did not intend to impair the force of his admission that the General Government may at its pleasure issue its promises to pay, in the shape of the *representative of money*—a right clearly appurtenant to the specific power "to borrow money on the credit of the United States"—the question ought to be considered whether this representative is not calculated to add to public and private embarrassment, if in case of war, when it is freely issued, it do not have imparted to it the chief quality of money—that of being tenderable for debts. Without its possessing that function what would be its actual character? The State bank paper issued from before the adoption of the Constitution purported, as do some of the Treasury-notes, to be payable on demand, and they were generally so paid; but in a time of panic they were of no value in the payment of debts, and hence it was that, when in undoubted credit and great abundance, they tempted individuals throughout the length and breadth of the land to enter into contracts extensively, who afterward awakened to the danger that these bills did not answer the purpose of performance when money was most wanted. It was this defect which imparted to the panic of 1836-37—long to be remembered—its extreme malignancy. Thousands of our noblest merchants were destroyed. Their destruction was due to the organic defect of our banking system, which allowed the issue of money to an extent that influenced the most sagacious men to enter heavily into contracts, which money did not answer the purpose of enabling them to perform their contracts at maturity. It did not constitute a tender for debts. It was a mere sham. Judge Denio admits that the General Government may entrap its citizens by issuing the representative, but denies the power to confer on it the attribute which will save the community from destruction. It thus appears that the extreme State right doctrine now being combated would, in truth, produce an impracticable government for purposes of war: capable of going far enough to involve the unwary in pecuniary ruin, but incapable of extricating its finances from the danger which issuing the *representative of money* is sure to produce, if not endowed with the capacity which prevents its rejection by the community.

We come now to the question whether to

impart this quality is one of the powers which the Constitution has, for purposes of war, conferred on the General Government. That to give to the Treasury-notes this quality will prevent their depreciation, and impart to them an additional value, and cause them to circulate more freely and generally, can not be denied. Their issue is always due to the want of sufficient quantities of gold for the purposes of war, and they have unquestionably the effect which Judge Denio attributes to them, whether made a tender or not, to expel what remains of the gold from circulation. The situation of debtors would, if they were not tenderable for debts, be this: that there would be an entire want and absence of the debt-paying medium. This would be entirely subversive of business and credits, and cause serious ruin to the community. An interest would thus be created, too deep to be viewed without anxiety, in favor of the immediate cessation of hostilities, however necessary their prosecution might be to the honor of the country. Whereas by making the bills a legal tender, as they were made by the act in question, debtors were enabled to meet their obligations, which otherwise would have been impossible; and the trade and industry of the country, which otherwise would have been languishing, were stimulated to a degree highly favorable to the prosecution of war. It is not too much to say that the long campaign of General Grant on the Appomattox, and which terminated in the surrender of General Lee, would not have been endured if the people of the Northern and Western States had been subjected to the commercial disasters which began to be felt at the time of the passage of the bill in question, and by means of which they were soon arrested. The British, says Bowen, in his able work, could not have taken Waterloo but for the influence of the commercial activity which prevailed in England. It was due to the act of 1797 which relieved the Bank of England of the necessity to redeem its bills in specie, and saved debtors from arrest who made these bills a tender for any debt.

The power to conduct war, devolved upon the General Government, involves always the raising and expenditure of pecuniary means; but Judge Denio insists that but three modes of raising them are permitted by the Constitution—by taxation, by sale of the public lands, or by borrowing. The position that no other means exists is not founded on any express provision to that effect of the Constitution, but is his own deduction from the general structure of that instrument. He supposes that imparting to the representative of money in war the quality which appropriately belongs to money—its debt-paying quality—is not one of the measures which Congress may then resort to for raising pecuniary means, and this, notwithstanding that the terrible pressure of hostilities will not enable it to wait for the slow process of taxation; notwithstanding that there are no lenders within the precincts of the Government

who have the requisite means, and that those outside are unwilling to lend; and notwithstanding that the public lands are not in demand during the turmoil and difficulties of war.

The States which formed the old Confederation, both before and after that event, had made their own bills of credit a tender for debts, and it was clearly in the power of the Convention, which had immediately before it this example of what may be done by the legislative power in great emergencies, to have restricted the General Government from doing so equally with the States; but the same reason for allowing latitude to the General Government with respect to what might be tenderable for debts in war—as it allowed with respect to contracts which we have seen may be annulled in war—undoubtedly influenced the Convention to waive the restriction as to the nation in both cases, and to leave to Congress the right to resort to this means of raising money in case of war, if no other were left. “I concede,” says Judge Denio, “that it is not incumbent upon those who argue for the validity of the legal-tender clause to select any one express power, and to maintain that the provision is a legitimate execution of that power. They may group together any number of these grants of legislative authority, and if the right to enact that provision is fairly deducible from any or all of them—their position is established.”.....“The problem to be determined is, whether the relation of means and ends exists between them.” It must also be not repugnant to the Constitution.

We have seen that the Parliament of Great Britain, in 1797, relieved the Bank of England from the obligation to pay specie for its bills, and in the same act relieved from arrest all debtors who should tender its irredeemable bills for debts. Mr. Pitt, in supporting the original act, declared that it was not the intention of the Government to make the bills a legal tender; but they were so in effect, though the act did not apply to proceedings of distraint. In 1811, Lord King having given notice to his tenants that he would no longer accept bank-notes at their nominal and reduced value, Lord Stanhope introduced a resolution declaring it illegal to receive or give more than 21s. for a guinea, or less than 20s. for a one-pound note, and a bill was passed which enacts “that the taking of gold coin for more than its value, or bank-notes for less, shall be deemed a misdemeanor.” Lord Eldon, in supporting this bill, remarked that

“So long as it should be expedient to continue the Cash Suspension Act of 1797 this present bill must become a part of it, for otherwise there would be no equality in the situation of different contracting parties, nor would equal justice be dealt out to those who had an equal claim to it, as there could be no justice in leaving the tenant who had tendered bank-notes exposed to be distrained upon by his landlord, while the debtor in other cases who had tendered bank-notes was exempt from arrest. I am peculiarly situ-

ated with respect to this question, having the official care of twenty-five millions of the property of his Majesty's subjects, and *without the means of enforcing the payment of any part except in bank-notes.*”

Lord Eldon was at this time Lord Chancellor, in the very height of power. Lord Brougham remarked of him that he did three-fourths of the governing of the country for a whole generation, and hence it can not be doubted that his observations as to the effect of the act of 1797 are accurate.

It is unnecessary to refer very particularly to the example with respect to the forced circulation of *assignats* by the revolutionary government of France, and the issue of paper-money during wars by other European governments, inasmuch as the example of the most opulent nation of the world in 1797—the nation from which the spirit and tone of our institutions are most derived—is sufficient to show that it is a policy which in war can not always be avoided.

The events which preceded this act in English history, and those which preceded our act of February, 1862, were of like description. The measure in Great Britain was preceded by the shipment of coin to the Continent, and by attempts on the part of Napoleon to cripple the pecuniary resources of his great adversary. At a most gloomy period a meeting of the Privy Council was held, which took place on Sunday; and it is claimed that the only occasion on which his Majesty George III. violated the Sabbath was this important one. He attended the meeting in person. The high officers of the bank were also present, and the Council, on the strength of their representations, resolved that it was “indispensably necessary for the public service that the Directors of the Bank of England should forbear issuing any cash in payment until the sense of Parliament can be taken.” On the meeting of Parliament immediately after Mr. Pitt carried his act to sustain this proceeding, and relieve debtors from arrest, against the opposition of Fox and Sheridan, and carried it by a large majority.

The expulsion of coin from the United States had also happened, but yet Mr. Chase had been able to negotiate loans, chiefly through the banks in this city, until at last it seemed impossible to raise any funds for our armies then in the field. A meeting of bank directors was held in New York to consider the situation, when one of their number delivered a speech, of which the following is an extract:

“We” (the banks) “are now loaded down with Government securities which we can not sell. Banks, as I have already stated, can act only as agents in great national loans. When our capitals are absorbed, *as they now are*, we can no longer aid the Government. The Government *must suspend specie payments or we must*, and it is only a question of a few more days' time as to who suspends first, and who shall hold the specie in our vaults. If we hold it, the people and the Government will be alike benefited. If the Government takes it, the whole will be expended and *hoarded by a few people.*”

It is difficult to conceive of a crisis more imposing. The Secretary of the Treasury now

found that the principal of the only measures which Judge Denio says may be resorted to for maintaining our forces in the field had failed. There had not been sufficient time to develop a system of taxation; the public lands were not then salable; and borrowing on the usual system had come to a sudden and certain end. According to this distinguished Judge, it would seem that there was but one policy left—the withdrawal of our forces and submission to the demands of rebellion. But Mr. Chase wisely determined that, as Congress was wholly unrestricted as to the choice of means conducive to the great end of saving the Union, and as the powers of the General Government in war were equal to those of Great Britain, and rose with the occasion to a level with whatever exigency existed—that, indeed, they were supreme within the sphere of its action—determined to cast aside the strait-jacket of extreme State Rights, and follow the spirit of the English example.

The power of Parliament is described by a bold figure as being omnipotent, and it is insisted upon that the powers which can be predicated of such a legislative body have no existence in ours. If Great Britain finds, as she conceived she did, great advantage from her policy of an irredeemable currency made in effect receivable for debts, and it amounts to a supreme necessity in a great war, we should be hopelessly exposed if, in an important conflict, we could not resort to the same means. If she found it to be a “necessary and proper” means for conducting her war, it may unquestionably be considered a “necessary and proper” means for us. The bills made irredeemable by that power for over twenty years were those of a bank, and although, to use the language of Mr. Pitt, it is a great engine of state, its bills do not equal in dignity those issued by the Government of the United States itself, and hence there is greater reason for making the latter an actual legal tender than there was for imparting this quality in effect to the bills of the Bank of England. It may be laid down as an axiom, that a people whose commercial dealings in peace are based mainly on the use of the ordinary *representative of money*, have no choice in a war of magnitude but to continue, and with all their power maintain, the circulation of paper promises.

Although in some respects the powers of Congress are inferior to those of Parliament, yet, in respect to war and the regulation of commerce on a war basis, the powers of Congress are, in the main, as full and complete as are those of any legislative body of any nation. There are no important limitations upon the powers of Congress in this respect, either express or implied. If this were not so we should be compelled to leave the arena of nations and sink down into a condition of inferiority. The Government would constitute “a splendid bauble.” The great Generals and great men who formed the Convention knew full well that the

Government, in some imminent crises when immense obligations were to be incurred, would need to be armed with all the power required to combine and array its forces against those of the enemy, and instead of fettering Congress with limited powers in this respect they bestowed them on a sufficient scale to effect the great objects of a firm national government.

The problem to be determined, says Judge Denio, is whether the relation of *means and ends* exists between them; that is to say, between the means employed and the end authorized to be accomplished. Does not the example of England show that this is one of the *means* resorted to in war to accomplish success. If a resort to this measure was compulsory on the proud aristocracy of England, who in part represent a rich and powerful nation, the most so of modern history—she had not then reached her culmination—is it a stretch of reasoning to say that a nation less opulent, which had habitually expelled the precious metals as the fruit of an injudicious system; which had none to lend gold and silver within its borders, and no friends of that description in other countries; which could not raise funds in time from taxation or from the sale of its lands—that such a nation, suddenly confronted with a force that arrested the wonder of foreign people and led them to think division inevitable, is fully justified, in order to defend and perpetuate the national existence, in a resort to the means which enabled England to succeed against the First Napoleon?

ENGLISH PHOTOGRAPHS BY AN AMERICAN.

No. VI.—WOMAN IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

WOMEN are worse treated in Great Britain than in any other civilized country. High or low, rich or poor, married or single, none of them escape from some of the disabilities, prejudices, and injustices from which their sex suffers. They are obliged to endure not only all the pains and penalties inflicted upon the women of other nations, but also certain special injuries and annoyances invented and practiced by Englishmen alone. Perhaps an American notices this state of affairs more quickly than other observers, because he comes from a country in which, according to the judgment of foreign critics, the women are treated too well. But the Americans do not believe that it is possible to be too kind to women. They hold that, while men may have been created “a little lower than the angels,” women were formed upon a perfect equality with the celestial personages. Nor is this a mere sentimental belief, as immaterial as French politeness; it is carried into practical effect in a thousand ways, and to a great extent it modifies and mollifies the habits, customs, and manners of the people. The result is, as our critics tell us, that the American women are spoiled. But in En-

gland the case is even worse; for here the men are spoiled.

In this age of vast educational experiments it would be an excellent plan to ship a few thousand Englishmen to the United States and marry them to American women, and bring a few thousand Americans here and marry them to Englishwomen. The experiment would probably be very beneficial to both countries; but it would certainly teach the bold Britons many facts in regard to women's rights and wrongs of which they are now in happy, unconscious, and selfish ignorance. They would discover that in America marriage is not simply a partnership to which the woman brings the most cash-capital, in which she does the hardest work, and from which she derives the least advantages, as is the case in England. In the United States the husband is the person who is expected to possess the money, or to earn it; and the wife is considered so precious and sufficient a treasure as to require no dowry but her own charms, and to deserve the life-long labors, sacrifices, and protection of her spouse without giving him any other return than her existence, and as much as she may see fit of her companionship. Every where, in public or private, the inexorable rule is, *Place aux dames*. The only institution in which men are still supreme is politics; but women are not yet allowed to vote because the great majority of them do not wish to vote. If they did wish it there would be no party in the United States rash enough to deny them the suffrage.

The inferior position of Englishwomen is first apparent to a foreigner in a variety of little details. Returning from an early-morning ride, he notices the cottages of the working-people by the road-side. The women are up and about, making the fires, carrying the coals, opening the house, while the men are still snoring soundly. I should like to see an American husband wait for his wife, or an American son for his mother, to perform these matutinal functions. If he were not speedily bewigged by his own better-half, a more serious punishment would be adjudged him by a vigilance committee of neighboring housewives. Or breakfast is being prepared, and you notice the women buttering the bread so as to save their lords and masters the slightest unnecessary exertion. An American husband might eat dry bread forever if he were unwilling to butter it himself. Then you catch sight of a woman on her knees lacing or unlacing a man's boots. So menial a service would scandalize the best American wives. If an Englishman want a pipe, it is the woman who fills it and hands him the light; if his pot need replenishing, it is the woman who procures and pours out the ale; if there be an errand to be done, it is the woman who trots off while the man loafs or rests at home. In short, Englishwomen belonging to what are called the lower classes are evidently the servants of the men, while in America the men are as evidently the servants of the women, only that this latter serv-

ice being that of the stronger to the weaker, never seems like servitude, even in the humblest families, but takes the nobler forms of politeness, solicitude, and duty.

But this sketch has darker tints. These lower-class women not only perform menial services, but they are treated far worse than any other servants in the world. Many of them are married only in name. From various causes, but mainly from lack of education, the marriage-rites are lightly esteemed by these poor women—or rather not by the women, who would give almost their lives for honest marriage-lines, but by their fathers and the fathers of their children. As among the negroes of the South before emancipation, a man and woman agree to live together; their relatives, friends, and neighbors acknowledge the implied relationship by calling the woman "Mrs.," and the upper classes care nothing about it, since it does not immediately concern them, and is pretty sure to provide another generation of laborers for the work of the future. In the South emancipation had to be attended by the solemnization of thousands of marriages, which might have been made in heaven years before, but had not been legally ratified on earth; and so in England, any genuine reform among the lower orders will have to be commenced by a joint crusade of clergymen and teachers—the former for the parents, the latter for the children. At present, all concerned accept the situation; the unmarried couples congratulate themselves upon having saved the parson's fees, and spend more than the fees in drink to celebrate their economy; and the women, having lost their virtue, often find themselves linked with brutes who had no virtue of their own to lose, and who soon deprive them of every comfort in life.

Even when things turn out better than this, the man never treats his mistress quite so well as he would his wife. He feels that she has no hold upon him, while he has every hold upon her. The language he uses to her is colored with this conscious superiority. If she offend him he knocks her down or beats her, and she has no redress, fearing to go to the magistrate lest she should thereby lose a home. If she be his wife her tongue is tied quite as tightly; for then she is obliged to go home to him to suffer fresh brutalities. I do not say that all the laboring class of Englishmen are drunkards, but the most of them drink too much, and they drink a poison of which the women feel the dire effects. The women drink also, and society countenances them in this vice. To see an English ale-house or gin-palace, with the women standing up at the counter and behind the counter, is a positive shock to a stranger. Nowhere else can you meet so disgusting a sight, so brutalizing a custom. On the Continent women are to be seen sitting in *cafés* or *bier-gartens*, and sharing their light wine, coffee, or chocolate with male friends; but nowhere on the Continent is there such a licensed Pande-

monium as an English bar. In America the drinking-saloons are countless; but in none of them would a woman be permitted to enter and call for a drink. There is no express law against the admittance of women, but there is the unwritten law of public opinion that would punish, not only the woman who infringed it, but the proprietor of the bar-room in which such an outrage upon decency occurred. A drunken woman is a rarity in every other country; but in England this woeful spectacle is as common as the rain.

Custom may blind the eyes and deafen the ears of Englishmen to the sights and sounds of vice among women that startle the foreigner at every turn; but this monster, Custom, is a part of the ill-treatment of Englishwomen. No man has a right to accustom himself to crime. Custom permits women to drink gin at public houses in the most frequented streets. Custom admits women, unattended, to the upper galleries of all the theatres. Custom permits prostitutes to take entire possession of the Haymarket and its vicinity after ten o'clock at night. Custom opens dance-houses and promenade concerts for the express accommodation of prostitutes, although the authorities who license them know that they are simply places of assignation. Custom sets apart certain districts of London for the residences of lewd women. Custom keeps open night-houses, in order that prostitutes may be able to get drunk after the regular taverns have closed at midnight. Custom is responsible for all this; but Englishmen are responsible for the custom. The police and the magistrates are powerless to suppress many acknowledged haunts of vice in England, because there is no public opinion to sustain them. Nay, as public opinion can not be neutral, it tacitly declares itself in favor of vice, and forces the police and the magistrates to aid and abet the very institutions they were created to annihilate. In other countries crime hides itself from the eyes of the policeman and trembles at the very name of a magistrate. In England it puts itself under the protection of the law, and transforms the law's officials into its own agents and instruments. The police mount guard in order that nobody may interfere with the criminal, and the magistrates actually assist him to collect his infamous dues from his victims.

In Leicester Square there is a place called the Judge and Jury Club. The authorities can not be ignorant of its existence, for there Finlen, the agitator, used to be employed, and this fact has been mentioned both in Parliament and the press. Besides, a policeman politely pointed it out to me when I was seeing the sights of London. The authorities know also that this is a model-artist exhibition, for the fact is advertised liberally. The Judge and Jury part of the business is a burlesque of an English trial, in which the judge, lawyers, and witnesses endeavor to surpass each other in verbal filth and physical vulgarity; but the

real attractions of the Club to its frequenters are the display of almost nude women in groups upon the stage, and the orgies behind the scenes after the performance. Yet this den, which would not be allowed to exist in any other city, is regularly licensed for the sale of liquors and as a place of amusement. This is an English custom. In a prominent part of Holborn, and in a street at the head of the Haymarket, are two dancing-saloons, called respectively the Assembly Rooms and the Argyle Rooms. A few silly people are sometimes to be seen dancing in these rooms; but the object of their existence is to afford a rendezvous for the courtesans of London and their admirers, who flock there every evening, from ten o'clock to twelve. Yet these places are regularly licensed, and policemen, who know every woman in the rooms to be a courtesan and a vagrant, are stationed there to protect the premises and the proprietors. This is another English custom, based, however, upon Continental models. In various side-streets about Leicester Square are little shops, with grated openings in the doors and porters standing without. To these the courtesans resort after their other haunts are shut, and there they can obtain a drink, a supper, a customer, and, if necessary, a bed. These foul nests are also regularly licensed, and, indeed, have a special license authorizing them to keep open an hour later than the taverns—a privilege which they contrive to extend to any hour they like. The police are as well acquainted with Rose's and Coney's as with their own station-houses; they fully understand what is going on inside, and sometimes they make domiciliary visits; but their approach is announced by a watchful sentinel, and they conveniently argue that if they see nobody there can be nobody to be seen; although half-emptied glasses adorn the tables, hats, shawls, and coats are strewn about the floor, and scarcely whispered conversations are audible from behind the opposite doors. This is another English custom; and if a new or overzealous officer does any thing to disturb it, the magistrate rebukes him the next morning by discharging the offended offender on his own recognizances.

If, as is universally admitted, prostitution is the worst fate that can befall a woman, then those who not only allow but practically legalize prostitution are women's worst enemies. The English are guilty of this sin. They are more guilty, and guilty in a more brutal manner, than any other civilized people. In France, it is true, prostitutes are licensed; but they are numbered, classified, and regulated, like convicts; they are restricted to certain houses, streets, and hours; they are made to feel that they are odious. In Italy, Spain, Germany, America—in every country, alas!—prostitution exists; but it is under the rose, it is an outcast, it is hunted down whenever it shows itself too conspicuously. But the English present the prostitutes with the freedom of the city, as if they were honored guests. Respectable peo-

ple are crowded off the streets that room may be found for the abandoned. The tax-payers contribute heavily and knowingly to the support and protection of the women of the town. Vestries license dance-rooms, cafés, and other resorts for the sole accommodation of the vicious, and householders who call themselves decent gladly come forward and sign the applications for such licenses. Not to London alone, but to almost all the cities and large towns in Great Britain, these sentences apply. Where any repression is attempted, it is so partial as to be quite ineffectual. But in a capital like London the nuisance could be abated in a week if the opinion of the people demanded its abatement. I remember the time when Broadway, New York, was infested by courtesans to about one-tenth of the extent that the Haymarket is at present—that is to say, it was intolerable. The police determined to clear the street, and they proceeded to arrest as a vagrant every woman whom they knew to be a prostitute, or found soliciting gentlemen. In a week the prisons were full, and the pavements respectable; and since then Broadway has never been so badly afflicted with this pest. There were certain streets in New York, such as Greene and Mercer, almost entirely occupied by the satanic sisterhood. The houses were watched by the police, and green-horns were warned off; but so soon as the nests were thought to be filled with unclean birds, a descent was made, and the whole party, male and female, caged in the Tombs. The police of London could deal with the same evil in the same way. Draw a cordon around the vicinity of the Haymarket at eleven o'clock any night, except Sunday, and four-fifths of the courtesans of London would be in custody before daylight. Of course no such measures—and, in the present state of human nature, no measures whatever—would completely suppress prostitution; but they would prevent it from flaunting in the face of the law, and they would acquit the English public from the charge of conniving at its offenses.

It was my good fortune to meet at Seville a very learned and intelligent physician, who had traveled over the world, visiting professionally all the houses of ill-fame, in order to write a work upon the subject. The doctor assured me that the number of American women whom he had found in such houses was so inconsiderable as not to be worth mentioning. Sometimes, he said, women would pretend to be Americans; but upon examination confessed that they were English, or had been born on the Continent and emigrated to the United States. The stories he had to tell of the outrages practiced upon emigrant ships were, however, most horrible. In America, then, prostitution lacks one most cruel phase which at once arrests attention in England. In the United States the fallen women are almost all foreigners; here they are the natives of the country, the lost sisters of the very women whom you meet in society. This is a terrible truth,

the causes and consequences of which demand careful consideration. Most of the city courtesans come, of course, from the country. If you have the heart to inquire as to their antecedents, you will discover that many incidents of rural life described by Fielding are not yet obsolete. The most of the poor women have been seduced by the sons of well-to-do people in the rural districts—young squires and lordlings; boys home from college; officers of the army, and the like. Next among the dangerous classes rank the British soldiers, whose uniforms have an irresistible charm for servant-girls. Singularly enough, the young squires and lordlings grown older, the boys out of college and studying law, medicine, or literature, and the officers of the army on town leave are the most reliable and liberal supporters of the seduced girls when they have become courtesans. These facts offer no good omen to English homes. There is a proverb that reformed rakes make the best husbands; but it is exceedingly difficult to meet with your reformed rake. Generally he becomes more rakish the longer he lives. He begins by injuring innocent women, and he ends by associating with the most depraved. You may see him in his old age at the lowest haunts of London, the butt of the women who were once his victims, or, worse still, he may be rich enough to maintain such a seraglio as that pointed out to foreigners in the Regent's Park, or that in which a certain nobleman lives in the country—harems that would disgrace Turkey, where prostitution wears the mask of polygamy, or Utah, where it calls itself religion. And, since I have mentioned Mormondom, let me recall the fact that Brigham Young's satellites draw their supplies of spiritual wives from Great Britain, and that the authorities here offer no opposition to his system of organized prostitution, although they are fully aware of the destination of the Mormon emigrants. The United States and England must share the blame of Mormondom between them—the former for permitting, the latter for sustaining, its existence. But there are Mormon churches in England, while there are none outside of Utah in America. Brigham Young would soon be without a bride to "seal" if he depended upon American women alone for his followers.

Were it not that the vices of prostitution and adultery underlie all grades of English life, and crop up unmistakably in all phases of English society, I might be excused from devoting so much space to the subject, for there are numerous other wrongs of women which beseech attention. Englishmen have made the path straight and smooth from the cottages of the lower classes to the pavements of the towns and the dark waters below Waterloo Bridge, and at every stage of the journey they have placed publicans to dull conscience and excite passions, and officials to keep the track clear and plain; but that is not the sum of their offenses against women. Here are England,

Ireland, and Scotland, constituting one country, and yet in each of these provinces the laws of marriage are practically different; so that a woman may be a wife in one province and a mistress in the others; and a child may be legitimate or illegitimate as it happens to be born on this or that side of an imaginary boundary line. Is there any other civilized nation that would tolerate such an outrageous condition of things? The House of Lords have had the whole subject before them recently in the Yelverton and other suits, and in every case they have decided according to law, but contrary to justice. They are not to be blamed for obeying the law; but they are not to be pardoned for declining to amend it. In Scotland the parents of a bastard can legitimize their child by marrying after its birth; in England they can not. Yet England and Scotland are said to be parts of one empire! A simple declaration of marriage is binding in one part of the country, but not in another. Is that national consistency? The cure for such contradictions is so excessively simple that it is impossible not to wonder why it is withheld. In some of the border States of America, where settlers had preceded clergymen and magistrates, the ceremony of marriage once consisted in the couple taking each other by the hand and jumping over a broomstick. That was equivalent to the old Gretna Green and present Scottish rite. When these States were organized and the government legally formed, the question in regard to such marriages came before the Legislatures, and was dealt with very sensibly. Acts were adopted legalizing all informal marriages up to a certain date after the passage of the laws, and there was a satisfactory end of the matter. Parliament has only to vote a bill of the same character, with a clause setting forth the legal mode of marriage hereafter, and this whole problem, which has vexed so many minds, will be summarily settled upon a backwoods precedent. Whatever touches her marriage and her children must always touch most keenly the heart of a woman, and so long as these anomalies in the laws exist, and so long as the law of primogeniture benefits the eldest son at the expense of his brothers, sisters, and mother, so long will Englishmen be open to the charge of deliberate legislative cruelty toward women.

Of grosser kinds of cruelty, such as wife-beating, wife-kicking, and wife-murder, Englishmen appear to have almost the monopoly. It is sickening to read in the police reports of the daily papers the records of those crimes against the persons of women which disfigure the current annals of England. Taking a paper at random from the file before me, I find that the reports open with three attempts at picking pockets; then comes a rape case; then a woman robbed with violence; then a woman thrown out of a window; then a woman beaten to death; then a woman poisoned. Better all the stabbing and shooting affrays between men in the United States than these continual as-

saults upon women in a country where every common man professes to know how to use his fists—but prefers his teeth or his boots—and every ruffian displays his knowledge of “the manly art” by hitting some defenseless woman with a club or an axe. Englishmen are conscious of their superiority over “the fiery Frenchmen, the stupid Germans, the assassinating Italians, the dumfounded Spaniards, and the rowdy Americans,” to use Mr. Roebuck’s elegant adjectives; but if any of these barbarians heard a woman’s voice exclaiming, “Don’t kick me any more, please, Bill! I’ll do all you want if you won’t kick me any more!” I would not insure Bill’s life for a farthing. But in civilized England a crowd recently heard these cries, and waited patiently outside till Bill had kicked his woman into eternity. Still, as I have before hinted, there are injuries which torture women more crucially than black eyes or slit throats. Like the old Christians, they care less for wounds which kill the body than for those which kill the soul. I am often surprised, however, that they bear physical wrongs so patiently. Elsewhere women sometimes kill or horsewhip their seducers; in England they quietly go upon the town, and send their children to “baby-farmers” to be starved. At Milwaukie recently an English laborer attempted to beat his sick wife one Sunday afternoon. He had an easy antagonist by his own fireside; but suddenly the door was burst open, and in walked a dozen Irish viragos, who thumped him with mops and pokers until he cried for mercy and swore that he would never molest his wife again. In America, too, women have coolly sacked the grog-shop that was ruining their husbands, pouring the liquors into the streets and threatening the landlord with tar and feathers if he complained. Are Englishwomen less brave at home than across the seas? Is there no heroism in the breasts that have suckled so many heroes? One good example of extemporè justice, with only Judge Lynch on the bench, would be worth a dozen tardy convictions and merciful sentences before the stipendiary magistrates.

More real progress in what is termed the woman’s rights movement has been made in England than in America, although the agitation commenced in the United States, and has been very strenuously pressed upon public attention for several years by a small body of women and two or three fanatical men. Nothing approaching the very close vote in the House of Commons last session upon the question of giving women the suffrage has ever been achieved in America, nor have American women ever succeeded in getting their names placed on the registry subject to the revision of the lists, nor has any American body so learned and influential as the British Association ever permitted a woman to read such a paper as that with which Miss Becker has just caused so decided a sensation in England. If Miss Becker—who has a happy knack of substituting words for argu-

ments—would only convince the women that they desire the suffrage, she would be doing more practical work than in endeavoring to convince the men that women ought to have the right to vote. To give Englishwomen the suffrage would only increase their responsibilities, and they have enough responsibilities already. What they urgently require is some profit from their present toils, some protection against their present lords. Miss Becker wishes them to jump up to the summit of their rights, and then come down the legislative ladder step by step. Is it not better to climb up the ladder? The bill to grant married women the right to hold and dispose of their own property and earnings is vastly more important to women than the right of suffrage. Such a law has been passed in America and in France; it operates admirably; there is no trouble whatever about it, and there is no reason why it should not be adopted in England. Many English wives are the bread-winners; they support their husbands instead of being supported; they have independent incomes which, if put into the savings-bank, would furnish them with a fund for old age or for the education of their children; but earnings, income, and savings are all at the mercy of drunken, dissolute, spendthrift, or thoughtless husbands. How would the right to vote remedy that? Would the women return Members of Parliament pledged to vote for the necessary bill? Well, they can do that now. They take a more active interest in the elections than the women of any other nation; and that their influence is feared is evident from the readiness of politicians to declare in favor of woman suffrage. Instead of this impractical question, let the ladies catechise the candidates in relation to a Woman's Property Bill, and something substantial will be secured. Thousands of women, from the wives of small tradesmen—who are really the active partners, while their husbands are only the sleeping partners, in the business—to the wives of aristocrats of the bluest blood—who have brought their husbands the money with which to sustain meaningless titles—would be deeply interested in such a canvass, profoundly indifferent as they now are to Mr. Mill's chop-logic and Miss Becker's sophistical paraphrases. If the women of England or America were polled today, not one in a thousand would be in favor of woman suffrage. Let the reader think over the list of his female acquaintances. If he know one who wants to vote for a Member of Parliament, unless some of her relatives be candidates, he is fortunate in strong-minded friends. True women entertain no ambition to become half-and-half men—political mermaids, social hermaphrodites, an anomalous variety of "the sex called man." I intend no discourtesy to Miss Becker; but had she been Mrs. Becker it is doubtful whether the British Association would have been favored with her curious theories upon women's rights.

Finally, I am compelled to reprobate the loose manner in which Englishmen think of and speak about women. They have a bad habit of telling gross stories over their wine, and often sully a reputation by an innuendo or destroy it by an apt monosyllable. With all their faults of morals the French are more merciful, the Americans more just. A Frenchman damns a woman's reputation upon a syllogism. He says, "All women are bad; this person is a woman; therefore she must be bad;" but that kind of wholesale scandal passes as a skeptical joke, hurts nobody, and lets its object escape. An American says, "I believe what I saw;" and his judgment, although decisive, harms only those whom he has detected. An Englishman says, "They tell me that So-and-so is queer;" or, "I have it from Smith that," etc. These are the slanders that damage women. What a picture could the artist of the *Saturday Review* paint if he would hang the "Man of the Period" alongside of his "Girl of the Period!" I was fairly amazed at some of the English comments upon the remarkable article whose title I have just quoted. It was as if every man whose tongue had been loudest against women rushed into print to declare his indignation that another person should write what he had himself often said. Writers who were avowedly more familiar with the cottages of St. John's Wood than with their own lodgings shuddered with an apparently holy horror that the name of that locality should be printed. Persons from whose lips I had often heard the broadest blasphemies against the fair sex suddenly sallied forth as the self-appointed champions of woman, and slashed away so vehemently that I at first believed they were in earnest. Men who had repeatedly boasted of their *amours* with veiled but hitherto virtuous ladies of the aristocracy hoarsely declared that the purity of the maidens of the period was unimpeachable, and frantically denounced as a foul slanderer the "titled lady" who had contributed that disgraceful article to the *Saturday Review*. Amidst the chorus of honest indignation—sincere, doubtless, and perfectly natural under the circumstances—these discordant notes jarred most inharmoniously. Soon after my arrival in England, at a table where all the company were gentlemen by rank or position, there were constant references to and jokes about "Mrs. Brown." Confounding her with Arthur Sketchley's heroine in *Fun*, I lost the point of all the witty sayings, and should have remained in blissful ignorance throughout the dinner had not my host kindly informed me that "Mrs. Brown" was an English synonym for the Queen. Then came out all the stupid scandal about her Majesty's Highland servant—scandal which gave one leading comic paper the materials for a travesty of the *Court Circular*, which furnished another comic paper with the subject for a cartoon that decided its success, and which has now been worn threadbare by repeated handling in all sorts of circles. I have been told

that the Queen was not allowed to hold a review in Hyde Park, because Lord Derby and the Duke of Cambridge objected to John Brown's presence; that the Prince of Wales took a special train for Osborne to remonstrate with his royal mother when the *Tomahawk's* "Brown Study" was published; that the Queen was insane, and John Brown was her keeper; that the Queen was a spiritualist, and John Brown was her medium—in a word, a hundred stories, each more absurd than the other, and all vouched for by men of considerable station and authority, who ought to have known better than to mystify a poor foreigner upon such a subject. Take this one illustrious instance of Englishmen's careless slanders, in lieu of scores of others, not so public, which might be adduced to substantiate my text. There are so many dinner-parties in England that new subjects of conversation are exceedingly scarce and in great demand; but this is no excuse for laying a woman's reputation on the table, to be hacked and marred by amateur dissectors, so soon as the ladies leave the room. In this respect a social reformation is sadly needed; but when Englishmen do not scruple to sully the fair fame of their Queen, which is considered perfectly stainless in every foreign land, they can scarcely be expected to spare that of any other woman.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A REFORMED PLANCHETTIST.

I AM not wicked; at the worst I am but weak.

Never have I deceived others for my own profit, nor lent myself, even constructively, to a fraud, however specious, which by any peradventure might turn to my material account. The only cheats which I remember to have practiced previous to my Planchettism were done for amusement's sake alone, when friends insisted on being tricked, and refused to be comforted if they were not. Under this category of innocent impostures I place the swallowing of a carving-knife, and drawing it forth thereafter with much flourish from your left ear; putting a penny on the crown of your head and driving it by a smart blow down and through your body into one of your boots; pretending to be pleased with a story or a casual caller when really you are bored; and the like. In similar manner each of us may confess to have told great lies; for the delectation of little children, for instance, inventing tales of giants and good men that never lived; building up on such chimerical foundations gorgeous superstructures of heroism and happiness which never had place in this world. There you have an inkling of my shortest comings and most flagrant tergiversations until the time that I fledged out as a Planchettist.

I thus premise because I have no desire to dispute the bad pre-eminence of wickedness with any of my fellow-creatures, no ambition to be made the objective point of a special mis-

sion in my now state of health. Fully conscious of the obliquity to which I weakly became committed, I am willing to atone, so far as in me lies, by the following frank confessions. But, while content, even glad, to serve as a beacon (or deacon) light to others, I can not consent to be made an exhibition of.

"How did I become a Planchettist?" How does a man become committed to any evil career? Insensibly and by degrees, of course. No man clothes himself at once with the full measure of guilt, as he would put on a ready-made garment. There are gentle gradations in all iniquity. Is it probable that Mr. Tupper contemplated eructation in volumes when first he began to platitudinize, or that Nero had the conflagration of Rome in his mind's eye when he purchased a Cremona and learned to fiddle? Certainly when first I laid confiding and caressing hands on the smooth and shining back of Planchette, I had no idea of the dark path of deception on which that three-legged monster would drag me, of the depths of turpitude into which I thereby pledged myself to plunge.

But perhaps if I begin at the beginning I shall the sooner get through. Therefore let me take up the thread of events as first revealed (or raveled), and follow it out to its natural culmination in crime and confusion.

Having occasion for some alterations in the model of an astronomical invention I was perfecting, I betook myself to the shop of a maker of mathematical instruments (and tinker generally); who had already failed to work out several brilliant ideas of mine—a fellow possessed of much talent in that way.

"Fritz," quoth I, "I want these wheels cut down to half their present size and renumbered; that spring taken out, shortened, and given a different bearing; and the discs, or outer plates, and wood-work, silvered, gilded, and varnished. I'm in a hurry, and must have it in an hour."

I always am in a hurry in cases of the kind, for it is the height of indiscretion to confess to the ingenious mechanic that no special dispatch is required, permitting him to do things "in his own time." What is "time" to him may be eternity to you.

"Not in a week," he made answer.

This was unexpected. Usually this nimble artisan was not overdriven with work, and the smallest jobs were thankfully received. Now he was full of business, independent, and of course disposed to be curt and rather impertinent. A week was out of the question. What would become of the sun, moon, and planets all that while? So I replied that such a delay was not to be thought of—the solar system could not be trifled with—and that I should be compelled to trust myself and it to the hands of some workman, less skillful, perhaps, but more mindful of the interests of early benefactors. It is always well to take high moral ground on such occasions. But I had the curiosity to ask what he was making that busied him so.

"Pentagraph wheels," he said.

Well, I left his shop and went on a voyage of discovery among artificers in brass and workers in wood; but with the most indifferent success. Very few could comprehend the machine at all; to the beautiful intricacies of its wheels and revolving discs most of them were blind as owls to the sun. One to whom I applied said he did nothing in the circular-saw business; another informed me that I'd find a maker and mender of music-boxes somewhere in Maiden Lane. The few who could make head or tail of the machine mentioned in the outset that a cash deposit on work was always expected of strangers, and this of course cut off further conversation. So at the end of the week I again sought Fritz.

But he now could not work me the desired alterations inside of a month; he was still making pentagraph wheels.

It seemed strange to me that there should be so sudden demand for such wheels, the instrument itself being not extensively used; and I asked what they were for.

"To put on a writing-machine," he said; "something newly invented."

Ah, thought I, a writing-machine; here, then, is an invention nearly as important as mine, and more adapted, perhaps, to the popular need. Horace Greeley will want one; Sam Bowles must be supplied; and I called to mind a host of other eminent caligraphists whose pleasure in the invention would only be equaled by that of the miserable creatures who are obliged to read their manuscripts. I inquired where the machines were to be seen, and very soon thereafter was on my way to the store of a well-known and urbane dealer in stationery, writing-desks, and other portable property.

On entering I inquired for a writing-machine.

"A what, Sir?"

I explained, and gave my authority for supposing there was such a thing extant and there for sale.

"Oh, Planchette; yes, yes, Sir. Please step this way;" and I was ushered to the back part of the store.

There I found Planchette lying in wait for whom he might devour. He was a brown-looking little familiar, made of wood, and mounted on two pentagraph wheels, a lead-pencil forming his third leg; he looked as if he might bite, and had an uncanny air about him generally. Inquiring, What is this mystery? I was informed that on two persons placing their hands upon the fellow's back, and a question being asked, he would soon begin to wriggle about (like a crab in the sand), and write an intelligible if not an intelligent answer with his plumbaginous tail.

In response to my look of incredulity came an invitation to put my hands on with the young man of the store. I did so, and asked the time of day.

"Five minutes past four," was written. This, however, did not much surprise me, as there

was a clock on the wall, visible to my fellow-operator as well as to Planchette.

Other persons—mostly ladies—came in to purchase Planchettes. (There was an immense rush for them, and I understood how the whole town came to be making pentagraph wheels.) While they were being waited on I amused myself by reading a descriptive pamphlet, republished from an article in some English periodical. This related so many marvels of the thing that my curiosity became excited to experiment with one at my leisure; but still so incredulous was I of the powers imputed to it that I scarcely felt like purchasing one out and out. However, a compromise was finally reached by my making a deposit of the price, with the proviso that if it failed to write things my money should be returned.

A label on Planchette's belly set forth the most favorable conditions of getting its back up to the work ahead. It was advised that the operators be "of opposite sexes, if possible, and of different complexions." Not deeming it impossible to find an opposite in sex to aid in the investigations, I started off with Planchette under my arm. I must confess that I was not altogether at my ease while carrying him thus, for if all the pamphlet set forth were true, there certainly was something impish, if not demoniacal, about the fellow. I fancied that he squirmed in my embrace, and I knew not but that in another moment he might be tearing with teeth and claws at my vitals. I thought of the Spartan boy and his fox. But I bore him bravely on, and once at home took care to guard against his escape or any untoward demonstration by locking him securely into an oaken clothes-press.

That evening I went out to call, taking Planchette with me. It was a lady exactly my opposite, not only in complexion, but (I regret to say) in disposition, whom we went to see; and I said to myself that now, if ever, some remarkably quick stepping would be done by this fantastic courser. The lady at first thought I had brought her a new-fangled cribbage-board; but I explained, and with some fear and trembling (she had read the pamphlet meanwhile) we placed our hands as directed, and waited events. For a full hour we sat, but beyond a few false starts and convulsive wriggles, caused by our nervous tremors, there was no movement on its part. Questions the easiest of solution we asked, but no answer came. Did it rain? (it was raining); what time was it? (there stood the clock); we asked it every thing, except, perhaps, would saltpetre explode; but it stood still, obstinate as a mule. Others came in presently—of opposite sexes and complexions—and they tried their hands, with equal powerlessness to produce any satisfactory result. In short, owing to the refractory behavior of Planchette, we spent a very stupid evening, staring and blinking into each other's eyes over his back; and when I packed him off home that evening it was with a full resolve to never again introduce him into good society.

Next morning on my way down town I dropped in at the Planchette dépôt, and reported the failure of my experiment, by way of preparing the proprietor to receive an addition of one to his stock. That gentleman, however, assured me that I would yet find some one for whom Planchette would write; that he would return the money (and he did, there and then), but he really wished I would keep the board, and see what came of it. This was fair enough, no extraordinary risk was involved, and I accepted the terms.

That evening I was out visiting again, and happened to mention Planchette. The ladies present became so much interested (in what the pamphlet said of him; I denounced him unmeasuredly), and expressed so much faith in his good behavior in proper hands, that I sent for him to be brought into the presence, willing to give him a chance of redeeming his reputation.

He was brought and planted on the table, with a large sheet of paper to make it easy for his feet. Scarcely had their hands touched him when off he started like a mud-turtle (of which he was the mild simulacrum) with a coal of fire on its back. He raced round like a quarter-horse, describing the most eccentric curves and angles, writing names, and occasionally lashing out with his legs as though he had just found them. Fresh from pasture, he evidently for the first time felt his oats. So comical was it all that for the life of me I could not forbear laughing, which rather provoked one of the ladies, who inclined to take the thing in quite serious part.

At first starting off it scribbled scriptural texts glibly; but when asked what influence moved it, wrote "Humbug." This flippant answer was attributed to the malign inspiration of my mirth, and I was soundly rated therefor; but while the chiding was going on it got an idea of its own, and wrote "Nonsense." Thereupon my attention was called to the fact that I was visibly reprov'd by some unseen disciplinarian, to which suggestion I replied that it was not quite clear to my mind that I was the person admonished, and counseled that the question be put to Planchette.

Asked who was talking nonsense, the sensible board (or Faculty) at once wrote the name of the lady who was taking me to task.

Asked who was the most nonsensical person in the room, it wrote the name of a little girl asleep in the adjoining apartment—who, however, so far from being sillier than any person in the room, would really have merited being written down as the brightest of all, had she been present. Probably she was "picked upon" because absent and asleep. This trait and similar ones show conclusively that Planchette's is the feminine gender; I treat it indifferently as masculine and neuter for convenience's sake.

A note was brought me relative to the postponement of a little party which was on the tapis. I put it in my pocket. Planchette was

asked what M. Toile d'Araignée had in his pocket. The wretch wrote, "A love-letter," which necessitated my reading the message aloud, in order to clear myself from a base and unworthy suspicion.

And so on the evening through, by no accident hitting the truth in any answer, until, when breaking-up time came, the question was asked: "Now, Planchette, after all this frippery, what serious, earnest message have you for us to retire on?"

"Do not believe in this," it wrote, smoothly as could one of those chaps who hang round hotels doing your name in fine Italian characters on visiting-cards for a living.

I was staggered in my disbelief—nay, more, I was all but convinced. The answers given, though wide of the truth, were in all cases the very replies which one would suppose the operators would not write if they had their way about it. I was the one to be rapped over the knuckles and reprimanded for nonsense if "larks" was the game; and "Don't believe in this" was scarcely the message that would be chosen to convince a skeptic—at least it so seemed at first thought.

I didn't feel quite easy at having Planchette for a room-fellow that night. I started several times, expecting to find him scratching about and endeavoring to climb into bed with me. I would rather have taken up with a bug.

Should a man share his bed with his board, after making it a point all his life to never take the two together?

The mania spread, and the air became full of Planchettes. Wherever you went a board was brought out as soon as the lamps were lit; the soft blandishments of music gave place to its presence, and conversation ceased. The baleful dissipation became universal. Strangely enough, however, though the thing would write for others, it would not for the lady to whom I first introduced it and me. It seemed as though it owed me a grudge for taking it out on that occasion in the rain. With one or two of her acquaintance she would put her hands on, and it walked the table like a thing of life; but for me it wouldn't stir a peg. Though we sat dumbly for hours, mutely, almost prayerfully, invoking the mesmeric influences, until our arms were nearly paralyzed by the inaction, never a line would the pencil trace. This puzzled me, for it was my strong impression that we had about as much snap and spirituality about us as most folks. As for me individually, if I put hands on with another it would either not move at all, or else in a disgustingly feeble manner, suggestive of weak joints. At last I declined to make any further attempts (feeling rather mortified at my frequent failures, if the truth must be told). One evening, however, a distinguished Planchettist being present, under whose hands the board was galloping about like mad, I thought I saw a key to the situation. For experiment's sake I requested the lady who was seated with him to

let me make one final trial. She assented, and gave me her place. The other party seemed not overdelighted at the change (not unnatural perhaps), but made no objections. Planchette was dumb under the infliction for a moment, but at length began weakly to discourse. My hands are not as light as a lady's, and I was determined that if physical force were used I would compel the exertion of sufficient to be visible. Before the first sentence was written I was satisfied—the thing had written its own sentence, in my mind, so far as any claim upon the credulity of mankind was concerned. The working of the digital muscles was palpable, and it was plainly to be seen that, instead of endeavoring to get away from under the operator's fingers, as would have been the case were the motion in the board, it simply followed their guidance, or took the line in which it was driven. Planchette stood revealed to me as a very tame monster after all.

Theretofores in discussions with a few unbelievers of my acquaintance, who scouted my credulity in believing that any thing else than trickery underlaid the Planchettic cipher, I waxed quite wroth, and denounced them as idiots. Evening after evening I had sat (like a bump on a log) while the fiery, untamed steed, manipulated by others, went careering on its three legs over realms of thought and reams of paper, furnishing a fund of amusement for whole households. On those occasions I was not openly upbraided for my impotency, but I knew that secretly I was looked upon as a noodle of too fleshly and earthly a nature to evoke and control the subtler essences which abound in wood and such things, and the knowledge was not pleasant.

Is it necessary for me to anticipate by declaring here that at the next sitting to which I was bid I suddenly developed stupendous powers, and stood revealed as the Planchettist of the Period?

It is now that my confessions properly begin, but the prelude was not uncalled for, inasmuch as I wished to illustrate how a man is occasionally driven into crime in self-defense.

My career from this time forth was an eminently successful one. In my hands Planchette, when he failed to answer truthfully, told such outrageous lies that it was at once seen that some evil spirit was behind him. There were no half-statements, no hamstrung declarations concerning any thing past, present, or to come; he hesitated at nothing. Sometimes, indeed, he would skate around and draw maps of unknown continents, but once started to write, and it was certain the questioner would get all and more than he wanted to know, and as for my fingers being seen to move—trust me for that. From Planchetting one might turn to pocket-picking easily, and with no other preliminary practice.

We generally satisfied our audiences—Planchette and I did. First I practiced on the friend of mine already mentioned; when it

became evident that she, knowing my previous powerlessness to move the board, received my sudden development with faith, and did not suspect me, it seemed clear that no one would, and in the wickedness of my heart I went forth conquering and to conquer.

Did I have no shame, no compunctions of conscience? you will ask. No, not a compunction; once mounted on Planchette and one will gallop headlong whither a beggar on horseback is reputed to ride; you care as little for who or what you ride over as a witch on her broomstick. Contact with him acts like the touch of an enchanter's wand, transforming honest men into tricksters, and turning them loose in society prepared to practice, if need be, on their own mothers.

You doubt the latter statement, but of that anon.

I improved on the tactics of the general run of Planchettists. They were always eager to perform; I affected reluctance. They would decipher scrawls which no one else could read, making out a complete sentence where it was utterly impossible to distinguish a single letter, and wondering at persons' obtuseness. I, on the contrary, was the last to unravel the communication, and insisted on Planchette's rewriting it even after all others were confident that they had the right interpretation. I discovered, too, that it was easy to write upside down, or from right to left, so that a looking-glass was necessary to enable one to read the message. In fact, I evidenced a capacity for guile which at this distance surprises me, and certainly the possession of any latent talent of the kind was before unsuspected in me by others.

As an instance of how we did things—Planchette and I—one Sunday afternoon, at the house of a friend, the board was brought out. Would I put my hands on it? No, I had rather not, it took all the magnetism out of me, and the weather in itself was sufficiently prostrating. But there was no escape, and at last I reluctantly consented, a lady assisting.

Addressing ourselves to the inhospitable board, it forthwith began to circle about and gyrate as if possessed. Asked what power was present, it promptly wrote "the devil."

"But has not Mr. A——" (a lawyer for whose edification the board was brought out) "any friends here?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"I."

"Why are you a friend of Mr. A——?"

"Because he is one of mine."

"Has he ever served you?"

"Yes."

"What in?"

"In law."

"Have you ever served him?"

"Yes."

"What in?"

"In law."

"Were you at church this morning?"

"Yes."
 "At whose?"
 "Mr. F——'s."
 "How did you like him?"
 "First-rate."
 "Has Mr. A—— no other friends here?"
 "Yes."
 "Who?"
 "Theodore."
 "King of Abyssinia?"
 "No; Parker."
 "Did he go to church this morning?"
 "Ask him. I'm going away now."

And the board went to skating again. As soon as it became comparatively composed the question was asked:

"Did you go to church this morning, Mr. Parker?"

"Yes."

"Whose?"

"Mr. F——'s."

"How did you like him?"

"Not altogether."

"What fault do you find with him? What hint would you like to give for him to act upon?"

"He is too bold, too outspoken."

"But you used to be pretty bold and outspoken yourself, Mr. Parker. Why do you complain of him?"

"I'm wiser now."

"Should not the truth be spoken openly and boldly?"

"Not at all times, and not to all people."

"To whom should the truth not be spoken?"

"The ignorant—the many."

"What are you doing up there?"

"Improving."

"Will you tell us how to improve here?"

"No; I must go."

"Where must you go?"

"To hell."

"What are you going there for?"

"To preach."

"Do you always hold services there on Sundays?"

"Of afternoons."

"Where do you preach in the forenoon?"

"At Yarmouth."

(The expert Planchettist will always have certain stock words and phrases to fall back upon when hurried or puzzled. Thus, when asked who was writing, I found it always safe to quote Beelzebub—he being fair game for every body. When at a loss for an answer to a question, I wrote, "We never, never tell;" and the name of a place being hurriedly required, gave them "Yarmouth," as about the unlikeliest town for any thing but a bloater to come from.)

I reproduce these questions and answers merely to show how absurd the latter seem on paper. But as written for the eager inquirers who conducted the investigation the answers were a success, evoking running comments of "How like Theodore Parker," etc.

It is strange, indeed, how accident will often come to the aid of imposition. As instance in

point: One evening a lady, who was scarcely satisfied with the answers she had received, said she would like to apply another test, and requested that Planchette would write the word she had then in her mind.

With scarcely a moment's pause he dashed off "Sorosis."

"Well, that is wonderful," she cried. "I didn't believe much in it before, but that is convincing!" And it was rather a staggerer, if I do say it who shouldn't; but there was nothing very wonderful about it, after all. Something had been said about that remarkable club a few moments before; and I observed that the lady knitted her brows as though the knotty word took hold of her sharply, and it occurred to me that her mind might be dwelling on it then.

Another case in point—but an explanation first. My mother happened to be visiting in Brooklyn; she had heard of Planchette, and of my proficiency thereat, and was desirous of seeing it write. Now what was I to do? I certainly did not wish to upset the dear old lady's preconceived notion of things, scatter her faith to the winds, to the detriment of Moses and the prophets, and turn her adrift on a sea of speculation as to the relations between mind and matter, with neither compass nor rudder; but, on the other hand, it wouldn't do to confess that I—her first-born and her best-beloved—was a cheating juggler. So I temporized, and put the exhibition off. This was quite as bad, however; she came down to the city to see what was going on, and my backwardness laid me open to a charge of unkindness in thus hiding my spiritual candle under a metaphorical bushel. So one evening Planchette and I crossed the ferry.

My good mother put on her spectacles, the big-bowed ones (when she mounts those she means business), and prepared to catechise. No theological abstractions did she propound, no trivial questions put she, but practical ones—concerning things about which she really wished to know, and by which her movements in a measure were to be governed. A granddaughter had appointed to meet her at an interior town during one of the summer months, and she inquired whether the young lady would be there.

A very large and distinct "No."

"Why, Planchette, that can not be; I have a letter from her in my pocket, and she promises to meet me in July."

"She won't," reiterated Planchette, and refused all further explanation on that head.

The next inquiry was when a younger son would be on from the West.

"On the 22d" was written.

"He is coming on the 15th, I know, for he wrote me so. Will I go West with him?"

"No."

"Well," said the old lady, as she wiped her spectacles and carefully put them away, "my opinion, Planchette, is that you are a great humbug. But we shall see."

Sure enough we did see. Next day, if I remember rightly, came a letter from the young lady regretting that she could not meet her grandmamma at the time and place proposed, and making an appointment for a meeting elsewhere later in the summer. My brother arrived on the 22d; and the old lady did not return with him to Kansas. All came true as a book. But 'twas simply because of shrewd guessing. On general principles I assumed that—setting aside in this instance that feminine fidelity to engagements which has passed into a proverb—a young lady enjoying the cool delights of a Canadian borough would scarcely feel like traveling several hundred miles by rail to an unattractive village in the dog-days. I knew my brother had written that he would be East on the 15th, but as he was generally a week behindhand I thought it safe to average him down to that and record it. As for the good lady's traveling through Kansas with the Indian war-whoop sounding from its borders to our distant doors, I argued that if she made herself party to such a pleasure-trip at her time of life she would display a want of sagacity incompatible with the fact of her being the mother of Charles Henry.

But the case immediately in point, referred to as illustrating how accident singularly comes at times to bolster up imposture, is this: After the family exhibition just mentioned, nothing would do but that Planchette and myself should perform for the proselytism of an old gentleman at whose house my mother was visiting—a confirmed and avowed disbeliever in Planchettism, notwithstanding the stubborn facts she narrated. Hopeless as the task seemed, I undertook it with a determination worthy of a better cause, and, with Planchette under my arm (some on the boat thought I was carrying a patent life-preserver), again I made the perilous passage to Brooklyn.

On inquiring for Mr. R—we were told he was up stairs, writing, but would be down presently. So Planchette and I passed the interim pleasantly in writing stupendous fictions for the children. (I carried no confederate with me; all were gudgeons that came to my net; in all instances the assistant was innocent.) By-and-by Mr. R—made his appearance, and taking his turn at questioning, inquired what he had been doing. We replied, "Writing letters."

"What kind of letters; to whom?"

Unable to hit any where near the truth, we set out to come the old dodge, and write a whopper, something monstrously and funnily (all circumstances considered) improbable.

We wrote "Love-letters;" plainly enough, it seemed to me. Mr. R—bent over to look, and we expected a snort of indignation at the barefaced impudence of the answer. To our surprise, on the contrary, his face flushed, and he said, seriously, "Well, that is very strange, indeed; it has written the name of my correspondent in Brazil, and I do not think any body present but myself knew it."

Certainly I did not, nor do I to this day, but I simply said to the three-legged, steady, old fellow, and thought what a good thing it is that a sweet little cherub sits up aloft to watch o'er the fate of Planchette! Was there not conclusive proof in this of its supernatural powers? One of the beauties of the game, let me remark, is the fact that the chirography generally is so illegible that a large margin is offered for speculation, and the questioner, seeing some slight resemblance in what is written to the proper answer, takes it for granted that it has been written, and is satisfied and surprised.

When persons want to be humbugged it is very easy to please them. I remember one evening Planchette was asked the name of the young lady with whom a young man around the board was in love. We started to write something immediately, on the theory that those who hesitate are lost; but the big-fisted fellow who had hands on with me bore so hardly that we could make no headway at all, and beyond a few feeble kicks and struggles could not get without exciting unpleasant suspicions. The paper showed a cramped tracery which looked like the pattern of a lace collar quite as much as any thing else, but it was at once unanimously declared that the funny monster had drawn the profile of John's Dulcinea!

One of the strangest things about it all is that the operator after a while comes to half believe in the honesty of the performance himself, and gets really angry at having the genuineness of his messages questioned. Several times have I got up from the table in an indignation which was by no means altogether feigned, on being suspected or too closely pressed with questions as to my agency in the matter of writing. I had a way, however, of making the seat of the scornful so warm for him that he did not care to occupy it long, and rarely giped a second time. 'Tis mournful, however, when one becomes insensible to his own wickedness, and assumes an air of injured innocence when good missionaries, in gros grain and watered silks, remonstrate with him. What the end would have been, where I would have eventually brought up, had I not been arrested in my evil career, I do not know, and can hardly bear to contemplate. I might now be a long-haired spiritualist, coaxing weak raps out of my shuddering knee-pans, or throwing tables, chairs, and spittoons about the room in the name of loved ones "not lost but gone before."

It was the frequent necessity of practicing upon near and dear friends that first aroused my slumbering conscience and prompted me to reformation. My good mother, for instance, was so pleased with Planchette that she requested me to buy her one, that she might have it ever ready to her elbow as guide, counselor, and friend. From that dilemma, though, I extricated myself rather ingeniously by leading her to ask what or who moved the board, and writing in answer, in big, staring letters, "THE DEVIL!"

"Why the Wicked Thing! I declare! Take it away, Charles!" and she raised her hands before her face to shut out the sight of so hateful a monster. Never afterward did she want a Planchette, nor could I persuade her to consult it even in secret. "To think of its swearing!" she said.

But there were others less timorous; one lady in particular, a valued friend of mine, who in early life had lost a dear sister. This lady insisted on asking serious questions, and endeavoring to penetrate the veil between the seen and the unseen world. She wished some communication from the dead. It was in vain that I sought to turn the tide of investigation by writing the most absurd things, and announcing the presence and readiness to be questioned of Belial, Brown, or Belisarius. With a persistency not to be baffled she would return to the original inquiry, blaming my light behavior and frivolous interpolations for the mocking character of the manifestations. As there seemed no way out of it, and I secretly felt somewhat provoked that so clever a lady should insist on being bamboozled, I one evening determined to gratify her, and the following is a near reproduction of the Planchetting—enough, at least, to give an idea of the tenor of the whole:

"Will not H—— communicate with me?"

"I am here."

"Why did you never come before?"

"Because of the presence of others."

"What had their presence to do with it?"

"I wished to see you alone."

"Ah, now we have it" (to me); "this is real good. Be serious, please, and don't laugh and cut up; if you do we shall not get any more sensible answers." (To Planchette:) "Can you not visit me?"

"I am with you often."

"When?"

"Always. Every where."

"When is your presence most felt?"

"In dreams."

"What are dreams?"

"Voices and echoes."

"Whose voices and echoes?"

"No one's."

"No one's? that is a strange answer."

I suggested that perhaps the question was not rightly put; that there was no reason to assume that persons were meant. So the question was amended:

"Voices and echoes of what?"

"Every thing in nature."

(I rather pride myself on that; it was pretty, and I question whether many mediums could improve on it with as little practice as I had.)

And so the evening passed—a little to my amusement, but more to my sorrow when I came to think it over. All manner of ghostly things were inquired into, and there I sat writing down the first vague, mystical answer which came into my head. And speedy punishment followed, for thereafter I was kept at the Plan-

chette board, like the musical young woman of the season at a piano, whole evenings through. The fame of me went abroad into the land, and I was invited out, with a postscript requesting me to bring my Planchette, just as Frenchmen are asked to dine and come with their horns and flutes. There was an end of all conversation or any of the old time amusements; no more "slight flirtation by the light of a chandelier;" I had to seat myself and ride the three-legged till midnight, and then home to a nightmare. This was in itself almost enough to tempt me to confession and a reformation, but the main impelling power was the seriousness which the subject was assuming, and the sacredness (to me) of the things which it became necessary to trifle with.

So one day I split the mahogany monster down the chine with a carving-knife, hacked his two halves into shavings, and gave them to the flames; taking early occasion to acknowledge boldly my former wickedness and declare my resolve to reform. More, I avowed my intention of writing out my confessions for the benefit of those yet in the bonds.

Against this I was cautioned; it being hinted to me that though I might be stupid and bad enough to practice such a senseless cheat, others were honest in their dealings with Planchette, and that it really told some very marvelous things in cases where deception was impossible. For instance (I demanded an instance), a gentleman in the northern part of New York, whose wife was traveling in Europe, asked Planchette (operated by two ladies, strangers to both him and his family) where his wife then was, and the name of the place was accurately written.

I must confess that this shook me a little, for I knew the gentleman well, knew how incredulous he was in articles of faith more established than these latter-day miracles, and owned to myself that if he was convinced there might be something in Planchette despite my experience.

It happened, however, that during my summer ramblings, soon after, I "towered" through that stretch of country, and spent some days in the vicinity. At a dinner one day I met a lady who chanced in the afternoon to become my partner at croquet. During the intervals of the game our conversation turned on Planchette, and I frankly confessed the rôle I had acted. She said she never had hands on Planchette but once, and that then she displayed a power which surprised herself and others. I fancied a slight smile on her face, and mentioned the astonishing revelation which had been described to me as occurring in that part of the country. The smile deepened into a laugh as she remarked that she could tell me all about it, having been one of the performers.

"Now tell me truly," said I, "*sub rosa*, you know—did or did you not manufacture that message yourself?"

She owned that she did, but declared that really she couldn't help it; that she sat until she was tired, and there wasn't much fun in

that; so when Mr. P—— asked where his wife was she wrote "Ems," just to see what they'd say.

"But you were a stranger to her, and had never met him before?"

"Yes."

"Then how did you know she was at Ems?"

"Why, he told me so himself, not five minutes before. I expected when I wrote it that he would say so at once, but he didn't remember telling me—on the contrary declaring that no one in the room but himself knew his wife's whereabouts; so I thought I'd let it go."

There you see what a wonderful fellow Planchette is, when you come to sift him!

A friend the other day was telling me of his investigations. Planchette was manipulated by two young ladies, ex-officio professors of the art, and he had been asking questions, but got such silly and untrue answers that he was about to give up in disgust, convinced that they were making game of him.

But a thought struck him, and he resolved to give the thing one more trial. A copy of *Le Journal pour Rire*, which he had just received from Paris, lay on the table; the name of its editor is printed in very small letters at the bottom of the last page.

"Here," said he, "tell me the name of the editor of this journal."

They wrote "Philipon."

"By George!" cried he, starting up, "there is something strange and almost unaccountable about that. I know that neither of these young ladies knew the name of the editor!"

"Oh yes, I did," exclaimed one of them, leaning breathlessly forward; "I noticed it this morning, and wondered what they printed it way down there for."

The ruling feminine passion asserted itself there. Rather than admit that there was *one* thing she didn't know, she lost the convert she was endeavoring to make. Of course he saw nothing strange and unaccountable in the writing of the name (misspelt at that) in the light of her admission.

Here is another instance of how easily persons are deceived when they have their mouths made up for the wonderful:

A lady residing in New York was spending the summer at a mountain village in New Hampshire. Her husband undertook to send her all the news. When Elliott the painter died he telegraphed to her, "Elliott—artist—dead." The dispatch came in the afternoon, and she did not make it public.

That evening Planchette was on the table—all were immensely interested in that gay deceiver up there. A gentleman, a great friend of Mr. Elliott, was present. Having an idea that she could surprise them a little, the lady, when her turn came to put hands on the board, wrote "Elliott," "Elliott," repeating the name several times.

The gentleman wondered if any thing was wrong with his friend. When he last saw him

the artist was in very poor health; and at last he asked, "Has Mr. Elliott any thing to say to me?"

She then wrote the telegram she had received, word for word, "Elliott—artist—dead!"

Of course all present were very much astonished, and the gentleman was not a little distressed—observing that certainly this was very strange; 'twould be remarkable indeed if Elliott were really dead; in any event they would know to-morrow.

If astonished that evening, judge of the sensation next day, when news came through public channels that the artist was indeed deceased. Could any doubt be entertained of the mysterious power of Planchette after that?

It will be seen that this instance illustrates not only how easy it is to deceive people, but also how naturally the best disposed persons will drift into deception when such tempting opportunities present themselves. There is a pleasure in mystifying others, and when successfully accomplished the delight is too dear to sacrifice it all by confessing how the effect was produced. The incident just narrated was told to me at the very moment of this writing. I find that now that I am at the confessional very many others ease their consciences by "owning up." Sinners love company as much as misery does.

I have little more to say, and surely nothing further to confess. I have truthfully given my experience, and if it be of use to any of my fellows, that knowledge is guerdon sufficient. A reformed Planchettist, I eat better, drink better, and sleep better than when pursuing my evil practices. My conscience is more at rest, and I no longer have troubled dreams. Let this encourage those who are still under the dominion of the Destroyer to emancipate themselves.

It is useless to tell me that there is any thing in Planchette, or that by its aid every man may become his own medium; I've been there. When you can pat a terrapin on the back and get him to respond in Coptic with his tail, 'twill be time to persuade me that a block of wood can be "charged" sufficiently to write sentences. Mine was charged (it stands charged against me, I believe, to this day), but it would only write when I moved it, and then it wrote precisely what I dictated. That persons write "unconsciously" I do not believe. As well tell me that a man might pick pockets without knowing it. Nor am I at all prepared to believe the assertions of those who declare that "they do not move the board." I know what operators will do in such cases; I know the distortion, the disregard of truth, which association with this immoral board superinduces. I have seen charming young ladies, whose word I would take on any thing else in life (even if they protested they were not engaged), who would not fib if you asked them if their curls were false or if the red of their lips was natural, sit up with both hands on Planchette—fortified

in falsehood by the contact—and lie like lawyers. Bring me any two professors of the art—young ladies, for men are not to be believed under any circumstances—not too far gone to be sensible to some moral compunction, who will put one hand on Planchette and the other on the Bible—establishing a sort of galvanic connection between the negative and positive poles of truth, so to speak—and swear (as Elia says the custom of resorting to an oath in extreme cases has introduced into the laxer sort of minds the notion of two kinds of truth) that they do not write the messages they promulgate, and I will discuss whether they do or not seriously. Until then I do not recant one single expression, but stand firm by these confessions.

P.S.—Since writing the above I have been told by a gentleman of accurate information that the article descriptive of “Planchette,” already referred to as republished in this country from an English periodical, was purely imaginative throughout; that the writer never saw, and indeed never heard of such a thing; ’twas fabricated out of his own head. It will be remembered that he spoke of it as originating in the United States, and being in frequent use here. This was manifestly wrong—not to say absurd—inasmuch as a Planchette was never known in this country until put in the market by a shrewd stationer who contrived to manufacture it from the Englishman’s description. We are a gullible people, as well as a vast—that’s beyond a doubt!

THE NEW TIMOTHY.

Part Seventh.

I.

“A MOST manifest Providence!” exclaims Mr. Wall, the uncle, and the very moment he hears it read.

For his nephew has just had a letter from the great city of all that region inviting him to visit its greatest church with view to a settlement therein, “if the way be clear,” and this letter the nephew has brought direct from the post-office to his uncle’s study for his advice thereon. And here beginneth a lesson in human nature if we only had time to study it. This noble old clergyman would have shrunk from such a charge had it been pressed upon him in his early ministry—though actually filling two or three fully as important afterward; yet he regards the modest reluctance of his nephew as commendable and—morbid. He doubted his own ability for such a position then, yet has not the least doubt on that point in reference to this nephew.

The solemn fact is, Eli tolerated things in his sons that he would have died rather than do in his own youth. Samuel bore his awful message to Eli, yet played the same foolish father over again in reference to his thoroughly worthless sons, every one of them. David, too, actually petted in Absalom what he would

have deemed himself possessed of Saul’s evil spirit if he had even dreamed of doing in his own youth. So of Solomon in reference to Rehoboam, and of every father in reference to every son up to date; except, dear friend, *your* father.

It is astonishing. In his youthful days Mr. Wall senior would as soon have prayed for pestilence upon him as riches, for this he had not the faintest desire then; no, nor since. But for his nephew he does desire at least a handsome supply of the good things of this life; never thinks for a moment that riches might be as disastrous in their influence upon said nephew as he was positively certain they would be in his own case. He has reference in his present decision to the ample salary his nephew will receive if pastor of the city church as a reason he should accept, though with him it would have been a strong motive for declining. Perfectly willing to suffer himself the martyrdom of poverty forever, but very unwilling this nephew of his should have a joint racked or a hair singed.

Let the whole truth be told, and so he reasons and so he feels in another matter—Louisiana Mills! In his own fervently pious youth he would as soon have yearned for the hand of the Paphian Venus as for that of Louisiana, dull of mind and keen of appetite, utterly earthly and unspiritual in every sense—given to riches, and dress, and indolence. Yet all along, without a whisper of it to himself, much less to his own wife, he has set his heart upon his nephew being married to this lady of all the world. One of his first thoughts is that it will *now* be quite possible for this alliance to be consummated! Let us frankly acknowledge, and neither deny nor quarrel at the eternal laws of the human heart. Noble, white-haired old Barzillai asked David nothing for himself whatever, but for Chimham every thing! That morning, weeks ago, when his nephew, after a night of sleepless thinking, had announced to his uncle his intention of mounting his horse and riding out in search of a field of labor farther out upon the frontier! Hard work the uncle had to dissuade him from his plan. He was weary even of the short period of comparative idleness under his uncle’s roof. After long years of training and arming he was ready, and yearned for the Fight. Mr. Wall senior had sent him out to General Likens partly to keep him occupied until the Something arrived, he hardly knew what. A dim something that the uncle expected confidently, and therefore prayed for fervently. That unknown something he found in the letter the instant he read it.

“Yes, Charles, your way is clear to visit this church,” was his decision, all his noble face glowing with pride in his nephew, and cordial assurance of his future career, his eyes not unmoistened with emotion as he spoke. “I’ll tell you,” he continued, “we will call a family council upon the spot. See if all do not agree with me.”

And so Mrs. Wall had to come in with her

knitting, and Laura must be instantly sent for at the neighbor's with whose sick child she had been sitting up all night. John was deeply engaged, in a check apron and rolled-up sleeves, in some mystery of flour and eggs and sugar in the pantry, but come in she must. It was a critical point in the mystery, too; but whether it "fell" or "rose" or exploded was one to him—come in she must, on the spot.

"Do let the child stay, Mr. Wall," said the wife, as she accompanied her impetuous husband to his study in the yard.

"No, Mary," he says, in his loud, strong tones. "We can't do without John. I do believe she has got more clear, strong sense than any of us!"

He did not intend that young lady to hear this remark, but he did not care particularly if she did. He never said any thing which he would be unwilling for the world to hear. And John *did* hear him as she scraped the paste from her fingers in the pantry. She had a vague feeling of any thing rather than pleasure in regard to the subject to be decided in the family council—an almost sickening feeling she could not account for. She regretted that she happened to be at home. But there was no help for it now. She would say as little as possible upon the matter, whatever it was. And so the family assembled in the little study. Mrs. Wall wished to stand. "It will take but a moment, I suppose. What is it?" she said.

"No, sit down, Mary," the husband insisted.

"What is it, Charles?" inquired his aunt, seating herself on the edge of the lounge, and knitting for dear life.

"No, not till Laura comes," says the husband, anxious for a full and solemn council—not a bit the less so because the decision of that council was already fully made up in his own mind. John looks over the books in the case, her sense of something unpleasant growing rapidly upon her.

At last Laura appears, and in a hurry.

"Dear me!" she says, at the door of the study. "What is it? Any one sick? Have the calves been in the garden last night? Don't tell me any thing has been at my dahlias!"

Her father leads her in, shuts the door, requests attention, reads the letter, explains all the circumstances of the case. But long before he comes to a close, and to get the opinion of his council, he has given his own most decidedly that it is a very desirable position in every respect—that there can be no possible objection to Charles accepting the invitation.

"But let us have your opinion," he says, at last. "Mary, my dear, you first."

"I can not see how it is possible to get Charles's things ready in time," says that lady, knitting thoughtfully as she runs over his wardrobe in her mind.

"Very well," says her husband, cheerfully.

"Now, Laura, your opinion. What is it?"

"Oh, of course," she replies, and, "Oh, Charles, while I think of it, don't forget to send

me a good assortment of bulbous roots. Pack them in moss, and they can come by mail. You could find some cuttings, too, if you were to inquire in the city, only you are certain to forget it."

"Very well," says Mr. Wall senior, still more cheerfully. "Now, John, what is your notion? Out with it, child!"

"Please excuse me this time, Mr. Wall. I know so little about such things—"

"No; speak out what you *do* know, child," he says.

"I am sorry," she says, hesitating a little. "You wish me to speak plainly. I don't *know* any thing. I can only tell you what I *feel* about it. But I can't tell you *why* I feel as I do. So what I would say is not worth hearing."

"But what is it, John?" says Mr. Wall, not quite so cheerfully, while Charles listens as if to the voice of something rather within him than without him. "Tell us what you feel, child. We'll let it go just for what it is worth."

In the moment all the very much Mrs. General Likens had told her in reference to that part of Mr. Merkes's experience flashed upon her.

"You know, child," Mrs. General Likens had said, "he's had an awful time of it a candidating; visiting churches an' preachin' before them, to let them see how they like him or don't like him. In my opinion it's as bad as standing a hand up on a block for sale. How they like his voice, an' his gestures, an' his manner of prayin' and readin'; whether he's too flowery for the old or too dry for the young, an' all that. Of course he couldn't do his best preachin' under these circumstances—could you? An' he imaginin' all along he saw contempt in one face in the congregation, an' laughin' at some mistake he'd made in another. Him a meetin' half a dozen other candidates on the spot, an' all preachin' against each other for dear life, perhaps. An' the bein' heard, an' criticised, an' rejected; and that over an' over again. It's enough to kill his very heart like, cheapen him in his own esteem, cripple him for life. I know it's the custom in all the churches; that the best preachers in the land all do it; an' I don't know any way preachers are to be settled but that; yet I know one thing mighty well, an' that is, my James should have died first! It was my prayer from his birth he might be a preacher. If he had been, an' it had been the Lord's will, I would have given him up for a missionary to go to Siam-Pooter, or whatever it is, willingly; but not to go 'round with a pair of saddle-bags a candidating! Too much study and too little exercise at the seminary there in preparin' for the ministry, steady starvation after enterin' it, is enough to sour Mr. Merkes. Araminty Allen can't make that allowance for him that I can, but when you come to add to all that his trials and troubles candidating 'round among the churches, I don't blame him a bit if he *is* as cross and bitter an' gloomy an' cold as—between us—goodness knows he certainly is. What that man has gone through with would

have ruined the temper of the Beloved Disciple, even if it is wicked to say so!"

But John whispers no syllable of all this.

"Well, Mr. Wall," says John, looking up with her clear calm eyes and truthful brow, "I have a feeling that he ought not to go—at least, had better not settle there."

"But *why*, child?" asks Mr. Wall the elder, swiftly.

"My opinion is not worth much," she continues, more firmly and seriously; "but I was in favor of his taking that school he once spoke of; and when that was abandoned, I was so anxious he should go on that missionary trip west, I suppose it prejudices me against this plan. You know, Mr. Wall," she says, a little archly, "you did not call a council about those other plans."

While she is speaking one of the family is dimly conscious, as he looks upon her, of the stirring within him of a singular emotion, not entirely new in his bosom, but never so well defined as now—not perfectly defined as yet—far from it. "Singularly lovely," he murmurs to himself; "but so different from Louisiana!"

"What a curious girl you are, John!" says the caller of the council; but he is aware also of a curious echo, too, to what she has said in his own bosom.

"I got it from you," says John, more boldly. "That day you were talking to Mr. Bowles in the parlor, you told him a young minister ought to spend several years in a comparatively obscure position before occupying a larger. You explained how he would thus get a practical knowledge of religion and men, which would make a substantial and lasting pastor of him afterward. You told him it would be a good thing for him to spend a few years, even, in teaching—it would deepen and enlarge his mind. That the eight or ten years you had spent in an obscure country charge before you took a city church was of great benefit to you. And then, I remember, you told him of promising young ministers who had gone from the seminary into city pulpits who had failed to sustain themselves, and had to sink back at last into a lower position doubly bitter to them. And you mentioned two or three you knew who had ruined their health entirely in their effort to do so. Did not Mr. Merkes begin his career with a city pulpit?" asks John, in a lower voice.

"Yes," says Mr. Wall the elder, not at all as cheerful as a few moments before; "I believe so. But, John, we hope Charles is neither a Mr. Bowles nor a Mr. Merkes," he continues, with a smile.

"May it not be because you see him with your loving eyes?" says John to herself. Yes, to a greater degree than even John knew did the noble and affectionate uncle see every thing relating to those he loved through a wrong medium, because a rosy medium. Of himself he had an humble opinion, whenever he thought of himself at all, which was rarely enough. All his life his own wonderful success in his minis-

try had been to him a cause of unceasing astonishment—the more because his beginning was of the smallest and least promising in many respects. This astonishment was satisfied to him only by his as unceasing remembrance that it *must* be—*was*—God himself, the Cause of it all! And so his amazement changed and increased, and glowed more warmly, into a thankfulness and confidence in Him which bore him up as upon wings.

"But he's last man I know to find out from about other folks," Mrs. General Likens remarked one day, speaking of him. "When it's made his duty to speak out—that church trial we had out here, you remember, General—he says *every thing* plain, I tell you. Other times he talks easy enough about *things*, but he won't about people. You never hear any half hints about folks, any chilly-like running down of other people, any sly questions about somebody which will oblige you to say something bad of them in reply from *his* lips. I'd jest as soon expect Apostle Paul to sit an' babble an' spit an' gossip an' whittle as *him* to do any thing small an' mean. Something *awful* about that man—must be his pure goodness—like an angel. Only fault I know is he thinks too highly of other folks, specially those he's most with. I suppose it is the shining of his hope an' love on them colors them like to his eyes. One thing, it makes people on a strain to be what they know he thinks them to be—anywise, while they are any where about *him*."

Mrs. General Likens was correct. Mr. Wall senior loved Charles as if he had been his own son. He estimates him by the ample measure of his own heart, rather than by the smaller and colder and exacter measure of common-sense. He really thinks more of him—is a thousand times more confident in the success of his nephew than he ever was of himself. And now John's unwilling opinion comes upon him, and upon the rest of the council, like a cool but entirely bracing and wholesome breeze. But, you see, John had a Yankee father—a man of clear, strong, straightforward, almost cold sense—Yankee that far. Well for her that her mother was the very soul of womanly sweetness and softness. Thus it was, let us theorize, she is the consummate result of the two.

"Louisiana! John!" rings the chime in the heart of Burleson. To have one girl in a man's mind is bother enough, but two at the same time it is awful, as more than Captain Macheath have found out. And such a contrary two! With Burleson it is the conflict in his choice as between moonlight and sunshine. Sunshine is coldly clear; but oh! the moonlight is so soft and intoxicating. Sunshine is too wakeful—a man must stand up on his feet and think and act strong and straight out under it; but under the yellow glory of the moon it is so dreamy through all the golden night one can lie at length and drift like a bubble down the slow, eddying flow of whatever befalls. "I could be happy with Louisiana Mills, say, if I

had never met with John," he thinks; "but I have met with her, and she is to me a something of priceless value—infinite—I can not compute it. I dare not give her up from my possession forever! But here is this Louisiana, so artless and beautiful and charming to the eye. I wish to goodness she had run off with her father's overseer or something before I got back from college," he says. "I would be at peace then to get up on my feet like a man, and brace myself somehow, and have purpose in life and do noble deeds, and perhaps get to heaven at last. Oh bother!"

One singular fact lay in this, that Burleson thought a vast deal the most of John in the mornings—made his calls upon her then, terribly to the derangement of her domestic duties sometimes. But, as John rose upon him with the morning sun, so she subsided in him with its setting. With the coming on of evening Louisiana rose, moon-like, above the horizon in all her glory; it was after day was done that his calls upon her were made, save one, and that was a failure, perhaps for that very reason. It is the conflict between this sunshine and moonlight within him which makes such uneasy and uncertain twilight there. However, all this in a parenthesis.

And so all is tangle again in the council. It is hard to reason against stern Fact—eternal, undeniable Reason.

"But it is a plain Providence," says Laura.

"Yes, but Providence sometimes opens a wide gate before us expressly that we may *not* enter it—to try us," says the elder Mr. Wall, thoughtfully. "I passed just one such when I entered the ministry; was glad ever after. And more than once."

And I, thinks Mrs. Wall over her knitting, when I came so very near marrying that rich, dissipated young St. Clair. Dear me, how long ago it was!

When Mr. Merkes made me that offer, thinks Laura, but angry at herself for thinking of it as an opening of any kind at all.

In the buggy that afternoon, coming back from General Likens, thinks John to herself, and blushes, as if he had certainly read her thought, as she lifts her eyes and sees that the nephew is looking at her.

"I will tell you what I have determined," says Charles Wall at last. "My mind is clear. I will go. But I will go to the city without the least hope, expectation, or desire to be called as pastor, or to accept the invitation if I am. I want to see as much of all sorts of life as I well can before settling down to work. I have seen the Likens neighborhood a little; let me see city life a little, too. I want to know, chiefly, a little more about myself. I haven't the faintest idea," he added, with a laugh, "of what I am, except that I have awful forebodings!"

II.

Why is it that the young minister assumes from the very outset the relation he does to

this Jacob Langdon? He is aware of it, he remonstrates with himself about it, he struggles manfully against it, but for the soul of him he can not help it! The quicksilver in the tube might as well resist the cold that sinks it toward zero. Unlike the mercury, he does not indicate it in any way, but none the less does he feel from the first that wretched sense of personal inferiority to Jacob Langdon. And why? in the name of logic and common-sense. Why? Jacob Langdon is a man who never got beyond a common-school education, and Wall is a thoroughly educated gentleman. Jacob Langdon is a moral man, perhaps, but Wall is much whiter from all stain than he. Jacob Langdon is a professor of religion, but he, in comparison to the young minister, has effected a standing, off the earth, only upon the first step leading into the temple, while the younger but more devoted Christian of the two has pressed his way long ago up those steps, and through the vestibule, and far on his way within the temple toward its Holy of Holies. The only two things in which Jacob Langdon is superior to him is practical knowledge of life, and—wealth; for it is Jacob Langdon of the well-known and immensely wealthy firm of Langdon, Burke, and Co.

If there be a rich man whose handsome carriage drives by your door so often, and you, a poor man, be on the point of denying the fact of feeling inferior to said rich man, do not do it! The feeling is wrong, but your denial of it, dear friend, is worse. You are positively certain of the man's great inferiority to yourself in very many respects. But at last, in spite of yourself, especially if he be very rich and you be quite poor, you have the general sense of his being, upon the whole, your superior. If you be poet or artist or minister yourself, and young, that which exalts him most above you is your sense of his unlimited superiority to yourself in practical intellect. Whatever else you do know, banking, prices, stocks, commerce—in a word, the science of making money—is to you a vast knowledge, with the very alphabet of which you are unacquainted. In the art of spending money you feel yourself to be vastly before him—know infinitely better than he exactly what things to buy with his thousands, if you had them; but as to accumulating those thousands you are a very babe at his feet.

It was with a singular sense of being quite small and very young that Charles Wall enters the counting-house of Langdon, Burke, and Co., in the city. Mr. Langdon being the officer of the city church who wrote the letter of invitation.

"Mr. Langdon has stepped out; take a seat; the morning paper," says the clerk on the high stool at the long mahogany desk behind the railing, hardly lifting his eyes from a heap of invoices before him.

"He knew by my letter that I would be in the city, and to see him about this hour, and yet he is out!" was the thought of Wall, as it would have been of Mr. Merkes in his place.

Only Mr. Merkes would have nursed the thought with indignation, whereas Wall throttles and casts it out as soon as it is born. He seats himself with a "Thank you" in the black cushion of the nearest office-chair, and takes the crisp morning paper that he may glance over the top of it around him.

It is a noble office, twenty by forty feet at least; the floor covered with cocoa-nut matting, the walls hung round with port-folios bearing in large letters upon their sides the names of all the leading ports of America and Europe. There are handsome paintings too of the celebrated clippers and steamships of the day. The three huge doors standing open upon the busy street; the library of journals and ledgers, each two feet long; the glimpse of several lengthy tables in an inner room covered with different samples of cotton in brown paper parcels; the vast iron house rather than safe in one corner; the stout negro porter, apron on, coming in and going out; the constant ingress of clerks with long, thin books in their breast-pockets, who hold brief and cabalistic conversation with the clerk, who never even nods to them in coming or recognized their leaving, but writes steadily on through it all; every thing impresses the young minister with the fact that this office is quite a different place from his quiet apartment in the third story of the Seminary, so very high and dry above the bustling world. And he enjoys it wonderfully from force of reaction, and has a deep respect for the clerk writing away at his desk. From the moment he had read the letter of invitation Hoppleton had dwindled into a much smaller place, and his uncle's home had seemed rather dull than not. The instant he had stepped, valise in hand, on the train, at the end of the stage part of his trip from Hoppleton, he had caught the contagion of enterprise and energy. He respected the conductor collecting tickets, had a lurking admiration for the dirty stoker, considered the engineer a hero, rather underrated himself, in fact, in comparison with all the pushing throng. In strong contrast with the eddy in which he has lain, there is a grandeur in the torrent of practical life which exaggerates itself to him by the very contrast.

And now this tall, thin, hazel-eyed man who comes in with such a swift step must be Mr. Jacob Langdon. He is rather disappointed. He had imagined him portly, white-haired, and with an overflow of gold watch-chain over a white waistcoat—never mind. He rises to greet and be greeted, but Mr. Langdon regards him just at that instant no more than the spittoon at his feet.

"Say twenty thousand two fifty, and I'll do it," he says, as he comes rapidly in without looking over his shoulder at the weazen, little, dried-up old man who follows upon his footsteps like his shadow.

"Suppose you would! No. Twenty thousand five hundred," replies that individual, in sharp, quick tones.

"Can't do any thing with you, Ellis," says Mr. Langdon, who has now reached the railed space, and, with hand thrust through the rails, is working the impatient fingers thereof under the nose of the clerk. "Check, Jones, twenty thousand five hundred!"

"Would endow a professor's chair!" says Wall to himself, with a rising respect for both the gentlemen.

Mr. Ellis has the check, and without a word is gone. Mr. Langdon is hurrying out after him, when Mr. Wall rises and bows and catches his quick eye.

"Ah, yes!" says the broker, understanding immediately. "How are you? Pleasant weather!" Mr. Wall shakes his extended hand.

"Cotton is it? or railway?" asks the broker, with a business smile.

"Something as interesting to you as either, I hope," says the young minister, returning his smile, but feeling exceedingly uncertain whether his business will be really and truly as interesting to his new friend. Church and gospel and preacher seem things so unreal and out of place in that busy spot.

"Very glad indeed to see you!" says the broker, becoming on the spot the church officer, when his visitor has explained who he is. And there is a Sabbath change in his tones as he learns of his visitor exactly when he arrived, at what hotel he stopped, how he left his uncle—still standing, however, and in a rapid manner.

"Now," says the cotton broker, at last, "it's just twelve—we dine at four. Here are the papers, or look around the city a little. Only be here, if you please, say at twenty minutes to four, and I'll show you the way out. Good-morning!" and he is gone into the maelstrom that circles past his front-door.

Mr. Merkes would have been greatly aggrieved at so curt a disposal of himself. Wall is conscious of a rising tendency in him of that kind, but crushes it on the spot in a new admiration of the energetic business man. He has a strong disposition himself to plunge into the current of commerce, would like exceedingly some pressing call along the wharves and into the warehouses. After years of seclusion there is a romance, a fascination in the rapid footsteps, and quick speech, and talk of dollars, with a sense, too, of being himself quite an idler, altogether a child.

It is a compliment to Wall, however, that Mr. Jones, the clerk, comes at this juncture from inside his cage, introduces himself, and shakes hands. Mr. Jones has a quill of blue ink behind one ear, a quill of red ink behind the other, another of black ink in his mouth. He removes this from his lips to say:

"Very glad to make your acquaintance, Sir. You look much younger than I expected to see. I knew your uncle well. Many a time have I heard (there's the gun of the New York steamer coming in—hurry down, Peter) him preach. I don't belong to the First church myself. No;

some of us went out from it a year or so ago to begin a little enterprise in one of the neglected districts. Sunday-school in the upper room of an engine-house, you know; preaching there at ten and at night. Take a seat, Captain Buff; ready to sail? Papers all right." And Mr. Jones has to go into his den again to serve the last arrival. But Mr. Wall has had opportunity to observe that Mr. Jones is not only a clerk, but a gentleman.

He feels reassured, and with a word of adieu, which Mr. Jones had not the time to observe, he sallies forth into the tide without, until he finds himself near his hotel.

"Bill already settled, luggage carried off," says the clerk at the hotel bar in answer to an inquiry. "On an order from Jacob Langdon," is the explanation.

And so he guesses his way to the office of Langdon, Burke, and Co. again. Arrived there, he finds a somewhat shabby-looking gentleman standing at the desk in subdued conversation with Mr. Jones, who is writing steadily on none the less.

A moment or two after Mr. Langdon comes in with a rapid step, and a "Ah, Mr. Wall, how are you by this time?" In obedience, however, to a "Mr. Langdon, a moment if you please!" from his clerk, Mr. Langdon retires with that clerk into the room with the long unpainted cotton tables. The clerk seems to have a good deal to say, and his principal only listens and nods. As they come out the clerk introduces his employer to the gentleman in somewhat shabby clothes, who looks thin and nervous. There is a rapid conversation between these last, of which the young minister only catches the words, "Wife and children—any thing on earth—great obligations—roll up my sleeves—any thing, Sir, any thing!"

"Ah, well! at your service now, Mr. Wall. Suppose we go," says Mr. Langdon at last, and they leave the office, the cotton broker keeping up a fragmentary conversation with the shabby gentleman, who accompanies them. In course of time they arrive at the doorway of a huge warehouse-like establishment.

"Be so kind as to wait for me a moment," says the broker to his guest, and disappears with his other companion inside.

"Had to take you out of your way," says Mr. Langdon, emerging, as he hurries along with Mr. Wall. "Jones has always something of the sort on hand. You'd hardly believe it, that person who came with us was president of a railroad once—not so long ago either. Broken to pieces. Came out here to find business. Places? 'I am willing to do any thing,' he says, 'to feed my family: if it's only employment for a few days; it is better than none at all.' I had no place for him, so I brought him here. He'll have to work hard enough from dawn till dark. But he'll get his bread."

"Did you find any difficulty in securing him a place?" asks the young minister, as they hurry along, deeply interested.

"A great deal, only the head of that establishment couldn't refuse, under the circumstances. It is not three years ago *he* came to me in a worse fix than this man. I got him in there then. Of course, he is willing to help any other poor fellow."

"I must say, Mr. Langdon," says his companion, after a pause, "I envy you the opportunity you have of doing such a deed."

"Yes; it is more Jones than myself. People can do any thing with *him*, and he can do any thing he pleases with me. But here we are; walk in."

The young minister looks up and sees that they are in front of a noble mansion with cast iron veranda for both stories, handsome plot in front with tessellated pavement leading from the gate, bordered with conch shells and stone vases. The master of the house rang at the gate as he entered, and now the front-door opens at his touch.

"Mistress in?" he inquires of the white-aproned colored-man that opens the door.

"Just in, Sir," is the reply.

"Dinner, then, soon as you please," says Mr. Langdon, showing his guest into the parlor and himself passing on up stairs to wash and tell his wife.

Dinner comes. It is all a dinner could be, and Mr. Wall partakes of it with a feeling of ease and enjoyment, as if he had been out on a camping excursion during the last few years, but had got home again. Mr. Merkes would have been estimating the cost, and blaming the extravagance, and adding another room to his overcrowded house from the proceeds of the superb caster before him. His prevailing feeling would have been, "There is an awful wrong somewhere that you have all these things and I don't. Never mind. You must have a bitter sorrow somewhere. Perhaps you have a drunken son down town, or an idiot child up stairs, or something. Perhaps you'll break yet—it often happens." And so would Mr. Merkes console himself as he murmured steadily on—like a rivulet worried to death with perpetual pebbles in its path—against God.

Not so with Wall; he acknowledged to himself a keen enjoyment of the wealth of his host—but it is as if it is all his own. He feels entirely at home, and therefore seems so. He has a pleasant word for the children and a happy reply for his host, and, what a woman values more than diamonds or cashmeres, a deferential attention to every syllable of Mrs. Langdon. And he says very little himself at last, and is entirely at his ease.

"We will be glad if you will make out your list of hymns for to-morrow this afternoon," says Mr. Langdon, as he shows his guest up stairs into his room.

In looking forward to the service the young minister expected to be quite nervous on that eventful Sabbath morning; he had even hoped that it would prove a rainy Sabbath. Yet he was only glad when he awoke the next morn-

ing and found the day up before him bright and glad. He had anticipated having all the mixed and miserable feelings of one about making his appearance in the pulpit as a candidate on exhibition, bothered to put on the best manner there. But even his fears of being nervous were all forgotten as he dressed and sat down at the window to his morning devotions. He is not there as a candidate for any thing whatever; merely there in Heaven's Providence to preach, as he had been on his visit to Mr. Merkes. All he aims at is simply to preach. All he prays for is that he may do this to the profit of those that may hear, few or many. John's opinion at the family council had been as a soft, cool hand laid upon a fevered brow. He felt quietly ready for the morning service even by breakfast. So much so that, with his sermon safely in his head and heart instead of his breast-pocket, he requested to accompany Mr. Langdon to the Sabbath-school. There was a simple nature in the young minister, a perfect ease of manner, that would have put Mr. Langdon out a little. "Going to preach in *our* pulpit, and so cool about it!" he would have thought, with some displeasure at his young guest, if that guest had not seemed so entirely yet quietly at home. Was it intellect and culture beginning to weigh its own against wealth? Or was it, rather, simple piety getting the mastery of circumstances, as it inherently will, though those circumstances towered at first like Alps against it? Not that he is in the least superior to any body else. Only he has, somehow, become aware of all the much that is wrong in him, and has for the moment got his heel upon that worse self!

And the Sabbath-school prepared him to preach. He is beginning of late to find a deal of interest in the clear eyes of little children, a grace in the motion of their hands and a wisdom in their prattle he never remarked before. His attention has been drawn toward them by what he has heard of Mr. Merkes's entire neglect of them, and his association with John has in some mysterious way ripened his heart toward the young as well as toward every thing else. They wish him to deliver an address to the children; but he pleasantly declines, and *talks* to the children instead, imparting to them all the profit and twenty times the pleasure during the ten minutes he holds their bright eyes in his than during the formal delivery of an hour's set address. And then their singing too! Sweeter music this world knows not of than the voices of children.

When he at last finds himself in the pulpit—itself almost as large as Mr. Merkes's church—he is glad that he had selected for the occasion the sermon he had. Every minister prepares two sorts of sermons. One kind is of the genus commonly known as "a splendid discourse." This is a sermon based on some striking text, filled with apt quotations from the poets, adorned with vivid illustrations, beautified with rhetorical curves and flourishes. The aim of such

a sermon is to astonish the audience with some quaint interpretation of Scripture never before dreamed of by mortal man; or to thrill by its sublime flight; or to move and melt by its pathos; or to convince by its irresistible reasoning; or to delight by its very audacity. The object of this genus of sermon, in a word, is effect, immediate effect, and the success of the same is measured by the degree of its effect. To this end the sermon is rewritten with a polishing of the marble worthy of Isocrates, who spent thirty-six years of steady rewriting upon his one oration. It is such a venture that no experienced minister launches himself from his pulpit cushion upon a splendid discourse unless he be very certain that the size of his congregation, the state of the weather, and his own exact measure of health and mood will warrant the attempt. Even then it is a risk. A bird flying in at the church window, a sudden shower or storm coming up, a dog yelping in the aisle, a child crying in a pew, will ruin the success of the most effective of this style of sermon.

Now Mr. Wall, too, had more than one splendid discourse among his sermons. They were the gems of his collection to him when he first arrived in Hoppleton. Somehow he had distrusted them since. And it is not a splendid discourse he now has determined to preach. It is one of the other genus of sermons, the faithful exposition of a text; poetry, vivid illustration, rhetoric, novelty, sublimity, pathos, logic, audacity, all Corinthianism of the sort left out, or breaking their way in by sheer force, and the discourse depending upon its plain, direct meaning for its effect.

The sumptuous church holds a still more sumptuous congregation; the organ peals in full tone; the choir have not one common-metre hymn to drag them down to the people in the pews below, and sing with free voices skyward. The young preacher preaches his sermon without let or hindrance, informing the hearers, to the best of his ability and with all his heart, of the meaning of God their Saviour in the text. A prayer, a hymn, the benediction, and this candidate for the vacant pulpit has settled his fate as far as that church is concerned forever.

EUSTACIE'S STORY.

JULIETTE came down the garden with that grand air of hers as if the world were made for Juliette. She held a letter in one hand, bearing a bold superscription, and she paused just before Eustacie, who was filling Louis's apron with the sweet June roses.

"For me?" asked Eustacie, putting out her hand, and blushing up like any rose herself; but a look on Juliette's face caused her to falter and draw back.

"Give us joy," said this one then, without appearing to notice Eustacie's motion. "Cyril is going to marry; but I must away to grand-

mamma's with the news;" and she passed out the garden gate.

Eustacie had not wished them joy; she stood, with startled eyes, quite motionless, growing paler and paler with every breath.

"There's more roses," said Louis, in his childish prattle. "Can't you reach 'em? Mr. Trenholm can."

"We will see," said that gentleman, picking up the scissors Eustacie had let fall; then, as if the action recalled her:

"Oh no, Mr. Trenholm, you will get thorned to death; Miss Juliette didn't see you, I think," in her own manner.

"One may as well die by the sword as the famine," in answer to her first sentence. "By-the-way, Miss Eustacie, I thought that Cyril—"

"Cyril is going to marry," repeating Juliette's words.

"Where is he going?" asked Louis. "Can't I go too?"

"Some day, perhaps," said Trenholm, laughing. "See, there is your mother looking for you, Louis. Go and ask her, and take these roses."

"Miss Eustacie," he began again, "you have perhaps wondered why I come here so often; will you let me tell you?"

"I am attentive," said Eustacie, quietly. "I thought—"

"It is because I hoped you would see how much you were to me—the mere sight, the indifferent touch of your fingers, the everyday greetings, in the hope that you might grow accustomed to me; that so when I said, 'I love you,' as I say to-day, you would not find yourself amazed."

"But I do find myself amazed, Mr. Trenholm."

"So much the worse for me, since in that case you have not thought of me as a lover, and can give me nothing in return."

He spoke so sadly, so half-interrogatively, as if he were loth to be thus assured, but had felt it must be so all along, that Eustacie looked up at him with returning color, and put out her hand:

"Indeed, indeed, I can give you much—" and there hesitated.

"But you can not love me?" he said.

"I—I do not know. I had not thought of it. If you love me—"

"If I love you!"

"If you love me—they say it makes all the difference in the world—I don't know—I might try, if you would like to have me."

Thus, half an hour later, Juliette found them still lingering in the neighborhood of the rose-bushes.

"Oh, Mr. Trenholm, are you there?" she said. "When did you arrive?"

"I was here when you passed down with the news about Cyril. I thank you for it; it gave me impetus to follow his example. Eustacie has consented to let me love her."

"Indeed! That is very gracious of her. I

wish you the joy which she forgot to wish Cyril." And my lady moved away with a heart that burned and leaped in her bosom, and eyes like javelins, that would have slain Eustacie, if eyes could slay.

While Miss Juliette imagined she was ordering affairs after her own mind, Fate had quietly assumed the dictatorship, and arranged for a somewhat different result than that which she had anticipated.

Each one said to her neighbor, "Did you know what a fine thing Mrs. Thornton's governess has done for herself?"

"Secured Mr. Trenholm, eh?"

"These governesses are *so* designing!"

"Well, I hope it will turn out well," which, considering the previous remarks, was as much as to say she should be disappointed if it did.

"When will they be married?"

"Oh, immediately of course; a bird in the hand, you know," and they nodded an understanding to each other, and swept apart.

Poor Eustacie, leaning over the balcony at Mrs. Oxford's, waiting for Louis, heard something of this, and it made her exceedingly uncomfortable. Was she designing? She could hardly decide. It is true that she was sorry for Trenholm; but then she was not sorry for Juliette, at least not yet; perhaps she would be when she came to love him very much—if that ever happened; but she had designed nothing concerning him, except to do her best as his wife; she had never tried to attract him; he had come to her of his own accord, and so had Cyril; the difference was that this one had left her, while the other stepped into the breach, and a few tears fell to illustrate the case. Was it designing in a harmless, friendless governess, with only a pittance in the bank, to accept a golden gift from fortune, because—because—in truth she found it very hard to say *why* she had accepted it. Perhaps it was merely because it had come in her path, and she wanted the courage to turn her back upon it; perhaps because a great deal of love on one side only was better than none any where had a value for her; perhaps because struggling up from a great blow, she was prone to catch at any support and comfort. Still leaning there with her sad, perplexed face framed with the climbing roses that showered her with perfumed leaves at every rough breeze, she suffered what all must suffer who snatch at fortune from mere weariness rather than wait till events shall resolve themselves into the harmony that is sure to result sooner or later, here or there. Some one passing in the square below paused to gaze up at her and divine her thoughts, it may be. But she did not heed him. She was looking back through the long vista of days, each one of which had been lighted by looks of love and words

"A thought too tender
For the commonplaces spoken;"

through the days she had once believed would last forever; and suddenly a cloud had arisen;

the staff she leaned upon had fallen. What was this she clung to now? Would it last? Would any thing last?

The twilight was dropping down, the old town growing hushed under the evening sky, the wind turning east; it was time they were at home. She called to Louis. Some one below in the street answered with a sweet old air which Cyril had once sung to her sitting under the white lilac-trees, with these words, half reproach, half consolation:

"If in any spring-sweet weather
Suddenly should come to you
Happiness and fear together,
Bid them both adieu.

"If in any garden blowing,
Summer suns should bring to you
Roses, lilies, for the sowing,
And perhaps a little rue;

"Will the last annul the sweetness
Of the roses rare and red?
Blind you to the white completeness
Of the lilies in their bed?

"Every day shall have its sun, love;
Every night its smiling star;
Though thick clouds obscure the one, love,
And the other smiles afar."

The tune recalled her wandering thoughts. All this time she was forgetting Louis. He had asked her to wait while he went round the corner to buy a toy canoe, and he had not yet returned. She was growing tired of waiting, the air was chilly—it made her shiver. In raising herself she chanced to look toward the shore, where the tide was rolling in in angry undulations; then naturally her eyes found out the line of rocks along which at ebb-tide they often skipped far out on the shining flats, in search of strange shells, jelly-fishes for Louis's museum, and beautiful sea-mosses; the very rocks where she and Cyril had sat by hours sunning themselves when the treacherous tide was out, the tide which covered them at flood and left no hint. But just now there was something strange in their appearance. The water had risen about them more than half-way; but what was it disturbed the outline of the farther point? What was it that wavered and reached toward shore? At first she watched it curiously, thinking it but a sea-bird flapping its wings in defiance of the gathering gale; wondering how it must seem to be out there all alone in the growing night amidst the pitiless waters; then, presently, she shook from head to foot with vague terror; a thousand pangs thrilled along her pulses. "It is Louis!" she cried, and went bounding toward him. It was indeed Louis, who, sailing his canoe from the point, had been cut off by a strip of water too broad for his little feet to cross, too deep to ford. There was no one in sight, no one but herself to hear his terrified cry.

"Save me, Eustacie! Save me!"

She looked where the slender arms were stretched to her appealingly—how like the voice was to Cyril's! And what if she should slip herself? What then? Why, after that, rest.

No more strife, love coming unsought, departing never; no more dreary lessons, no more distracted endeavors to do rightly and forever going wrong. But while thinking thus, she was already there, separated from him only by one broad reach, across which their hands failed to meet.

"How are you going to contrive, Eustacie?" he asked, reassured by her presence. "Make haste; my shoes are full of water; I shall catch my death o' cold."

She glanced down at his feet, where, true enough, the water crept ever higher and higher; it would float him off soon; she could not leave him so, yet staying did no service. A pleasure-boat skimmed past in the distance; she shrieked for help, but the wind blew her voice down her throat; she tore off her crimson scarf, and waved it for a signal, but they made no answering sign; only across the brooding expanse came a trickle of laughter, a snatch of song:

"Swiftly we glide toward the happy shore,
Feather the oar, feather the oar;
Lightly we rock on the swelling tide,
Each other beside, each other beside.
Oh, what so sweet when suns have set,
When those who long and love have met,
To fly and follow the bending shore
And feather the oar, and feather the oar?"

Oh, how could they sing, and she in mortal agony? Her silken scarf was long and stout; she threw one end across the gulf to Louis.

"Tie it round your waist, Louis," she said; "tie it in that hard knot Cyril taught you; then take firm hold, and I will pull you across to me."

"But I'm afraid, Eustacie."

"Don't think of fear; it is necessary. Think of mamma and Juliette, and—and Cyril. Think you are doing it for them."

"And you and Mr. Trenholm?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, I am ready. Oh, but the water is cold, Eustacie, and dark, so dark—if I hadn't come out here! Would you say a little prayer first?"

"I think I would."

"Now, Tacie—oh, quick!" But, instead of pulling him toward her, his foot caught in the crevice of a rock, and the weight of his body struggling at the end of the scarf caused Eustacie to lose her balance and plunge into the terrible crystal darkness that foamed below. The cold, cruel waters held her in a grasp of steel; shut out the tender twilight shadows dropping down upon the sea, the murmur of oar in row-lock, the echo of happy-hearted choristers. Oh, life! that had looked so barren but an hour ago—how full and jocund and inviting it now appeared, beckoning to her across a little span, with infinite possibilities folded in the long years, like the radiant, perfumed flower hidden, undreamed of, in the tiny seed. Was it only through dying that she should come to know its worth, its beauty, its sweetness? And this was death? This slackening pulse, this sink-

ing, falling through blind abysses; this mad carnival of color that made creation one vast prism; these forgotten faces shaping themselves out of horror and darkness; these familiar scenes and events growing out of nothing and resolving into nothing; these eyes so tender, so imploring, where had she seen them—æons before? Death was a breath; but this, oh, this was an eternity!

A long sunbeam struggled in through the Venetian blinds, dodged the crimson curtains, and fell across a pale, upturned face upon the pillow there, as much as to say, "Wake up, little woman, the world is all before you where to choose."

Presently two gray eyes opened and met two other gray eyes that bent above and watched there with the sunbeam.

"I was almost gone, wasn't I?" said Eustacie. "Oh! why didn't they let me go? The bitterness was passing."

"From you to me. Is it so hard for you to stay?"

"No, no; life is sweet—how sweet!" She was gazing into space as she spoke, and he was painfully aware that his mere presence made nothing of this sweetness to her, but something intrinsic in life itself, the exhilaration of the combat, the intoxication of the game, perhaps; and the gray eyes darkened and grew stern.

"But *you* saved us," she said, after a pause.

"God saved you, Eustacie."

"For you. I am your property, Mr. Trenholm; what are you going to do with me?"

"I am going to love you with all my heart."

"And you will not be angry if I can not love you with *all my* heart? You will only expect salvage?"

"I shall hold fast what you give me and catch what I can. Now go to sleep, little girl, and forget all about it." And she obeyed, and dreamed herself a great white cloud, that, dissolving into a shower, broke a long drought and filled a world with fragrance and blossom. Yes, she did indeed belong to Mr. Trenholm, who had put out a hand and drawn her out of the Valley of Shadows, and Louis with her. He used to say afterward that our most apparently trivial actions, our insignificant goings and comings, are but great and important events seen through the wrong end of the telescope.

Eustacie was a long time recovering from the shock after this; her nerves had suffered a fearful strain, it would seem. The daylight was painful to her, every noise appalled, every excitement weakened her. It would appear as if death, having been rudely repulsed, was now revenging himself by repeated approaches and withdrawals, trusting to wear out the enemy and come off victoriously in the end. But Mr. Trenholm often questioned if he were not himself in a measure responsible for this listless indifference that had usurped her usual joyousness of temperament; but he was not a man to weakly resign what might be won by long-enduring effort on his part, or on that of another.

If you have a desire, he reasoned, you must put your whole heart and strength into your endeavor, and work for it early and late, grudging nothing. By-and-by this languor would pass, this weakness would disappear in strength, this suffering drown in delight; by so much as she had struggled for the mastery, by so much would love, when it came, be deeper, purer—a thing of the spirit that remains everlastingly, of essential being, rather than that of the senses that disappears. If this was a narrow, sophistical selfishness on his part, it was the ordeal which he would not have hesitated to undergo himself, which, holding her in most tender regard, he deemed fitting and wise she also should survive.

But the summer days wore on, sultry and sad, and brought no change. He would wheel her into the garden in the blush of morning, but the heavy odors made her faint; he would take her out on the lovely river, but the water singing round the keel sickened her with a shuddering horror; he would read to her from the choicest spirits of the age, only to find her eyes fixed and her attention floating; he would bring his flageolet, in the still summer evenings, in order that the shadow of sweet sounds might lull her into forgetful sleep, but each time he found it moved her beyond the pitch of slumber, that it filled her with wild fancies of passing bells, cries of shipwrecked crews, and the mysterious whispers of rising gales. It needed something yet to rouse her into her old self, to bring again the bloom to the wan cheek, the light to the dull eye, the elasticity to the heavy step.

"I am such a trouble to you," she said one day.

"I have no other to care for," he answered her; "if this is a trouble then trouble is my life."

Why was it that never any tender word of his moved her, as a glance, however indifferent, from Cyril could once have done?

Juliette was singing in the drawing-room; she listened to the words that rose and fell with the emotions of the singer:

"Love, art thou sweet? Then bitter death must be.
Love, art thou bitter? Then sweet is death to me."

Then all at once her heart stood still, there was a well-known voice ringing out below, a step on the stair, a shadow darkening the doorway. This was the moment for which she had waited, the test-moment, the touch-stone of her future life, when some one took her hands from off her face and laughed at the flushed and beautiful creature they disclosed. It was Cyril.

"And this is what it is to be ill?" he said, letting his glance linger there. "This is what it is to be snatched from the sea-foam, Aphrodite? Why, they told me I should find Eustacie's ghost here, and it is rather her glorified body."

Trenholm sat near with that frown which had grown habitual of late.

"We did not expect you so soon, Cyril," he said.

"No? I like to take people by surprise; it does them good; it starts the blood. What have you been about, Trenholm? It's you that's the ghost!"

"I never was happier."

"Ah! you must have been a miserable sinner: you look as if you had been put to the torture!"

"Mr. Trenholm has been wearing himself out in my service," said Eustacie; and Trenholm noted how clear and strong her voice had suddenly become, as if a burden had been lifted from the spirit. Perhaps there *was* something in a surprise, after all. She was able to sit up that night and listen to Cyril's recital of the life he had been leading, of the despairs and successes attending his art. All at once she seemed to have forgotten her nerves; the gentle notes of the flageolet, which he seized upon in the pauses of his talk, no longer stirred her soul to lively terrors, but appeared rather to soothe her into a pensive content, till she fell asleep among her cushions with a smile upon her lip.

"Eustacie has gone to sleep," said Juliette.

"Is that any thing amazing?" asked Cyril.

"It's because we were so stupid."

"We have been stupid all summer, if that could produce the desired effect. I have often observed, however, that satisfaction has a sleep-compelling influence," pursued Juliette, with a touch of malice and a glance at Trenholm. But he did not heed her; he was lost in the consideration of the problem before him; if Eustacie no longer cared for Cyril—if her heart was growing toward himself, insensibly, as the flower toward the sun—how did it happen that this one had been able, by his mere presence, to awaken the smiles upon her face, which long patient weeks of earnest regard on his own part had proved powerless to stir? He did not reproach her; he felt rather an infinite sympathy and compassion for her, as if she were far dearer to him than his own happiness, which could only meet disaster as disaster overtook her. He said to himself that they had both been passing the summer in a sort of warfare; he in order to possess himself of love, she to dispossess herself; and neither had triumphed. It had been time thrown away, and yet it had had its pleasures, its raptures. He would not have been without its memory.

Cyril soon announced the intention of remaining through the autumn.

"I shall be able to make so many studies," he said, by way of excuse; "and I shall have fewer interruptions. Besides, I mean to paint Eustacie!"

"It is going to be the same old story over again, I fear," said Juliette, as she watched them together one morning; saw the clear eyes of Eustacie bent on Cyril, as if the clouds had swept away from before them and disclosed—well, heaven, perhaps; saw Cyril forget his cunning in comprehending the gaze, till Juliette would call out with malicious mischief,

"And you are to have your picture ready for the Exhibition?"

No one could help observing the difference in Eustacie, not that she was ever as gay and glowing as Trenholm had once known her, but there had come a change upon her. She no longer reclined in uneasy languors, nor passed long feverish nights of sleeplessness. She was no longer a pallid ghost, with wandering eye and mute lips, but a creature of impulses and blushes, of random flashes of merriment, with eyes that told "Hope's eloquent story" over and again, as day after day lingered by. Trenholm could but ponder on the cause of an effect so apparent; a thousand pains and distractions of his had not sufficed to bring it about. Neither had her own strength of will given the battle to her hand. He began to feel as if he possessed something that did by no means belong to him, but was inestimably dear and essential to his happiness. Still one can live without being happy; one day he would try it, perhaps; but a little longer to believe her his in spite of all; a little longer, till he should be quite certain it was indeed a fable.

They were going one day to picnic in the country, and there was some discussion as to whether Eustacie should occupy the carriage with the children, and who should hold the reins, as she was not yet strong enough to be trusted in that capacity.

"Let's toss up," said Louis; "Cyril or Mr. Trenholm."

"Oh no," said Eustacie, quickly; "they prefer their saddles."

"That argues well for our previous course of gallantry," said Cyril.

"Come, Eustacie," called Juliette, "don't keep us waiting. Choose the one—"

"Choose the one that you love best:
Suit yourself, you'll suit the rest,"

sang out Louis.

"I think Louis and I can manage old Bess," she answered, springing into the carriage, but Cyril sprang in after her, while Trenholm stooped to arrange the girth of Juliette's prancer; and they were whirling out of sight in a cloud of dust before he had looked about him.

"You don't like the trouble of making a choice?" asked Cyril.

"No; I like rather to take things as they come, without looking about me to see if there's any thing I might prefer. What is one's own, you know, is always worth more than what is one's neighbor's."

"It's a pity we can't all think so," he returned, looking unutterable things; "as for me, Eustacie, I have nothing to call my own."

"Why, you have—that is—I mean— Oh, do you see that hawk? What a flight he has; it seems as if flying were no greater effort than breathing."

"A hawk is a good omen, because he never eats the hearts of doves. Do you remember

the Sunday nights, Eustacie, when we used to make the school-room ring with

"Oh, that I had wings; oh, that I had wings,
Had wings like a dove?"

"Yes."

"Those were happy days, Eustacie. I believe we thought we had the wings. I only know I was lighter-hearted in those times."

"There was once a man who made himself wings, you know," interrupted Louis; "what was his name, Tacie? You were reading to us about it one day, and—and the sun—you see, he went too near, I mean his son did; and it melted them—they were made of wax, like Sis's doll, I guess—and he fell into the sea. I was rightly sorry!"

"Apropos," said Cyril, "I always felt a great sympathy with Icarus. Yes, it is not wise to go too near the sun, my boy; it's only another version of the scorched miller, eh, Eustacie?"

"But you know there was Dædalus who preserved the happy medium, and carried himself through danger safely," she replied.

"We can't all be endowed with such far-seeing wisdom as the example indicates. Eustacie, you will never forgive me for having once swerved from my true orbit, if ever so little, and against my will?"

Eustacie did not answer; she sat looking forward to where Juliette and Trenholm had reined up and awaited them, Trenholm bending from the saddle to reach a blossoming twig for Juliette. He seemed well enough pleased with his companion, she fancied. What a world it was, when that which one had most desired hung within reach, and one looked on, unable to put out a hand and gather in!

"They are waiting for us," she said, at last. "I think they mean to take another route."

"Let them wait," he returned, allowing Bess to continue the snail's pace at which she had been going for the last mile, and quoting, musingly, half under his breath,

"What if a king, whose state had flown,
Should pluck apart his regal crown?"

That's what I did. Fool!"

"Don't call yourself hard names, Cyril. You forget the sequel:

"For kingly hearts no fate can frown;
They rule forever o'er their own."

"If I thought that were possible, after all," he began, "'to rule forever o'er my own.' If—"

Oh! it was the same voice, the same glance, speaking to her as of old, but with what a difference! The same tender intonations he had used once before, the words yet more earnest; but did they mean any thing? And if they did, what should it signify to her? She belonged—oh, where did she indeed belong? How confused things were growing, how sensations jostled each other and crossed and rebounded and dropped into dull ashes at last!

Did any one really care for her? There sat Trenholm, calm and unconcerned, as if *he* were secure whatever befell, as if nothing of her doing or undoing could move him from his stern indifference. And here was Cyril beside her, with that languid, assured air of his, as if he were merely rehearsing the terms of surrender, without much doubt or concern as to the result. Words that were falling on stony places; oh, had they come to her but a little while before, how rich and fertile they would have made life appear! Spring had arrived so late that all the buds were dead and dying, and no summer warmth could bid them blow into full flower again.

"For violets plucked, the sweetest showers
Can ne'er make grow again."

Trenholm wheeled his horse about as they drew up, and came to the side of the carriage. He was very pale, Eustacie observed, with great shadows beneath his eyes.

"My man, Tracy, has just overtaken me with a telegram requiring my immediate presence at Osborne; so, good people, I shall have the grief of bidding you good-by, and losing a day's pleasure," and he gave his hand to Eustacie, looking in her face. But she neither blanched nor crimsoned; she merely said,

"What has happened?"

"Something that may separate us forever," he answered, in her ear. "Should you much care, Eustacie?"

If things were going forward as he feared, it were perhaps best she shouldn't.

"Care, Mr. Trenholm? When you have been so kind to me? When you saved my life?"

Only that! Nothing but gratitude. And he must go and leave her with Cyril. Perhaps when he was gone she would regret him; if ever so little, he felt as if he should be keenly conscious of. He could not quite allow that he had built on sand even yet. He possessed the patience that perfects endeavor.

"Good-by," he said, tightening his grasp upon her hand. "Oh, did I hurt you?" as she winced. "I'm afraid I have hurt you often. If you find it so hard to love me, dear child, do not try any longer."

Two great tears gathered into her eyes and fell upon his hand. What should she answer him? Confess that the conflict was ended, when she more than half believed he regretted the beginning? Let him go without a word? Cyril had alighted just before to gather her some way-side flowers, and he now returned in season to relieve her of embarrassment.

"You will not be long absent, Trenholm?" he said.

"That depends. I think, however, you will be able to endure existence without me, eh, Cyril?" And after that he put spurs to his horse, and went flying into the distance.

"There's something wrong with Trenholm," said Cyril. "He never used to have these moods and tenses."

He was away a fortnight; during that time Cyril worked at his pictures and Eustacie returned to the school-room. It was their custom, every afternoon when lessons were over, to walk till dinner-time, and Cyril was very sure to meet them, either in the skirts of the woods or along the shore; and once met, he was not to be left behind with a formal smile and nod, but immediately attached himself to the party and led them whither he would. Now he had some picture to exhibit to them from the summit of a steep hill, with the outlying town like a beautiful mirage shaping itself out of blue, misty distances; now it was some fragrant recess of the woods, where the ripened leaves made one almost believe in Danaë showers; and sometimes Eustacie even consented to be rowed across the river into a land flowing with milk and honey, of which generous faring they partook sitting upon a green terrace, under broad maples that burned in the setting sun, till Louis half fancied they had traveled into that fairy-land where the trees bear rubies and topazes.

But one afternoon as it grew late Cyril sent the children home in one of the farm-wagons which they had overtaken returning from the market-town, and carried Eustacie off with him, to hang among the marshes in his little float, and watch the purple exhalations drift up and weave into their webs all the tints of sunset and the falling day. So long they lingered there, while the moon parted the clouds and dropped a splendor on all the darkening currents, it seemed to Eustacie that Cyril would never become sated with the weird phantasm wrought by the spirit of the marsh-lands. It was, moreover, so like the old days of Cyril's early fascination, that but for one little circumstance Eustacie would have found it hard to believe any interval of sorrow and doubt had intervened. But then that little circumstance made all the difference in the world to her: the changing tints of the scene, the countless threads of water groping their hushed way among the sedges, the tender twitter of reed-birds rocking serenely over death and destruction, the gathering magic of the night and repose, were still delightful to her nature, and would have been had Cyril been absent; he no longer added that other sweeter emotion, which she could no more feel but only remember. She had escaped from under Cyril's power. He still possessed the divining-rod, but it swung purposeless in his hand and discovered no treasure.

They came home at last, weary and somewhat silent, and paused half-way up the garden-path to listen to the echo of some distant vesper-bell.

"If I were only a nun," said Eustacie then.

"Sister Eustacie; and nobody's sweet wife?"

"One is so safe there," she continued; "and then one is never disappointed nor unhappy."

"Are *you* unhappy, Eustacie?"

"I? What folly! Am I not young and healthy and well-employed, and—"

"And beloved," he added. They had withdrawn a little from the path, and stood just under the tall lindens; but before she had time to reply to this last it seemed as if some one who had been sitting near in the dewy shadows rose from a garden-seat and sauntered down the southern path, disappearing among the shrubbery.

"Who was that?" she asked, startled.

"Some satyr, perhaps. Do not be frightened, love," and, leaning there against the bole of the linden, he indolently inclined his lofty head and kissed her on the forehead.

"A kiss on the forehead is for regard," she said. "I forgive you for *that*," and moved away, but he caught her arm.

"I did not mean it for regard, simply; but since it is so, here is one for love too," and he bent to her lips. She pushed him angrily aside.

"You have no right, Cyril—you have no right!" she cried.

"No right to kiss the woman I love?"

"No right to kiss or to love *me*."

"It used to be quite different, Eustacie."

"You did not much care then. My heart was my own then to do as I pleased with; now—I mean—"

"It is Trenholm's?" She did not answer; only a bird stirred overhead among the branches; a great moth swung itself about her shoulder as if she were some bright flame.

"Let me go, Cyril," she said, after a little; "I do not wish to stay here with you any longer!"

"Is it because I love you?"

"Because you persist in telling me so, and I have no right to listen."

"Then it is not true what you said just now, or rather what I said for you. You do not care for *him*; you were going to sacrifice yourself. You love—"

"*I do not love you, Cyril.*" He was silent for an instant, and let go his grasp as if collecting himself for a final *coup*. Then—

"But perhaps you are not aware that Trenholm had an audience with my mother this morning, as your recognized guardian, and therein resigned all right and title to your affections! You are now at liberty to dispose of them as you please."

"I do not see the connection," she returned, so calmly as to leave him in doubt as to whether she were not already aware of events. "I am going in now," she continued, in the same even tone.

She went in, and stumbled over Juliette in the dark.

"Mr. Trenholm has been here," said this one; "or rather, he who *was* Mr. Trenholm. He desired to see you. This is what you lose by scouring the country with that headstrong Cyril;" and Eustacie detected even here a strong taint of malicious triumph in her accents.

"He will come again, I suppose," with the air of one submissive to whatever fate, since there was no longer strength for contention.

"I don't know. He has met with a great misfortune, poor man!"

Eustacie, supposing she intended to signify that his choice of her constituted this misfortune, forbore to reply, and went away to her own room.

"He had resigned all right or title to her affections."

Resign—that meant to give up, to submit patiently to the loss of, to be able to live without—her affection! What had changed him? A little time ago and he had loved her so truly, and she had cared so little about it. Was it just *that*? That fate meant to rebuke her for dealing false measure? But was she to blame? He had been willing to accept what trifle she had to give; and, like the treasure in the fairy-tale, it had grown with the giving and waxed mighty. Let her learn to forget him and he would perhaps remember *her*—that seemed the way of the world; but would there be any bliss in *that*? Besides, she could *not* forget him; the thought was annihilation itself. As well might she strive to forget herself, the sun that shone about her, death and judgment. She recalled that day in the garden when Juliette brought word of Cyril's faithlessness, and when Trenholm had surprised her with his regard. How long ago and far away it seemed, like something just remembered and hardly believed in, some dream "divine and tender!" How carelessly she had accepted the love for which to-night she would have bartered her life! But now it had ceased from his soul, and they were to live apart for ever and ever. She recalled, too, all the generous care he had lavished upon her during that tedious illness of hers, and with what inadequate reward! how he had waited and longed for the words she never uttered! the bright day when Cyril returned and her eyes were opened! The sunshine of Trenholm's blue eyes, the smile that always answered hers, the gentle pressure of his hand—these things belonged no more to her in all the world. Oh bitter life, that stole every possession grown dear! She turned on her pillow to sleep; but in all the land of sleep and quiet dreams there was no niche for her, tossed to and fro with pained emotions. The rich strains that reached her from a band of music serenading some victorious candidate in the neighborhood seemed rather to aggravate her distress, as if she heard in it the tender praises he had given her unregarded, now bestowed elsewhere. His voice sounded through it, but no longer entreating, earnest, but remote, and indifferent, and forgetful.

Morning broke at last—morning with its eternal youth and loveliness—its clamor to life, its rustle of breeze and leaf, its unutterable fragrances. Oh, that interminable day, of which every moment was an hour, when the sun traversed the school-room floor like some lovely, lonesome apparition, and disappeared through the western windows into the garden and across the further hills, when every shadow

that intercepted it sent a thousand tremors through her soul, and every step upon the gravel might be that of fate! What dreary problems in Colburn's were these, while the one great problem of her life waited outside for solution; what inexorable moods and tenses; what long columns of words for definition, when some things in her experience were growing so terribly obscure!

But every thing has an end; and she was left alone, at last, in the dull school-room, out of which the children bounded with merry cheer and chirrup. She sat there, her head bowed upon her hand, long after they had deserted, after the dinner-bell had rung, after the house had fallen into the quiet of serene twilight. She had positively not heard a murmur since the books were closed and put away; she was absorbed and lost in the sad entanglements of circumstances.

In the dusk there some one opened the school-room door and crossed the floor; she neither spoke nor moved, she was as totally unconscious of the presence of another as though blind and deaf. But this shadow stole ever nearer and nearer, it laid a hand upon hers, it spoke in under-tone to her. She stood up then and lighted the gas. "Mr. Trenholm," she said, "you—I—that is—I did not hear you enter."

"You were dreaming, happy child," turning down the gas to a blue spark.

"No, I was realizing. And I'm not a happy child."

"But I have come to make you one."

"To make me one?"

"Yes. But first I have a little story with which to amuse you; will you care to hear?"

"Certainly."

"We will begin after the style of those old fairy-tales that so delighted our childhood:

"Once upon a time there lived in a certain place a gentleman of fortune, bearing an ancient name—let us say Trenholm—which he was especially anxious should descend with the estates. But year after year went by and no children came to hand it forward through the generations of the earth. Disappointed and perplexed, he at length set off on a long journey in order to dissipate his grief. They were absent some years, and, on returning to the ancestral home, his wife surprised her friends by presenting to them a little boy of two summers.

"'He has your blue eyes, Madame,' observed one.

"'And the Trenholm aquiline nose to perfection,' declared another; while the parents exchanged satisfied glances and answered:

"'It is well.'

"For, after all, there was no Trenholm blood in the blue veins that trembled across the child's forehead, since one day in passing the grounds of a foundling hospital, where the nurses wheeled their charges up and down the long lawns in the fresh morning, one little creature looked up as Mrs. Trenholm lingered and held out its arms to her, which embrace she could in nowise re-

fuse, neither refuse to keep him as her own who had chosen her thus spontaneously. So he grew to be a man in utter ignorance of his birth, and his foster-parents dying suddenly intestate, the immense estates and the old time-honored name devolved upon him. It was about this date that he fell in love with a lady as beautiful as yourself, Eustacie; he used to sit, hour by hour, in his grand wainscoted rooms, beneath the gloomy groined ceiling, and picture what it would be like should she consent to dower them with her presence. But he had no hope in those days, because she loved another."

Eustacie's lips moved as if she would speak.

"You were going to say something?" he asked.

"Nothing; go on, please."

"But one morning he chose to speak to her of his love, and if she did not respond as he could have desired, neither did she forbid it, as he deserved. And they became engaged, Eustacie. But by-and-by he began to fear that he had been too selfish and hasty—that she suffered from a divided will—her heart drew her toward his rival, while her pride and honor kept her bound to himself. His own course was plain; but he endured a thousand tortures, suspenses, delays, before he could summon courage to resign her. Events, however, conspired to his assistance. In default of a legitimate heir, the Trenholm estates would have passed to a distant cousin, who had married late in life and had never ceased to deplore the existence of their possessor. But strange to say, her husband had spent many years of his life in travel, and had chanced, as fate would have it, to meet the Trenholms at the very time when they were preparing to take the child from the hospital. There are some who assert that this gentleman, having run through with two fortunes of his own, conceived the original idea of hunting up the next heir-at-law of the Trenholms and turning to his own advantage the fact which it was in his power to disclose. Consequently, he presented himself on the scene of action, found affairs more to his mind than he had anticipated, discovered that Mr. Trenholm had left no will, that the present proprietor had been born abroad, made love to the cousin-heiress, married, and carried a suit for the recovery of the estates.

"Last week the Mr. Trenholm 'that was not to be,' relinquished his claim to his foster-father's name and lands, and to-night he has come to relinquish that which is far dearer to him—the hand of the woman he loves; because—because when she gave her promise he had every thing to offer her—because he is persuaded she will be happier—that she has found it impossible to love him—"

"Mr. — Trenholm," interrupted Eustacie, holding her fan before her face, "what if you should ask her first?"

"I am afraid she would be more generous than just; if I had been certain, quite certain that she loved me, Eustacie—"

"Could any thing convince you?"

"Only one thing. If she should say, 'I love you.'"

"But—how can she say it unless you—ask her?"

"After all, Eustacie? Are you in earnest? Do you, indeed, love me at last—at last?"

"At last, but forever." And just then those provoking children came trooping in for a fairy-story, and I think she could hardly have done better than to tell them the one that had just transpired, in which Love was the godmother!

THE MAN WHOM EVERY BODY SNUBBED.

LAST year, as every body will recollect, New England was visited with a terrible snow-storm, which not only suspended travel for the time being, but put an embargo upon business in general. Railroad trains were snowed up at out-of-the-way stations; and travelers, with private conveyances, were detained for days at lonely farm-houses.

Business called me across the northern part of Connecticut; and as the public conveyances could not be made to subserve my convenience, I was traveling with my own horse and sleigh. The storm overtook me while on the road between Windsor and Putnam. I awoke in the morning to learn that it had not only been snowing for several hours, but that the light, feathery flakes still filled the air, while a fierce wind from the southeast was fast driving the volatile element here and there into huge drifts. Having but little fear for the results of a New England snow, however, I determined to press on, hoping to reach my destination by dark at all events.

With each additional mile the snow became deeper and more drifted; but I had a good horse, and resolved not to halt until I was obliged to. Early in the afternoon I overtook a lone pedestrian, slowly plodding along the almost forsaken highway. I stopped and offered him a seat in my sleigh. He gladly accepted it, stating that he had engaged a livery team to convey him to Putnam, but becoming discouraged after going a few miles, the driver had set him down in the road and retraced his steps. The stranger was trying to reach the town on foot, although greatly fatigued.

When within about ten miles of my destination the drifts became so formidable that I could urge my wearied beast no farther. Night was coming on apace; and I remarked to my companion that we must get out and lead the creature to the next dwelling, in hopes of securing shelter until morning. Fortunately a glance down the highway revealed the outline of what I took to be a farm-house, near the road-side. Jumping from the sleigh, we managed to urge the horse to the gate, and up the short side-lane toward the house.

As we neared the dwelling, however, I discovered in its surroundings the appearances of wealth, if not of aristocracy; and, making a

feint to turn my horse about, I involuntarily exclaimed:

"There is too great a show of worldliness here to warrant hospitality to such as we are, my friend. I'd rather brave the snow-drifts again than seek it."

Before my companion could reply the wide side-door was thrown open, and a well-dressed man of forty made his appearance. He bade us "good-evening" in a cheery tone, anticipated our misfortunes by a considerate reference to the unforeseen contingencies of so rare a storm, condoled with us over the annoyance of being hindered in our journey, and begged us to accept the hospitality of his home until the weather would permit us to travel.

We thanked him, and gladly accepted his invitation. I gave up my horse to a boy, and we followed our host into the hall. After removing our over-coats and brushing the snow from our boots, we were led into the warm, well-furnished parlor.

Lights were ordered, and soon brought in. My attention was drawn to my traveling companion, who all at once seemed rather ill at ease; he fixed his eyes firmly upon our host for a moment; then quickly dropping them to the floor, a shadow passed over his face.

"What may I call your name?" the host asked him, taking a seat beside us, evidently with the intention of entering into conversation.

He answered in a low tone, but I understood him to say "Benton."

"And yours?" to me.

"Thomas," I replied.

"Thank you both. My name is Wilkinson. It is well to know names, even if we remain strangers still. Besides, I shall want to introduce you to my family."

When the host pronounced his name Benton gave another quick, nervous look; and he remained quiet while Mr. Wilkinson and I proceeded to compare notes.

Our host said that he was born in Western New York, where he also married, but had removed to his present home. Here he engaged in manufacturing, and had been very successful.

Manifesting as he did such confidence in us, and such candor in reference to his own affairs, I made known my business to him. Advances so frank on his part proved that he was to be regarded as a friend rather than a stranger. Even the seemingly taciturn Benton was drawn out, and was soon conversing with Mr. Wilkinson with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. Indeed, long before supper was announced I was ready to pronounce him one of the most genial men I had ever met; and, notwithstanding the fact that I had been thrown upon his hospitality by the force of circumstances, I felt as much at home as if we had been schoolmates.

Ere long Mrs. Wilkinson came in. She was rather above the medium height. She possessed a calm blue eye and well-cut features; but she

was lovely rather than beautiful. By the easy grace of her manners, and the cordial seconding of her husband's welcome, I saw that she was as much a lady as he was a gentleman.

Just as tea was announced a servant entered, saying there was a stranger at the door who wished to see the gentleman of the house. We had stepped out into the hall to pass to the supper-room, when the host left us standing, begging us to excuse him for a moment.

"Good-evening," said a figure, closely wrapt in a fur cap and over-coat. "Can you tell me how far it is to a public house?"

"It is a good two miles, Sir. Impossible for you to reach there to-night. The snow is drifted terribly in that direction. Will you walk in?" And Mr. Wilkinson stepped aside and waved his hand invitingly toward the light and warmth within.

"Thank you. But I have a horse down here in the road. He can wallow through, I guess," replied the stranger, pulling his coat closer around him, and, with a bow, turning to go away.

"The going, Sir, is worse for beast than for man, and I advise you to proceed no farther to-night. Indeed, I should not feel easy to have you go away from my door under the circumstances. There are two travelers here already who have just accepted quarters for the night; and, if you come in, you and they may sympathize with and console each other in your kindred misfortunes." And the host turned toward Benton and myself, and gave utterance to a complacent laugh.

"Thank you—thank you, Sir. Your welcome is not to be slighted. I will lead up my horse, and then accept a corner in your dwelling;" and the traveler was about to descend the steps.

"Stop, Sir; my man will take care of your horse. Walk in."

The stranger was almost dragged into the hall by the sanguine host, who assisted him in removing his outside coat and over-shoes. He was then led to the blazing fire in the parlor. In a moment he declared himself perfectly comfortable.

"Now for supper," said the host.

"I find myself in Connecticut to-day for the first time in my life, Sir," added the stranger, touching Mr. Wilkinson significantly upon the shoulder; "and if this is a sample of the hospitality that grows out of your blue-laws and steady-habits, I shall hereafter regard the State as a Paradise for snowed-up, benighted travelers."

A laugh all round was the only response this sally called forth.

My fellow-travelers and myself were now seated with the family (two small children besides the parents) at the bountifully-spread supper-table, where we were at once made to feel perfectly at home.

The new-comer proved to be a young lawyer from the West, and, like myself, was only a few

miles from his destination. His name, he told us, was Gates.

Supper over, our host led us into his library, and placing cigars before us, said:

"Now, gentlemen, I wish you to make yourselves at home. Let neither of you entertain the slightest feeling of embarrassment because you are to-night the guest of a stranger against your will. Perhaps I'd better say (for it may lead you indirectly to become more reconciled to your fate) that my two boys started this morning to return to their school at Hartford, but at noon I received a telegram from them stating that the train was blocked up at Plainfield, and they probably would have to remain at the station all night. An agent of mine left here last night on important business in Providence, but this afternoon I was notified by telegraph that he is quartered in a private family at Quidnic, unable to proceed farther. Another agent, also on pressing business, is blocked up at Worcester; and I verily believe that not a single railroad train in this part of New England has gone its full route to-day."

"You offer these facts, I presume, as evidence of your faith in the truth of the old adage, 'Misery loves company?'" said Gates, with a smile.

"Yes, yes," gayly returned Mr. Wilkinson; "and for fear that may not be effectual in setting you wholly at ease, I am disposed to add a little philosophy. Some men seem to be snow-bound all their lives. No sooner do they embark upon an enterprise than something turns up to frustrate their plans. However hopeful and energetic they may be, they never attain success."

"That is so," continued Gates. "There is a man in our section who never met with a real success, however insignificant, dependent upon his own efforts, in his life. More than that, nobody ever shows him any respect. There is something in his very mien that repels all veneration, and every body takes the liberty to snub him when opportunity occurs. Although he is rich (his property was all inherited), and can buy out half a dozen of his wealthiest neighbors, there's not a laborer in the township who ever speaks of or to him in any other than a tone of contempt."

"His history must be remarkable. Let us hear it," said our host.

"Certainly; the narrative probably will help us to forget our anxieties, and serve to while away this long winter evening," I ventured to say.

Gates lighted a fresh cigar and commenced:

The story I am about to tell is a kind of bar-room and country-grocery tradition, as the principal events occurred some twenty years since. I never have seen any of the parties excepting the hero, although I believe they are all still living, as well as he and his wife. I am indebted to a brother lawyer, living in the immediate vicinity, for the narrative.

Hugh Winterblossom, of Crossville, moved

into Blanktown years ago, bought an estate, and settled down to enjoy life. He possessed a large property inherited from his father, but he never engaged in any stated business from first to last. His neighbors frequently said he knew only enough to cling to what wealth he owned, and the more spiteful of them sometimes declared he was only a few removes from a natural fool. Marrying a woman almost as weak-minded as himself, supposing her to be wealthy, he was sorely disappointed to learn, after the knot was tied, that he had made a sad mistake—she hadn't a dollar.

Old Winterblossom, as he is generally called, is a singular specimen of humanity, both physically and mentally. Physically, he might be classed with the *genus* "stubby;" for he is short and thick-set in the whole and in all his parts. His head is large, but short and deficient in brain. With a short, stout body, and limbs of like proportions, one can not help thinking that Nature was arrested in her work while moulding him, and failed to draw and finish his frame so elaborately as she at first designed. His shaggy brows, covered with long gray hair, project over and shadow his stern, stony-looking eyes; his nose is large and broad at the base, with wide nostrils; his long upper lip bulges out and laps over the lower one, giving his large mouth any thing but a prepossessing appearance; and his square, half-shaven chin is short, maintaining its uniformity with his other features. With such rugged lineaments a physiognomist undoubtedly would give him a character of the most indomitable determination and fixedness of purpose; but, in reality, he is an ignorant, vacillating, pusillanimous rider of hobbies—a victim of the most errant whims. Having no respect for the rights and feelings of others, every body by common consent seems to regard him as a kind of traveling Absalom's Pillar, at which they may unhesitatingly throw the stones of their contempt for all that is odious in human propensities. Indeed, Nature appears to have violated her usual rules in his formation; she generally stamps a person's character on his exterior, but Winterblossom's destiny was put in lieu thereof. He was *snu*bbed by Nature, and in consequence was doomed to be *snu*bbed by all with whom he came in contact.

Old Winterblossom's first exploit after he settled in Blanktown was a cheese speculation. A farmer became indebted to him for a small amount, and, being short of cash, offered to turn over to the old man a lot of cheese—about three hundred pounds. Rather than run any risk by waiting, Winterblossom took the cheese. But it was valueless unless he could get it to market, the nearest one being Buffalo—twenty miles away. One morning his neighbor, James Wilson, was passing, on his way to the city with a small lot of butter. Hailing him, Hugh asked what he would charge to carry three hundred pounds of cheese to Buffalo.

"How many poun's did you say?" returned Wilson.

"Three hundred."

"Wa'al, about a cent a poun' will be the fair thing, I guess," deliberated the farmer, dallying with his whip across the back of his well-fed horse.

"Too much. That 'll 'mount to three dollars; and you're going right there."

"That's so; but that shouldn't make no difference. Yeou couldn't git Sheriff Pullet to hang you for any thin' less 'n his reg'lar fee, even ef he used the same gallers on which he was goin' to hang me at the same time; an' yeou couldn't hire a man to go a-purpose to carr' that cheese for twice that 'mount. However, neighbor Winterblossom, I'll tell yeou what I'll do; I'll carr' them cheeses on the follerin' terms, *to wit*, as the lawyers say: yeou pay me one mill for the fust mile, two mills for the secon', four mills for the third, an' so on, doublin' on each mile up to twenty."

"Yaas, I'll do that," returned Winterblossom, without the least hesitation, chuckling in his sleeve at the prospect of "shaving" Wilson, and getting his cheese to market for a very trifling sum.

It is very obvious from this transaction that Winterblossom knew but little of the rudiments even of mathematics, to say nothing of Arithmetical Progression. His accounts were always submitted to a niece of his living with him, and at this time attending the district school. So, as she arose from the dinner-table that day, he stated the cheese bargain to her, and asked how much would be due Wilson on his return. Taking her slate, she in a few minutes answered,

"One thousand and forty-eight dollars fifty-seven and a half cents."

"The d—ogs! Must have made a mistake," exclaimed Winterblossom.

"No, uncle; that is impossible; for it is a very simple problem. Look here, and I'll show you how it is done."

"Thunder and Mars! Don't care how it's done. Will be jest like Wilson to stick out for the thousand odd dollars; but I've one 'vantage over him—thar wa'n't no witnesses to the barg'in."

When this story leaked out "cheese" was on every body's tongue, and for months afterward it rang in old Hugh's ears continually.

Winterblossom's nearest neighbor is Daniel Thornton. Born in the town, he has grown up into an honest, upright citizen, and enjoys the respect and confidence of every person in the county. A practical farmer, a thorough mechanic, and capable of turning his hand to almost any ordinary pursuit, his opinion is regarded as conclusive in all matters of local economy and utility. But he is much given to recreation. No man in the neighborhood can beat him at hunting, fishing, trapping wild pigeons, and gathering wild honey.

Having no business to occupy his hands, and being of a disposition that demanded some hobby on which to air his semi-stagnant ideas, old Winterblossom began to ape Thornton in

his various recreative pursuits. Every body praised the skill and accomplishments of Daniel, and to be able to outvie him seemed to be the height of Hugh's ambition.

During the first spring of his residence in Blanktown he closely watched Daniel's manœuvres for trapping pigeons, declaring repeatedly that he could catch birds as well as Thornton. Winterblossom passed the whole summer in boring his neighbor about how it was done, and in getting his nets ready.

At length, when spring and the pigeons came again, he prepared for extensive operations. One day the air was filled with birds. Thornton quietly adjusted his apparatus, while his rival took up his quarters in the next field, having every advantage of situation. A large flock were *toled* down by Winterblossom's decoys; he sprang his traps, and captured half a dozen birds. Daniel then called the flock in his direction, and in a very few minutes secured over four thousand birds. Hugh was maddened with chagrin; and, after repeated efforts, he gave up in despair, spitefully declaring that Dan Thornton had bewitched all the pigeons in the county.

For months afterward this exploit of Winterblossom's was tauntingly thrown into his face by man, woman, and child. It was no uncommon thing for a ragged laborer to stop him in the road and crack a joke at the expense of some of the old man's foibles; and it was the boast of many a dirty-faced urchin that, from the retreat of some stone-wall or hedge, he had "asked old Winterposey how the pigeon bis'ness was."

During the summer Thornton frequently interspersed his seasons of toil in field and workshop (for he was a wheel-wright as well as farmer) with a day's sport along the trout-brook with hook and line, or through the forest with rifle. And he always met with good success—not through luck, as his still persistent imitator affirmed, but because he was a careful student of the habits of the game he sought. He always returned with a well-filled bag, while his splenetic rival's oft-repeated tramps only resulted in weariness and disappointment.

After the autumn harvests Thornton commenced operating for wild-honey. His manner of procedure was that usually pursued by bee-hunters: he would bait a fugitive bee with honey, note the line he took in returning to his hive, and then follow him up. One day, after reconnoitring for a few hours, he succeeded in finding five nests, from which, on the following day, he took upward of a hundred and fifty pounds of honey.

When Winterblossom heard of this his eyes opened with astonishment, and he determined to watch Thornton's movements and learn the knack of hunting bees.

It was Daniel's custom to devote his leisure hours to bee-hunting, and when he had found a number of nests, take a day for felling the trees and securing the spoils. It is a rule

among hunters, when a "bee-tree" is identified, for the finder to score it with his initials, and this mark is considered a sacred title to the honey by all honest men.

Finding a nest, one day, on his own land, but provokingly near Winterblossom's line, Daniel hesitated about marking it. It was in plain sight of his neighbor's chamber windows, and he feared that the old sinner was not only watching his movements, but that he would take the first opportunity to pilfer the honey. However, Thornton finally decided to mark it, and keep a keen eye on his neighbor's manœuvres.

Having no children, Winterblossom had adopted a niece (already referred to), whose parents were poor and living in a distant town. His design was to make her his sole heiress, providing she never disregarded his wishes. But, unknown to him, an intimacy had existed between the niece and a young man living near her former home. When the fact eventually came to her uncle's knowledge he declared he would put a stop to their intercourse, at the same time forbidding her ever to allow the youth to visit her. However, he was growing up into a promising young man, and Janette could not well forget her first love; so a clandestine correspondence was maintained by them, each hoping that the old man would eventually give his consent to their union.

But they were doomed to disappointment in that respect. As old Winterblossom dabbled in every thing, it is not strange that he should try his clumsy hand at match-making. For a long time he had had his eye upon a young man in the town where he formerly resided, whom he designed Janette should marry; and when she had reached a suitable age Julius Bentley was invited by Hugh to make him a visit for the purpose of becoming acquainted with his niece. The young man was wealthy, and this fact fully satisfied old Winterblossom. Although there was nothing objectionable in his appearance or character, the girl could regard him only with common politeness and courtesy, because her love was given to another.

[Just at this moment Mrs. Wilkinson entered the library for a book. But the young lawyer was so wrapped up with his story that he did not notice, what I could not help remarking, that she was confused to a greater degree than could have been occasioned by the mere conviction that she was causing a momentary interruption in the narrative; nor did he see the peculiar glances she and her husband exchanged. Benton's conduct, too, arrested my attention; for he had partly turned his back upon Gates, and seemed intent on reading the titles of the volumes on the shelves near him; and so the lawyer went on with his story:]

It was about this time (while Winterblossom was operating for honey) that Julius Bentley visited Blanktown. The old man received him

with marked attention, and entertained him like a lord.

Hugh proved to be a very exacting host. He compelled his guest to accompany him on all his excursions, and made him a confidant in all the little hobbies and whims of his dwarfish brain. Of course Winterblossom's society and confidences must have been in the main detestable to a young man of Julius's make; but it was evident that he liked the appearance of Janette, and endeavored to tolerate her uncle for the time being in hopes of winning her in the end. For at least twenty times a day the old curmudgeon would slap his guest on the shoulder, and, with a conceited chuckle, exclaim:

"Yaas, yaas, Julius; she's a leetle offish now, 'cause she's young; but you jest keep up a good heart, my boy, and you'll come out all right by-'n'-by. I'll warrant that."

As Thornton feared, Winterblossom was not long in seeking out his last bee-tree. Regarding the half-decayed oak with covetous eyes for a moment or two, Hugh remarked to Bentley, who had accompanied him:

"Pretty close to my line, Julius. Not much chance for old Thornton to make a fuss if I chop it down; but guess we'll take it some day when he's away from home."

Such an opportunity occurred that very afternoon. Daniel passed on his way to mill with several sacks of grain. To ascertain how long he probably would be gone, old Hugh resorted to a little strategy. He hailed his neighbor with,

"Hallo, Thornton! take a grist for me?"

"Certainly," Daniel returned, reining up.

"'Spect to wait for your grists?"

"Yes, for we're nearly out of both flour and meal."

"Wa'al, do as you please 'bout waiting for mine," he added, as the hired man threw a couple of sacks into the farmer's wagon. "John can go for it to-morrow, if you don't bring it."

Reaching the mill, Daniel found the stones all taken up and the miller and his assistants engaged in picking them. So he left his load and returned immediately. As he neared the house he discovered a heavy smoke in the direction of his timber. Thinking all was not right, he stopped his horse and cut across lots in a great hurry.

Winterblossom and his hired man were engaged in burning a clearing adjoining Daniel's timber, and the wind was fast driving the flames toward his bee-tree. At a glance the farmer saw it was the old scamp's design to let the fire reach the trunk, burn it down (which would have been an inevitable result, as it was quite dry), and then he could secure the honey and leave the flames to complete their work. The affair would then have the appearance of an accident, while Thornton would have no positive proof that the saccharine contents of the old oak had been pilfered.

Thornton restrained his anger, and without

uttering a single word to his crafty neighbor, at once proceeded to head off the advancing element. This accomplished, he hastened to the house and soon returned with an axe and two pails. Felling the tree, he very leisurely gathered up the honey. Old Hugh approached and looked on with envious eyes while his neighbor skirmished with the bees.

"Quite a haul, friend Thornton," said the old sinner.

"Yes," Daniel returned, in a sarcastic tone; "but I shouldn't have been so much in a hurry about gathering it if I'd had honest neighbors. Bees will work for two weeks yet."

"If my fire had got into that tree 'twould 'a made quick work with your honey;" and the old fellow tried to look very funny.

Daniel had to bite his lips to keep from boiling over; but having already decided upon a plan for revenge, he resolved to have no altercation with the unreasonable man. So, after a pause, he said:

"Mr. Winterblossom, I found another tree yesterday, and from the appearance of things I should judge there was a hundred-weight of *stuff* in it."

"A hundred-weight o' honey in one tree! I declare, you do have the luck of it!" Hugh exclaimed in astonishment. "But where is it?"

"Oh, you want to let your fire run that way, don't you? But it's in the direction of the huckleberry swamp; and if you find it you're smarter than I take you to be."

Daniel carried his honey to the house, and then glided down toward the swamp. Winterblossom's eyes were upon him. Approaching a big, sound hemlock, upward of six feet in diameter, which stood on the land of a neighbor, the farmer pulled out his jack-knife and cut his initials on the trunk. Turning to retrace his steps, he caught a glimpse of Hugh dodging into a thicket. This was just what Daniel wanted. He was now satisfied that his tormentor would bite the bait set for him.

The next morning Daniel arose at five o'clock, and sat down to study on some machinery he was contriving, when he heard the sound of an axe on the still air of dawn. Listening, he heard it again and again. The sound came from the direction of the big hemlock. Giving utterance to a loud laugh, he seized his hat and hastened toward the spot. Crawling up as near as he could without being observed, he concealed himself behind the trunk of a tree, and recognized old Winterblossom and Julius Bentley, stripped to their shirts and pants, chopping away on the big hemlock as if for dear life. It was as much as Daniel could do to keep from laughing outright. They paused in their work, and our listening friend heard the following:

"Few more blows will fetch her, Julius; but it's been an all-night job with us, my boy;" and Winterblossom pulled out his old watch and scanned it by the advancing daylight. "Why, it's half past five—we've been at work over eight hours."

"It will be a dear job, too, if Wilson should prosecute us for felling this fine tree," was Bentley's reply.

"Prosecute us! Why, ain't old Thornton's name on it? and won't that be the strongest kind of evidence ag'inst him?"

Chip! chip! chip! went the axes again, and in a few minutes the tree fell with a fearful crash. But the choppers were so far from any house that they feared no disturbance at that early hour.

"Now for the honey!" said Winterblossom, in a triumphant tone, walking up the prostrate trunk to look for the supposed hollow that should contain the sweet compound.

A fifteen-minutes' closest scrutiny of all parts of the trunk and boughs proved the tree to be perfectly sound, affording not the slightest retreat for bees. It was then that Daniel realized the truth of the old adage, "Listeners hear no good of themselves," for curses both loud and deep fell upon his head alike from the lips of old Hugh and his victimized companion. For full five minutes they stormed away, until the surrounding trees seemed to bow their heads in horror. Then picking up their axes and the vessels designed to contain the honey, these amateur bee-hunters walked quickly away, for the east was already streaked with coming sunlight.

"Shall I help you carry your honey, Mr. Winterblossom?" asked Daniel, in a tone of the bitterest sarcasm, crossing their path and retreating toward his house.

Another volley of curses was all the response old Hugh made. Bentley's countenance fell.

"Now this 'll be known all over the neighborhood before night," muttered the chagrined Julius, who wished from the bottom of his heart he never had seen old Winterblossom.

"Let him tell it! There are two of us, and our words 'll go as fur in court or community as his'n, I guess. Let him tell it if he dare!"

As Winterblossom neared his mansion his sleepy eyes fell upon the figure of his spouse, standing upon the door-step with disheveled locks and troubled air. Evidently she was very much excited.

"Where've you been all night, you old fool? A pretty husband you are to steal off in this way!" she vehemently exclaimed, as soon as the old man came within hearing. "That poor Hoptown good-for-nothing has been here, and Janette's gone off with him to be married, I 'spect—and not a soul here to hender."

"Thunder and Mars!" vociferated Winterblossom, dropping axe and pail. "Where's John?"

"He wouldn't do a thing. Might have locked the sneaking scamp into the barn; but he said 'twas none of his affairs."

"The dog! I'll discharge him at once."

Winterblossom turned to appeal to his young companion for counsel, but he had suddenly disappeared. Bentley evidently thought his presence would prove any thing but agreeable

to his now troubled host and hostess, and wisely took himself away.

The honey affair, in connection with the elopement of Janette, soon leaked out, and before the lapse of a week the story was current all over town. Every body—from select-man down to the veriest ragged urchin—was rallying Winterblossom on the superiority of hemlock honey. Every body, also, was glad that his niece had run away, thereby defeating his plans; for her home with him had been any thing but a pleasant one.

I never learned the name of the young man with whom she eloped; but he was reported to have been in every way worthy of her. Although poor, he was a greater fortune to a loving, faithful girl like Janette than all the wealth of old Winterblossom. It was rumored that the conscientious Janette so far repented as to write her uncle, begging his forgiveness; but the old fellow was inexorable, declaring she never should enter his house again, nor receive a penny of his property.

The host, who throughout this recital had listened apparently with no deeper interest than myself, laughing immoderately now and then at the misfortunes of the hero, here jumped up and commenced pacing the room, while he gave way to frequent outbursts of humor that must have seriously threatened his sides and buttons. At length, fixing his twinkling eyes upon Gates, he, between half-suppressed cachinnations, said:

"The principal part of your narrative—especially the fun—is all new to me, although I previously had an inkling of the old man's character; but you will admit that I know more of the niece than yourself when I tell you *I am the 'Hoptown good-for-nothing' who married her!*"

"Heavens!" exclaimed the lawyer, coloring. "I beg your pardon, Sir—indeed I do. Why didn't you tell me I was assailing your own history, and perhaps doing violence to the feelings of your wife?"

"No apology, Sir—no apology whatever," Wilkinson replied, with another ringing laugh that put Gates entirely at his ease. "I never allow a good story to be spoiled for relations' sake; besides, I dare say, under the circumstances, I have enjoyed it even better than your fellow-travelers."

"Yes," interposed Benton, rising and squarely facing the lawyer the first time for the last half hour, while his countenance gave evidence of long-suppressed mirth; "you probably will be satisfied on that score when I tell you *I am Julius Bentley!* That is the name I gave when asked; but our host evidently misunderstood me, and thinking it immaterial, I did not correct him."

"Worse and worse!" said Gates, with a look of mock despair. "I never shall dare to tell another story until I learn the antecedents of my auditors."

"Oh, Sir, I assure you it has been no annoyance whatever to listen to this story—a treat,

rather, for I've told it so many times myself that the version of another improves it decidedly—to my ears at least. I did feel a little uncomfortable when I recognized in our host (as I did as soon as the lights were brought in) my whilom and successful rival; but I now heartily give him my kindest congratulations. Besides, I have learned to despise old Hugh Winterblossom as deeply as any of his neighbors. I hope neither of you will think my feelings have been, in the least degree, assailed by any thing said to-night;" and Benton arose and warmly grasped first the hand of Wilkinson and then that of the lawyer.

"And, friend Gates," interposed our host, "that you may not take to yourself the credit of touching off all the fire-works to-night, I will add that I, perhaps, have given Mr. Winterblossom a worse snubbing than he ever received from any one else. Soon after I married his niece she indeed did feel a little conscience-stricken because she had left him so abruptly. Mind, she didn't care an iota for his gold, but she wanted to be reconciled to her uncle and aunt, because she was indebted to them for her education. So Janette, prompted by a sentiment of gratitude alone, wrote her uncle a letter; but it was quickly returned, simply indorsed with a few words of the bitterest comment. We then removed to this vicinity; fortune favored us, and now we have a competency.

"After a lapse of some eighteen or twenty years Mr. and Mrs. Winterblossom happened to hear how prosperous we had been—in fact, it was last summer, and we then were living in a smaller house near town. They came with honeyed words and made us a long visit. Of course we both treated them with the same hospitality and kindness that we should had nothing unpleasant ever occurred. Not a word was said in allusion to the past.

"The day before they were to leave us a town cart drove up to our gate with a complete outfit for a parlor and two bedchambers.

"What does this mean?" I asked, as the teamer began to unload the goods and deposit them according to the directions of Winterblossom.

"Oh, this is a present from us to your wife," was the old man's reply, in a very obsequious tone. "We didn't, 'cording to custom, make her any present when she was married, and we've decided to do it now—"better late 'n never," you know."

"Not in this case, Mr. Winterblossom," I responded, decidedly—my wife was standing in the door beside me, looking fully as indignant as I felt. "We can not accept those articles. I know our furniture is worn, but we can readily replace it whenever we choose. You are welcome to stay under our roof as long as you please, and you both shall be well treated; but not one cent's worth of any thing can you leave here. A gift of one-quarter the value of this would have been gratefully received once; but we do not wish it now."

"So the furniture was at once returned to the dealers; and without any show of ill-nature (old Hugh has been snubbed so many times his pachydermatous sensibilities are proof against all ordinary manifestations of spite) the old couple bade us good-by the next day. We expect another visit from them next summer."

We had a mirthful time at the breakfast-table the next morning, in which Mrs. Wilkinson took as cheerful a part as any of us, referring, with much good-nature, to her visit to the li-

brary while the lawyer was so lost in his story, and humorously dwelling upon the difficulty she had to refrain from laughing outright at his unconscious allusions to herself.

The roads were now broken, and we travelers proceeded on our respective journeys; but I never shall forget that snow-storm, nor the remarkable circumstances which brought together, after a lapse of years, persons once so singularly related, to hear from the lips of a stranger a story concerning their own experiences.

TO AN EARLY SWALLOW.

My little bird of the air,
If thou dost know, then tell me the sweet reason
Thou comest alway, duly in thy season,
To build and pair!
For still we hear thee twittering round the eaves
Ere yet the attentive cloud of April lowers
Up from their darkened hearth to call the flowers,
Where all the rough, hard weather
They kept together
Under their low, brown roof of withered leaves.

And for a moment still
Thy ever tuneful bill,
And tell me, and I pray thee tell me true,
If any cruel care thy bosom frets
The while thou slittest, plow-like, through the air—
Thy wings so swift and slim,
Turned downward, darkly dim,
Like furrows on a ground of violets.

Nay, tell me not, my swallow,
But have thy pretty way,
And prosperously follow
The leading of the sunshine all the day.
Thy virtuous example
Maketh my foolish questions answer ample—
It is thy large delights keep open wide
Thy little mouth; thou hast no pain to hide:
And when thou leavest all the green-topped woods
Pining below, and with melodious floods
Flatterest the heavy clouds, it is, I know,
Because, my bird, thou canst not choose but go
Higher and ever higher
Into the purple fire
That lights the morning meadows with hearts'-ease,
And sticks the hill-sides full of primroses.

But tell me, my good bird,
If thou canst tune thy tongue to any word
Wherewith to answer—pray thee tell me this:
Where gottest thou thy song,
Still shrilling all day long,
Silvered to fragments by its very bliss!
Not, as I guess,
Of any whistling swain
With cheek as richly russet as the grain

Sown in his furrows; nor, I further guess,
Of any shepherdess,
Whose tender heart did drag
Through the dim hollows of her golden flag
After a faithless love—while far and near
The waterfalls, to hear,
Clung by their white arms to the cold, deaf rocks,
And all the unkept flocks
Strayed idly. Nay, I know,
If ever any love-lorn maid did blow
On such a pitiful pipe, thou didst not yet
In such sad wise thy heart to music set.

So, lower not down to me
From its high home thy ever-busy wing:
I know right well thy song was shaped for thee
By His unwearying power
Who makes the days about the Easter flower
Like gardens round the chamber of a king.

And whether, when the sobering year hath run
His brief course out, and thou away dost hie
To find thy pleasant summer company,
Or whether, my brown darling of the sun,
When first the South, to welcome up the May,
Hangs wide her saffron gate,
And thou, from the uprising of the day
Till eventide in shadow round thee closes,
Pourest thy joyance over field and wood,
As if thy very blood
Were drawn from out the young hearts of the
roses—

'Tis all to celebrate
And all to praise
The careful kindness of His gracious ways
Who builds the golden weather
So tenderly about thy houseless brood—
Thy unfledged, houseless brood, and thee together.

Ah! these are the sweet reasons,
My little swimmer of the seas of air,
Thou comest, goest, duly in thy seasons;
And furthermore, that all men every where
May learn from thy enjoyment
That that which maketh life most good and fair
Is heavenly employment.

ALICE CAREY.

THE RIGHTFUL HEIR.

In Five Acts.

BY EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR GREY BEAUFORT, Son to Lady Montreville.
 SIR GREY DE MALPAS, the poor cousin, distantly connected to Lady Montreville, but next in succession to the earldom, on failure of the direct line.
 WRECKLYFFE, a disinherited and ruined gentleman—who, after a vicious and lawless career on land, has turned pirate.
 SIR GODFREY SEYMOUR, a justice of the peace.
 EYVIAN, the captain of the Dreadnought, a privateer.
 HARDY, EYVIAN's first lieutenant and friend.
 HARDING, EYVIAN's second lieutenant.
 MAIDEN, seneschal to Lady Montreville.
 ALFRED, a village priest.
 A SHIP-OFFICER on board the Dreadnought.
 Servants, Sailors, Clerk, and Halberdiers attendant on Sir Godfrey.

LADY MONTREVILLE, a countess in her own right.
 EYVIANE, her ward—distantly related to her, and betrothed to Vyvyan.

NOTE.—“The Spanish Armada was ready in the beginning of May, but the moment it was preparing to sail the Marquis of Santa Croce, the Admiral, was seized with a fever, of which he soon after died. . . . At that the Spanish fleet, full of hope and alacrity, set sail from Lisbon May 29th, but next day met with a violent tempest, which scattered the ships—sunk some of the smallest, and forced the rest to take shelter in the Groyne, where they waited till they could be re-fitted. When news of this event was carried to England, the Queen concluded that the design of an invasion was disappointed for the summer, and, being always ready to lay hold on every pretence for saving money, she made Walsingham write to the Admiral, directing him to lay up some of the larger ships, and to discharge the seamen. But Lord Effingham, who was not so sanguine in his hopes, used the freedom to disobey these orders, and he begged leave to retain all the ships in service, though it should be at his own expense. . . . Meanwhile, all the damages of the Armada were repaired, and the Spaniards, with fresh hopes, set out again to sea.”—*Hume*.

ACT I.

SCENE 1. In the foreground the house of SIR GREY DE MALPAS, small and decayed, the casements broken, &c. &c. As around, as if the present house were but the remains of some more stately edifice of great antiquity. In the background, a view of the sea. On a height at some little distance, the castle of Montreville, the sun gleams upon its turrets and gilded vanes.

NOTE.—The scene to be so contrived that the grandeur of the castle and the meanness of the ruin be brought into conspicuous contrast.

SIR GREY at work on a patch of neglected garden ground, throws down his spade and advances.

G. I cannot dig! Fie, what a helpless thing is this white hand of well-born poverty! Alas, yet between this squalor and that pomp stand but two lives, a woman's and a boy's—But two frail lives. I may outlive them both.

Enter WRECKLYFFE.

Wreck. Ay, that's the house—the same; the master changed,

But less than I am. Winter creeps on him, Lightning hath stricken me. Good day.

G. Pass on. No spendthrift hospitable fool spreads here the board for strangers. Pass.

Wreck. Have years so dimmed thy once so keen, De Malpas?

G. (after a pause.) Ha! Thy hand. What brings thee hither?

Wreck. ‘Brings me?’ say ‘hurls back.’ Fie, yellow pestilence, whose ghastly wings spread, like the fabled griffin, India's gold;

Unequal battle next; then wolfish famine; At last, storm (rough welcome home to England) Shot decks from stern to stem: to shore was flung A wretched pirate on a battered hulk!

O wretched rots stranded;—you behold the other. G. Penury hath still its crust and roof-tree—share them.

Time has dealt hardly with us both, since first We two made friendship—thou straight-limbed, well-favoured,

Stern-hearted, disinherited dare-devil!

Wreck. And thou?—

Sir G. A stroke paints me. My lord's poor cousin. How strong thou wert, yet I could twist and wind thee

Round these slight hands;—that is the use of brains!

Wreck. Still jokes and stings?

Sir G. Still a poor cousin's weapons.

Wreck. Boast brains, yet starve?

Sir G. Still a poor cousin's fate, sir.

Pardon my brains, since oft thy boasts they pardoned; (Sad change since then), when rufflers aped thy swagger,

And village maidens sighed and, wondering, asked Why heaven made men so wicked—and so comely.

Wreck. 'Sdeath! Wilt thou cease?

Sir G. That scar upon thy front

Bespeaks grim service.

Wreck. In thy cause, de Malpas;

The boy, whom at thine instance I allured On board my bark, left me this brand of Cain.

Sir G. That boy—

Wreck. Is now a man—and on these shores. This morn I peered from yonder rocks that hid me, And saw his face. I whetted then this steel: Need'st thou his death? In me behold Revenge!

Sir G. He lives!—he lives! There is a third between The beggar and the earldom!

Wreck. Steps and voices!

When shall we meet alone? Hush, it is he!

Sir G. He with the plume?

Wreck. Ay.

Sir G. Quick; within.

Wreck. And thou?

Sir G. I dig the earth; see the grave-digger's tool.

[Exit WRECKLYFFE within the house.]

Enter HARDING and Sailors.

Hard. Surely 'twas here the captain bade us meet him

While he went forth for news?

1st Sailor.

He comes.

Enter VVYAN.

Hard. Well, captain,
What tidings of the Spaniards' armament?

Vyv. Bad, for they say the fighting is put off,
And storm in Biscay driven back the Dons.
This is but rumour—we will learn the truth.
Harding, take horse and bear these lines to Drake—
If yet our country needs stout hearts to guard her,
He'll not forget the men on board the Dreadnought.
Thou canst be back ere sunset with his answer,
And find me in yon towers of Montreville.

[Exit HARDING.]

Meanwhile make merry in the hostel, lads,
And drink me out these ducats in this toast:—
"No foes be tall eno' to wade the moat
Which girds the fort whose only walls are men."

[Sailors cheer, and exeunt.]

Vyv. I never hailed reprieve from war till now.
Heaven grant but time to see mine Eveline,
And learn my birth from Alton.

Enter FALKNER.

Falk. Captain.

Vyv. Falkner!
So soon returned? Thy smile seems fresh from home.
All well there?

Falk. Just in time to make all well.
My poor old father!—bailiffs at his door;
He tills another's land, and crops had failed.
I poured mine Indian gold into his lap,
And cried, "O father, wilt thou now forgive
The son who went to sea against thy will?"

Vyv. And he forgave.—Now tell me of thy mother;
I never knew one, but I love to mark
The quiver of a strong man's bearded lip
When his voice lingers on the name of mother.
Thy mother bless'd thee—

Falk. Yes, I—*(Falters and turns aside.)*

Pshaw! methought

Her joy was weeping on my breast again!

Vyv. I envy thee those tears.

Falk. Eno' of me!
Now for thyself. What news? Thy fair betrothed—
The maid we rescued from the turbaned corsair
With her brave father in the Indian seas—
Found and still faithful?

Vyv. Faithful, I will swear it;
But not yet found. Her sire is dead—the stranger
Sits at his hearth—and with her next of kin,
Hard by this spot—yea, in yon sunlit towers,
Mine Eveline dwells.

Falk. Thy foster father, Alton,
Hast thou seen him?

Vyv. Not yet. My Falkner, serve me.
His house is scarce a two hours' journey hence,
The nearest hamlet will afford a guide;
Seek him and break the news of my return,
Say I shall see him ere the day be sped.
And, hearken, friend (good men at home are apt
To judge us sailors harshly), tell him this—
On the far seas his foster son recalled
Prayers taught by age to childhood, and implored
Blessings on that grey head. Farewell! Now, Eveline.

[Exeunt, severally, VVYAN and FALKNER.]

Sir G. (advancing.) Thou seekest those towers—go.
I will meet thee there.

He must not see the priest—the hour is come
Absolving Alton's vow to guard the secret;
Since the boy left, two 'scutcheons moulder o'er
The dust of tombs from which his rights ascend;
He must not see the priest—but how forestall him?—
Within! For there dwells Want, Wit's counsellor,
Harbouring grim Force, which is Ambition's tool.

[Exit SIR GREY.]

SCENE 2. *The gardens of the castle of Montreville, laid out in the formal style of the times. Parterres sunk deep in beds of arabesque design. The gardens are enclosed within an embattled wall, which sinks, here and there, into low ornamented parapets, over which the*

eye catches a glimpse of the sea, which is immediately below. A postern gate in the wall is open, through which descends a flight of steps, hewn out of the cliff.

Enter LADY MONTREVILLE.

Lady M. This were his birthday, were he living still!
But the wide ocean is his winding sheet,
And his grave—here! *(Pressing her hand to her heart.)*

I dreamed of him last night!
Peace! with the dead, died shame and glozing slander;
In the son left me still, I clasp a world
Of blossoming hopes which flower beneath my love,
And take frank beauty from the flattering day.
And—but my Clarence!—in his princely smile
How the air brightens!

Enter LORD BEAUFORT, speaking to MARSDEN.

Lord B. Yes, my gallant roan,
And, stay—be sure the falcon, which my lord
Of Leicester sent me; we will try its metal.

Mars. Your eyes do bless him, madam, so do mine:
A gracious spring; Heaven grant we see its summer!
Forgive, dear lady, your old servant's freedom.

Lady M. Who loves him best, with me ranks highest,
Marsden.

[Exit MARSDEN.]

Clarence, you see me not.

Lord B. Dear mother, welcome.
Why do I miss my soft-eyed cousin here?

Lady M. It doth not please me, son, that thou
should'st haunt
Her steps, and witch with dulcet words her ear.
Eveline is fair, but not the mate for Beaufort.

Lord B. Mate! Awful word! Can youth not gaze
on beauty

Save by the torch of Hymen? To be gallant,
Melt speech in sighs, or murder sense in sonnets;
Veer with each change in Fancy's April skies,
And o'er each sun-shower fling its fleeting rainbow.
All this—

Lady M. (gloomily.) Alas, is love.

Lord B. No! Love's light prologue,
The sportive opening to the serious drama;
The pastime practice of Dan Cupid's bow,
Against that solemn venture at the butts
At which fools make so many random shafts,
And rarely hit the white! Nay, smile, my mother;
How does this plume become me?

Lady M. Foolish boy!
It sweeps too loosely.

Lord B. Now-a-days, man's love
Is worn as loosely as I wear this plume—
A glancing feather stirred with every wind
Into new shadows o'er a giddy brain
Such as your son's. Let the plume play, sweet mother!

Lady M. Would I could chide thee!

Lord B. Hark, I hear my steed
Neighing impatience; and my falcon frets
Noon's lazy air with lively silver bells;
Now, madam, look to it—no smile from me
When next we meet,—no kiss of filial duty,
Unless my fair-faced cousin stand beside you,
Blushing 'Peccavi' for all former sins—
Shy looks, cold words, this last unnatural absence,
And taught how cousins should behave to cousins.

[Exit LORD BEAUFORT.]

Lady M. Trifler! And yet the faults that quicken fear
Make us more fond—we parents love to pardon.

Enter EVELINE, weaving flowers—not seeing LADY MONTREVILLE.

Evel. (Sings)—

Bud from the blossom,
And leaf from the tree,
Guess why in weaving
I sing "Woe is me!"—

'Tis that I weave you
To drift on the sea,
And say, when ye find him,
Who sang "Woe is me!"—

[Casts the flowers, woven into a garland, over the parapet, and advances.]

Lady M. A quaint but mournful rhyme.

Evel. You, madam!—pardon!

Lady M. What tells the song?

Evel. A simple village tale
Of a lost seaman, and a crazed girl,
His plighted bride—good Marsden knew her well,
And oft-times marked her singing on the beach,
Then launch her flowers, and smile upon the sea.
I know not why—both rhyme and tale do haunt
me.

Lady M. Sad thoughts haunt not young hearts, thou
senseless child.

Evel. Is not the child an orphan?

Lady M. In those eyes
Is there no moisture softer than the tears
Which mourn a father? Roves thy glance for Beaufort?
Vain girl, beware! The flattery of the great
Is but the eagle's swoop upon the dove,
And, in descent, destroys.

Evel. Can you speak thus,
Yet bid me grieve not that I am an orphan?

[Retires up the garden.]

Lady M. (to herself.) I have high dreams for Beau-
fort; bright desires!

Son of a race whose lives shine down on Time
From lofty tombs, like beacon-towers o'er ocean,
He stands amidst the darkness of my thought,
Radiant as Hope in some lone captive's cell.
Far from the gloom around, mine eyes, inspired,
Pierce to the future, when these bones are dust,
And see him loftiest of the lordly choirs
Whose swords and coronals blaze around the throne,
The guardian stars of the imperial isle—
Kings shall revere his mother.

Enter SIR GREY, speaking to Servant.

Sir G. What say'st thou?

Servant (insolently.) Sir Grey—ha! ha!—Lord Beau-
fort craves your pardon,
He shot your hound—its bark disturbed the deer.

Sir G. The only voice that welcomed me! A dog—
Grudges he that?

Servant. Oh sir, 'twas done in kindness
To you and him; the dog was wondrous lean, sir!

Sir G. I thank my lord.

[Exit Servant.]

So, my poor Tray is killed
And yet that dog but barked—can this not bite?

[Approaches LADY MONTREVILLE vindictively,
and in a whisper—

He lives!

Lady M. He! who?

Sir G. The heir of Montreville!
Another, and an elder Beaufort, lives!
(Aside.) So—the fang fixes fast—good!

Lady M. Thou saidst
Ten years ago—"Thy first-born is no more—
Died in far seas."

Sir G. So swore my false informant.
But now, the deep that took the harmless boy
Casts from its breast the bold-eyed daring man.

Lady M. Clarence! My poor proud Clarence!

Sir G. Ay, poor Clarence!
True; since his father, by his former nuptials
Had other sons, if you, too, own an elder,
Clarence is poor—as poor as his poor cousin.
Ugh! but the air is keen, and Poverty
Is thinly clad; subject to rheums and agues (shivers),
Asthma and phthisis (coughs), pains in the loins and
limbs,

And leans upon a crutch, like your poor cousin.
If Poverty begs, Law sets it in the stocks;
If it is ill, the doctors mangle it;
If it is dying, the priests scold at it;
And, when 'tis dead, rich kinsmen cry, "Thank
heaven!"

Ah! if the elder prove his rights, dear lady,
Your younger son will know what's poverty!

Lady M. Malignant, peace! why dost thou torture
me?

The priest who shares alone with us the secret
Hath sworn to guard it.

Sir G. Only while thy sire

And second lord survived. Yet, what avails
In law his tale, unbacked by thy confession?

Lady M. All! He hath proofs, clear proofs. Thrice
woe to Clarence!

Sir G. Proofs—written proofs?

Lady M. Of marriage, and the birth!

Sir G. Wherefore so long was this concealed from
me?

Lady M. Thou wert my father's agent, Grey de Mal-
pas,
Not my familiar.

Sir G. Here, then, ends mine errand.

Lady M. Stay, sir—forgive my rash and eager tem-
per;

Stay, stay, and counsel me. What! sullen still?
Need'st thou gold?—befriend, and find me grate-
ful.

Sir G. Lady of Montreville, I once was young,
And pined for gold, to wed the maid I loved:
Your father said, "Poor cousins should not marry,"
And gave that sage advice in lieu of gold.

A few years later, and I grew ambitious,
And longed for wars and fame, and foolish honours:
Then I lacked gold, to join the knights, mine equals,
As might become a Malpas and your kinsman:
Your father said he had need of his poor cousin
At home, to be his huntsman, and his falconer!

Lady M. Forgetful! After my first fatal nuptials
And their sad fruit, count you as naught—

Sir G. My hire!
For service and for silence; not a gift.

Lady M. And spent in riot, waste, and wild debauch!

Sir G. True; in the pauper's grand inebriate wish
To know what wealth is,—tho' but for an hour.

Lady M. But blame you me or mine, if spendthrift
wassail

Run to the dregs? Mine halls stand open to you;
My noble Beaufort hath not spurned your converse;
You have been welcomed—

Sir G. At your second table,
And as the butt of unchastised lackeys;
While your kind son, in pity of my want,
Hath this day killed the faithful dog that shared it.
'Tis well; you need my aid, as did your father,
And tempt, like him, with gold. I take the service;
And, when the task is done, will talk of payment.
Hist! the boughs rustle. Closer space were safer;
Vouchsafe your hand, let us confer within.

Lady M. Well might I dream last night! A fearful
dream.

[Exeunt LADY MONTREVILLE and SIR GREY.]

Re-enter EVELINE.

Evel. O, for some fairy talisman to conjure
Up to these longing eyes the form they pine for!
And yet, in love, there's no such word as absence;
The loved one glides beside our steps for ever;
Its presence gave such beauty to the world,
That all things beautiful its tokens are,
And aught in sound most sweet, to sight most fair,
Breathes with its voice, and haunts us with its aspect.

Enter VYVYAN through the postern gate.

There spoke my fancy, not my heart! Where art
thou,

My unforgotten Vyvyan?

Vyv. At thy feet!
Look up—look up!—these are the arms that sheltered
When the storm howled around; and these the lips
Where, till this hour, the sad and holy kiss
Of parting lingered, as the fragrance left
By angels, when they touch the earth and vanish.
Look up; night never hungered for the sun
As for thine eyes my soul!

Evel. Oh! joy, joy, joy:

Vyv. Yet weeping still, tho' leaning on my breast!
My sailor's bride, hast thou no voice but blushes?
Nay from those drooping roses let me steal
The coy reluctant sweetness!

Evel. And, methought
I had treasured words, 'twould take a life to utter
When we should meet again!

Vyv. Recall them later.

We shall have time eno', when life with life
Blends into one;—why dost thou start and tremble?

Evel. Methought I heard her slow and solemn foot-
fall!

Vyv. *Her!* Why, thou speak'st of woman: the
meek word

Which never chimes with terror.

Evel. You know not
The dame of Montreville.

Vyv. Is she so stern?

Evel. Not stern, but haughty; as if high-born virtue
Swept o'er the earth to scorn the faults it pardoned.

Vyv. Haughty to thee?

Evel. To all, ev'n when the kindest;
Nay, I do wrong her; never to her son;
And when those proud eyes moisten as they hail him,
Hearts lately stung, yearn to a heart so human!
Alas, that parent love! how in its loss
All life seems shelterless!

Vyv. Like thee, perchance,
Looking round earth for that same parent shelter,
I too may find but tombs. So, turn we both,
Orphans, to that lone parent of the lonely,
That doth like Sorrow ever upward gaze
On calm consoling stars—the mother Sea.

Evel. Call not the cruel sea by that mild name.

Vyv. She is not cruel if her breast swell high
Against the winds that thwart her loving aim
To link, by every raft whose course she speeds,
Man's common brotherhood from pole to pole;
Grant she hath danger—danger schools the brave,
And bravery leaves all cruel things to cowards.
Grant that she harden us to fear,—the hearts
Most proof to fear are easiest moved to love,
As on the oak whose roots defy the storm,
All the leaves tremble when the south-wind stirs.
Yet if the sea dismay thee, on the shores
Kissed by her waves, and far, as fairy isles
In poet dreams, from this grey care-worn world,
Blossoms many a bower for the Sea Rover's bride.
I know a land where feathering palm-trees shade
To delicate twilight, suns benign as those
Whose dawning gilded Eden;—Nature, there,
Like a gay spendthrift in his flush of youth,
Flings her whole treasure on the lap of Time.
There, steeped in roseate hues, the lakelike sea
Heaves to an air whose breathing is ambrosia;
And, all the while, bright-winged and warbling birds,
Like happy souls released, melodious float
Thro' blissful light, and teach the ravished earth
How joy finds voice in Heaven. Come, rest we yonder,
And, side by side, forget that we are orphans!

[VYVYAN and EVELINE retire up the stage.]

Enter LADY MONTREVILLE and SIR GREY.

Lady M. Yet still, if Alton sees—

Sir G. Without the proofs,
Why, Alton's story were but idle wind;
The man I send is swift and strong, and ere
This Vyvyan (who would have been here before me
But that I took the shorter path) depart
From your own threshold to the priest's abode,
Our agent gains the solitary dwelling,
And—

Lady M. But no violence!

Sir G. Nay, none but fear—
Fear will suffice to force from trembling age
Your safety, and preserve your Beaufort's birthright.

Lady M. Let me not hear the ignominious means;
Gain thou the end;—quick—quick!

Sir G. And if, meanwhile,
This sailor come, be nerved to meet—a stranger;
And to detain—a guest.

Lady M. My heart is wax,
But my will, iron—go.

Sir G. (aside.) To fear add force—
And this hand closes on the proofs, and welds
That iron to a tool.

[Exit SIR GREY.]

Re-enter VYVYAN and EVELINE.

Evel. Nay, Vyvyan—nay,
Your guess can fathom not how proud her temper.

Vyv. Tut for her pride! a king upon the deck
Is every subject's equal in the hall.

I will advance. (*He uncovers.*)

Lady M. Avenging angels, spare me!

Vyv. Pardon the seeming boldness of my presence.

Evel. Our gallant countryman, of whom my father
So often spake—who from the Algerine
Rescued our lives and freedom.

Lady M. Ah! Your name, sir?

Vyv. The name I bear is Vyvyan, noble lady.

Lady M. Sir, you are welcome. Walk within, and
hold

Our home your hostel, while it lists you.

Vyv. Madam,

I shall be prouder in all after time

For having been your guest.

Lady M. How love and dread

Make tempest here! I pray you follow me.

[Exit LADY MONTREVILLE]

Vyv. A most majestic lady—her fair face
Made my heart tremble, and called back old dreams:
Thou saidst she had a son?

Evel. Ah, yes.

Vyv. In truth

A happy man.

Evel. Yet he might envy thee:

Vyv. Most arch reprove, yes. As kings themselves
Might envy one whose arm entwines his all.

[Exeunt EVELINE and VYVYAN.]

ACT II.

SCENE 1. *A Gothic chamber. On one side a huge hearth, over which an armorial scutcheon and an earl's coronet, boldly carved. The walls covered with old portraits—tall beaufets in recesses filled with goblets and other vessels of silver. An open door admits a view of a cloister, and the alleys in the courtyard without.*

A table spread with fruits and wines, at which are seated LADY MONTREVILLE, VYVYAN, and EVELINE.

Vyv. Ha! ha! In truth we made a scurvy figure
After our shipwreck.

Lady M. You jest merrily

On your misfortunes.

Vyv. 'Tis the way with sailors:

Still in extremes. I can be sad sometimes.

Lady M. That sigh, in truth, speaks sadness. Sir,
if I

In aught could serve you, trust me.

Evel. Trust her, Vyvyan.

Methinks the mournful tale of thy young years

Would raise thee up a friend, wherever pity

Lives in the heart of woman.

Vyv. Gentle lady,

The key of some charmed music in your voice

Unlocks a haunted chamber in my soul;

And—would you listen to an outcast's tale,—

'Tis briefly told. Until my fifteenth year,

Beneath the roof of a poor village priest,

Not far from hence, my childhood wore away;

Then stirred within me restless thoughts and deep;—

Throughout the liberal and harmonious nature

Something seemed absent,—what, I scarcely knew,

Till one calm night, when over slumbering seas

Watched the still heaven, and down on every wave

Looked some soft lulling star—the instinctive want

Learned what it pined for; and I asked the priest

With a quick sigh—"Why I was motherless?"

Lady M. And he?

Vyv. Replied that—I was nobly born,

And that the cloud which dimmed a dawning sun,

Oft but foretold its splendour at the noon.

As thus he spoke, faint memories struggling came—

Faint as the things some former life hath known.

Lady M. Of what?

Vyv. A face sweet with a stately sorrow,

And lips which breathed the words that mothers mur-

mur.

Lady M. (aside.) Back, tell-tale tears!

Vyv. About that time, a stranger

Came to our hamlet; rough, yet, some said, well-born;
Roysterer, and comrade, such as youth delights in.
Sailor he called himself, and nought belied
The sailor's metal ringing in his talk
Of El Dorados, and Enchanted Isles,
Of hardy Raleigh, and of fearless Drake,
And great Columbus with prophetic eyes
Fixed on a dawning world. His legends fired me—
And, from the deep whose billows washed our walls,
The alluring wave called with a Siren's music,
And thus I left my home with that wild seaman.

Lady M. The priest, consenting, still divulged not more?

Vyv. No; nor rebuked mine ardour. "Go," he said,
"The noblest of all nobles are the men
In whom their country feels herself ennobled."

Lady M. (aside.) I breathe again. Well, thus you left these shores—

Vyv. Scarce had the brisker sea-wind filled our sails,
When the false traitor who had lured my trust
Cast me to chains and darkness. Days went by,
At length—one belt of desolate waters round,
And on the decks one scowl of swarthy brows,
(A hideous crew, the refuse of all shores)—
Under the flapping of his raven flag
The pirate stood revealed, and called his captive.
Grimly he heard my boyish loud upbraidings,
And grimly smiled in answering: "I, like thee,
Cast off, and disinherited, and desperate,
Had but one choice, death or the pirate's flag—
Choose *thou*—I am more gracious than thy kindred;
I proffer life; the gold *they* gave me paid
Thy grave in ocean!"

Lady M. Hold! The demon lied!

Vyv. Swift, as I answered so, his blade flashed forth;
But self-defence is swifter still than slaughter;
I plucked a sword from one who stood beside me,
And smote the slanderer to my feet. Then all
That human hell broke loose; oaths rang, steel light-
ened;

When in the death-swoon of the caitiff chief,
The pirate next in rank forced back the swarm,
And—in that superstition of the sea
Which makes the sole religion of its outlaws—
Forbade my doom by bloodshed—griped and bound me
To a slight plank; spread to the winds the sail,
And left me on the waves alone with God.

Evel. Pause. Let my hand take thine—feel its warm
life,
And, shuddering less, thank Him whose eye was o'er
thee.

Vyv. That day, and all that night, upon the seas
Tossed the frail barrier between life and death;
Heaven lulled the gales; and when the stars came
forth,
All looked so bland and gentle that I wept,
Recalled that wretch's words, and murmured, "All,
Ev'n wave and wind, are kinder than my kindred!"
But—nay, sweet lady—

Lady M. Heed me not. Night passed—

Vyv. Day dawned; and, glittering in the sun, behold
A sail—a flag!

Evel. Well—well?

Vyv. Like Hope, it vanished!
Noon glaring came—with noon came thirst and fam-
ine,

And with parched lips I called on death, and sought
To wrench my limbs from the stiff cords that gnawed
Into the flesh, and drop into the deep:
And then—the clear wave trembled, and below
I saw a dark, swift-moving, shapeless thing,
With watchful, glassy eyes;—the ghastly shark
Swam hungering round its prey—then life once more
Grew sweet, and with a strained and horrent gaze
And lifted hair I floated on, till sense
Grew dim, and dimmer; and a terrible sleep
(In which still—still—those livid eyes met mine)
Fell on me—and—

Evel. Quick—quick!

Vyv. I woke, and heard
My native tongue! Kind looks were bent upon me.
I lay on deck—escaped the ravening death—
For God had watched the sleeper.

Evel.

Oh, such memories
Make earth, for ever after, nearer heaven;
And each new hour an altar for thanksgiving.

Lady M. Break not the tale my ear yet strains to
listen.

Vyv. True lion of the ocean was the chief
Of that good ship. Beneath his fostering eyes,
Nor all ungraced by Drake's illustrious praise,
And the frank clasp of Raleigh's kingly hand,
I fought my way to manhood. At his death
The veteran left me a more absolute throne
Than Cæsar filled—his war-ship; for my realm
Add to the ocean, hope—and measure it!
Nameless, I took his name. My tale is done—
And each past sorrow, like a wave on shore,
Dies on this golden hour. (*Turns to EVELINE.*)

Lady M. (observing them.) He loves my ward,
Whom Clarence, too—that thought piles fear on
fear;

Yet, hold—that very rivalry gives safety—
Affords pretext to urge the secret nuptials,
And the prompt parting, ere he meet with Alton.
I—but till Nature sobs itself to peace,
Here's that which chokes all reason. Will ye not
Taste summer air, cooled through yon shadowy alleys?
Anon I'll join you.

[*Exit LADY MONTREVILLE.*]

Vyv. We will wait your leisure.

A most compassionate and courteous lady—
How couldst thou call her proud?

Evel.

Nay, ever henceforth,
For the soft pity she hath shown to thee,
I'll love her as a mother.

Vyv. Thus I thank thee (*kissing her hand*).

[*Exeunt through the cloisters.*]

SCENE 2. *Exterior of the castle. On one side, a terrace, with a low embattled parapet, hangs over the rock on which the castle is built, and admits a glimpse of the scene below. On another side, the ground stretches away into avenues and alleys. The castle thus seen, takes the character of a strong fortified hold.*

N.B. *The scene should present the space within a vast, but irregular embattled wall, large enough to enclose trees and undulating ground. The cloister, with the door leading to LADY MONTREVILLE'S apartment, will form part of the building, and a gate of great strength, with portcullis, &c., should form a side scene. Through this gate, as the principal portal, will enter LORD BEAUFORT, and, towards the end of the act, FALKNER.*

Enter SIR GREY DE MALPAS from the terrace.

Lord B. (speaking without.) A noble falcon! Mars-
den, hood him gently.

Enter LORD BEAUFORT.

Good day, old knight, thou hast a lowering look,
As if still ruffled by some dire affray
With lawless mice, at riot in thy larder.

Sir G. Mice in my house! magnificent dreamer,
mice!

The last was found three years ago last Christmas,
Stretched out beside a bone; so lean and worn
With pious fast—'twas piteous to behold it;
I canonized its corpse in spirits of wine,
And set it in the porch—a solemn warning
To its—poor cousins! (*Aside*) Shall I be avenged?
He killed my dog too.

Enter VYVIAN and EVELINE, lingering in an alley in the background.

Lord B. Knight, look there!—A stranger,
And whispering with my cousin.

Sir G. (aside)

Jealous? Ha!

Something should come of this: Hail, green-eyed
fiend!

(*Aloud*) Let us withdraw—tho' old I have been young;
The whispered talk of lovers should be sacred.

Lord B. Lovers!

Sir G. Ah! true! You know not, in your absence
Your mother hath received a welcome guest
In your fair cousin's wooer. Note him well,
A stalwart comely gallant.

Lord B. Art thou serious?
A wooer to my cousin—quick, his name!
Sir G. His name?—my memory doth begin to fail me—

Your mother will recall it. Seek—ask *her*—

Lord B. (advancing) Whom have we here? Familiar sir, excuse me,

I do not see the golden spurs of knighthood.

Vyv. Alack, we sailors have not so much gold
That we should waste it on our heels! The steeds
We ride to battle need no spurs, Sir Landsman;

Lord B. And overleap all laws; methinks thou art
One of those wild Sea Rovers who—

Vyv. Refuse

To yield to Spain's proud tyranny, her claim
To treat as thieves and pirates all who cross
The line Spain's finger draws across God's ocean.
We, the Sea Rovers, on our wandering decks
Carry our land, its language, laws, and freedom;
We wrest from Spain the sceptre of the seas,
And in the New World build up a new England.
For this high task, if we fulfil it duly,
The Old and New World both shall bless the names
Of Walter Raleigh and his bold Sea Rovers.

Lord B. Of those names thine is—

Vyv. Vyvyan.

Lord B. Master Vyvyan,

Our rank scarce fits us for a fair encounter
With the loud talk of blustering mariners.
We bar you not our hospitality;
Our converse, yes. Go, ask the Seneschal
To lodge you with your equals!

Vyv. Equals, stripling!

Mine equals truly should be bearded men,
Noble with titles carpet lords should bow to—
Memories of dangers dared, and service done,
And scars on bosoms that have bled for England!

Sir G. Nay, coz, he has thee there. (*withholding* *LORD BEAUFORT*.)

Thou shalt not, Clarence.
Strike me. I'm weak and safe—but *he* is dangerous.

Enter LADY MONTREVILLE from the cloister as LORD BEAUFORT breaks from SIR GREY and draws his sword.

Evel. Protect your guest from your rash son.

Lady M. Thy sword
Drawn on thy— Back, boy! I command thee, back!
To you, sir guest, have I in aught so failed,
That in the son you would rebuke the mother?

Vyv. Madam, believe, my sole offence was this,
That rated as a serf, I spoke as man.

Lady M. Wherefore, Lord Beaufort, such unseemly
humours?

Lord B. (drawing her aside) Wherefore?—and while
we speak, his touch profanes her!
Who is this man? Dost thou approve his suit?
Beware!

Lady M. You would not threaten—Oh, my Clarence,
Hear me—you—

Lord B. Learned in childhood from my mother
To brook no rival—and to curb no passion.
Aid'st thou yon scatterling against thy son,
Where most his heart is set?

Lady M. Thy heart, perverse one?
Thou saidst it was not love.

Lord B. That was before
A rival made it love—nay, fear not, mother,
If you dismiss this insolent;—but, mark me,
Dismiss him straight, or, by mine honour, madam,
Blood will be shed.

Lady M. Thrice miserable boy!
Let the heavens hear thee not!

Lord B. (whispering as he passes VYVYAN) Again, and
soon, sir!

[*Exit LORD BEAUFORT.*]

Lady M. (seeing SIR GREY) Villain!—but no, I dare
not yet upbraid—
(*Aloud*) After him, quick! Appease, soothe, humour
him.

Sir G. Ay, madam, trust to your poor cousin.

[*Exit SIR GREY.*]

Lady M. Thou lov'st this Vyvyan?
Evel. Evelyn.

Lady M. Lady—I—he saved
My life and honour.

Lady M. Leave us, gentle child,
I would confer with him. May both be happy!

Evel. (to VYVYAN) Hush! she consents; well mayst
thou bid me love her.

[*Exit EVELINE.*]

Lady M. Sir, if I gather rightly from your speech,
You do not mean long sojourn on these shores?

Vyv. Lady, in sooth, mine errand here was two-fold.

First, to behold, and, if I dare assume
That you will ratify her father's promise,
To claim my long affianced; next, to learn
If Heaven vouchsafe me yet a parent's heart.

I gained these shores to hear of war and danger—
The long-suspended thunderbolt of Spain
Threatened the air. I have despatched an envoy
To mine old leader, Drake, to crave sure tidings;

I wait reply: If England be in peril,
Hers my first service; if, as rumour runs,
The cloud already melts without a storm,
Then, my bride gained, and my birth tracked, I sail
Back to the Indian seas, where wild adventure
Fulfills in life what boyhood dreamed in song.

Lady M. 'Tis frankly spoken—frankly I reply.

First—England's danger: Now, for five slow years
Have Spain's dull trumpets blared their braggart
war,

And Rome's grey monk-craft muttered new crusades;
Well, we live still—and all this deluge dies

In harmless spray on England's scornful cliffs.

And, trust me, sir, if war beleaguer England,
Small need of one man's valour: lacked she soldiers,
Methinks a Mars would strike in childhood's arm,
And woman be Bellona!

Vyv. Stately matron,
So would our mother country speak and look,
Could she take visible image!

Lady M. Claim thy bride

With my assent, and joyous gratulation.

She shall not go undowried to your arms.

Nor deem me wanting to herself and you

If I adjure prompt nuptials and departure.

Beaufort—thou see'st how fiery is his mood—

In my ward's lover would avenge a rival:

Indulge the impatient terrors of a mother,

And quit these shores. Why not this night?

Vyv. This night?

With her—my bride?

Lady M. So from the nuptial altar

Pledge thou thy faith to part—to spread the sail

And put wide seas between my son and thee.

Vyv. This night, with Evelyn!—dream of rapture!

yet—

My birth untracked—

Lady M. Delay not for a doubt

Bliss when assured. And, heed me, I have wealth

To sharpen law, and power to strengthen justice;

I will explore the mazes of this mystery;

I—I will track your parents.

Vyv. Blessed lady;

My parents—find me one with eyes like thine,

And were she lowliest of the hamlet born,

I would not change with monarchs.

Lady M. (aside) Can I bear this?

Your Evelyn well nigh is my daughter; you

Her plighted spouse; pray you this kiss—O, sweet!

[*He sinks on his knee as she kisses his forehead.*]

Vyv. Ah, as I kneel, and as thou bendest o'er me,

Methinks an angel's hand lifts up the veil

Of Time, the great magician, and I see

Above mine infant couch, a face like thine.

Lady M. Mine, stranger!

Vyv. Pardon me; a vain wild thought

I know it is; but on my faith, I think

My mother was like thee.

Lady M. Peace, peace! We talk

And fool grave hours away. Inform thy bride;

Then to thy bark, and bid thy crew prepare;

Meanwhile, I give due orders to my chaplain.

Beside the altar we shall meet once more ;—
And then—and then—Heaven's blessing and farewell !

[Exit LADY MONTREVILLE.]

Vyv. Most feeling heart ! its softness hath contagion,
And melts mine own ! Her aspect wears a charm
That half divides my soul with Eveline's love !
Strange ! while I muse, a chill and ominous awe
Creeps thro' my veins ! Away, ye vague forebodings !
Eveline ! At thy dear name the phantoms vanish,
And the glad future breaks like land on sea,
When rain-mists melt beneath the golden morn.

Enter FALKNER.

Falk. Ha ! Vvyvan !

Vyv. Thou !

Falk. Breathless with speed to reach thee.
I guessee thee lingering here. Thy foster sire
Hath proofs that clear the shadow from thy birth.
Go—he awaits thee where yon cloud-capt rock
Jags air with barbed peaks—St. Kinian's Cliff.

Vyv. My birth ! My parents live ?

Falk. I know no more.

Enter HARDING.

Hard. Captain, the rumour lied. I bring such news
As drums and clarions and resounding anvils
Fashioning the scythes of reapers into swords,
Shall ring from Thames to Tweed.

Vyv. The foeman comes !

Hard. (giving letter.) These lines will tell thee ;
Drake's own hand.

Vyv. (reading.) "The Armada
Has left the Groyne, and we are ranging battle.
Come ! in the van I leave one gap for thee."
Poor Eveline ! Shame on such unworthy weakness !

Falk. (taking him aside.) Time to see her and keep
thy tryst with Alton.

Leave me to call the crews and arm the decks.
Not till the moon rise, in the second hour
After the sunset, will the deepening tide
Float us from harbour—ere that hour be past
Our ship shall wait thee by St. Kinian's Cliff.
Small need to pray thee not to miss the moment
Whose loss would lose thee honour.

Vyv. If I come not
Ere the waves reel to thy third signal gun,
Deem Death alone could so delay from duty,
And step into my post as o'er my corpse.

Falk. Justly, my captain, thou rebuk'st my warning,
And couldst thou fail us, I would hold the signal
As if thy funeral knell—crowd every sail,
And know thy soul—

Vyv. Was with my country still.

[Shouts without.]

Enter Sub-officer, Sailors, Retainers, and Villagers,
confusedly.

Sub-officer (with broadsheet.) Captain, look here. Just
come !

Vyv. The Queen's Address
From her own lips to the armed lines at Tilbury.

Voices. Read it, sir, read it—

Vyv. Hush then (reading). "Loving people,
Let tyrants fear ! I, under Heaven, have placed
In loyal hearts my chiefest strength and safeguard,
Being resolved in the midst and heat of the battle
To live and die amongst you all ; content
To lay down for my God and for my people
My life blood even in the dust : I know
I have the body of a feeble woman,
But a King's heart, a King of England's too ;
And think foul scorn that Parma, Spain, or Europe,
Dare to invade the borders of my realm !
Where England fights—with concord in the camp,
Trust in the chief, and valour in the field,
Swift be her victory over every foe
Threatening her crown, her altars and her people."

The noble Woman King ! These words of fire
Will send warm blood through all the veins of Free-
dom

Till England is a dream ! Uncover, lads !
God and St. George ! Hurrah for England's Queen !

ACT III.

SCENE 1. *St. Kinian's Cliff, a wild and precipitous headland. In front the ground is broken with crags, here and there interspersed with stunted brushwood. The scene to be so contrived as to give some notion of the height of the cliff. Time, a little before sunset.*

ALTON and VYVYAN seated.

Alton. And I believed them when they said "He died
In the far seas." Ten years of desolate sorrow
Passed as one night—Now thy warm hand awakes me.

Vyv. Dear friend, the sun sets fast.

Alton. Alas ! then listen.

There was a page, fair, gentle, brave, but low-born—
And in those years when, to young eyes, the world,
With all the rough disparities of fortune,
Floats level thro' the morning haze of fancy,
He loved the heiress of a lordly house :
She, scarce from childhood, listening, loved again,
And secret nuptials hallowed stolen meetings—
'Till one—I know not whom (perchance a kinsman,
Heir to that house—if childless died its daughter)
Spied—tracked the bridegroom to the bridal bower,
Aroused the sire, and said, "Thy child's dishonoured !"
Snatching his sword, the father sought the chamber ;
Burst the closed portal—but his lifted hand
Escaped the crime. Cold as a fallen statue,
Cast from its blessed pedestal for ever,
The bride lay senseless on the lonely floor
By the oped casement, from whose terrible height
The generous boy, to save her life or honour,
Had plunged into his own sure death below.

Vyv. A happy death, if it saved her he loved !

Alton. A midnight grave concealed the mangled
clay,

And buried the bride's secret. Few nights after,
Darkly as life from him had passed away,
Life dawned on thee—and, from the unconscious
mother,

Stern hands conveyed the pledge of fatal nuptials
To the poor priest, who to thy loftier kindred
Owed the mean roof that sheltered thee.

Vyv. Oh say

I have a mother still !

Alton. Yes, she survived—
Her vows, thy birth, by the blind world unguessed ;
And, after years of woe and vain resistance,
Forced to a lordlier husband's arms.

Vyv. My soul
Oftimes recalls a shadowy Mournfulness,
With woman's patient brow, and saddest tears
Dropped fast from woman's eyes ;—they were my
mother's.

Alton. In stealth a wife—in stealth a mother ! yes,
Then did she love thee, then aspired to own
In coming times, and bade me hoard these proofs
For that blest day. But, ah ! with the new ties
Came new affections—to the second nuptials
A second son was born ; she loved him better,
Better than thee—than her own soul !

Vyv. Poor mother !

Alton. And haughtier thoughts on riper life arose,
And worldly greatness feared the world's dread shame,
And she forsook her visits to thy pillow,
And the sire threatened, and the kinsman prayed,
Till, over-urged by terror for thy safety,
I took reluctant vows to mask the truth
And hush thy rights while lived thy mother's sire,
And he, her second unsuspecting lord.
Thus thy youth, nameless, left my lonely roof.
The sire and husband died while thou wert absent.
Thou liv'st—thou hast returned ; mine oath is freed :
These scrolls attest my tale and prove thy birthright—
Hail, Lord of Beaufort—Heir of Montreville !

Vyv. 'Tis she—'tis she ! At the first glance I loved
her !

And when I told my woes, she wept—she wept !
This is her writing. Look—look where she calls me
"Edmond and child." Old man, how thou hast
wroged her !

Joy—joy ! I fly to claim and find a Mother !

[Exit VYVYAN.]

Alton. Just Power, propitiate Nature to that cry.
And, from the hardened rock, let living streams
Gush as in Horeb! Ah, how faintly flags,
Strained by unwonted action, weary age!
I'll seek the neighbouring hamlet—rest and pray.

[*Exit ALTON.*]

SCENE 2. *The exterior of the castle, as in Sc. 2d, Act II.*
Sunset. The twilight creeps on during the scene.

Enter SIR GREY and WRECKLYFFE.

Sir G. The priest had left his home?

Wreck. The hour I reached it.
Sir G. With but one man? Didst thou not hound
the foot-track?

Wreck. I did.

Sir G. Thou didst—and yet the prey escaped!
I have done. I gave thee thy soul's wish, revenge,
Revenge on Vyvyan—and thou leav'st his way
Clear to a height as high from thy revenge
As is yon watch-tower from a pirate's gibbet.

Wreck. Silence! thou—

Sir G. (haughtily.) Sir!

Wreck. (subdued and cowed.) Along the moors I
track'd them,
But only came in sight and reach of spring
Just as they gained the broad and thronging road,
Aloud with eager strides, and clamorous voices—
A surge of tumult, wave to wave rebooming
How all the might of Parma and of Spain
Hurried its thunders on.

Sir G. Dolt, what to us
Parma and Spain? The beggar has no country!

Wreck. But deeds like that which thou dost urge
me to
Are not risked madly in the populous day.
I come to thy sharp wit for safer orders.

Sir G. My wit is dulled by time, and must be ground
Into an edge by thought. Hist!—the door jars,
She comes. Skulk yonder—hide thee—but in call!
A moment sometimes makes or marreth fortune,
Just as the fiend Occasion springs to hand—
Be thou that fiend!

[*WRECKLYFFE passes among the trees, and exit.*]

Enter LADY MONTREVILLE from the cloister.

Lady M. Look on me! What, nor tremble?
Couldst thou have deemed my father's gold a bribe
For my son's murder? Sold to pirates! Cast
On the wild seas!

Sir G. How! I knew nought of this.
If such the truth, peace to thy father's sins,
For of those sins is this. Let the past sleep,
Meet present ills—the priest hath left his home
With Vyvyan's comrade, and our scheme is foiled.

Lady M. I will, myself, see Alton on the morrow—
Edmond can scarce forestall me; for this night
Fear sails with him to the far Indian main.

Sir G. Let me do homage to thy genius. Sorceress,
What was thy magic?

Lady M. Terror for my Clarence,
And Edmond's love for Eveline.

Sir G. (aside.) I see!
Bribed by the prize of which she robs his rival!—
This night—so soon?—this night—

Lady M. I save my Clarence!
Till then, keep close, close to his side. Thou hast
soothed him?

Sir G. Fear not—these sudden tidings of the foe
With larger fires have paled receding love—
But where is Vyvyan?

Lady M. Doubtless with his crew,
Preparing for departure.

Lord B. (without.) This way, Marsden.

Enter LORD BEAUFORT, with MARSDEN and armed
Attendants.

Lord B. Repair yon broken parapets at dawn;
Yonder the culverins;—delve down more sharply
That bank;—clear out the moat. Those trees—eh,
Marsden,—
Should fall? They'd serve to screen the foe! Ah,
mother,

Make me a scarf to wear above the armour
In which thy father, 'mid the shouts of kings,
Shivered French lances at the Cloth of Gold.

Mars. Nay, my young lord, too vast for you that
armour.

Lord B. No; you forget that the breast swells in
danger,
And honour adds a cubit to the stature.

Lady M. Embrace me, Clarence, I myself will arm
thee.

Look at him, Marsden—yet they say I spoil him!

Sir G. (who has been leaning over the low parapet, advances, draws aside LADY MONTREVILLE and
whispers.)

I mark i' the distance, swift disordered strides,
And the light bound of an impatient spirit;
Vyvyan speeds hither, and the speed seems joy.
He sought his crew—Alton might there await him.

Lady M. His speed is to a bride.

Sir G. Ay, true—old age
Forgets that Love's as eager as Ambition;
Yet hold thyself prepared.

Lady M. (to herself.) And if it were so!
Come, I will sound the depths of Beaufort's heart;
And, as that answers, hush or yield to conscience.
Lead off these men.

[*Exeunt SIR GREY and Attendants.*]

(*To MARSDEN.*) Go, meet my this day's guest,
And see he enter through the garden postern.

[*Exit MARSDEN.*]

Clarence, come back.

Lord B. (peevishly.) What now?

Lady M. Speak kindly, Clarence.
Alas, thou'lt know not till the grave close o'er me,
How I did need thy kindness!

Lord B. Pardon, mother,
My blunt speech now, and froward heat this morning.

Lady M. Be all such follies of the past, as leaves
Shed from the petals of the bursting flower.
Think thy soul slept, till honour's sudden dawn
Flashed, and the soil bloomed with one hero more!
Ah, Clarence, had I, too, an elder-born,
As had thy father by his former nuptials!—
Could thy sword carve out fortune?

Lord B. Ay, my mother!

Lady M. Well the bold answer rushes from thy
lips!

Yet, tell me frankly, dost thou not, in truth,
Prize over much the outward show of things;
And couldst thou—rich with valour, health and
beauty,

And hope—the priceless treasure of the young—
Couldst thou endure descent from that vain height
Where pride builds towers the heart inhabits not;
To live less gorgeously, and curb thy wants
Within the state, not of the heir to earls,
But of a simple gentleman?

Lord B. If reared to it,
Perchance contented so; but now—no, never!
Such as I am, thy lofty self hath made me;
Ambitious, haughty, prodigal; and pomp
A part of my very life. If I could fall
From my high state, it were as Romans fell,
On their swords' point! Why is your cheek so hue-
less?

Why daunt yourself with airiest fantasies?
Who can deprive me of mine heritage—
The titles borne at Palestine and Crecey?
The seignory, ancient as the throne it guards,
That will be mine in trust for sons unborn,
When time—from this day may the date be far!—
Transfers the circlet on thy stately brows
(Forgive the boast!) to no unworthy heir.

Lady M. (aside.) My proud soul speaks in his, and
stills remorse;

I'll know no other son! Now go, Lord Beaufort.

Lord B. So formal—fie!—has Clarence then offended?

Lady M. Offended?—thou! Resume thy noble du-
ties,
'Sole heir of Montreville!

[*Exit LORD BEAUFORT.*]

My choice is made.

As one who holds a fortress for his king,

I guard this heart for Clarence, and I close
Its gates against the stranger. Let him come.

[Exit.

Enter VYVYAN and EVELINE. *Twilight, but still clear;
a few stars come out gradually.*

Evel. I would not bid thee stay, thy country calls
thee—

But thou hast stunned my heart i' the midst of joy
With this dread sudden word—part—part!

Vyv. Live not

In the brief present. Go forth to the future!
Wouldst thou not see me worthier of thy love?

Evel. Thou canst not be so.

Vyv. Sweet one, I am now
Obscure and nameless. What, if at thy feet
I could lay rank and fortune?

Evel. These could give
To me no bliss save as they blest thyself.
Into the life of him she loves, the life
Of woman flows, and nevermore reflects
Sunshine or shadow on a separate wave.
Be his lot great, for his sake she loves greatness;
Humble—a cot with *him* is Arcady!
Thou art ambitious; thou wouldst arm for fame,
Fame then fires me too, and without a tear,
I bid thee go where fame is won—as now:
Win it and I rejoice; but fail to win,
Were it not joy to think I could console?

Vyv. O that I could give vent to this full heart!
Time rushes on, each glimmering star rebukes me—
Is that the Countess yonder? This way—come.

[Retire up the stage.

Enter LORD BEAUFORT and SIR GREY.

Lord B. Leave England, say'st thou—and with her?

Sir G. Thou hast wrung
The secret from me. Mark—I have thy promise
Not to betray me to thy mother.

Lord B. Ah!
Thought she to dupe me with that pomp of words,
And blind ambition while she beggar'd life?
No, by yon heavens, she shall not so befool me!

Sir G. Be patient. Had I guessed how this had
galled,
I had been dumb.

Lord B. Stand from the light! Distraction!
She hangs upon his breast!

[Hurries to VYVYAN, and then uncovering with
an attempt at courtesy, draws him to the front
of the stage.

[WRECKLYFFE, who, at the first entrance of VYV-
YAN, has looked forth and glided after him,
as if not to lose sight of his revenge, now creeps
through the foliage, within hearing.

Lord B. Sir, one word with you.
This day such looks and converse passed between us
As men who wear these vouchers for esteem,
Cancel with deeds.

Vyv. (aside.) The brave boy! How I love him!

Lord B. What saidst thou, sir?

Evel. (approaching.) Oh, Clarence.

Lord B. Fear not, cousin.

I do but make excuses for my rudeness
At noon, to this fair cavalier.

Sir G. If so,
Let us not mar such courteous purpose, lady.

Evel. But—

Sir G. Nay, you are too timid!

[Draws EVELINE away.

Lord B. Be we brief, sir.
You quit these parts to-night. This place besseems
not

The only conference we should hold. I pray you
Name spot and hour in which to meet again,
Unwitnessed save by the broad early moon.

Vyv. Meet thee again—oh yes!

Lord B. There speaks a soldier,
And now I own an equal. Hour and place?

Vyv. Wait here till I have—

Lord B. No, sir, on thy road.
Here we are spied.

Vyv. So be it, on my road.

(Aside.) [There where I learned that heaven had given
a brother,
There the embrace.] Within the hour I pass
St. Kinian's Cliff.

Lord B. Alone?

Vyv. Alone.

Lord B. Farewell!

Sir G. (catching at LORD BEAUFORT as he goes out.)
I heard St. Kinian's Cliff. I'll warn the Countess.

Lord B. Do it, and famish!

Sir G. Well, thy fence is skilful.

Lord B. And my hand firm.

Sir G. But when?

Lord B. Within the hour!

[Exit LORD BEAUFORT.

Evel. I do conjure thee on thine honour, Vyvyan,
Hath he not—

Vyv. What?

Evel. Forced quarrel on thee?

Vyv. Quarrel!

That were beyond his power. Upon mine honour,
No, and thrice no!

Evel. I scarce dare yet believe thee.

Vyv. Why then, I thus defy thee still to tremble.
Away this weapon (throwing down his sword). If I meet
thy cousin,

Both must be safe, for one will be unarmed.

Evel. Mine own frank hero-lover, pardon me;

Yet, need'st thou not—

Vyv. Oh, as against the Spaniard,
There will be swords enow in Vyvyan's war-ship—
But art thou sure his heart is touched so lightly?

Evel. Jealous, and now!

Vyv. No, the fair boy, 'tis pity!

Enter MARSDEN.

Mars. My lady, sir, invites you to her presence;
Pray you, this way.

Evel. Remember—O, remember,
One word again, before we part; but one!

Vyv. One word. Heaven make it joyous.

Evel. Joyous!

Vyv. Soft, let me take that echo from thy lips
As a good omen. How my loud heart beats! (aside).
Friend, to your lady.

[Exit VYVYAN and MARSDEN within the castle.

Evel. Gone! The twilight world
Hath its stars still—but mine! Ah, woe is me!

[Exit EVELINE.

Sir G. Why take the challenge, yet cast off the
weapon?

Perchance, if, gentle, he forbears the boy;
Perchance, if worldly wise, he fears the noble;
Or hath he, in his absence, chanced with Alton?
It matters not. Like some dark necromancer,
I raise the storm, then rule it thro' the fiend!

Where waits this man without a hope?

Wreck. (advancing.) Save vengeance!

Sir G. Wert thou as near when Beaufort spoke with
Vyvyan?

Wreck. Shall I repeat what Vyvyan said to Beaufort?

Sir G. Thou know'st—

Wreck. I know, that to St. Kinian's Cliff
Will come the man whose hand wrote "felon" here.

Sir G. Mark, what I ask is harder than to strike;
'Tis to forbear—but 'tis revenge with safety.

Let Vyvyan first meet Beaufort; watch what pass,
And if the boy, whose hand obeys all passion,
Should slay thy foeman, and forestall thy vengeance,
Upon thy life (thou know'st, of old, Grey Malpas)
Prevent not, nor assist.

Wreck. That boy slay Vyvyan!

Sir G. For Vyvyan is unarmed.

Wreck. Law calls that—murder!

Sir G. Which by thy witness, not unbacked by proof,
Would give the murderer to the headman's axe,
And leave Grey Malpas heir of Montreville,
And thee the richest squire in all his train.

Wreck. I do conceive the scheme. But if the youth
Fail or relent—

Sir G. I balk not thy revenge.

And, if the corpse of Beaufort's rival be
Found on the spot where armed Beaufort met him,

To whom would justice track the death blow?—Beaufort!

Wreck. No further words. Or his, or mine the hand, Count one life less on earth; and weave thy scheme—As doth the worm its coils—around the dead.

Exit WRECKLYFFE.

Sir G. One death avails as three, since for the mother

Conscience and shame were sharper than the steel. So, I o'erleap the gulf, nor gaze below. On this side, desolate ruin; bread begrudged; And ribald scorn on impotent grey hairs; The base poor cousin Boyhood threats with famine—Whose very dog is butchered if it bark:—On that side bended knees and fawning smiles, Ho! ho! there—Room for my lord's knights and pages!

Room at the Court—room there, beside the throne! Ah, the new Earl of Montreville! His lands Cover two shires. Such men should rule the state—A gracious lord—the envious call him old; Not so—the coronet conceals grey hairs. He limp'd, they say, when he wore hose of serge. Tut, the slow march becomes the robes of ermine. Back, Conscience, back! Go scowl on boors and beggars—

Room, smiling flatterers, room for the new Earl!

[Exit SIR GREY.]

ACT IV.

SCENE 1. LADY MONTREVILLE'S apartment as in Sc. 1st, Act II. *Lights.* During the scene the moon rises, seen through the casement. LADY MONTREVILLE seated.

Enter VYVYAN.

Lady M. Thou com'st already to demand thy bride?

Vyv. Alas! such nuptials are deferred. This night The invader summons me—my sole bride, Honour, And my sole altar—England! *(Aside.)* How to break it?

Lady M. My Clarence on the land, and thou on sea, Both for their country armed! Heaven shield ye both!

Vyv. Say you that?—*Both?*—You, who so love your son?

Lady M. Better than life, I love him!

Vyv. (aside.) I must rush Into the thick. Time goads me! *(Aloud.)* Had you not

Another son? A first-born?

Lady M. Sir!

Vyv. A son,

On whom those eyes dwelt first—whose infant cry Broke first on that divine and holiest chord In the deep heart of woman, which awakes All Nature's tenderest music? Turn not from me! I know the mystery of thy mournful life. Will it displease thee—will it—to believe That son is living still?

Lady M. Sir—sir—such license Expels your listener *(rises).*

Vyv. No, thou wilt not leave me? I say, thou wilt not leave me—on my knees I say, thou shalt not leave me!

Lady M. Loose thine hold!

Vyv. I am thy son—thine Edmond—thine own child!

Saved from the steel, the deep, the storm, the battle; Rising from death to thee—the source of life! Flung by kind heaven once more upon thy breast, Kissing thy robe, and clinging to thy knees. Dost thou reject thy son?

Lady M. I have no son, Save Clarence Beaufort.

Vyv. Do not—do not hear her, Thou who, enthroned amid the pomp of stars, Dost take no holier name than that of Father! Thou hast no other son? O, cruel one! Look—look—these letters to the priest who reared him—

See where thou call'st him "Edmond"—"child"—"life's all!"—

Can the words be so fresh on this frail record, Yet fade, obliterate from the undying soul? By these—by these—by all the solemn past, By thy youth's lover—by his secret grave— By every kiss upon thine infant's cheek— By every tear that wept his fancied death— Grieve not that still a first-born calls thee "Mother!"

Lady M. Rise. If these prove that such a son once lived,

Where are your proofs that still he lives in you?

Vyv. There! in thine heart!—thine eyes that dare not face me!

Thy trembling limbs, each power, each pulse of being, That vibrates at my voice! Let pride encase thee With nine-fold adamant, it rends asunder At the great spell of Nature—Nature calls; Parent, come forth!

Lady M. (aside.) Resolve gives way! Lost Clarence!

What! "Fall as Romans fell, on their swords' point?" No, Clarence, no! *(turning fiercely.)* Impostor! If thy craft

Hath, by suborning most unworthy spies, Sought in the ruins of a mourner's life Some base whereon to pile this laboured falsehood, Let law laugh down the fable—Quit my presence.

Vyv. No. I will not.

Lady M. Will not! Ho!

Vyv. Call your hirelings, And let them hear me *(striding to the hearth).* Lo, beneath thy roof,

And on the sacred hearth of sires to both, Under their 'scutcheon, and before their forms Which from the ghostly canvas I invoke To hail their son—I take my dauntless stand, Armed with my rights; now bid your menials thrust From his own hearth the heir of Montreville!

Enter Servants.

Lady M. Seize on— *(Clasping her hands before her face.)*

Out—out! His father stands before me In the son's image. No, I dare not!

Servant. Madam,

Did you not summon us?

Vyv. They wait your mandate,

Lady of Montreville.

Lady M. I called not. Go!

[Exeunt Servants.]

Art thou my son? If so, have mercy, Edmond!

Let Heaven attest with what remorseful soul

I yielded to my ruthless father's will, And with cold lips profaned a second vow.

I had a child—I was a parent, true; But exiled from the parent's paradise, Not mine the frank joy in the face of day, The pride, the boast, the triumph, and the rapture; Thy couch was sought as with a felon's step, And whispering nature shuddered at detection. Oh, couldst thou guess what hell to loftier minds It is to live in one eternal lie!

Yet, spite of all, how dear thou wert!

Vyv. I was?

Is the time past for ever? What my sin?

Lady M. I loved thee till another son was born, A blossom 'mid the snows. Thou wert afar, Seen rarely—alien—on a stranger's breast Leaning for life. But this thrice-bless'd one Smiled in mine eyes, took being from my breast, Slept in mine arms; here love asked no concealment— Here the tear shamed not—here the kiss was glory— Here I put on my royalty of woman— The guardian, the protector; food, health, life— It clung to me for all. Mother and child, Each was the all to each.

Vyv. O, prodigal,

Such wealth to him, yet nought to spare to me!

Lady M. My boy grew up, my Clarence. Looking on him

Men prized his mother more—so fair and stately, And the world deemed to such high state the heir! Years went; they told me that by Nature's death Thou hadst in boyhood passed away to heaven.

I wept thy fate; and long ere tears were dried,
The thought that danger, too, expired for Clarence,
Did make thy memory gentle.

Vyv. Do you wish
That I were still what once you wept to deem me?

Lady M. I did rejoice when my lip kissed thy brow;
I did rejoice to give thy heart its bride;
I would have drained my coffers for her dowry;
But wouldst thou ask me if I can rejoice
That a life rises from the grave abrupt
To doom the life I cradled, reared, and wrapt
From every breeze, to desolation?—No!

Vyv. What would you have me do?

Lady M. Accept the dowry,
And, blest with Eveline's love, renounce thy mother.

Vyv. Renounce thee! No—these lips belie not
Nature!

Never!

Lady M. Eno!—I can be mean no more,
Ev'n in the prayer that asked his life. Go, slay it.

Vyv. Why must my life slay his?

Lady M. Since his was shaped
To soar to power—not grovel to dependence—
And I do seal his death-writ when I say,
"Down to the dust, Usurper; bow the knee
And sue for alms to the true Lord of Beaufort."
Those words shall not be said—I'll find some nobler.
Thy rights are clear. The law might long defer them—
I do forestall the law. These lands be thine.
Wait not my death to lord it in my hall:
Thus I say not to Clarence, "Be dependent"—
But I can say, "Share poverty with me."
I go to seek him; at his side depart;
He spurns thine alms: I wronged thee—take thy
vengeance!

Vyv. Merciless—hold, and hear me—I—alms!—
vengeance!

True—true, this heart a mother never cradled,
Or she had known it better.

Lady M. Edmond!

Vyv. Hush!
Call me that name no more—it dies for ever!
Nay, I renounce thee not, for that were treason
On the child's lip. Parent, renounce thy child!
As for these nothings (*giving the papers*), take them;
if you dread
To find words, once too fond, they're blurr'd already—
You'll see but tears: tears of such sweetness, madam.
I did not think of lands and halls, pale Countess,
I did but think—these arms shall clasp a mother.
Now they are worthless—take them. Never guess
How covetous I was—how hearts, cast off,
Pine for their rights—rights not of parchment, lady.
Part we, then, thus? No, put thine arms around
me;

Let me remember in the years to come,
That I have lived to say, a mother blessed me!

Lady M. Oh, Edmond, Edmond, thou hast conquered,
Edmond!

Thy father's voice!—his eyes! Look down from
heaven,
Bridegroom, and pardon me; I bless thy child!

Vyv. Hark! she has blessed her son! It mounts to
heaven,

The blessing of the mother on her child!
Mother, and mother;—how the word thrills thro'
me!

Mother, again dear mother! Place thy hand
Here—on my heart. Now thou hast felt it beat,
Wilt thou misjudge it more? Recoil'st thou still?

Lady M. (*breaking from him.*) What have I done?—
betrayed, condemned my Clarence!

Vyv. Condemned thy Clarence! By thy blessing,
No!

That blessing was my birthright. I have won
That which I claimed. Give Clarence all the rest.
Silent, as sacred, be the memory
Of this atoning hour. Look, evermore (*kissing her*)
Thus—thus I seal the secret of thy first-born!
Now, only Clarence lives! Heaven guard thy Clare-
ence!

Now deem me dead to thee. Farewell, farewell!

[*Exit VYVYAN.*]

Lady M. (*rushing after him.*) Hold, hold—too gen-
erous, hold! Come back, my son!

[*Exit LADY MONTEVILLE.*]

SCENE 2. *St. Kinian's Cliff. The ship on the sea.*
WRECKLYFFE standing in the shadow of a broken
rock.

Enter LORD BEAUFORT.

Lord B. And still not here! The hour has long since
passed.

I'll climb yon tallest peak, and strain mine eyes
Down the sole path between the cliff and ocean.

[*Exit LORD BEAUFORT.*]

Wreck. (*advancing.*) The boors first grinned, then
paled, and crept away;
The tavern-keeper slunk, and muttered "Hangdog!"
And the she-drudge whose rough hand served the
drink,
Stifed her shriek, and let the tankard fall!
It was not so in the old merry days:
Then the scarred hangdog was "fair gentleman."
And—but the reckoning waits. Why tarries he?

[*Signal gun from the ship.*]

A signal! Ha!

Vyv. (*without.*) I come! I come!

Wreck. (*grasping his knife, but receding as he sees*
BEAUFORT, who appears above.) Hot lordling!
I had well nigh forestalled thee. Patience!

[*Creeps under the shadow of the rock, and thence*
steals out of sight in the background.]

Enter LORD BEAUFORT.

Lord B. Good!
From crag to crag he bounds—my doubts belied him;
His haste is eager as my own.

Enter VYVYAN.

Sir, welcome.

Vyv. Stay me not, stay me not! Thou hast all else
But honour—rob me not of that! Unhand me!

Lord B. Unhand thee? yes—to take thy ground and
draw.

Vyv. Thou know'st not what thou sayest. Let me
go!

Lord B. Thyself didst name the place and hour:

Vyv. For here
I thought to clasp—(*aside*) I have no brother now!

Lord B. He thought to clasp his Eveline. Death and
madness!

Vyv. Eveline! Thou lov'st not Eveline. Be con-
soled.

Thou hast not known affliction—hast not stood
Without the porch of the sweet home of men;
Thou hast leaned upon no reed that pierced the heart;
Thou hast not known what it is, when in the desert
The hopeless find the fountain: happy boy,
Thou hast not loved. Leave love to man and sorrow!

Lord B. Dost thou presume upon my years? Dull
scoffer!

The brave is man betimes—the coward never.

Boy if I be, my playmates have been veterans;

My toy a sword, and my first lesson valour.

And, had I taken challenge as thou hast,

And on the ground replied to bold defiance

With random words implying dastard taunts,

With folded arms, pale lip, and haggard brow,

I'd never live to call myself a man.

Thus says the boy, since manhood is so sluggard,

Soldier and captain. Do not let me strike thee!

Vyv. Do it,—and tell thy mother, when thy hand

Outraged my cheek, I pardoned thee, and pitied.

Lord B. Measureless insult! Pitied!

[*Second gun.*]

Vyv. There, again!

And still so far! Out of my path, insane one!

Were there nought else, thy youth, thy mother's love

Should make thee sacred to a warrior's arm—

Out of my path. Thus, then (*suddenly lifts, and puts*
him aside)

Oh, England—England!

Do not reject me too!—I come! I come!

[*Exit up the cliff.*]

Lord B. Thrust from his pathway—every vein runs fire!
Thou shalt not thus escape me—Stand or die! (*rushes after him.*)

[VYVYAN retreats to the edge of the cliff, and grasps for support at the bough of a tree.]

Vyv. Forbear, forbear!

Lord B. Thy blood on thine own head!

[*Third gun.*]

[As BEAUFORT lifts his sword and strikes, VYVYAN retreats—the bough breaks, and VYVYAN falls down the precipice.]

Wreck. (*who has followed part of the way, peering down the precipice.*)

Is the deed done? If not, this steel completes it.

[*Descends the cliff, and disappears.*]

[LORD BEAUFORT sinks on his knee in horror. The ship sails on as the scene closes slowly.]

ACT V.

SCENE 1. *St. Kinian's Cliff. A year is supposed to have passed since the date of Act IV.*

Enter SIR GREY DE MALPAS.

Sir G. A year—and Wrecklyffe still is mute and absent,

Even as Vyvyan is! Most clear! He saw,
And haply shared, the murderous deed of Beaufort;
And Beaufort's wealth hath bribed him to desert
Penury and me. That Clarence slew his brother
I cannot doubt. He shuts me from his presence;
But I have watched him, wandering, lone, yet haunted—

Marked the white lip and glassy eyes of one
For whom the grave has ghosts, and silence, horror.
His mother, on vague pretext of mistrust
That I did sell her first-born to the pirate,
Excludes me from her sight, but sends me alms
Lest the world cry, "See, her poor cousin starves!"
Can she guess Beaufort's guilt? Nay! For she lives!
I know that deed, which, told unto the world,
Would make me heir of Montreville. O, mockery!
For how proceed?—no proof! How charge?—no witness!

How cry, "Lo! murder!" yet produce no corpse!

Enter ALTON.

Alton. Sir Grey de Malpas! I was on my way
To your own house.

Sir G. Good Alton—can I serve you?

Alton. The boy I took from thee, returned a man
Twelve months ago: mine oath absolved.

Sir G. 'Tis true.

Alton. Here did I hail the rightful lord of Montreville,
And from these arms he rushed to claim his birthright.

Sir G. (*aside*) She never told me this.

Alton. That night, his war-ship
Sailed to our fleet. I deemed him with the battle.
Time went; Heaven's breath had scattered the Armada.
I sate at my porch to welcome him—he came not.
I said, "His mother has abjured her offspring,
And law detains him while he arms for justice."
Hope sustained patience till to-day.

Sir G. To-day?

Alton. The very friend who had led me to his breast
Returns, and—

Sir G. (*soothingly.*) Well?

Alton. He fought not with his country.

Sir G. And this cold friend lets question sleep a year?

Alton. His bark too rashly chased the flying foe;
Was wrecked on hostile shores; and he a prisoner.

Sir G. Lean on my arm, thou'rt faint.

Alton. Oh, Grey de Malpas,
Can men so vanish—save in murderous graves?
You turn away.

Sir G. What murder without motive?
And who had motive here?

Alton. Unnatural kindred.

Sir G. Kindred! Ensnare me not! Mine, too, that
kindred.

Old man, beware how thou asperse Lord Beaufort!

Alton. Beaufort! Oh, horror! How the instinctive
truth

Starts from thy lips!

Sir G. From mine—priest!

Alton. Not of man

Ask pardon, if accomplice—

Sir G. I accomplice!

Nay, since 'tis my good name thou sulliest now—

This is mine answer: Probe; examine; search;

And call on justice to belie thy slander.

Go, seek the aid of stout Sir Godfrey Seymour;

A dauntless magistrate; strict, upright, honest:

(*Aside.*) At heart a Puritan, and hates a Lord,

With other slides that fit into my grooves.

Alton. He bears with all the righteous name thou
giv'st him,

Thy zeal acquits thyself.

Sir G. And charges none.

Alton. Heaven reads the heart. Man can but track
the deed.

My task is stern.

[*Exit ALTON.*]

Sir G. Scent lies—suspicion dogs—

And with hot breath pants on the flight of conscience.

Ah! who comes here? Sharp wit, round all occasion!

Enter FALKNER with Sailors.

Falk. Learn all you can—when latest seen, and
where—

Meanwhile I seek yon towers.

[*Exeunt Sailors.*]

Sir G. Doubtless, fair sir,

I speak to Vyvyan's friend. My name is Malpas—

Can it be true, as Alton doth inform me,

That you suspect your comrade died by murder?

Falk. Murder!

Sir G. And by a rival's hand? Amazed!

Yet surely so I did conceive the priest.

Falk. Murder!—a rival!—true, he loved a maiden!

Sir G. In yonder halls!

Falk. Despair! Am I too late

For all but vengeance! Speak, sir—who this rival?

Sir G. Vengeance!—fie—seek those towers, and

learn compassion.

Sad change indeed, since here, at silent night,

Your Vyvyan met the challenge of Lord Beaufort.

Falk. A challenge?—here?—at night?

Sir G. Yes, this the place.

How sheer the edge! crag, cave, and chasm below!

If the foot slipped,—nay, let us think slipped heed-
less,—

Or some weak wounded man were headlong plunged,
What burial place more secret?

Falk. Hither, look!

Look where, far down the horrible descent,
Through some fresh cleft rush subterranean waves,

How wheel and circle ghastly swooping wings!

Sir G. The sea-gulls ere a storm.

Falk. No! Heaven is clear!

The storm they tell, speeds lightning towards the
guilty.

So have I seen the foul birds in lone creeks
Sporting around the shipwrecked seaman's bones.

Guide me, ye spectral harbingers!

[*Descends the cliff.*]

Sir G. From bough

To bough he swings—from peak to slippery peak
I see him dwindling down;—the loose stones rattle;

He falls—he falls—but 'lights on yonder ledge,

And from the glaring sun turns stedfast eyes

Where still the sea-gulls wheel; now crawls, now
leaps;

Crag close around him—not a glimpse nor sound!

O, diver for the dead,—bring up but bones,

And round the skull I'll wreath my coronet.

[*Scene closes on SIR GREY seated.*]

SCENE 2. *A room in the castle of Montreville—with case-
ment opening on a balcony that overhangs the sea.*

Enter LADY MONTEVILLE and MARSDEN.

Lady M. Will he nor hunt nor hawk? This constant
gloom!

Canst thou not guess the cause? He *was* so joyous!

Mars. Young plants need air and sun; man's youth the world.

Young men should pine for action. Comfort, madam, The cause is clear, if you recall the date.

Lady M. Thou hast marked the date?

Mars. Since that bold seaman's visit.

Lady M. Thy tongue runs riot, man. How should that stranger,—

I say a stranger, strike dismay in Beaufort?

Mars. Dismay! Not that, but emulation!

Lady M. Ay!

You speak my thoughts, and I have prayed our Queen To rank your young lord with her chivalry; This day mine envoy should return.

Mars. This day?

Let me ride forth and meet him!

Lady M. Go!

[*Exit MARSDEN.*

'Tis true!

Such was the date. Hath Clarence guessed the secret—

Guessed that a first-born lives? I dread to question! Yet sure the wronged was faithful, and the wrong Is my heart's canker-worm and gnaws unseen. Where wanderest thou, sad Edmond? Not one word To say thou liv'st—thy very bride forsaken, As if love, frozen at the parent well-spring, Left every channel dry! What hollow tread, Heavy and weary falls? Is that the step Which touched the mean earth with a lightsome scorn,

As if the air its element?

Enter BEAUFORT—his dress neglected—wrapped in a loose mantle of fur.

Lord B. Cold! cold!

And yet I saw the beggar doff his frieze, Warm in his rags. I shiver under ermine. For me 'tis never summer—never!

Lady M. How fares my precious one?

Lord B. Well;—but so cold.

Ho! there! without!

Enter Servant.

Wine—wine!

[*Exit Servant.*

Alas! alas!

Lady M.

Why, this is fever—thy hand burns.

Lord B.

That hand!

Ay, that hand always burns.

Re-enter Servant with wine, and a goblet of rich workmanship, set in jewels.

Look you—the cup

The wondrous Tuscan jeweller, Cellini,

Made for a king! A king's gift to thy father!

What? Serve such gauds to me!

Lady M. Thyself so ordered

In the proud whims thy light heart made so graceful.

Lord B. Was I proud once? Ha! ha! What's this?

—not wine?

Servant. The Malvoisie your lordship's friends, last year,

Esteemed your rarest.

Lord B. How one little year

Hath soured it into nausea! Faugh—'tis rank.

Lady M. (to servant.) Send for the leech—quick—go.

[*Exit Servant.*

Oh, Clarence! Clarence!

Is this the body's sickness, or the soul's?

Is it life's youngest sorrow, love misplaced?

Thou dost not still love Eveline?

Lord B.

Did I love her?

Lady M. Or one whose birth might more offend my pride?

Well, I am proud. But I would hail as daughter

The meanest maiden from whose smile thy lip

Caught smiles again. Thy smile is day to me.

Lord B. Poor mother, fear not. Never hermit-monk,

Gazing on skulls in lone sepulchral cells,

Had heart as proof to woman's smile as mine.

Lady M. The court—the camp—ambition—

Enter MARSDEN with a letter.

Mars.

From the Queen!

(While the COUNTESS reads, MARSDEN, turning to LORD BEAUFORT,)

My dear young lord, be gay! The noblest knight

In all the land, Lord Essex, on his road

From conquered Cadiz, with the armed suite

That won his laurels, sends before to greet you,

And prays you will receive him in your halls.

Lord B. The flower of England's gentry, spotless

Essex!

Sully him not, old man, bid him pass on.

Lady M. Joy, Beaufort, joy! August Elizabeth

Owens thee her knight, and bids thee wear her colours,

And break thy maiden lance for England's lady.

Lord B. I will not go. Barbed steeds and knightly

banners—

Baubles and gewgaws!

Mars.

Glorious to the young.

Lord B. Ay—to the young! Oh, when did poet-

dreams

Ever shape forth such fairy land as youth!

Gossamer hopes, pearled with the dews of morn,

Gay valour, bounding light on welcome peril,—

Errors themselves, the sparkling overflow,

Of life as headlong, but as pure as streams

That rush from sunniest hill-tops kissing heaven,—

Lo! that is youth. Look on my soul, old man,

Well—is it not more grey than those blanched hairs?

Lady M. He raves—heed not his words. Go, speed

the leech!

[*Exit MARSDEN.*

Lady M. (aside.) I know these signs—by mine own soul I know them;

This is nor love, nor honour's sigh for action,

Nor Nature's milder suffering. This is guilt!

Clarence—now, side by side, I sit with thee!

Put thine arms round me, lean upon my breast—

It is a mother's breast. So, that is well;

Now—whisper low—what is thy crime?

Lord B. (bursting into tears.)

O, mother!

Would thou hadst never borne me!

Lady M.

Ah, ungrateful!

Lord B. No—for thy sake I speak. Thou—justly proud,

For thou art pure; thou, on whose whitest name

Detraction spies no soil—dost thou say "crime"

Unto thy son; and is his answer tears?

Enter EVELINE, weaving flowers as in first act.

Evel.—

Blossoms, I weave ye

To drift on the sea,

Say when ye find him

Who sang "Woe is me!"—

(Approaching BEAUFORT.) Have you no news?

Lord B. Of whom?

Evel.

Of Vyvyan?

Lord B. That name! Her reason wanders; and O, mother,

When that name's uttered—so doth mine—hush, hush it.

[*EVELINE goes to the balcony, and throws the garland into the sea.*

Lady M. Kill me at once—or when I ask again,

What is thy crime?—reply, 'No harm to Vyvyan!'

Lord B. (breaking away.) Unhand me! Let me go!

[*Exit LORD BEAUFORT.*

Lady M.

This pulse beats still!

Nature rejects me!

Evel. (from the balcony.) Come, come—see the gar-

land,

It dances on the waves so merrily.

Enter MARSDEN.

Mars. (drawing aside LADY M.) Forgive this haste.

Amid St. Kinian's cliffs

Where, once an age, on glassy peaks may glide

The shadow of a man, a stranger venturing

Hath found bleached human bones, and to your

hall,

Nearest at hand, and ever famed for justice,

Leads on the crowd, and saith the dead was Vyvyan.

Evel. Ha! who named Vyvyan? Has he then come back?

Mars. Fair mistress, no.

Lady M. If on this terrible earth Pity lives still—lead her away. Be tender.

Evel. (*approaching* *LADY M.*) I promised him to love you as a mother.

Kiss me, and trust in Heaven! He will return!

[*Exeunt* *EVELINE* and *MARSDEN*.]

Lady M. These horrors are unreal.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Noble mistress, Sir Godfrey Seymour, summoned here in haste, Craves your high presence in the Justice Hall.

Lady M. Mine—Mine? Where goest thou?

Servant. Sir Godfrey bade me seek my young lord.

Lady M. Stir not. My son is ill. Thysself canst witness how the fever—(*hurrying to the side scene*) *Marsden*!

Enter *MARSDEN*.

My stricken Clarence!—In his state, a rumour Of—of what passes here, might blast life—reason: Go, lure him hence—if he resist, use force As to a maniac.—Good old man, thou lov'st him; His innocent childhood played around thy knees—I know I can trust thee—Quick—speak not:—Save!

[*Exit* *MARSDEN*.]

(*to Servant.*) Announce my coming.

[*Exit* *Servant*.]

This day, life to shield
The living son:—Death, with the dead, to-morrow!
[*Exit* *LADY MONTREVILLE*.]

SCENE 3. *A vast feudal hall in the castle. At the extreme end, the carved screen work of later date, supporting the minstrels' gallery (similar to that in Hampton Court). The opening in the screen is made the principal entry on the scene. In another part of the hall a high Gothic casement forms a recess, over which a curtain is drawn aside. In the recess a tressel, serving as a bier for the remains of the dead, which are covered with a cloth. At each side of the screen entry, a halberdier in the service of SIR GODFREY SEYMOUR, officiating as constable. ALTON kneeling before the tressel in the recess.*

In front of the stage, a table, before which *SIR GODFREY SEYMOUR* *seated. A Clerk employed in writing. SIR GREY DE MALPAS standing near* *SIR GODFREY. FALKNER* *a little apart.*

Sir Godf. (*to* *FALKNER*.) Be patient, sir, and give us ampler proof

To deem you undistinguishable bones

The relics of your friend.

Falk. That gentleman Can back my oath, that these, the plume, the gem Which Vyvyan wore—I found them on the cliff.

Sir Godf. Verily, is it so?

Sir Grey. (*with assumed reluctance.*) Sith law compel me—

Yes, I must vouch it.

Enter Servant.

Servant. (*placing a chair of state.*) Sir, my lady comes.

Sir Godf. Let not that sight appal her,

Sir Grey. And her son.

[*Servant draws the curtain round the recess, leaving* *ALTON* *still kneeling within, and exit.*]

Enter *LADY MONTREVILLE*, *and seats herself.*

Sir Godf. You pardon, madam, mine imperious duties,

And know my dismal task—

Lady M. Pray you be brief, sir.

Sir Godf. Was, this time year, the captain of a war-ship,

Vyvyan his name, your guest?

Lady M. But one short day—

To see my ward, whom he had saved from pirates.

Sir Godf. I pray you, madam, in his converse with you

Spoke he of any foe, concealed or open,
Whom he had cause to fear?

Lady M.

Of none!

Sir Godf.

Nor know you

Of any such?

Lady M. (*after a pause.*) I do not.

Sir Godf. (*aside to* *FALKNER*.) Would you farther Question this lady, sir?

Falk.

No, she is woman,

And mother; let her go. I wait Lord Beaufort.

Sir Godf. Madam, no longer will we task your presence.

Enter *LORD BEAUFORT*, *breaking from* *MARSDEN*, *and other Attendants.*

Lord B. Off, dotard, off! Guests in our hall!

Lady M. He is ill.

Sore ill—fierce fever—I will lead him forth.

Come, Clarence; darling, come!

Lord B.

Who is this man?

Falk. The friend of Vyvyan, whose pale bones plead yonder.

Lord B. I—I will go. Let's steal away, my mother.

[*SIR GREY intercepts the retreat of* *BEAUFORT*, *and, with bye play intimating remonstrance and encouragement, urges him forward.*]

Falk. Lost friend, in war, how oft thy word was 'spare.'—

Methinks I hear thee now. (*drawing aside* *LORD BEAUFORT*.)

Young lord, I came

Into these halls, demanding blood for blood—

But thy remorse (this is remorse) disarms me.

Speak; do but say—(look, I am young myself,

And know how hot is youth;) speak—do but say,

After warm words, struck out from jealous frenzy,

Quick swords were drawn: Man's open strife with man—

Passion, not murder: Say this, and may law

Pardon thee, as a soldier does!

Sir Grey (*to* *MARSDEN*.) Call Eveline,

She can attest our young lord's innocence.

[*Exit* *MARSDEN*.]

Falk. He will not speak, sir, let my charge proceed.

Lady M. (*aside.*) Whate'er the truth—of that—of that hereafter,

Now but remember, child, thy birth, thy name;—

Thy mother's heart, it beats beside thee—take

Strength from its pulses.

Lord B. Keep close, and for thy sake

I will not cry—"Twas passion, yet still, murder!"

Sir Godf. (*who has been conversing aside with* *SIR GREY*.)

Then jealous love the motive? Likelier that Than Alton's wilder story.

Enter *EVELINE* and *MARSDEN*.

Sweet young madam,

If I be blunt, forgive me; we are met

On solemn matters which relate to one

Who, it is said, was your betrothed:

Evel.

To Vyvyan!

Sir Godf. 'Tis also said, Lord Beaufort crossed his suit,

And your betrothed resented.

Evel.

No! forgave.

Sir Grey. Yes, when you feared some challenge from Lord Beaufort,

Did Vyvyan not cast down his sword and say,

'Both will be safe, for one will be unarmed?'

(*Great sensation through the hall. FALKNER and* *SIR GODFREY both.*) Unarmed!

Evel.

His very words!

Falk.

Oh, vile assassin!

Sir Godf. Accuser, peace! This is most grave.

Lord Beaufort,

Upon such tokens, with your own strange bearing,

As ask appeal to more august tribunal,

You stand accused of purposed felon murder

On one named Vyvyan, Captain of the *Dreadnought*—

Wouldst thou say aught against this solemn charge?

Evel. Murdered!—he—Vyvyan! Thou his murderer,

Clarence,

In whose rash heat my hero loved frank valour?

Lo! I, to whom his life is as the sun

Is to the world—with my calm trust in Heaven
Mantle thee thus.

Lady M. (aside.) Be firm—deny, and live.

Lord B. (with a vacillating attempt at his former haughtiness.)

You call my bearing “strange”—what marvel, sir?
Stunned by such charges, of a crime so dread.

What proof against me?

Lady M. (whilst LADY M. speaks, SIR GREY steals behind the curtain.) Words deposed by whom?

A man unknown;—a girl's vague fear of quarrel—
His motive what? A jealous anger! Phantoms!

Is not my son mine all?—And yet this maid

I plighted to another. Had I done so

If loved by him, and at the risk of life?

Again, I ask all present what the motive?

Alton. (advancing from the recess with SIR GREY.)

Rank, fortune, birthright. Miserable woman!

Lady M. Whence com'st thou, pale accuser?

Alton. From the dead!

Which of ye two will take the post I leave?

Which of ye two will draw aside that veil,

Look on the bones behind, and cry, “I'm guiltless?”

Hast thou conspired with him to slay thy first-born,

Or knows he not that Vyvyan was his brother?

[LADY MONTREVILLE swoons. Till now EVELINE has held to BEAUFORT—now she rushes to LADY MONTREVILLE.]

Lord B. My brother! No! no! no! (*clutching hold of SIR GREY.*)

Kinsman, he lies!

Sir Grey. Alas!

Lord B. Wake, mother, wake. I ask not speech.

Lift but thy brow—one flash of thy proud eye

Would strike those liars dumb!

Alton. Read but those looks

To learn that thou art—

Lord B. Cain! (*grasping FALKNER.*) Out with thy sword—

Hew off this hand. Thou calledst me “Assassin!”

Too mild—say “Fratricide!” Cain, Cain, thy brother!

[*Falls.*]

Evel. It cannot be so! No. Thou wondrous Mercy,

That, from the pirate's knife, the funeral seas

And all their shapes of death, didst save the lone one,

To prove to earth how vainly man despairs

While God is in the heavens—I cling to thee,

As Faith unto its anchor! (*To SIR GREY.*) Back, false kinsman!

I tell thee Vyvyan lives—the boy is guiltless!

Falk. Poor, noble maid! How my heart bleeds for her!

Lady M. (starting up.) Sentence us both! or, stay,—would law condemn

A child so young, if I had urged him to it?

Sir Godf. Unnatural mother, hush! Sir Grey, to you,

Perchance ere long, by lives too justly forfeit,

Raised to this earldom, I entrust these—prisoners.

[*Motions to the halberdiers, who advance to arrest BEAUFORT and LADY MONTREVILLE.*]

Mars. O, day of woe!

Sir Grey. Woe—yes! Make way for us.
[*Trumpet.*]

Enter Servant.

Servant. My lord of Essex just hath passed the gates;
But an armed knight who rode beside the Earl,
After brief question to the crowd without,
Sprang from his steed, and forces here his way!

Enter KNIGHT in half armour—wrapped in his horseman's cloak, his vizor three parts down.

Knight. Forgiveness of all present!

Sir Godf. Who art thou?

Knight. A soldier, knighted by the hand of Essex
Upon the breach of Cadiz.

Sir Godf. What thy business?

Knight. To speak the truth. Who is the man accused
Of Vyvyan's murder?

Sir Grey. You behold him yonder.

Knight. 'Tis false.

Sir Grey. His own lips have confessed his crime.

Knight. (throwing down his gauntlet.)

This to the man whose crushing lie bows down
Upon the mother's bosom that young head!

Say you “confess'd!” O tender, tender conscience!

Vyvyan, rough sailor, galled him and provoked;

He raised his hand. To the sharp verge of the cliff

Vyvyan recoiled, backed by an outstretched bough.

The bough gave way—he fell, but not to perish;

Saved by a bush-grown ledge that broke his fall;

Long stunned he lay; when opening dizzy eyes,

On a grey crag between him and the abyss

He saw the face of an old pirate foe;

Saw the steel lifted, saw it flash and vanish,

As a dark mass rushed thro' the moonlit air

Dumb into deeps below—the indignant soil

Had slid like glass beneath the murderer's feet,

And his own death-spring whirled him to his doom.

Then Vyvyan rose, and, crawling down the rock,

Stood by the foe, who, stung to late remorse

By hastening death, gasped forth a dread confession.

The bones ye find are those of Murder's agent—

Murder's arch-schemer—Who?—Ho! Grey de Malpas,

Stand forth! Thou art the man!

Sir Grey.

Hemm'd round with toils,

Soul, crouch no more! Base hireling, doff thy mask,

And my sword writes the lie upon thy front.

By Beaufort's hand died Vyvyan—

Knight.

As the spell

Shatters the sorcerer when his fiends desert him,

Let thine own words bring doom upon thyself!

Now face the front on which to write the lie.

[*Casts off his helmet.*]

[*SIR GREY drops his sword and staggers back into the arms of the retainers.*]

Evel. Thou liv'st, thou liv'st—

Vyv. (kneeling to her.) Is life worth something still?

Sir Grey. Air, air—my staff—some chord seems

broken here. [*Pressing his heart.*]

Marsden, your lord shot his poor cousin's dog;

In the dog's grave—mark!—bury the poor cousin.

[*Sinks exhausted, and is borne out.*]

Vyv. Mine all on earth, if I may call thee mine.

Evel. Thine, thine, thro' life, thro' death—one heart,
one grave!

I knew thou wouldst return, for I have lived

In thee so utterly, thou couldst not die

And I live still.—The dial needs the sun;

But love reflects the image of the loved,

Tho' every beam be absent!—Thine, all thine!

Lady M. My place is forfeit on thy breast, not his.

[*Pointing to BEAUFORT.*]

Clarence, embrace thy brother, and my first-born.
His rights are clear—my love for thee suppressed
them—

He may forgive me yet—wilt thou?

Beau.

Forgive thee!

Oh mother, what is rank to him who hath stood

Banished from out the social pale of men,

Bowed like a slave, and trembling as a felon?

Heaven gives me back mine ermine, innocence;

And my lost dignity of manhood, honour.

I miss nought else.—Room there for me, my brother!

Vyv. Mother, come first!—love is as large as heaven!

Falk. But why so long—

Vyv. What! could I face thee, friend,

Or claim my bride, till I had won back honour?

The fleet had sailed—the foeman was defeated—

And on the earth I laid me down to die.

The prince of England's youth, frank-hearted Essex,

Passed by— But later I will tell you how

Pity woke question; soldier felt for soldier.

Essex then, nobly envying Drake's renown,

Conceived a scheme, kept secret till our clarions,

Startling the towers of Spain, told earth and time

How England answers the invader. Clarence,

Look—I have won the golden spurs of knighthood!

For worldly gifts, we'll share them—hush, my brother;

Love me, and thy gift is as large as mine.

Fortune stints gold to some; impartial Nature

Shames her in proffering more than gold to all—

Joy in the sunshine, beauty on the earth,

And love reflected in the glass of conscience;

Are these so mean? Place grief and guilt beside
them,

Decked in a sultan's splendour, and compare!

The world's most royal heritage is his

Who most enjoys, most loves, and most forgives.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IN the very height of the Presidential campaign one bright autumn morning was hailed, in the pleasant town of Ithaca, in New York, with ringing bells and thundering cannon, but for no political celebration whatever. Had the little town, dreaming upon the shore of the lake so long, suddenly resolved that it would justify the classic name with which Surveyor-General De Witt blessed its beginning, and as old Ithaca produced a wise man so the new should produce wise men? The Surveyor who so liberally diffused so Greek and Roman a system of names through the hapless wilderness of Central New York half a century ago, would have smiled with delight to see the town decorated through all its broad and cheerful streets with the yellow and red of autumn, and ringing its bells of joy because a university was to open its gates that day. But old Paris, Salamanca and Bologna, Salerno and Padua, Göttingen and Oxford and Cambridge would surely have failed to recognize a sister could they have looked into Ithaca. Indeed they would have felt plucked by the beard, and yet they would have seen only their fair, legitimate descendant.

The hotels and the streets and the private houses were evidently full of strangers. Around the solid brick building, over the entrance of which was written "The Cornell Library," there was a moving crowd, and a throng of young men poured in and out at the door, and loitered, vaguely expectant, upon the steps. By ten o'clock in the morning there were two or three hundred young men answering to a roll-call at a side door, and the hall above was filled with the citizens. Presently the young men pressed in, and a procession entered the hall and ascended the platform. Prayer and music followed, and then a tall man, spare, yet of a rugged frame and slightly stooping, his whole aspect marking an indomitable will, stood up and read a brief, simple, clear, and noble address. It said modestly that this was but the beginning of an institution of learning for those upon whom fortune had omitted to smile; an institution in which any person could acquire any instruction in any branch of knowledge, and in which every branch should be equally honorable. Every word hit the mark, and the long and sincere applause that followed the close of the little speech showed how fully every word had been weighed and how truly interpreted. But the face and voice of the speaker were unchanged throughout. Those who best knew what he had done and what he was doing, knew with what sublime but wholly silent enthusiasm he had devoted his life and all his powers to the work. But the stranger saw only a sad, reserved earnestness, and gazed with interest at a man whose story will long be told with gratitude and admiration.

After a graceful and felicitous speech from the Lieutenant-Governor of the State, an ex-officio trustee, the President of the new university arose to deliver his inaugural address. Of a most winning presence, modest, candid, refined, he proceeded to sketch the whole design and hope of the University with an intelligence and fervor that were captivating. It was the discourse of a practical thinker, of a man remarkably gifted for

his responsible and difficult duty, who plainly saw the demand of the country and of the time in education, and who with sincere reverence for the fathers was still wise enough to know that wisdom did not die with them. But when he came to speak to the man who had begun the work and who had just spoken, when he paused to deny the false charges that had been busily and widely made, the pause was long, the heart could not stay for the measured delay of words, and the eloquent emotion consumed the slander as a white heat touches a withered leaf. It was a noble culmination to a noble discourse; and again those who were most familiar with the men and the facts, knew best how peculiarly fitted to each other and to their common work the two men were.

Ithaca had devoted this day to the opening festival of her University, and after dinner, through a warm and boisterous southerly gale, the whole town seemed to pour out and climb the bold high hill that overhangs it. The autumn haze was so thick that nothing distant could be seen. Only the edge of the lake was visible, and the houses and brilliant trees in the streets. Upon the hill there is one large building, and another rapidly rising. At a little distance from the finished building was a temporary tower, against which a platform was built. In front of the platform was gathered a great multitude, and in the tower hung a chime of bells. The wild wind blew, but the presiding officer made a pleasant speech of welcome, and then the chime of bells was presented to the University in an address of great beauty and fitness. After a few words of reception from the Lieutenant-Governor, the chimes rang out Old Hundred far over the silent lake and among the autumn hills. For the first time that strange and exquisite music was heard by the little town, "Ring out wild bells to the wild sky," and the heavy gale caught the sound and whirled it away. "Ring in the valiant man and free," and the wind was whist, and the heart of the multitude unconsciously responded Amen. Then Professor Agassiz—Louis, the well-beloved—fresh from the Rocky Mountains, magnetized the crowd with his presence and his wise and hearty words; and with two or three more addresses, and another peal of the chimes, the Cornell University was formally dedicated. The sun was sinking, a fire-ball in the haze, as the people dispersed. The hour and the occasion were alike solemn; and with meditative feet, his fancy peering into the future, the latest loiterer descended.

Mr. Cornell gives five hundred thousand dollars, a farm, libraries, and museums; he takes the nine hundred and ninety thousand acres of land granted by Congress to the State of New York at a fixed price; he devotes all his sagacity, experience, business skill, and enthusiasm to making the largest profit upon his purchase—and all for the University. Already its books and apparatus and models are worthy of the best schools, and the last experiment in science of London or Paris may be verified at Ithaca. Its chief is a man of ten thousand, and his body of professors are young men the most approved in their departments, with their names to make,

and with the intention, the opportunity, and the ability to make them. The seat of the University is secluded and beautiful. At the head of Cayuga Lake, Ithaca is but thirty miles from Owego, and is reached from the Erie Railroad at that point by connecting trains, or by steamer across the lake from the Central Railroad at Cayuga Bridge. It lies in an interval between the lake and the circling hills, and is but six or eight miles north of the water-shed. From a little spring at the side of the railroad the water runs north into the sea by the St. Lawrence, and south by the Susquehanna. As you go toward Ithaca you reach the top of the hill-range, and far below lies the happy town. Is that also a spring among the hills long hidden, and now about to flow with the living water of knowledge both toward the north and the south?

EVEN the quietest observer must be interested in the spectacle which the country has offered for the last few weeks. It has been thoroughly aroused and excited by the Presidential canvass, and the circumstances were such that even more than excitement was apprehended. But there have been many more "rousing campaigns" than this, and its interest for an Easy Chair is the illustration it affords of the national character and the vindication of our general system.

Here, for instance, is a question of indescribable importance submitted to a vote of millions of people. The arguments upon both sides for many weeks are the most forcible and kindling that can be presented. The country fairly rocks with the blast and counter-blast. Liberty itself is declared by all sides to hang upon the issue. The hour of peaceful decision arrives. It is made and accepted without convulsion. The victory is inconceivably greater than that of a party, for it is a triumph of the instinct of order, which is the indispensable element of civilization. There is nothing so assuring to faith in a steady progress and development of human society as the spectacle of millions of people submitting to a test which they have imposed upon themselves. Hundreds of thousands of votes are cast, and the decision of a majority of a few thousands or of a few hundreds is respected so sincerely that there is no more apprehension of trouble than if the result had been ten to one.

This is the rule, and the great exception of eight years ago merely served to show that great as political progress had been something was yet wanting. But the result of that exception will make the operation of the rule still more universal. Indeed all the conditions of our national life are adverse to disorder. There is plenty of elbow-room upon the continent; the climate is temperate, the temperament of the people is that of what is called the Anglo-Saxon; there is a very general education and intelligence; there is the long habit of order, and there is a constantly increasing perception of the truth of the old sailor's observation that God has somehow so fixed the world that a man can afford to do about right.

All this may be allowed without extravagant expectations of the Millennium at the end of next week. Ambition and passion here are what they are every where. An American citizen or an American party will, as we have seen, upon occasion weigh the chances of the last resort. We are not speaking of the perfect fruit; we are

merely remarking the growth of the tree. Indeed some of the most curious blunders have arisen from confounding the blossom with the fruit. Thus, on the 22d of February, 1861, as Senator Seward was walking along Pennsylvania Avenue toward the Capitol, he saw the flag flying from a hundred houses, and that sight, with the long habit of a life associating profound peace with the national standard, acting upon the hopeful temperament of a doctrinaire, caused him to say to his companion, "Look there! How extraordinary that any body should believe there is any serious hostility to the Union, when even here the flag is unrolled in the old, hearty, patriotic manner. There may be discontent, but there is no disaffection." In the speech which he delivered in the Senate a few weeks later the same inability to believe that there can be any thing so un-American as forcible resistance to the Union reappears. It was the incredulity of an optimist. Yet how general this feeling was! How hard it was to believe that the tradition of order was to be rudely broken! How black the cloud that settled upon the future when it was broken!

Now that the disorder has passed it is not likely to be immediately renewed. Events show that whatever may be the dreams of some, the heart of the whole is fixed upon order and the peaceful solution of all difficulties. Indeed, the ideal of a popular government is that every body shall freely urge his view and vote without fear. Then the decision really represents not only the will of the people, but the power to enforce it. Every body who honestly believes in such a government, therefore, favors in every way both the free argument and the unbiased vote. Whoever opposes or confuses either is the deadly foe of free government and betrays his neighbors.

These are truths which an Easy Chair can fairly assert, because they belong to patriotism, and not to party. And there is one other which concerns party, yet which may be fairly urged here. It is that parties represent tendencies and principles, and not policies merely; the policies spring from the principles. Party leaders may often see that their party is doomed to defeat, and yet be powerless to help it. The watcher on the mountain-top sees that the sun is risen, but the multitude in the valley do not see it nor believe it. The watcher is powerless, and the multitude follow their own faith. The attempt suddenly and radically to change the policy of a great party is impracticable. A popular leader may do it in an assembly, but no leader nor body of leaders can do it in a country. A few gentlemen in a parlor may see that it is the condition of success; but that condition is itself conditioned upon what they can not effect. In England Mr. Disraeli imposes upon the Tory party in Parliament a Liberal measure, but the Tory party is not a Liberal party; and when the surprise and confusion are passed the party will resume its ancient course.

In choosing a party, therefore, men must look at tendencies and necessities much more than at men or the special measure of to-day. When Mr. Clay was the Whig candidate for President, and Mr. Polk the Democratic candidate, the tariff was an important element in the struggle, and Pennsylvania, as usual, a most important State! But it was supposed that Pennsylvania must of

necessity be a tariff State, and counting upon a certain slowness of apprehension among the Dutch citizens of the remoter districts, the opponents of Mr. Clay raised the cry of "Polk, Dallas, and the tariff of 1842," which was a Whig measure. The State voted against Mr. Clay, but whether the Dutchmen obtained a continuation of the tariff of '42 they discovered before many months. But if a perplexed voter who wished to vote for a protective policy and for Mr. Polk had asked himself, "Do the principles and measures and tendency of Mr. Polk's party lead to a good rousing tariff or to free trade?" and had then satisfied himself by investigation, he would have seen that he must choose between Mr. Polk and the tariff, and that it was impossible both to eat his cake and have it.

A great party can not change front in the face of the enemy, although theoretically it is the only method of success. The attempt can only disorganize the line and ruin it. Let no man, therefore, expect that the party of his choice will outwit the other. If its tendencies and principles seem to him noble, and wise, and humane, let him act with it, and try to make all its measures conform. Blind obedience is never necessary. If a party nominates improper candidates, don't vote for them. For when that is the habit of a party, its tendency is to corruption and decay, whatever its argument may originally have been. Of course, pushed to the wall, we must all choose between evils. But practically that is seldom the case. We may be pushed upon a certain candidate—in which case, brethren, scratch him! But when the character of the candidates is no security for the principles they profess, how can those principles gain by the candidates coming into power?

A FRIEND was lately kind enough to urge the Easy Chair to protest against the increasing extravagance of life and manners in this pretty Babylon. "You remember the days of your youth," quoth the kind friend, "when you were a neat little stool, and the straight high-backed chairs of our ancestors, which, if they were not the identical chairs that came over in the *Mayflower*, were their legitimate descendants, had not yet disappeared. But I assure you they are now wholly gone. The last one was destroyed—and it was the chief curiosity—in the burning of Barnum's Museum. Possibly in some remote and secluded vale among the country hills an arm or a leg of some of the old chairs survives, but the race has wholly perished. There is nothing left but luxurious lounges and grotesque seats of inconceivable costliness. We are all gone off in a whirlpool and a whirlwind of stupid and reckless and perilous extravagance."

The tone was lamentable. The Easy Chair, however, perceived that under this remarkable metaphor of old-fashioned straight-backed chairs and modern soft seats, the kind friend alluded to the enormous extravagance which is now the grave consideration "to those about to marry." And while the words were still warm from the warm heart of the speaker the Easy Chair proceeded upon its daily meditative stroll up Broadway to behold Babylon with eyes anointed by that urgent entreaty. And indeed it was immediately evident that those straight-backed chairs were indeed gone. The first female figure could

certainly not be described by the epithet straight-backed. No venerable piece of furniture, indeed, like this can undertake to say what the figure was or was not, what it had on or had not on. There was a mass of festooned furbelows, and broad knots, and flyers, and fringes, and bulges, and bands; a general impression of a frame tortured by corsets and hanging helplessly forward, with hands and arms superfluous, and pawing or patting the air—of a vast and awkwardly concealed load behind, and of feet cruelly set in shoes of heels so high that there could be no secure stepping. This was the cruel and confusing spectacle. Chinese women are lovely by contrast, and graceful and winning. Patter, patter, patter, went these figures along the pavement, and "the superior sex" turned and smiled as the more extraordinary specimens passed, and perhaps respected the "gentler sex" more highly—and perhaps not.

To the loitering pedestrian taking his pleasure in Babylon it is all a pretty spectacle. And he says to any sober friend who would fain moralize a little: "Fudge! don't generalize from the fools. These women are not so bad as they seem, and all women are not like these. Let us look at the entertainment provided, my dear Easy Chair, and enjoy ourselves and rest and be thankful."

If the Easy Chair ventures to suggest that certain traces show the existence of gold and certain symptoms reveal disease, and that a wise parent may be alarmed by the lustre of his daughter's eye or the deep hue of her cheek, the pedestrian who is enjoying the entertainment changes his seat or his companion that he may be in a pleasanter neighborhood. But is it not still true, and worth thinking about? When we were all bidden the other day to that prodigious feast, and sat down to the wilderness of the rarest flowers and the most dazzling golden service; when even the stoutest and most experienced of us in such matters was fairly confounded by the splendid extravagance, it was not indeed a rule, but was it not a symptom? Little Eins drives only a single bay in his wagon, while Zwanzig urges a four-in-hand. But a quart is practically as much too much for a pint pot as a gallon. It is more ruinous for little Eins to drive his bay than for Zwanzig to urge forty instead of four-in-hand.

Besides, all this gold and glass and porcelain was wholly undigested; not that the Easy Chair is so venerable that it seriously expects to eat the plates and dishes, but that it likes to see some kind of due relation and proportion between men and things. We all flock to Zwanzig's superb feasts, for instance, but we might as well flock into the coin vault of a bank. Zwanzig has, indeed, changed or digested a certain amount of coin into table service and house furniture such as Marie Antoinette might have sighed for, and over which her *garde* might well have sung, "O, Richard! O, mon roi!" But the process has stopped there. Is it any pleasure to drink Lagrima Christi out of old Murano glass with a man who talks bad grammar or utters bad sentiments, or is merely passively vulgar? Is there no "keeping" in human life? Fine things imply fine people. If the host is essentially vulgar and the guests are of the same kind, the magnificent service merely emphasizes the fact. When

we go into a cellar in Fulton Street or elsewhere and partake of lager, cheese, and bread with Zwanzig, it is not exactly pleasant, for he is not a pleasant personage; but it is not out of keeping. But when we meet him over engraved glass and golden spoon, it is, at least, bewildering.

Protest a little, quoth the kind friend. Well, there has been a pretty steady protest for many a year and in many a country, and it shall be continued. But there is no tyranny so inexorable, no slavery so abject as that of this kind of extravagance. What seems easier than to spend only two thousand dollars a year if you have but two thousand a year? But what is actually harder? Little Eins says that he is as good as any body; that he has Zero blood in his veins; that his associates are of a certain kind; that he can not be at home with certain other people; that he must live in a certain quarter and in a certain way. There is no end to the certainties which little Eins enumerates. Let us grant it all, and then what? If you can not live "in a certain way" without ending in disgrace and the State prison, wouldn't it suit the Zero blood better to live in a certain other way? Wouldn't Mrs. Eins's friends come to see her if she and her husband lived within their means? And if not, dear Eins, couldn't you spare their visits?

Don't misunderstand. It is *not* pleasant to be poor; but, if you *are* poor, the best thing is to make the best of it. There are fifty clerks in the city of Babylon who will read these lines and who are living beyond their incomes, eking them out by money not their own, which they mean fully to replace, of whose use nobody is ever to know, and which they would die rather than steal. That is the way it seems to you, for instance, Mr. Jones, who are already beyond your depth. You are as infatuated as the drunkard who is going to leave off drinking day after to-morrow. There is one way for him and one for you—stop now. If Zwanzig won't recognize you when you live in a second-rate boarding-house, what will he do when you live at Sing Sing?

But Jones's situation, and his fearful skimming along that thin ice which is sure to break presently, merely shows, brethren, what we said in the opening of our discourse; it shows that this extravagance is a symptom. If it ended with Zwanzig—if only those who could afford to pay the bill indulged in this delirious orgy—it would not be so bad. But their motion makes a vortex, and it sucks in all the lighter craft and the waifs of every kind. Poor Eins! Poor Jones! They can not help themselves; can we do any thing to help them? There is a very pat proverb which you may quote, that the gods only help those who help themselves. But we are not the gods, we are only pedestrians and Easy Chairs. And if we only showed such Einses and Joneses as we know that, although we do happen to have lots of money, we don't make it the test of our society; and, although we are not only rich as Croesus, but have nothing but the bluest blood coursing through our veins, yet that we like ladies and gentlemen in second-rate boarding-houses more than we like Zwanzig and Company with all their gold services and magnificent upholstery, then we should protest to some purpose.

The dollar is almighty upon one condition only

—that we permit it to be so. Jones! square up those accounts at once. Eins! sell that ridiculous bay. Don't put Zwanzig's ring through your nose, and he will treat you like a man, not like a toady. It was a pleasant old book that we used to read, "Philosophy in Common Things;" and why should we not study a little the value of heroism in little things? How many men, for instance, are brave enough to be truthful in all the details of life? Mrs. Opie tilted at White Lies. How many did the charming lady tell herself? Indeed where is that vanishing line where truth ends and white lying begins? Did those straight-backed *Mayflower* chairs themselves swerve a little? If they did, let us be all the more careful that we do not.

THE interest in polar adventure is inexhaustible. We read the accounts in the papers to-day as we used to read the stories of Parry long ago. It is indeed a fascination of terror, for it is impossible not to shudder as the simple narrative proceeds. Dr. Kane described the Arctic silence as sometimes almost dreadful. And one day after dinner when he was fresh from his travels and was telling his adventures to a party of friends, Thackeray, who was of the company and sat quietly smoking, said to the host when Kane had finished, "Do you think he would let me kiss his boots?" The genuine heroism of the traveler impressed Thackeray's imagination, and when Kane said that one day, in the coldest and sharpest season, he saw a sailor intent upon a book, and going up and looking over his shoulder saw that it was "Pendennis"—when he said this, Thackeray's bluff face was suffused with the softest emotion, and he did not try to speak but quietly smoked and looked at Kane like a lover.

Captain Hall is likely to have "good fame" among the arctic explorers. His book, published a few years since, is one of the most graphic and interesting of its kind, and a kind of invincible simplicity of character seems to promise for his efforts the best results. The theory of his exploration is undoubtedly the true one; but it is only to be put into practice by an arctic fanatic. Captain Hall thinks that if any thing is to be ascertained of previous explorers, and of the best methods of exploration, there must be some kind of intelligent relation established with the natives. They know something of their own country, and they have traditions and reports when they do not know; and familiarity with them will teach the explorer what he could not otherwise learn. This is the plan which Captain Hall has pursued. He has domesticated himself among the polar bears and seals and the other natives, and is quietly waiting to go to the open Polar Sea in the swiftest and most comfortable manner.

The last news from him is in August, 1867. He was then at Repulse Bay, and had obtained several relics of the survivors of Franklin's party, which the gentleman who brings the news had himself seen. Captain Hall had heard of Captain Crozier, one of Franklin's officers, and indeed the relics which he has were Crozier's; but the poor Captain has disappeared, and Hall says that "the opinion most entertained is that the natives killed him." Hall hears of a cairn, or rude vault of stones, built by the last six survivors

of the Franklin Expedition, in which they had deposited documents and relics. This cairn is described as about four hundred and fifty miles northward from Repulse Bay, in the country of a certain King William, with whom the people of Repulse Bay are not upon friendly terms. Last February or March Captain Hall intended to start to find this cairn. His party was to consist of five Caucasians besides himself, and a force of King Alfred's men of Repulse Bay. King William's army is two hundred strong, and can all be assembled in a month's time. If this formidable host should attempt to oppose Captain Hall, he will raise the battle-cry of "Alfred, the documents, and victory!"

It is pleasant to know that Joe and Hannah will accompany the Captain. They are the Es-

quimaux who were in this country with him, and were educated here. They are now his interpreters, and being faithfully attached to him, their service is inestimable. The expedition was to proceed by dogs and sleds; and if it were successful, and the forces of King William remained merely an army of observation, Captain Hall hoped and meant to push on to the open sea, and return, perhaps, by Behring Strait. If, however, he were delayed, he expected to return in September of this year, and winter again at Repulse Bay. Where is he now? Has he met and routed King William? Is he sailing upon the open Polar Sea? Has he joined Franklin and Crozier? Let us hope the best for the brave explorer, and look speedily to welcome him heartily home!

Editor's Book Table.

THE book-receiver is like the ancient gate-keeper of the city, against whom, for his want of faith, the prophet denounced the penalty that he should with his eyes behold the plenty of the land but not partake of it. Our table groans beneath the superincumbent weight of the autumn fruits. And yet, though when this page meets the reader's eye the season will be far advanced, now, as we are penning it, only the early fruits of the summer's ripening have fallen, and the boughs hang full above our heads with others, that in a few weeks will drop from the publishers' shelves into our emptied autumn baskets. Of these fruits of the mind, like those of the orchard, there are various sorts. Some books there are which, however valuable in their day, are as evanescent as the daily paper. They are good only when fresh. Others are winter fruit and live a season. A few will bear preserving, and go to stock the libraries of the future, outliving the generation which called them forth. We rarely have occasion to notice in these pages other than the latter two classes. Some books are like autumn leaves—brilliant indeed, but sure to perish speedily—and we are too busy with the living to pronounce even a panegyric over dead books.

NOVELS.

ONE can not altogether divest himself of a certain feeling of gallantry in approaching, even with a critic's pen, such a book as Miss DICKINSON'S *What Answer?** The authoress is an old acquaintance. She has been deservedly admired, not less for her courage and patriotism than her pleasing voice and her often powerful sentences. A certain romantic interest has surrounded her, like that with which we delight to invest the heroines of history, Joan of Arc, or Florence Nightingale. By assuming a public position she subjects herself, it is true, to public criticism. But one would, notwithstanding, treat a lady with courtesy, no less on the platform than in the parlor. This feeling is intensified by the conviction that in "What Answer?" Miss Dickinson has exhibited the same moral qualities

which have given her her prestige as a lecturer. It is, we are told, a *brave* book. But so was Don Quixote's attack upon the wind-mill a brave act. The avowed object of her novel is to break down the prejudice between the white and black. Its plot turns upon love between an Anglo-Saxon hero and a quadroon heroine. But the story is only a shepherd's sling to cast a stone at the giant whom she thinks to be defying the armies of Israel. One honors the bravery of the young David, and we all the more regret that her shot is so ineffective; but it is quite clear she has never practiced with this weapon, and that she shares the very common but very egregious error of supposing that any one who can tell a story to an audience in a speech can construct a novel that shall secure a place in literature. It will take a much more skillful aim to bring this Goliath down—if, indeed, he be a Goliath at all. For, warmly as we sympathize with this honest endeavor to break down the inveterate prejudice which has been so sedulously fomented against the negro, we are heretical enough to doubt the conclusion to which she would conduct us—the intermarriage of white and black. We are quite sure, at all events, that it is not such advocacy of which the negro is now most in need. Liberty in fact as well as in name, the rights and prerogatives of citizenship, open avenues to all avocations, fair remuneration for work done, an open field and no favors—this the African has a right to claim; less than this a republic founded on the equality of all men before the law can not consistently or justly award. This awarded, the marriage question may be left to solve itself. If legal barriers be broken down man will not be able to keep apart hearts that God marries. If, on the other hand, that almost universal sentiment of aversion which tends to restrain the intermarriage of different races be a law of nature, no romance will be able to weaken its power.

"ONLY a love story" is thought to be the most contemptuous condemnation of a novel. Pray why? What experience is more sublime than that of love? He who can write the story of a heart has done far more than he who writes the story of a life. A true novel is truer than a his-

* *What Answer?* By ANNA E. DICKINSON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

tory. And he who has taught the heart how truly, wisely, and well to love has taught it the best of all lessons. *Mildred** and *The Woman's Kingdom†* are both love stories, though of a very different sort. The former is a sensational novel. No one can doubt its power. It is a book of great fascination. But we can not think it healthful. The strong passion which it portrays is not the best and highest form of love. It may be a real experience; we are sure it is not a healthful one. A well-born gambler, over whom is thrown a glamour of romance, a high-spirited, noble-hearted, but headstrong young lady, and a weak old father, constitute the main figures in this drama of life. Our sympathies are all with the maiden; but, after all, our judgment is with the father. However it may be in romance, in real life professional gamblers are not desirable matches for maidens, even though they possess some noble characteristics; and it is never safe to marry a doubtful character in the hope of reforming him.

Woman's Kingdom is a very different sort of book. Two twin sisters—Letty and Edna Kenderdine—schoolmistresses, and of course not rich, meet "by chance, the usual way," two brothers—William and Julius Stedman—at a watering-place, whither sickness has brought both parties, out of the season. William, the doctor, is drawn to Edna by her noble heart, and yields himself willingly to a love which, strong though it be, is always self-restrained. Julius, warm-hearted but fitful of purpose, captivated by the fair face of Letty, who has all the beauty of the family, is carried captive away by an uncontrollable passion. Edna returns the doctor's love, marries him, and shares with him the quiet of his poor and unpretending home. Letty, flattered, vain, her heart spoiled by many flirtations and deepened by no true love, replies coquettishly to Julius's suit. She will have him only when he has acquired a competence to give to her. He abandons his profession—Art—enters mercantile life, and finally accepts a mission to India, not really for the purpose of acquiring a fortune, save as it enables him to acquire her. And this first act of the drama closes with Letty starting out on an East India merchantman to join her intended.

Fifteen years pass away. Letty's strong ambition has conquered her weak love. She has accepted a wealthier lover on her journey out, and has returned to England with her husband and her only child, a daughter about twelve years old; followed, though she does not know it, by the wreck of her former lover, ruined by her falsity to him. He haunts her like a ghost; pursues her wherever she goes as her own shadow; contrives furtive interviews with her daughter, Gertrude; tells the daughter the story of his wrong without disclosing his name; awakens her indignation against the unknown woman who has ruined him; gradually arouses the suspicions of the mother as to his true character; taken sick, is discovered by his brother William through the interposition of Gertrude, despite the efforts of the mother; and finally is taken to his brother's

home, where the book leaves him, recovering in body, but never to recover the real health of a strong soul again; while Mrs. Vanderdecken "still lives at Holywell Hall in great honor and undiminished wealth, flourishing like a green bay-tree, except that—poor woman!—she can not fairly be likened to the wicked. She is not wicked, only weak."

The story is very simple. There is no intricate plot to be unraveled. There is but one hair-breadth escape. There are no passages in which you turn the pages in haste to see what new catastrophe will follow next. It is a quiet story of heart life, but a story of great power. With marvelous art-touches Miss Mulock (by which name the literary world still best knows her) has preserved the characteristics yet noted the changes in her characters. You see the hair grow gray. Letty Kenderdine and Mrs. Vanderdecken, Julius the young impetuous lover, Julius the old broken-down soldier—the same, yet how different! Beneath these disguises of the outer you read the life of the inner. You see for yourself their identity. The moral of the story is as simple as its plot, but, like that of real life, inwrought into the fibre of the story, it is not easy to be separated therefrom. The book is one worthy to be put into every young woman's hands; sure to enkindle in all true hearts a noble womanly ambition. It is a better sermon than any mere didactic one could be; its moral, more powerful because it imbues the story, is not appended to it. *Woman's Kingdom* is love. Her noblest ambition is a queenly supremacy in the heart. She who abdicates this true throne to grasp at any other sceptre dethrones herself. It is better to love and suffer than not to love and be happy—if an unloving heart can ever be called happy. For love is the highest life. This is the meaning of this last and perhaps best story from the pen of one who combines a careful study of life with a rare genius in depicting its real experiences, and who renders charming even a very simple story of actual life by the glow of a warm and loving heart with which she transfuses it.

THE remaining stories that lie on our table must make room for new books with no other word than a mere mention. SOL SMITH'S *Reminiscences** do not occupy a very exalted place in literature. But he who provokes a hearty laugh does humanity real good; and no one can read these *disjecta membra* without a good many hearty laughs.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE† is, it is hardly too much to say, one of the best short story writers in America. His *Exaggerations* are told with such a charming naïveté, and his *Impossibilities* are so exceedingly natural, and he utters, in a word, the most absurd fictions with so grave a face, that it is no wonder he deceives the very elect. Since De Foe's famous *Plague of London* there has been no fiction which has secured such universal credence as his "Man without a Country."

* *Mildred*. A Novel. By GEORGINA M. CRAIK. New York: Harper and Brothers.

† *The Woman's Kingdom*. A Love Story. By the Author of JOHN HALIFAX, etc. New York: Harper and Brothers.

* *Theatrical Management in the West and South for Thirty Years*. Interspersed with anecdotal Sketches. Autobiographically given by SOL SMITH, retired Actor. New York: Harper and Brothers.

† *Of, Yes, and Perhaps*. Four Possibilities and Six Exaggerations, with some Bits of Fact. By EDWARD E. HALE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

POETRY.

WHILE Mr. Longfellow is enjoying himself among the mountains of Switzerland, or in the excitements of Paris life, his latest poem* is simultaneously published in London, Leipsic, Paris, and Boston—a curious illustration of the unity of the Republic of Letters and its superiority to all national lines. To our fancy Mr. Longfellow's Pegasus drives best out of harness. His power is that of reading the subtle likeness of things to common eyes unlike, and that of a heart which knows how to utter the subtlest and deepest experiences. But he has never developed remarkable genius in the analysis of character, or the portrayal of those great struggles which run the plow-share through the community roughly and turn up its roots. In selecting, therefore, New England life in the days of the Pilgrims he has chosen a theme not peculiarly adapted to his genius, though his genius renders attractive any theme. We doubt whether he understands either the furnace heats in which these men of steel were tempered, or the war that made it necessary that the blade should be so unyielding and so keen. The characteristic of the Puritan was conscience. His defects—and they were great—were those of a conscience untempered by love. The key-note to Mr. Longfellow's character as a poet is a refined taste, and a tender and sympathizing heart that revolts against the roughness and the cruelty of rough and cruel times. His imagination, too, is restive under the restraints of such a theme. It will not, indeed, be restrained; and puts into the mouths of John Endicott and old Simon Kempthorne and Edith the Quakeress similes which are all the more incongruous for their very beauty. It is as if he should put pearls upon the Quaker's bosom and a diamond ring upon the Puritan's finger. And yet we read the book with a consciousness that he has attired both much more plainly than his luxuriant imagination would choose to do. We can not think, on the whole, that he has really lifted the veil that hides the past, or let us into the secrets of Puritan life, or disclosed by a poet's sympathy its true experiences. This work he is not the one to do. But, if he has not done this, he has made his simple story a thread for the utterance of thoughts as healthful as they are beautiful; and as a testimony to the worth of mercy and of love, in contrast with mere conscience, we welcome this book to a high place in Christian literature.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

HISTORY is in these latter days made so fast that it is quite impossible to keep pace with it. The invasion of the Crimea† has been erased from the public mind by events of so much greater moment that it has already been almost forgotten. The noise of this far-off battle on the shores of the Black Sea is drowned by the cannon of Magenta and Solferino, and they in turn by the fiercer conflicts of our own civil war. The history of such a campaign can not, however, be truly written while it rages. The muddy waters

must be allowed to settle before the truth can be discerned, reflected upon their face. Mr. KINGLAKE has undertaken to incorporate in a standard and permanent history the events of the Crimean War, heretofore to be obtained only from evanescent literature and in unreliable forms. Whoever desires to understand modern European politics must know something of this campaign; and prior to this book his search for knowledge would have been conducted, it must be confessed, under serious difficulties.

HISTORY trenches on biography, and it is never easy to draw the line between them. ABBOTT'S *Life of Napoleon III.** is in reality a history of Europe for the last quarter century. For, whatever may be thought of the nephew of his uncle, there is no doubt that he is by far the most prominent if not the most influential man in European politics; and there is scarcely a single problem on the political chess-board during the present era that he has not aided either to solve or to complicate. Mr. Abbott is a Frenchman—not by blood, but by nature. He is a man of warm sympathies, of ardent impulses, capable of intense admiration and of intense loathing. For years he has made French history and French character his peculiar study. He has twice visited France during the last sixteen years, and personally examined the workings of the French Government. His previous *Life of Napoleon I.* gave him an admirable introduction to Napoleon III., and the reception which was awarded to him intensified his already intense admiration of the family. The result is a thoroughly Frenchman's history of the Emperor. The author joins heartily in the cry, *Vive l'Empereur!* Doubtless there are spots on the sun, but he is not concerned in observing them. On the whole he is assured that "the empire is peace;" that it is the Napoleons who have given France her stability and prosperity; that the overthrow of the Emperor would reinstate anarchy; and that, whatever minor defects of administration may exist, France possesses on the whole an admirable government, not exactly republican indeed, but one far better fitted to the character and condition of her people. To the advocacy of this view he brings all the results of twenty-five years' acquaintance with French history and literature, and four years of special investigation of the career of Napoleon III., fused and magnetized by one of the most eloquent pens which any American historian wields. No man can doubt the eloquence, the ability, the power, or the honesty of the advocate. He will materially modify, we fancy, the judgment of the impartial reader concerning the subject of his biography. But he will not secure the judgment for which he pleads.

THEODORE IRVING† and ARTHUR HELPS‡ cover somewhat the same period of history.

* The History of Napoleon III., Emperor of the French. Including a brief Narrative of all the most important Events which have occurred in Europe since the Fall of Napoleon I. to the present Time. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. Boston: B. B. Russell.

† The Conquest of Florida by Hernando de Soto. By THEODORE IRVING. New York: George P. Putnam and Son.

‡ The Spanish Conquest in America, and its Relation to the History of Slavery and to the Government of Colonies. By ARTHUR HELPS. New York: Harper and Brothers.

* The New England Tragedies. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

† The Invasion of the Crimea. Its Origin and an Account of its Progress Down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. Vols. I. and II. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The latter, in the fourth volume, now before us, finishes what must be regarded as the standard history of an era of which hitherto little or nothing has been known. The contrast between the civilization of North and South America, between the Republic of the United States and that of Mexico, can only be understood by him who traces their history back to the days of their founders. The strong purpose to be impartial has led Mr. Helps to dignify some very bad men and some very infamous deeds with very honorable titles. But the temptation to excess in the other direction was very strong, and was very wisely resisted.

MANY circumstances have conspired to invest the life of General Grant with peculiar interest: the romance of his career who from so humble a birth has risen to so exalted a station; the personal enthusiasm which a naturally military nation feels for its great military chieftain; the peculiar affection which an immense though now disbanded army feels for the leader who gave to it its victories; the patriotic regard which Americans possess for one whom they esteem in some measure the restorer of the Republic; and the general desire of every man to know something of the silent actor who is to be the Republic's Chief Executive for the next four years, and to whom so many look in hope for a policy that shall heal the wounds of war, already kept open too long; all these considerations conspire to whet the public appetite for lives of General Grant. From the score or so of biographies which have been issued in compliance with the universal demand we select two as likely to be measurably permanent, and as valuable because they represent two different phases of his life and character.

BADEAU'S *Life** is, as its title indicates, a purely *military* history. In this aspect it is not only the best, it may be almost said to be the only one. The author, the aid-de-camp of General Grant, and his constant companion, having free access not only to all his official reports, but also to much of his private correspondence; knowing, by the necessity of his position, the nature of the General's plans and purposes more intimately than any other person; generally witnessing with his own eye the movements which he has described; and subsequently obtaining, through the War Department, free access to the Confederate reports; has not only enjoyed remarkable facilities for his work, but appears to have faithfully availed himself of them. His *Life* introduces General Grant a brigadier-general. It drops the curtain, or proposes so to do, at the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox Court House. It thus affords what is not a complete, but is by far the most authoritative, history of the rebellion in its military aspects. The book is finely issued, and the maps and plans are of immeasurably greater value for a real understanding of the military movements than the absurd melange of soldiers, cannon, and horses, in all manner of inconceivable melodramatic attitudes, which usually disfigure, under the poor pretense of illustrating, military biographies.

* *Military History of Ulysses S. Grant.* From April, 1861, to April, 1865. By ADAM BADEAU, Colonel and Aid-de-Camp to the General-in-Chief. Vol. I. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

BUT the life of General Grant is more than the record of a military career. It is a magnificent illustration of the power and worth of the substantial but unshowy qualities of earnest purpose, decision, and independence of character, and patient and invincible perseverance. Impetuous Americans need such a lesson. Young men, anxious to leap into success without earning it, grumbling at a world that does not appreciate them, dazzled by the show of a false and quickly fading greatness, can not read the life of this quiet doer of great deeds without feeling the inspiration of a new and a nobler ambition. It is the most healthful of stories to read; the best possible antidote to the miserable spirit of romancing which sets the young to searching for some Aladdin's lamp that shall raise them a palace in a night, instead of stimulating them to dig with their own hands its foundations and rear with patient and persevering labor its walls. This aspect of General Grant's life has been seized and well presented by Mr. RICHARDSON,* the war correspondent of the New York *Tribune*; much of the time with General Grant, more on the look-out for incidents and anecdotes, which are always read with avidity, than for great plans and policies, which, if known, could not be disclosed. Mr. Richardson, by the vividness of his descriptions, takes us with him into the campaign and permits us to share the hospitalities of his hero's tent. He does something toward lifting the veil that hides every public man from the real knowledge of the public, and if he gives us little new information concerning Grant's campaigns, gives us a good deal that is new concerning Grant himself. His book, written in the easy but not always elegant style of a newspaper correspondent, is always readable, though rarely eloquent. He rightly terms it a personal history, and well maintains his right to the title. Those who wish to know accurately what General Grant has done will do well to obtain Badeau's *Military History*. Those who desire to know what General Grant *is* will find an admirable portraiture in that of Mr. Richardson's.

THEOLOGICAL AND RELIGIOUS.

THE year 1868 opens almost a new era in American history. In certain quarters an outcry against the increasing immigration to our shores has been popular. Men forget that our multiplied railroads are largely due to the Irish, and a considerable proportion of our cultivated Western farms to the German. Hitherto, however, it must be confessed that immigration has added chiefly to our material resources. Yet ever since the advent of Jenny Lind America has been permitted to welcome the ablest musical artists of the Old World, and it now begins to receive accretions to its literary circles. One of the most popular preachers of New York city is an Irish immigrant from Dublin—Dr. John Hall. The lecturer-elect on history in the Cornell University is an English immigrant from Oxford—Professor Goldwin Smith. And the newly-installed President of Princeton College is a freshly-arrived immigrant from Belfast. His coming is fittingly accompanied by a new

* *A Personal History of Ulysses S. Grant.* Illustrated. With a Portrait and Sketch of Schuyler Colfax. By ALBERT D. RICHARDSON. Hartford: American Publishing Company.

American edition of his works.* Themselves the fruit of hard study and intense thought, they require intense thought and hard study to master them. But they are well worth it. They form an admirable introduction to America of one whom we are rejoiced to welcome as henceforth an American; while we return to the mother country our hearty thanks for sending us in him one of the ablest modern representatives of the so-called evangelical school of philosophic theology.

THE growing controversy between Protestant and Roman Catholic lends peculiar interest to MOEHLER'S *Symbolism*.† To the reader unversed in theological lore it may be necessary to say that Symbol is the theologic phrase for creed or confession of faith, and Moehler's *Symbolism* is neither a treatise on Ritualism nor on Scripture types, but by far the ablest, as it is by far the fairest, Roman Catholic exposition of the doctrinal differences between these two great Churches. Those who will be least ready to accept his conclusions will be most ready to acknowledge the value of his contribution to theological literature, and to honor the Christian spirit in which he has written.

MR. ALBERT BARNES‡ is, if not the most scholarly, certainly the most successful commentator on the Scriptures. There is no man of ancient or modern times who has done so much to interpret the Scriptures to the popular mind. His own mental characteristics fit him peculiarly for this which has been his life-work. His moderate views in theology give offense to none but extremists; and his interpretations of Scripture, free for the most part from party prejudice or from pet theories of his own, may be aptly characterized by the term common-sense. No man has rivaled him in his peculiar department. And to those who esteem the Bible the Word of God the elucidation and practical application to daily life of its meaning will appear to be one of the best services which a Christian scholar can render to his fellow-men. It is said that already half a million of volumes of his commentaries have been issued in this country, and as many more in Great Britain; while portions of them have been translated into Welsh, French, Chinese, and the languages of India. We hope for this work—the first volume of which only is yet issued—a success as marked and a welcome as warm as that which has been accorded to its predecessors.

There can be no question that HENRY WARD BEECHER is the greatest of living American orators.§ For over twenty years his church in

Brooklyn has been crowded to excess every Sabbath. His prayer-meeting audiences would awaken the envy of any ordinary clergyman. His sermons have been eagerly caught up and repeated by the daily press. His services are always in demand on the platform. Henry Ward Beecher is "a card" that always draws. His political utterances are looked for with an interest only second to that which attaches to his speech on ethical subjects. His power is cosmopolitan. His orations in Great Britain did more than any other one thing to revolutionize public sentiment there. His pen is only less powerful than his voice. For a few months, assuming editorial charge of a politico-religious newspaper, his editorials proved him a giant in the editorial as in the ministerial desk. His humorous dashes in the *New York Ledger* run the round of the daily press. He writes a novel, and all America watches curious to see what he will make of "Norwood." And alike as editor of an agricultural paper in Indiana, and of a religious paper in New York, alike on the platform and in the press, alike in politics, art, and religion, in philosophy, theology, ethics, and romance, he proves himself among the most popular of writers and speakers in America.

But it is not doubtful that Mr. Beecher's final reputation will be built upon his voice rather than upon his pen, upon his sermons rather than upon his humorous effusions or his political efforts. To see him at his best one must hear him in his own pulpit and among his own people. He is never greatest on great occasions. He always does best what he does without effort. All that he says and writes is really sermon. "Did you ever hear me preach?" said Coleridge. "I n-n-never heard you d-d-do any thing else," replied stuttering Lamb. We might almost say the same thing of Mr. Beecher. His humor is not broader in the *Ledger* than it is in his own pulpit. His lectures are sermons with life for a text. His political addresses always discuss the moral aspects of the canvass, and address themselves chiefly to the moral sense. His novel is a slender thread of story on which to hang a very beautiful array of moralizing pearls. And we venture to predict that his promised "Life of Christ" will be far more a development of the philosophy of Christianity than a dramatic or even historic narrative of the earthly life of its Author. The sermons of Mr. Beecher constitute his best work. By them posterity will judge him.

It is Mr. Beecher's misfortune to hate literary labor. He is never painstaking. There is not a busier man in America. But he is constitutionally opposed to *hard* work. He works, but because to his abounding life it is easy to work, hard only to be idle. He does every thing extemporaneously. He writes his sermons always at a white heat; almost always at a single sitting; writes, not as most ministers, that he may be sure he has something to say, but that he may guard against the danger of having too much. He never stops to pick up mistakes. He dreads to revise, recast, correct. If he has not done the right thing yesterday, he prefers to do some other right thing to-morrow. This is admirable philosophy. But the consequence is that until now he has never issued any thing from the press worthy of his name. Some admirers have caught

* The Divine Government. Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation. The Intuitions of the Mind. Defense of Fundamental Truth. By JAMES M'COSS, D.D. Four vols. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

† Symbolism, or Exposition of the Doctrinal Differences between Catholics and Protestants. By JOHN ADAM MOEHLER, D.D. New York: The Catholic Publication House.

‡ Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical, on the Book of Psalms. By ALBERT BARNES. In three vols. Vol. I. New York: Harper and Brothers.

§ Sermons by HENRY WARD BEECHER, Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Selected from published and unpublished Discourses, and revised by their Author. In two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers.

up pungent sayings and given them to the public in "Life Thoughts" and similar fragmentary publications. His sermons have been taken down by short-hand and given forth without revision or correction—with all the imperfections of heated discourse, and none of that interpretation which his inimitable voice and manner afford. Meantime there was danger that his influence would die with him, and that his name would remain, like that of Whitefield, the name of a brilliant rocket shot across the sky and then gone out forever. Mr. Beecher has at length, however, yielded to the importunities of his friends. Kept to his work, we know not by what assiduous endeavors, and aided in it by a friend who acknowledges his appreciation and personal indebtedness to Mr. Beecher in an introductory note, he has at length given to the public and to posterity, in the two handsome volumes which lie before us, forty-six characteristic sermons, which he has carefully revised, and by which he is willing to be judged. They constitute the only official and authoritative exposition of his philosophy and his methods.

These sermons are selected from over five hundred published and unpublished discourses. Some of them have never before been printed. Others are substantially rewritten. Others are materially modified. They are not theological, though there are theological discussions among them. They give a fair portraiture of the author's preaching; illustrate his most common and most popular methods; appeal, as he does, with almost equal power to every faculty; address in turn the reason, the imagination, the fancy, and the affections; and always, though by different routes, reach the heart. They will interpret to many a young minister the secret of true success; not only because in one or two autobiographical discourses Mr. Beecher uncovers his heart and lets us look therein, but because in them all he displays the customary methods of the most popular modern preachers. They will be esteemed by every student of theological philosophy as the authentic exposition of the views of one who has done more to modify modern theology—at least in his own denomination—than any other man since the days of Edwards. For Mr. Beecher is essentially a metaphysician. He believes, with Rufus Choate, that "it's a great mistake to think any thing too profound or rich for a popular audience." The profoundest problems of modern philosophy form the topics of his most popular and powerful sermons; but always presented, as Jesus always presented the like topics, in "anecdote, or sparkling truism, or telling illustration, or stinging epithet; always in some concrete form, never in a logical, abstract, syllogistic shape." Above all, these sermons will be warmly esteemed by many a Christian who will find in these pages the wants of his heart appreciated by an exquisite sympathy and fed by one whose unrecognized wealth of heart is greater even than his recognized genius. The richest of these sermons, the richest of all Mr. Beecher's sermons—as all will agree who have been attendants on his ministry—are not those that deal with the problems of the intellect, but those that deal with the subtler problems of the heart. And while no student can rise from the perusal of such discourses as that on "The Divinity of Christ," "The Second Incarnation of Christ," or "The

State of Christianity To-day," without a profound admiration for the philosophic breadth and insight they display, no man can rise from reading such sermons as those on "The Sepulchre in the Garden," "The Blind Restored to Sight," "The Lilies of the Field," "The Ministration of Suffering," or "A Conversation about Christ," without profound affection for the one whose warm heart pulsates through these disclosures of Christian experience, and profound gratitude to him for the inspiration they afford. For this, after all, is the power of Mr. Beecher, that no one ever goes from his church empty away. This must be the power of any pulpit. Not by the symmetry with which the table is set, not by the flowers that garnish it, but by the food that is upon it, the meal must be judged. We predict for these volumes not only a present extensive popularity, but a permanent place in American literature.

REV. W. H. FURNESS is always a suggestive writer, and his little book,* whose title is too long for its size, follows out a new line of thought, and is not less valuable for its indirect influence in leading the reader to a better appreciation of Scripture than for its direct influence in meeting some of the skeptical tendencies of the age. The same may be said of Dr. KIP's book,† which draws attention to facts and events in Scripture which the cursory reading it generally receives fails to observe. GEORGE JONES's larger work,‡ companion to a previous volume of like character on the New Testament, is better in design than in execution. He endeavors to take Bible scenes and Bible characters out of that mystic land in which our reverential fancy places them; but his learning is ill-digested, and he constantly carries his readers away from the thread of his narrative by quotations which should be confined to notes or an appendix, and by digressions from which they return to the main road with difficulty.

MR. GREELEY's *Recollections of a Busy Life* (Ford and Co., Hartford) are already familiar to the public, not only through the columns of the *New York Ledger*, but through those of other journals, into which many of his chapters were copied. He is the accredited author of the saying that "No man can succeed in New York who is not able and willing to do two days' work in one." His *Recollections* are a sufficient attestation that he has practiced on his own motto.

The Eminent Women of the Age (S. M. Betts and Co., Hartford) is a remarkable book chiefly for the method of its composition. It is a sort of mutual admiration gallery, in which a number of eminent men and women have combined to paint the portraits of their friends, so that each one has sat for her portrait to an appreciative artist. Such photograph albums, where a great company of outline profiles are gathered in a single volume, are increasingly popular.

* *The Unconscious Truth of the Four Gospels.* By W. H. FURNESS. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co.

† *The Unnoticed Things of Scripture.* By the Right Rev. WILLIAM KIP, D.D., Bishop of California. New York and San Francisco: A. Roman and Co.

‡ *Life Scenes from the Old Testament.* By Rev. GEORGE JONES, M.A. Philadelphia: J. C. Garrigues and Co.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 29th of October, four days previous to the Presidential election, the canvass for which has to a great extent occupied the public mind during the month. Long before these pages are read the result of the election will be decided.

It was conceded on both sides that the issue of the State elections to be held on the 13th of October in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Nebraska would give important indications of the vote for the Presidency. Each party professed perfect confidence in its ability to carry at least three of these four States. The Republicans succeeded in all, though by small majorities. In *Pennsylvania* General Hartranft, the Republican candidate for Auditor-General, the leading office now voted for, received a majority of not quite 10,000, in a total vote of about 653,000. The Legislature is Republican by a decided majority in both Houses, which insures a United States Senator of that party in place of Mr. Buckalew, whose term of office will soon close. There are one or two seats in the House which will be contested; but the Democrats will probably gain three or four members.—In *Indiana* the contest was still more close. Mr. Baker, the Republican candidate for Governor, having only about 1000 majority over Mr. Hendricks, now United States Senator from that State.—In *Ohio* the Republican majority was a little more than 17,000. In *Nebraska* the Republican majority was about 2500. Last year Pennsylvania and Ohio were carried by the Democrats by very small majorities. The Republicans this year carry them by majorities greatly less than those which they received in 1864.—In *West Virginia* the election took place on the 22d of October. The official returns are not complete, but the Republicans have probably a majority of about 5000.—In all these States each party charges that enormous frauds were committed by the other. It is certain that the number of persons naturalized in view of the coming election is large beyond all precedent. In the city of New York alone the number naturalized within a few weeks is nearly 30,000; and it is clear that in some of the Courts certificates of naturalization were granted without due investigation. It appears that many of these certificates, duly signed and sealed, were made out, leaving blanks for the names of the applicant and his voucher; and that these papers were sold in beer cellars for a mere nominal sum to any one who applied, upon assurance that they should be used for the Democratic party. One agent, who has been arrested, boasted that he had disposed of 5000 of these fraudulent certificates. It is understood upon all hands that a very large majority of the newly-naturalized citizens will cast their votes for the Democratic candidates.

The immediate effect of the elections of October 13 was a general conviction that the defeat of Seymour and Blair was inevitable. A strong effort was made to induce them to withdraw, in order that other names might be substituted. It was said that Mr. Blair's Brodhead letter had done great injury to the cause. The intent evi-

dently was to present Chief-Justice Chase as the candidate for the Presidency. Brief reflection, however, convinced the leaders of the party that any change of candidates at so late a day would insure inevitable defeat.

Mr. Seymour was induced to enter personally into the canvass, especially in those Western States which are considered at all doubtful, and upon whose vote the result of the election will depend. His speeches at different points were essentially the same. In form and manner they were courteous and dignified. The leading point in all was one entirely new in the canvass. It was an attack upon the financial policy of the Republican party, so far as it is embodied in the National Banking Law. He affirmed, in substance, that this system, wrong in itself, and to which he had interposed his veto as Governor of the State of New York, was also unfairly carried out to the great advantage of the East and the great detriment of the West. He said: "The people of New York had a great many bonds; New England had many bonds. The East made a great deal of money out of the war. You made some, but not as much. When this privilege" [that of issuing currency upon the security of national bonds] "was given out, they should have said, 'Here are all the great States of the West, which want currency because they do business with it, and they shall have it according to the rule of proportion.'" If this rule was departed from, according to Mr. Seymour, it should have been in favor of the West, because there business is done with currency, whereas at the East it is conducted mainly by means of checks. Illinois needed more currency than Massachusetts in proportion to population; but in fact Massachusetts had \$57,000,000, while Illinois, with twice the population, had only \$10,000,000. The result was that the people of the West had to borrow from the East at a heavy rate of interest, and thus the West has "to pay 10 or 12 per cent. interest, when in New York it is 5 or 6 per cent." Other topics were introduced into the several speeches of Mr. Seymour. The Reconstruction measures were declared to be wholly wrong in principle, and ineffectual in practice. The introduction of Senators in Congress from Southern States who did not fairly represent any constituency was a wrong, for, by way of example, "Two men sitting in the Senate of the United States from the State of Florida—one who went from the State of New York an unknown man, the other from some quarter who does not represent the white people of that State—not represent the negroes, because they do not know that there is a Senate—cast the same vote as the Senators from the great central States."—In one of his earlier speeches, by way of answering the objections raised against Mr. Blair's Brodhead letter, Mr. Seymour said that there could be no ground of alarm, since if he and Mr. Blair were elected, they would really be wholly devoid of power, the Republicans having a majority in Congress and the control of the army.

Mr. Blair also has made several speeches, the general tone of which is widely different from

those of Mr. Seymour. Perhaps the most significant of these was delivered at New York on the 28th of October. He said that the "Radical fanatics had devised infinitely worse treatment for the South than the British oppressors of Ireland had ever invented.....they had put the people of the South under the heel of their negroes." He reaffirmed what he had elsewhere said, that the Reconstruction Acts were unconstitutional, and therefore null and void. The Constitution gave no authority to establish military despotisms to take the place of civil Governments at the South. The gist of these Acts was to disfranchise 300,000 white men of the South, and confer the right of suffrage upon the negroes, "thus giving to the negroes the entire control of the Southern States." This disfranchisement, Mr. Blair averred, was of the nature of a bill of attainder, and could only be made after a fair legal trial. He illustrated the point by a reference to the case of the late Vice-President of the Confederacy. Mr. Stephens, in the Georgia Convention, made the most able speech ever delivered in favor of the Union. But the Convention was overawed by men armed with weapons seized by permission of the Government from the arsenals of the United States. Government failed to protect Mr. Stephens, and consequently had no claim to his allegiance; and therefore no jury could ever convict him of treason against the United States. Mr. Blair was quite willing that the Government should prosecute, and, if found guilty, punish, any man who was dangerous to the Republic. There was one man whose prosecution he would like to undertake. That man was Mr. Stanton, late Secretary of War. He, as Mr. Blair affirmed, encouraged Mr. A. G. Brown, then Senator from Mississippi, to go home and make war upon the Union. "After the war was ended," continued Mr. Blair, "Alexander H. Stephens fell into the hands of our forces, and was delivered over by Mr. Stanton, and was by him thrust into Fort Warren in Boston Harbor; and I would like to have a verdict of a jury to show on which side of the door stood the traitor when Stanton turned the key on Stephens." Mr. Blair then went on to speak of the affirmation which had been made that General Grant "had no policy." "I know him a heap better than that," said Mr. Blair; "he has a policy. His policy is to reach supreme dictatorial power in this country. If you think he has no policy you are dreadfully mistaken about him. It is mighty bad policy on our part to think he has no policy," and so on, the purport of all being that General Grant, if elected, would never leave the Presidential Chair so long as he lived, but would establish a permanent military despotism.—This speech, of which we have given mere abstracts of some of the leading points, was delivered within Tammany Hall, Mr. Blair closing it rather abruptly for the reason that he had of late over-exerted himself in speaking in the open air. He soon appeared at a stand out of doors, in order, as he said, to supply an omission in the speech which he had just made. This omission related to a charge of "Know-Nothingism" which had been made against him. This he denied most absolutely. "Every time that he had been

a candidate it had been his good fortune to beat a Know Nothing, and he should have to beat a Know Nothing this time." He then charged his immediate opponent with being a Know Nothing. He said, "The whole history of Schuyler Colfax is that he was vomited out of the stomach of a Know Nothing lodge into politics.If I wanted to set a trap to catch him with, I would bait it with a secret political society, and I would have him as sure as any old rat that was ever caught in a trap with a piece of roast cheese.....He is the very dad of the Know Nothing ticket, and I have a right to charge him with that crime."

Mr. Colfax has entered somewhat into the canvass; but General Grant has sedulously refrained from taking any part. After his letter accepting the nomination he put forth no statement of his views and proposed line of policy.

The general condition of the South remains very much disturbed. Outrages have rather increased in frequency during the month, and have assumed a graver character. Thus in *North Carolina* Governor Holden, October 7, wrote to General Miles, commanding in that district, that large quantities of arms had been received at various places, and distributed among the members of a political organization, these arms being Enfield rifles, and other weapons of a purely military character, and that there was every reason to believe that they were to be used for purposes hostile to the General Government and the peace of society. In case of a conflict, the civil authorities, after exhausting their power to preserve the peace, would call upon the Federal military, and he requests that these may be so posted as to afford the greatest practicable aid to the authorities.—General Miles replied that he had received reports, legally substantiated, to the same purport, and that he would lay the whole matter before General Meade, the Commander of the Department. General Meade subsequently issued an order directing that the United States forces should aid the civil authorities in preserving the peace.

In *Louisiana*, especially in New Orleans and its vicinity, serious disturbances have taken place. On the 26th of October Governor Warmouth telegraphed to the Secretary of War that the civil authorities were unable to preserve the peace in the parishes of Orleans, Jefferson, and St. Bernard. He, therefore, desired that the forces of the National Government should be employed for that purpose. The Secretary thereupon directed General Rousseau, commanding in that Department, to take such action as might be necessary to preserve the peace. On the 28th General Rousseau issued a proclamation stating these facts, and urging all good citizens to abstain from assembling in large bodies in the streets, and for the present prohibiting political processions and patrolling the streets by armed men. General Steedman was appointed temporary chief of police, with the assurance that in case of need the police would be supported by the military.

In *California*, on the 21st of October, several earthquake shocks of considerable violence were experienced. Much damage was done, especially in the neighborhood of San Francisco.

Editor's Drawer.

AND after him came next the chill December;
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made,
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
His Saviour's birth so much his mind did glad.
Upon a shaggy bearded goat he rode,
The same wherewith Dan Jove in tender years,
They say, was nourisht by the Idaen mayd;
And in his hand a broad deepe bowle he beares,
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peers.

So wrote glorious old Edmund Spenser, two hundred and sixty years ago; and in his words doth the Drawer "freely drink an health to all his readers," and commend to them the pleasant things strung together for the Christmas month.

IN the recent debate in the House of Lords on the bill to disestablish the Irish Church, the speech of the Bishop of Oxford is acknowledged to have been the best delivered, having in largest measure the qualities of warmth, fervor, readiness, and spontaneity—if not, indeed, of wit and humor. Among his unepiscopal functions the Bishop possesses a rare talent for mimicry, and in quoting Lord Grenville imitated his ingenious and coaxing tones so exactly that even the noble earl joined in the laughter. "The unction," says the *London Review*, "with which he related the sardonic Dean of St. Patrick's theory about the Irish bishops was irresistible. The Bishop did not read the quotation, but gave it from memory—how that in Dean Swift's time the English Minister used to select the best possible man for an Irish bishop. Unhappily for poor Ireland the holy man, after his consecration, always set out in his chariot to travel down to the west coast. But as, by the laws of geography, he had to pass over Hounslow Heath, the highwaymen beset his cattle, murdered his servants, and pitched the bishop into a ditch. 'The captain of the highwaymen' (added the caustic Dean) 'then puts on his small-clothes and goes over to Ireland, where he acts as bishop in his stead.' It is true that the wit was the Dean's and not the Bishop's, but the loud and prolonged laughter was due in great part to the felicitous way in which the Bishop gave the apologue. The Conservative peers may have preferred the speech of Lord Derby, or Lord Salisbury, or the Lord Chancellor, but the favorite orator of the Peeresses' Gallery was certainly the Bishop of Oxford." The point will be better understood by the readers of the Drawer when told that the Bishop of Oxford's side is that which appointed "the best possible man for bishop," and that the "highwayman" is the man whom Gladstone would send over to fill the episcopal office.

THE anecdotes of General Houston published in late Numbers of the Drawer are attracting the attention of his friends. We are favored with several original ones, more or less amusing, from which we select the following:

During the first summer of the late war there lived in one of the sea-port towns of Texas a merchant named Stubbs, originally from the North, but for many years a resident of the Lone Star State. Anxious to appear entirely Southern, he allowed his heart to ignite early in the conflict, and became well known as a leading secessionist. When it became certain that a

blockading fleet would soon be off the town, several merchants, Stubbs included, prudently removed their goods to Houston for safety. After the first important battle of the war a negro belonging to Stubbs asked permission to make a brief visit to San Jacinto, which was granted, on condition that he should call on General Houston, and ask what he thought of the battle of Bull Run. The condition was accepted; the visit made. Before returning the man and brother approached the General and, with much bow and scrape, said: "If you please, Sah, massa Stubbs, Sah, wanted me to ax you, Sah, what you thought of de battle of Bull Run?" Old Sam slowly raised his eyes, and said: "He wants to know what I think of the battle of Bull Run? Tell him I think a good many Yankees were killed there, and a good many mean Yankees ran away, but I don't think any of them were as mean as he is, nor could run so fast, nor *knew when to start* as well as he does!" The negro delivered the answer, which was received standing and in silence. Old Sam, however, not satisfied with his message, added to it a conundrum, which rapidly circulated throughout the surrounding country: "Why is Stubbs like Washington?—Because he is first in war, first in peace, and *first in the heart of the country!*"

ON a certain occasion Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, was engaged in a political discussion with Hon. Benjamin F. Hill of that State, when the latter charged him with saying that he (Stephens) could eat Judge Cone for breakfast, himself (Mr. Hill) for dinner, and Governor Cobb for supper. To which Mr. Stephens quietly replied: "I never said it; but if I had, the arrangement of the meals would have been somewhat different. I should not have taken Mr. Hill at dinner, where he has placed himself, that being the heartiest meal of the day. In fact, I should prefer him for supper, in accordance with that wise rule of medicine which prescribes a *light diet* to sleep on!"

AT another time Mr. A. R. Wright, of Georgia, is said to have drawn the fire of the "great Georgian" in the following way. Mr. Stephens, at the time of the great Know-Nothing conflict in the South, was accompanied by a favorite dog named *Rio*, and the intelligent animal was almost as well known on the hustings as the statesman.

Mr. Wright, at the close of a political speech, turned to Mr. Stephens and said: "Sir, I demand a list of your appointments. I intend that the people shall have information. I want to know when and where you are to speak, for I intend to *dog* you all around this Congressional district."

"Then," retorted Mr. Stephens, pointing his long thin finger to his dog sleeping on the stand at his feet, and lifting his life-like voice to its highest note—"then I shall send *Rio* home. One *dog at a time* is enough!"

AMONG the thousands who have read the speech of Vice-President Stephens of Georgia against secession, made November 14, 1860, there are probably few who have heard of an

amusing incident that followed it. At the close of the speech the leader of the Opposition party, Hon. Robert Toombs, arose, and after complimenting Mr. Stephens as one of the purest of patriots, moved that the meeting give three cheers for him and adjourn, which was done. Governor Herschel V. Johnson, who was present, met Mr. Toombs on their return to the hotel, and said to him, in substance: "Sir, your action to-night, coming from so prominent a secessionist, deserves all praise, and I for one can not forbear to congratulate you upon such handsome conduct and admirable behavior."

Toombs put on that droll look which always precedes his best hits, and said, dryly, "Yes, I always behave myself at a funeral."

THE following incident occurred in Charleston, South Carolina: A little girl had lost her brother, and on going to school the next day a little playmate noticed her grief, and asked the cause. This was soon told, with the addition that little Willie had gone to heaven, and she could not see him. Her little friend asked if she was certain he was gone to heaven, and was assured that there could be no doubt of that, for mamma said so. "Then," was the instant rejoinder, "I know where heaven is, for I saw where they put him, and know the way." The little mourner had seen the place too, and not knowing the way she started with her guide as soon as the infant-school was dismissed. It was late at night, and the earth was wet with those angel tears, the dew drops, when the two friends were found crying at the grave—because, as the sister said, "They had come to the door of heaven, and Willie would not let them in, nor even answer."

DR. MONTGOMERY, of the Harrodsburg (Kentucky) Presbyterian Church, had a little boy as pretty as he was intelligent. His mother, like all mothers, was proud enough of her little prodigy in short dresses, and liked to show off his acquirements before visitors. On one occasion he was up for inspection before some lady callers, and his mother put the usual Catechism question, "Who made you?" Reverently little Jimmy folded his hands as at prayer, and raised his eyes as birds do when "saying grace" after drinking; and then the answer came, "Dod makes and p'eserves us;" and instantly added, "Dood Dod to make p'eserves for us; ain't he, mamma?" Children understand sweetmeats sooner than they do the Catechism.

Is there extant a boy—be he boy of fifty or boy of ten—who will not appreciate the grim humor of the following advertisement, which, under the head of "Instruction," we copy from the New York Daily *Times* of August 10:

FLUSHING INSTITUTE.

DEAR BOYS,—TROUBLE BEGINS SEPT. 15.

E. A. FAIRCHILD.

Ah! *didn't* it?

WHEN Miss Logan, the charming actress, was in the South, her manager happened to be a veritable cockney, with a chronic habit of omitting his *h*'s where they should be, and inserting them where they should not be, as "art" for "heart," "hedge" for "edge," and the like. On arriving

one evening at a new place Miss Logan was indignant at finding that no room had been prepared for her, and said as much. Whereupon the manager bawled out at the top of his voice: "Miss Logan's room is hell! Here, boy, make a fire in hell, and put Miss Logan in there!" The good-humor of the lady was at once restored; for she knew that he referred to the room marked on the door with a capital "L."

AN overgrown political opponent once undertook to sneer at the diminutive size of Mr. A. H. Stephens, and said, "I could put a little salad oil on you, and swallow you whole." To which Mr. Stephens at once replied, "And if you did you would have more brains in your bowels than you ever had in your head."

THE etiquette of the bar-room in Colorado may be inferred from the following notice, posted in a saloon in that Territory, and forwarded by a correspondent for Eastern enlightenment:

"NOTICE.—No one is allowed to remain in the hall longer than five minutes without taking a drink, or in the sitting-room ten minutes without doing likewise. Any one refusing to drink will be kicked out. No gentlemen are expected to eat the lemon-peel in their cocktails, and those who do so will not have any more in future, and will *not* be considered gentlemen."

BANKERS must have their little jocularities as well as other people. Some years ago the President of one of the oldest banking institutions of Western New York was called upon to discount a note signed by Mr. G—, a member of the Universalist church, and Mr. M—, of the Presbyterian church. The note was handed to the President, who, after scanning it closely, passed it to the cashier, saying, "Signed by Universal Salvation and Universal Damnation: I reckon *that's* safe enough; we'll take it."

THE gigantic failure of the Marquis of Hastings on the English turf, and the disgusting immoralities of the racing men of England, have been capitally hit off by *Punch* in the following

WAIL BY A SMALL "BOOKMAKER."

I ain't a member of Tattersall's,
But I ventured my pound or so
At a bookmaker's 'ouse in the Boro',
As gentility might term low.
I lost my pound, and the gent
Was took afore the beak;
To prison of course he's sent
For four-and-twenty week.

It's wrong for to venture small,
It's right for to venture large:
It seems all square for the rich and sich
What never gets given in charge.
You may book the bet of a Bart or Duke,
Not of cads and snobs and tykes;
For there's one lor for the Hearl of Fluke,
And another for Villiam Sykes.

THIS of Tom Corwin by a Columbus correspondent: Some one asked Mr. Corwin if he had heard a certain story of Lewis D. Campbell's.

"Was it about himself?" inquired Corwin.

"No, I believe not."

"Well, then, I never heard it," said Mr. C., gravely.

THE pardonable aversion to bomb-shells entertained by fond mothers who, through the papers, were made acquainted with their awfully

destructive explosions, was strongly felt by a good woman at a place called Lewis's Island, in Maine, who, seeing a huge object moving rapidly high in mid air, cried out to her brood of little responsables, "Come in, children, for Heaven's sake; come in *quick!* there's an awful big bomb-shell coming from the South!" It was Professor Wise, who in his mammoth balloon had made an ascension from Bangor on the ever-memorable Fourth.

BOSTON is celebrated for its monument to the lamented Mr. Bunker Hill, Providence for Roger Williams, Philadelphia for its butter and Quakers, New York for its curiously constructed "rings," and Hartford, as we now learn from the excellent Mr. Twain (Mark), for its Charter Oak. Mr. T. has visited Hartford. He saw the Oak. Likewise heard it spoken of. He says:

I went all over Hartford with a citizen whose ancestors came over with the Pilgrims in the *Quaker City*—in the *Mayflower* I should say—and he showed me all the historic relics of Hartford. He showed me a beautiful carved chair in the Senate chamber, where the bewigged and awfully homely old-time governors of the Commonwealth frown from their canvas overhead. "Made from Charter Oak," he said. I gazed upon it with inexpressible solitude. He showed me another carved chair in the House. "Charter Oak," he said. I gazed again with interest. Then he looked at the rusty, stained, and famous old Charter, and presently I turned to move away. But he solemnly drew me back and pointed to the frame. "Charter Oak," said he. I worshiped. We went down to Wadsworth's Athenæum, and I wanted to look at the pictures; but he conveyed me silently to a corner, and pointed to a log rudely shaped somewhat like a chair, and whispered "Charter Oak." I exhibited the accustomed reverence. He showed me a walking-stick, needle-case, a dog-collar, a three-legged stool, a boot-jack, a dinner-table, a ten-pin alley, a tooth-picker—

I interrupted him and said, "Never mind—we'll bunch the whole lumber-yard, and call it—"

"Charter Oak," he said.

"Well," I said, "now let us go and see some Charter Oak for a change."

I meant that for a joke; but how was he to know that, being a stranger? He took me around and showed me Charter Oak enough to build a plank-road from here to Great Salt Lake City. It is a shame to confess it, but I began to get a little weary of Charter Oak finally: and when he invited me to go home with him to tea, it filled me with a blessed sense of relief. He introduced me to his wife, and they left me alone a moment to amuse myself with their little boy. I said, in a grave, paternal way,

"My son, what is your name?"

And he said, "Charter Oak Johnson."

This was sufficient for a sensitive nature like mine. I departed out of that mansion without another word.

A CORRESPONDENT at Galveston, Texas, in alluding to our inquiry as to the authorship of the saying, "Much may be done with a Scotchman if he be caught young," remarks that it was said of Lord Mansfield by Doctor Johnson, and adds: The connection in which it is told may be worth

repeating. Lord Mansfield, having received his education in England, always considered himself an Englishman; but his Scotch origin was once referred to with great effect. General Sabine, Governor of Gibraltar, failing in extorting money from a Jew, sent him back by force to Tetuan, in Barbary, from whence he had come to Gibraltar. The Jew afterward came to England, and sued the Governor for damages. Murray (not yet Lord Mansfield) was counsel for the Governor, and said in his defense before the jury:

"True, the Jew was banished; but to where? Why, to the place of his nativity. Where is the cruelty, where the hardship, where the injustice of banishing a man to his own country?"

Mr. Norvell, who appeared for the Jew, retorted: "Since my learned friend thinks so lightly of this matter, I would just ask him to suppose the case his own: would *he* like to be banished to *his* native land?"

The court rang with peals of laughter, in which Murray himself joined.

Doctor Johnson would never allow that Scotland derived any credit from Lord Mansfield, as he was educated in England, and then added what has passed into a historical witticism—"Much may be done with a Scotchman if he be caught young."

APPROPOS to Lord Mansfield's banishment. In early Texas legal history, a Mrs. M—— was convicted of forgery, and sentenced to death—then the legal penalty for that crime. There was at once a general feeling of repugnance at the capital punishment of a woman, especially for such an offense; but there was also a general desire to rid the country of the convict, who was a very notorious character; and President Lamar offered her a pardon provided she would go back to Arkansas, from which State she had removed, and never return to Texas. She peremptorily refused, and is said to have answered, "H—itself before Arkansas!" The President was obliged to pardon her unconditionally.

MR. E. HANNAFORD, of Cincinnati, has recently published on the subscription plan a clever book, in which is narrated the services performed during the war by the Sixth Ohio Regiment. It contains here and there an anecdote, hitherto unpublished, showing the humorous side of war. We reproduce four:

Mr. E. A. Pollard, in his "Lost Cause," when speaking of the Confederate defeat at Missionary Ridge in November, 1863, quotes a humorous repartee of a Confederate soldier. "A brigade," says Mr. Pollard, "in the centre gave way, and in a few moments what had been a regular and vigorous battle became a disgraceful panic and an unmitigated rout. Never was victory plucked so easily from a position so strong..... General Bragg attempted to rally the broken troops; he advanced into the fire, and exclaimed, 'Here is your commander!' but was answered with the derisive shouts of an absurd catch-phrase in the army, 'Here's your mule!'"

IN the olden time, when planters were less thoughtful for the spiritual than for the corporeal health of their slaves, Colonel Ramsey saw his "boy" Dan (aged forty) going one morning, Bible in hand, to church. Knowing that Dan

was not a person with strong literary proclivities, the Colonel said: "What are you doing with that Bible, Dan?—you can't read it?"

"No, massa, can't zack'ly read 'em, but I c'n spell 'em out a little."

"What's the use of spelling it out? You can't understand it, any way. The Bible, for instance, says that 'the very hairs of our head are numbered.' Now you haven't any hair on your head—nothing but wool. What do you say to that?"

"Yes, massa, I 'spect dat's so; but I spell out little verse w'ich say dat on las' day de sheep dey will go one side and de goats on de toddler. Now de *sheep* has de *wool*, but de *goats* dey got *ha'r*, *jus' like white folks*, and I 'spect dey ain't gwine to be saved—dat's w'at I 'spect!"

DURING the march of the Sixth Ohio Regiment from Cripple Creek to the Chickamauga the soldiers were compelled to sleep in that most uncomfortable of all shelters, a "dog tent"—so called from its capacity to hold about one ordinary dog. The successes of Rosecrans were bringing the campaign to a conclusion. In the Confederate army there seemed to be a growing dissatisfaction and consciousness of weakness—such, in fact, as induced many hundreds of Tennesseans to desert and return to their former homes. The mistake was not unnatural, therefore, when Rosecrans's men pronounced the war in Tennessee "about played out;" or, as a staff-officer in the Sixth Ohio expressed it, by a pun of unmitigated atrocity, it ~~was~~ "about ended to all *in-tents* and *purp-houses*!"

APROPOS of the terrible earthquakes in South America, we have to tell a story which will serve to illustrate the comic features of even so terrible a scene:

Just before the departure of the Hon. Anson Burlingame for China, some years ago, he was closeted with Mr. Van Valkenburg, Minister to Japan (the same who has since distinguished himself in maintaining foreign foothold in Osaka); Colonel Buckley, Chief Engineer of the Siberian Telegraph Company (the same who has since given us a correct estimate of the value of Alaska); and Colonel Thomas M. Knox (the same who has since given the readers of this Magazine an entertaining account of his travels on the Amoor and through Siberia, and who is still to tell his story of a thirty-six hundred mile sleigh-ride through *White Russia*), engaged in a game of "High, low, Jack, and the game." Fred Macrellish and Will Woodward, proprietors of the *Alta Californian* (since and *always* distinguished as "jolly good fellows"), were engaged in watching the game. Knox had been indulging Macrellish, during the intervals of the game, with an account of his horror of earthquakes, and his fear that if one should happen (eight or ten visit San Francisco every year) his two hundred pounds would be the first to suffer. Macrellish endeavored to quiet his fears by hoping that he would have an opportunity of enjoying one before he sailed. Shortly after the pictures and looking-glasses hanging on the wall began to shake and rattle; the glass and the pitcher of ice-water on the card-table jingled together, and "those who were seated" felt the floor moving beneath them in a most intoxicating manner.

"There!" said Macrellish, "there, Tom—

there's one of those infernal earthquakes. Play the ace! play the ace, Tom! catch Jack sure."

And sure enough "Jack" was caught in spite of bad playing and earthquakes too.

JOHN SAVAGE, Esquire, has spoken in glowing terms of the appearance of Alexander H. Stephens before the Commercial Convention at Charleston, South Carolina, in the year 1839; but there is an incident of that visit to the "city between the rivers" which he does not give. Mr. Stephens was accompanied by two merchants (Mr. Thomas Chafin and Dr. John M. Anthony), who were his personal friends, and together they sought the hotel kept by a kind but very energetic woman. Mr. Stephens was then, as always, of feeble health, and being fatigued, availed himself of a comfortable sofa or lounge to make the situation as easy as possible. Just then the landlady came in, and found the two merchants still standing, while some one, whom she took for a country boy, occupied the easy lounge. Her manner was perfectly kind, and somewhat patronizing, as she said to him, "My son, you must let the *gentlemen* have this seat."

The "gentlemen" were amused, and the good lady somewhat troubled when she afterward found that her "son" was the important personage of her house, and the lion of the whole city.

MANY good things have been published as the sayings of Judge Dooly, of Georgia, but the following is, so far as we know, new to the types.

His residence was approached by a long lane, some mile and a quarter in length, leading through the plantation, and far from comfortable on the burning August day of the incident. A neighbor, possessed of more lungs than brain, rode down this lane, and without dismounting at the yard gate, some five hundred feet from the dwelling, he began to call aloud and wave his hat, as if a house was on fire. Judge Dooly came out in great haste to learn the cause of the noise, and was saluted with, "I say, you haven't seen Mr. Williams about here to-day, have you?"

"No," said the Judge.

"Well, that's all I wanted," said the fellow, as he rode off.

Dooly waited until he was nearly out of sight up the long lane, and then commenced to blow a horn which hung in the porch; and when the horseman turned to see what it was the Judge in turn began to beckon with his arms, and shout for him to return, which he did at full speed. Arriving again at the yard gate, Dooly called out to him, "Come up here, I want to speak to you!" So the man dismounted, and came up to the porch. The Judge paused in his walk, and said, fiercely:

"No, Sir! I have not seen Mr. Williams, and hang me if I want to see him! That's all, Sir: you can go now."

HON. GARNETT ANDREWS, of Georgia, tells of another occasion in which he was the victim of Dooly's wit.

It seems that Judge Dooly had conceived the idea that young Andrews, then only an attorney, was quite too *slow* for a business man. At one of the County Court sessions some of the bar, including the Judge, were congregated to eat water-melons. When the supply on hand was exhaust-

ed, without satisfying the general desire for the ice-cold fruit, Mr. Andrews volunteered to go across the square and get another one.

"No, don't go," piped the Judge in his shrillest tones; "don't go; it would be *dead ripe* before you got back."

JUDGE ANDREWS also tells of another occasion when, to use a Southern phrase, he was "taken down" by one of his audience during a political address. He was a candidate for Governor of his State, and was explaining to the large crowd how his friends had pressed him to be a candidate, and that the office was seeking him, and that he was not seeking the office.

"In fact," exclaimed he, "the office of Governor has been *following* me for the last ten years!"

Just then a tall countryman in the audience arose and shouted, "But here's yer consolation, Judge: you're gainin' on it all the time, and it will never catch you!"

The prophecy was literally fulfilled.

OUR Southern friend to whom we are indebted for the anecdotes of Alexander H. Stephens sends us the following epitaph, copied from a grave-stone in Union District, South Carolina:

"Here lies the body of Robert Gordin;
Mouth almighty and teeth accordin:
Stranger, tread lightly over this wonder;
If he opens his mouth, you're gone, by thunder!"

This reference to the upper part of Robert's body reminds us of an epitaph on a good woman whose death was caused by ailment lower down:

"Here lies the body of Betty Bowden,
Who would live longer, but she cou'den;
Sorrow and grief made her decay,
Till her bad leg carr'd her away."

How will this do on a disreputable subject of the British crown?

"Here lies William Smith; and what is somewhat rarish,
He was born, bred, and hanged in this here parish."

Or this, on a Mr. Bywater? (By-the-way, we think all these are entirely new to readers of the *Drawer*.)

"Here lies the remains of his relatives' pride:
Bywater he lived, and by water he died;
Though by water he fell, yet by water he'll rise,
By water baptismal attaining the skies."

Or this, which is commendably exact as to the age of the parties?

"Here lies Donald and his wife,
Janet Mac Fee:
Aged 40 hee,
And 30 shee."

Or yet this, which being upon an editor, is especially commended for "copy" to the brethren who propose to notice this Number of the *Magazine*?

"Here lies an Editor!
Snooks if you will;
In mercy, kind Providence,
Let him *lie still*.
He *lied* for his living; so
He lived while he *lied*;
When he could not *lie longer*,
He *lied* down and died."

On a certain occasion Judge Underwood (not

Hon. J. W. H. Underwood, but his father) was engaged to defend some lawsuit in Upper Alabama; and the point of this story lies in the fact that Georgia had just removed the *savage tribes* of the Cherokee Indians from her mountain counties.

At an early stage of the case the Georgia Judge saw a weak place in the pleadings, and by a few appropriate words so opened it that it was soon evident to the presiding Justice and the most of the bar that his point was fatal to the suit. It so happened that a young Alabama lawyer, who was the opposing counsel, did not see the point, nor appreciate its power. Therefore, in his reply, instead of endeavoring to weaken it or overthrow it, he attempted to make sport of what he termed "the Georgia lawyer." His intended severity was closed by the recommendation that the *Georgia lawyer* had best reserve such points as that to make before his own home courts, but not attempt to play Georgia tricks before an Alabama bar.

Judge Underwood then arose, and after quietly restating his point in a few words, turned suddenly on the young man with this retort: "And as for my very *young* friend, who advises me to keep my Georgia law at home, I would simply remark, for his information, that Georgia ultimately extends her jurisdiction over all *neighboring savage tribes*."

SYDNEY SMITH, in his celebrated Peter Plymley letters, affords a notable illustration of the powers of rhetoric in written eloquence. As instance this passage, *apropos* of the English Embargo Act—by which, among other things, drugs were for the moment excluded from France: "Such a project is well worthy the statesman who would bring the French to reason by keeping them without rhubarb, and exhibit to mankind the awful spectacle of a nation deprived of neutral salts. This is not the dream of a wild apothecary indulging in his own opium; this is not the distempered fancy of a pounder of drugs, delirious from smallness of profits; but it is the sober, deliberate, and systematic scheme of a man to whom the public safety is intrusted, and whose appointment is considered by many as a master-piece of political sagacity. What a sublime thought, that no purge can now be taken between the Weser and the Garonne; that the bustling pestle is still, the canorous mortar mute; and the bowels of mankind locked up for fourteen degrees of latitude! When, I should be curious to know, were all the powers of crudity and flatulence fully explained to his Majesty's Ministers? At what period was this great plan of conquest and constipation fully developed? In whose mind was the idea of destroying the pride and the plasters of France first engendered? Without castor-oil they might for some months, to be sure, have carried on a lingering war; but can they do without bark? Will the people live under a government where antimonial powders can not be procured? Will they bear the loss of mercury? There's the rub! Depend upon it, the absence of the *materia medica* will soon bring them to their senses, and the cry of *Bourbon and bolus* burst from the Baltic to the Mediterranean!"

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCXXIV.—JANUARY, 1869.—VOL. XXXVIII.

THE SILENT CITY AT GREENWOOD.



SHIPS SAIL PAST THIS SILENT CITY, BUT THEIR OWNERS QUIET LIE.

I.

THERE'S a city vast yet voiceless, growing ever street on street,
Whither friends with friends e'er meeting, ever meeting never greet;
And where rivals fierce and vengeful calm and silent mutely meet:
Never greeting ever meet.

II.

There are traders without traffic, merchants without books or gains;
Tender brides in new-made chambers, where the trickling water stains;
Where the guests forget to come, and strange, listening silence reigns:
Listening silence ever reigns.

III.

Ships sail past this silent city, but their owners quiet lie,
And no signals fly from top-tree 'gainst the glowing, crimson sky,
Telling the neglectful owner that his well-built Argosy
For the Fleece is sailing by.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

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IV.

Here the belle forgets the fashions, mindless of her snow-white dress;
 All unheeded now her toilet, free, ungathered lock and tress;
 None here flatter face or figure, none come fondly to caress:
 Tresses flow and none caress.

V.

Hushed are all these many mansions, barred and bolted door and gate;
 Narrow all the walls and earthy, and the roof-trees steep and straight;
 Room for all!—the high and lowly. Rich and poor here equal mate;
 Equal dwell and equal mate.

VI.

Flowers are blooming near these mansions, kissed by loving dew's at night;
 Breathing softly round their porches, flowing through the cooling light;
 Pealing from their bells sweet music, pealing odors pure and white:
 Pealing only to the night.

VII.

Here each keeps his well-ceiled dwelling, fearing naught of quarter-day;
 Here no landlord duns the tenant, and no tenant moves away;
 Dwelling ever unevicted, dwelling on from May to May:
 Paying never quarter-day.

VIII.

Beckons ever this mute city to its comrade living gay;
 To its comrade laughing loudly, sitting on the pulsing bay;
 Drawing from its masqueraders pale, white spectres day by day:
 Spectres now, men yesterday.

IX.

Thus two cities grow forever, parted by a narrow tide,
 This the shadow, that the substance, growing by each other's side;
 Gliding one into the other, and for evermore shall glide:
 Growing ever side by side.



FLOWERS ARE BLOOMING NEAR THESE MANSIONS, KISSED BY LOVING DEWS AT NIGHT.

THE BUFFALO RANGE.

BY THEODORE R. DAVIS. ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.



THE HERD LEADER.

THE American bison, or buffalo, as the animal is here familiarly designated, differs in very many prominent points from the European bison and the Indian buffalo of Asia and Africa. It has a pair of ribs more than the European bison, and two pair more than the domestic ox. The limbs and tail of the American bison are much shorter than those of any of the bison species, unless, indeed, we except the musk-ox, which inhabits the coldest regions of this continent.

A somewhat extended investigation leads me to believe that the bison once ranged as far east as the Atlantic sea-board in Virginia and the Carolinas, but there is no evidence that they ever reached points to the east of the Hudson River or Lake Champlain.

From Catesby we learn that about the year 1712 herds of buffalo were to be seen within thirty miles of Charleston, South Carolina. At present, however, if one desires to do buffalo hunting he must journey something like

two thousand miles westward from the Atlantic coast. A few English gentlemen recently undertook a buffalo hunt among the Catskill Mountains, and in the neighborhood of Covington, Kentucky, but in each case failed to find the game of which they were in quest. These gentlemen should now go to Leavenworth, Kansas, and from thence proceed west by the Union Pacific Railroad, Eastern Division, or, as it is familiarly known in the Western country, "the Smoky Route." Then they may find the buffalo herds, hunt them, and perhaps be hunted by them too, if they prove no better buffalo hunters than some of the Britons that I have seen scutter away chased by a wounded bull. Neither will the party need the permit which an English gentleman who had journeyed across the Atlantic in quest of sport was anxious to obtain. Could any thing be more absurd to an American than to have, as once I did, a person ask, "Ah, and could you favor me with the person's name who would kindly furnish me with a permit to hunt the buffalo? Are they carefully preserved? They should be."

The best hunting-ground at present will be found between the Republican and Arkansas rivers. For days I have traveled pony-back over this section of the Plains, when at any moment I could glance in some direction and look upon vast herds of buffalo. There may be some little objection to this hunting-ground arising from the fact that it is the favorite one of the most unreliable Indians that range the Plains, and you are safe only so long as you are not discovered by these same aborigines.

From the last of July until the first of September the buffaloes are engaged in settling family matters for the year to come. The bulls fight viciously, and are attended during these

combats by an admiring concourse of wolves, who are ever ready to come in at the death of either of the combatants, or will even take a chance in and finish any killing that has been imperfectly done.

It is at this season, too, that the young bulls promote themselves, by establishing a retiring board and driving the old and useless officers out of the herd. This expulsion is final, as after being thus driven out the old bulls wander singly or in small bands over the Plains. At times they may tarry in the vicinity of a herd, but I have never known them to join one permanently.

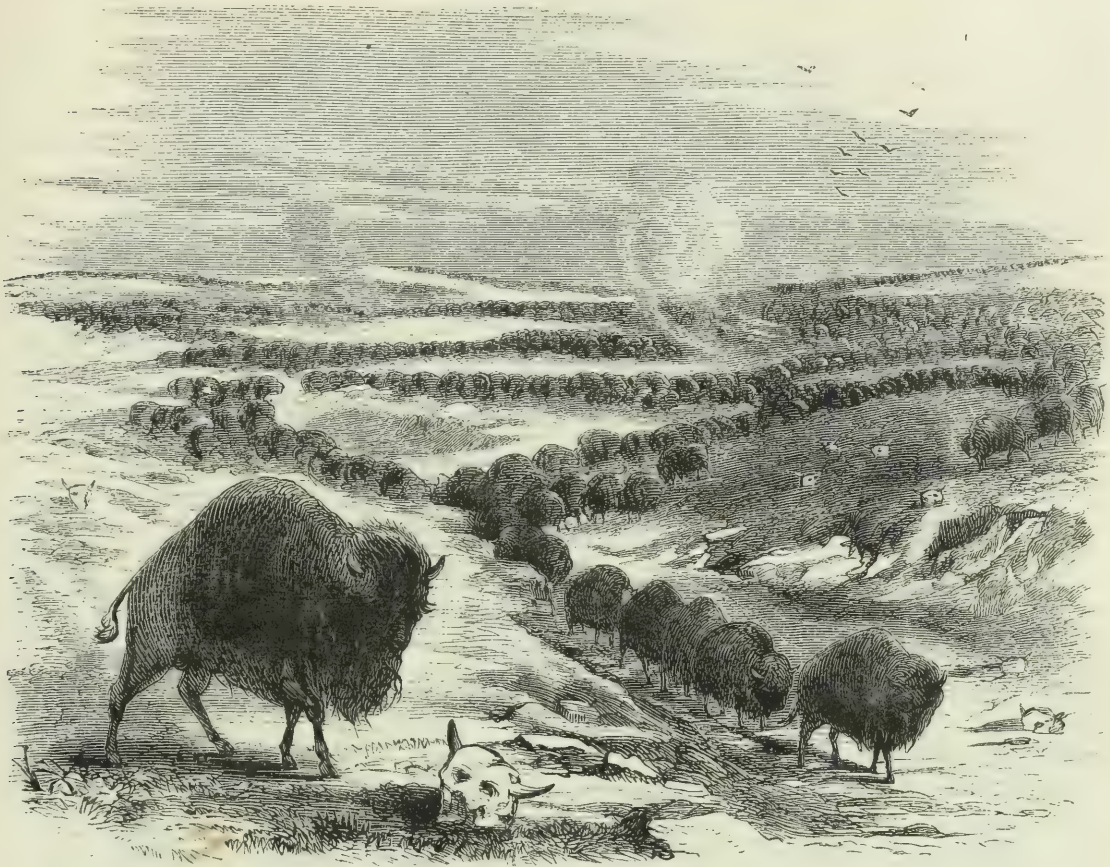
The leader of a buffalo herd is generally a splendid-looking young bull, who, having fought himself into his position, holds himself ready to maintain his rank by the same prowess that has gained it. This party, it may be needless to remark, has now and then a fight on his hands, or may be, to speak very correctly, horns.

The buffalo cow carries its calf eleven months, July being in Indian parlance "the moon of heat and buffalo pappoose." The buffalo continues to grow until it is seven or eight years old, and ordinarily lives, if unmolested, to reach the age of twenty-five or thirty years. I once saw a buffalo killed (by a green hunter) which, judging from the rings upon the horns and other signs of age, must have been nearly if not quite fifty years old. The meat, I may remark, was a little tough.

The average gross weight of grown bulls is about twenty-five hundred pounds. I once killed a buffalo that weighed over three thousand pounds gross. Old bulls are not often killed by the experienced hunter, as the beef of the younger members of the herd is far preferable as food, it being more tender and free



YOUNG BUFFALO COW AND CALF



THE HERD MOVING TOWARD WATER.

from the decidedly disagreeable and rank flavor noticeable in the tough old bull-beef that novices are apt to select as their game.

The young calf is very light in color. This changes and deepens as fall gives way to winter, and the chill, keen winds of the Plains begin their frosty song, "More hair, more hair." Will Comstock used to aver this to be the burden of the music of the breezes; "for," he would say, "don't you see how quickly the Indian beef puts on his thick coat? That is undoubtedly the reason why he does it." During the winter season the hair is of a rich brown color. This coat of hair is shed from the flanks and sides, as well as considerably thinned out about the head and shoulders, during the next summer; and the fall of the second year sees it darker and more luxuriant than during the season previous. Once past the prime of life and the hair becomes tinged with a rusty brown. Will Comstock used to designate these as "old moss-backs," which could not carry any of his lead, and might be good coyote bait, but not the kind that he bit at if he had any choice in the matter. But the tongues, tender-loin, and hump of such a buffalo are not to be despised, and the rest of the beef would not be considered tough by the frequenters of some of the restaurants of Gotham.

A few months since passengers on the way to Denver and Salt Lake, by the Smoky Hill route, had frequent opportunities of seeing herds of buffalo from the cars of the Union Pacific Railroad, and on several occasions the buffalo were

sufficiently close to the trains to be killed by shots from the car windows and platforms; the engineer being accommodating enough to slow the locomotive sufficiently to keep pace with the buffalo, which were seemingly engaged in a race with the iron horse. When buffalo were killed the train was stopped, the game secured being granted a free ride in the baggage-car. It would seem to be hardly possible to imagine a more novel sight than a small band of buffalo loping along within a few hundred feet of a railroad train in rapid motion, while the passengers are engaged in shooting, from every available window, with rifles, carbines, and revolvers. An American scene, certainly.

The feeding-ground of the buffalo is usually located at some distance from the streams at which they quench their thirst. If undisturbed, the buffalo frequently graze for days in the same vicinity, moving once each day, usually at evening, toward the water. At this time it is a picturesque sight to see them; each band is being led by its chief, and the whole herd by "a leader." Flankers are thrown out; the cows and calves are in the centre of the herd, which moves slowly. Many of the buffalo are formed in lines of greater or less numbers. Their heads are down, frequently so low that the long, matted beard drags and brushes the ground. They seem satisfied that the sentinels are doing their duty, and that any sign of danger would be quickly noted and signaled to the herd.

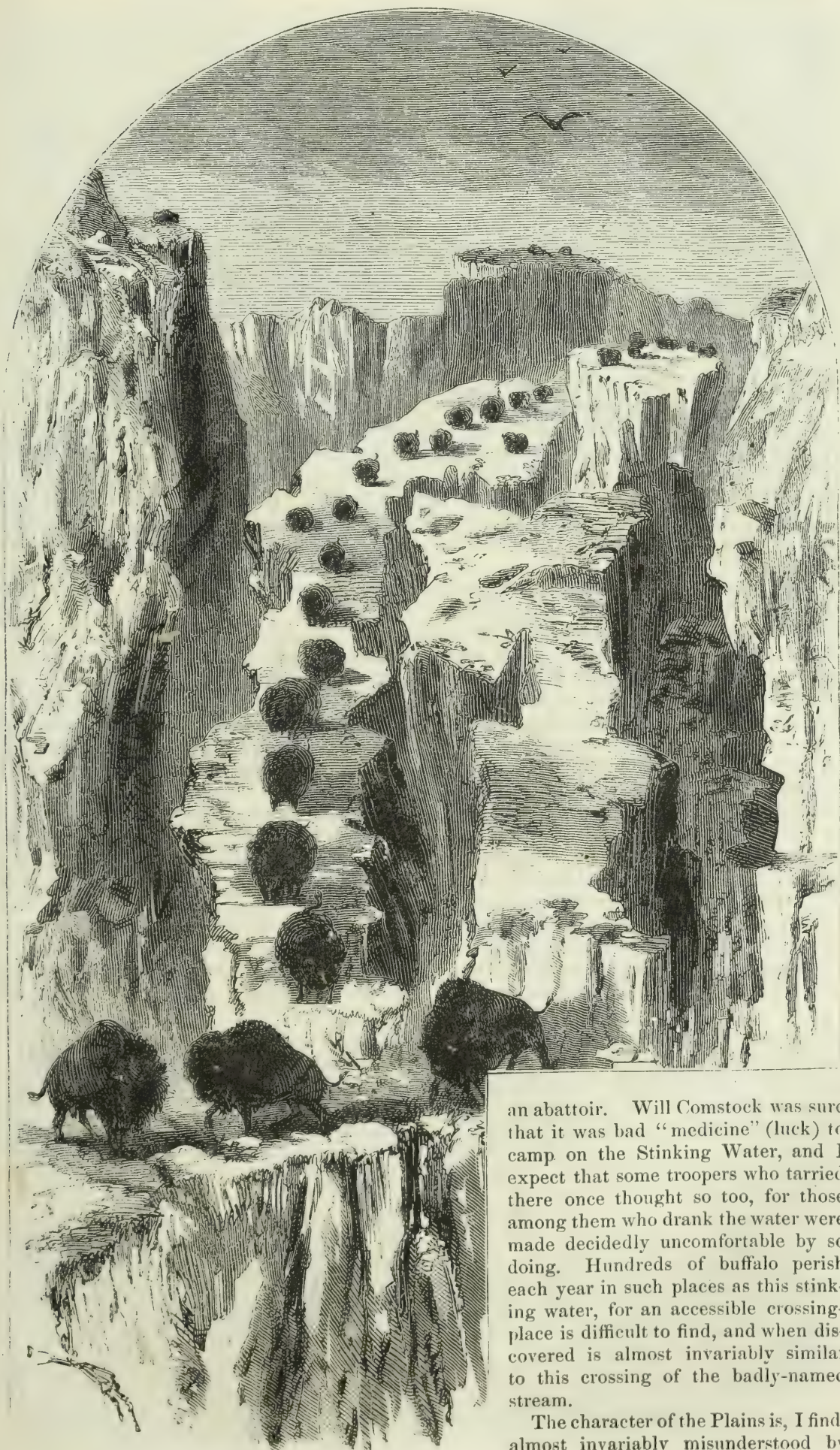
Some hunters have told me that the buffalo is supplied with a sort of internal reservoir, by



THE STINKING WATER.

means of which they are enabled to travel long distances away from water without suffering inconvenience from thirst; also that a person perishing from thirst may, by killing the buffalo and having recourse to this spring, find the much-needed supply of water. I can not vouch for the truth of this, as I have never seen such a method resorted to for quenching thirst. I have noticed, while cutting up a buffalo, that there seemed to me to be a somewhat different internal arrangement from that observable in a bullock. I might say, too, that I have never used my hunting-knife on a buffalo as a means of securing information, food being the inviolable object of my search.

The smaller water-courses of the Plains are mostly found to run through deeply-cut banks. This makes it difficult to reach the water except in occasional marshy places, where the mud is deep, and in some places seemingly bottomless. Such a stream is the "Stinking Water," one of the small rivers emptying into the Republican. The name was conferred by the Indians, who have more than once been forced to abandon a camp-ground on this river on account of the offensiveness of the water, caused by the decaying carcasses of buffalo that had been mired in the mud and there died. At a point where I once crossed the skeletons of buffalo lay strewn about as thickly as if the spot had been used as



A HERD AMONG THE BREAKS.

an abattoir. Will Comstock was sure that it was bad "medicine" (luck) to camp on the Stinking Water, and I expect that some troopers who tarried there once thought so too, for those among them who drank the water were made decidedly uncomfortable by so doing. Hundreds of buffalo perish each year in such places as this stinking water, for an accessible crossing-place is difficult to find, and when discovered is almost invariably similar to this crossing of the badly-named stream.

The character of the Plains is, I find, almost invariably misunderstood by persons who have not obtained any

very particular information with reference to these vast oceans of land. It is seldom that one meets with any stretch of country that might be designated with any truth as a prairie. Back from the water-courses the land lies in great billows, rising one above the other to a crest known technically as a "divide." This is simply the highest point of land between two water-courses. The "cañon" is met with on the Plains; it is, however, a term generally used to designate a pass or gulch in the mountains. The breaks of the Plains will be found to be picturesquely wonderful.

In journeying north from the Republican to the Platte River, one must have a good knowledge of the country and the trails, or he will certainly find, when he reaches a point within from six to ten miles of the Platte River, that he is in the most broken country that is to be found on this continent, without a trail by which to travel. The buffalo trails are the surest guides through the breaks. Though they follow a sinuous course, they are pretty certain to lead to a cañon which, if followed, will bring you to the broad meadows through which the Platte has its course.

I do not wish to be understood as saying that the country through which the Platte flows is all of this conformation, but the Buffalo Range is as I have described; and a single herd of buffalo will frequently occupy two or three days in moving through the breaks of the Platte, traveling always by the most favorable route.

The Indians seem well aware of this fact, for in moving their villages they make use of the stream-crossings used by the buffalo, knowing that by so doing they travel by the most convenient route.

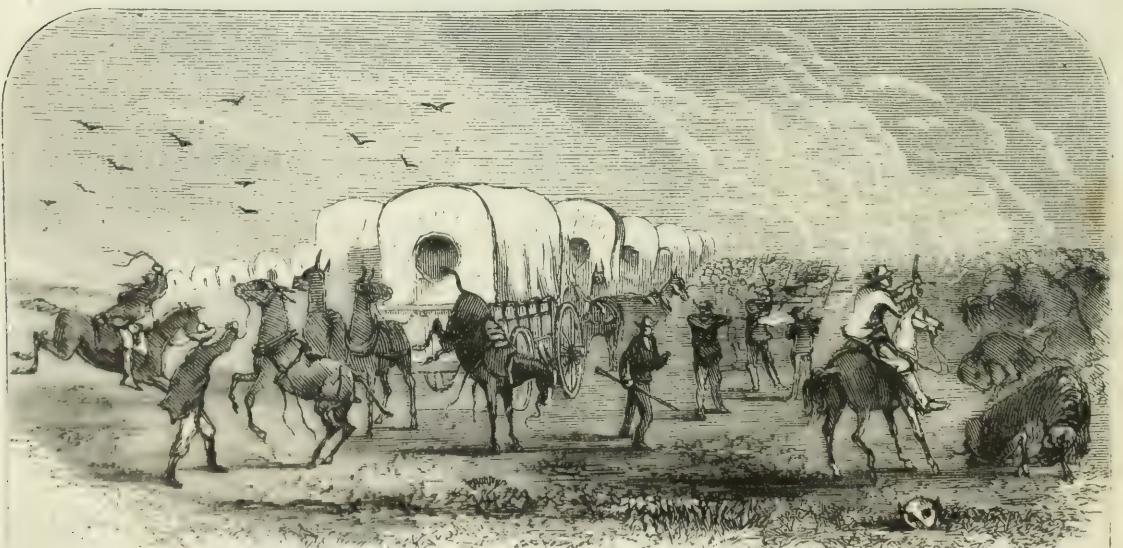
It seems to be a very general impression that Indians can go to any portion of the Plains by a direct route. Unencumbered with the village, a war party will move with great rapidity and in any direction; but to move the village is quite another question. The tent-poles must

be transported, and these can only be carried by fastening them on each side of the ponies and permitting one end to drag. On these ends the Indian fastens great wicker baskets, which serve him for the transportation of all manner of things. With this load the pony must have a good stream-crossing, and such a thing is not frequently found on some of the rivers of the Plains.

Persons who have never seen the vast herds of buffalo moving can have but little conception of the almost irresistible power of such a living mass, and the difficulty of turning or breaking the herd when once it is in motion on a certain course. The countless thousands press forward, overwhelming any but the strongest barrier. Wagons have been overturned in this way, and teamsters have saved themselves and the stock only by flight.

An army officer who with a strong force crossed the Plains by the Smoky Hill route in 1865 was forced to "corral" his train of wagons and order his men to fire volleys into a herd which threatened to march over his train. This is, however, infrequent. A party may be on the Plains, or even on the Buffalo Range, for years and never see it; still such instances have occurred.

I have frequently been amused at the calculations made by wise old hunters whom one finds on the Range. They settle within a million or so the exact number of buffalo that are yet wandering about. One old fellow is convinced that there is something like seventeen millions, and that this is the exact number required to keep up the present stock. The buffalo is certainly decreasing since 1858. They have been pressed more than a hundred miles west in Kansas and Nebraska. They no longer range up to the Platte in the great numbers that formerly visited that stream; and the Indians are ever bringing forward the fact, in their powwows with commissioners, that soon the buffalo will be gone, and the red brother must keep peace with the white and eat his "spotted buffalo"



BREAKING A HERD.



A BATTLE FOR LIFE.

(Indian for domestic cattle). I am tempted to remark that they do eat a very considerable number of spotted buffalo that are not procured in a very brotherly way; and no Indian is complete in his outfit until he has a cow-skin (hair on) bow-case and arrow-quiver. If, as the Indian fears—groundlessly, however, at present—the buffalo will pass away, I am at a loss to know what he would do, for the buffalo feeds, clothes, and warms the nomads. The flesh being used as food, either fresh or sundried. The skin is used as clothing, blankets, and, with the hair removed, becomes the best material out of which to manufacture the tents or “tepes,” and the “*bois de vache*” is as good fuel as the Indian asks for. In fact, there is scarcely a manufactured article that the aborigine uses but what one may discover that some portion of the buffalo has been used in the construction of it. Certainly the redskin must feel something like consternation as he sees the buffalo become year by year less plenty.

It is commonly supposed that it is the white man only who kills and wastes buffalo. I do not think that this is entirely the case, as an Indian is not always particular about using all the meat that is killed. Buffalo are frequently killed by Indian war-parties, who take what may be needed as food, but the rest of the carcass falls to the lot of the wolves and ravens, that are sure to be ready to take such leavings of the Indians. Many of the young buffalo fall prey to the hungry gray wolves and coyotes, and a sick or wounded buffalo is sure to have a numerous body of attendant wolves, all ready to speed the

lame one on until he falls tired and, no longer able to protect himself, an easy victim to his famished funeral procession.

During the winter storms on the Range the wolves are frequently starved into bravery; then, and not until then, they attack the solitary bulls that wander from cañon to cañon in search of forage. It must not be imagined that the wolves partake of this feast without a severe fight, for the old bull will fight furiously, and several wolves are placed out of the fight before the bull is conquered and killed.

Now comes a verification of the old adage, a little changed, maybe, but still pertinent, “To the brave belongs the *fare*,” for the big wolf takes the first seat, and fails to extend any invite to the wolves of lesser size and pluck, until his wolfship has quite satisfied the cravings of his starved system; even then the invite might be considered somewhat doubtful, as the feeding of the smaller coyote is accompanied by occasional sharp snaps from the gray wolves, which have remained just near enough to render a meal at the second table a somewhat lively affair.

That the buffalo is fast disappearing there is certainly no reason to doubt. The Indians tell you that the herds are less numerous; the “rancher” vouches the same fact; the trader has raised the price of the robe; and many of the eastern trails are “mossed over” from disuse. The Indians and buffalo are moved about as far to the west as they can well go.

As a usual thing if you hunt buffalo you may consider the fact certain that you are in the “In-

dian country," and it is a well-known fact that our aboriginal nomad will kill his white brother if the opportunity offered is a good one. So don't venture too far from the government post or ranch without a sufficient escort to fight if need be. Not but what you may go on fifty buffalo hunts without even seeing an Indian; but don't tempt him too far, for flesh is weak, and the red baby must be made familiar with the different varieties of hair, and blonde tresses are highly prized among the tepes.

Of the various methods of hunting buffalo, the true sportsman will not hesitate to pronounce in favor of that usually adopted by our cavalry officers and the best hunters among the frontiersmen. This is known as "running buffalo," in which, to be successful, the hunter must be a good horseman and a cool and steady shot, with either carbine or revolver; the revolver being the preferable arm from its greater convenience in handling. Your mount must be fleet and courageous; in fact, a "buffalo-horse." The Indians mark such animals by a short slit in the top of each ear.

General Lander was, I think, the best buffalo hunter that I ever saw. Mounting an unsaddled pony—a lariat served him as bridle—he would dash among a herd of buffalo. He was the best two-handed shot that I ever saw, his right or left hand pistol being used with like result. Either meant meat, and the best that the herd afforded. "Cow beef for me," was a favorite remark of Lander; and if he shot the buffalo the cow was pretty certainly young and fat.

There is much to be said of what is known on the Range as a "buffalo-horse." Some horses become so frightened at the sight of buffalo that they become unmanageable, and for the time the rider has quite as much as he can attend to in simply staying on the horse's back. Such a horse can seldom be made a good buffalo-horse, though a good rider may eventually use him and kill buffalo from his back. A dead buffalo will cause this horse to show great fear.

Other horses may exhibit some little hesitation in running alongside of a buffalo, and jump as the shot is fired, but a little judicious training will eventually bring them to their work. But your close-built, plucky little buffalo-horse seems to enjoy the sport. Give him the rein, and with ears set back and tail flagging in the air, he will lay you alongside of your game, and with a free, steady jump keep pace with the buffalo that is loping along within ten feet of you. Until this moment your revolvers should be in your belt, for if you have them in your hands you may cock them, and if they are cocked they frequently go off accidentally, and make a fellow-hunter think that he is as likely to be shot as the buffalo. The best hunters use the thumb of the hand in which the pistol is held to cock the weapon, the hammer being raised as the pistol is thrown up. The shot is then fired almost instantly, seldom with any exact aim, however; most good hunters preferring to shoot as it were by intuitive feeling, glancing maybe along the barrel as they draw the trigger.



A BUFFALO HUNT.

The rapid motion of horse and game is not favorable to any steady aim by means of the sights, but the near approach that you are enabled to gain by the good conduct of your mount affords an opportunity to deliver shot after shot into the buffalo until you may be sure of your "meat," or the buffalo, refusing apparently to be made further game of, turns, driven furious by the pain of the wounds that you have given him. This is the moment for a little calculation. If the buffalo is bleeding from nose and mouth it is certain that your shots have done their work; for the buffalo is mortally wounded, and needs no more of your lead, and you are free to gallop on for the next victim, following up the sport until your revolvers are emptied, or you are satisfied that you have a sufficiency of meat.

I have no idea of the quantity of lead that a buffalo can carry off, if the shots are not well placed. The vital point of the buffalo—his heart—is to be reached by a shot fired from a point a little behind him, aiming just behind the shoulder-blade, and about two-thirds down from the top of the hump. A single revolver-ball well placed is quite sufficient to bring down the stoutest old bull. Some hunters have killed as many as eight or nine buffalo on a single run. That is, with the twelve loads contained in their brace of revolvers, but this is extraordinary, and a thing of very occasional occurrence, three or four buffalo being usually counted as a first-rate run.

A word here with reference to the arms used in buffalo hunting. Those who prefer a carbine will find the short Ballard or Spencer guns very effective, as they shoot "heavy lead," and may be used with great rapidity. The carbine is frequently used without bringing it to the shoulder, the piece being rested across the saddle in front of the hunter, and discharged while in this position. This was the old style of hunting the buffalo when breech-loaders were unknown, and a short muzzle-loading rifle of large bore was used as the best arm for buffalo hunting. With such a weapon the hunter dispensed with a ramrod, charging his gun by simply pouring the powder into the barrel, and then dropping a bullet from his mouth into the gun, and sending the charge home by striking the butt of the rifle smartly on the pommel of the saddle.

Of the revolvers in use the old style dragoon pistol of the Colt pattern seems the favorite, though the bullet that it shoots is no heavier than that used in the present style known as Colt's army revolver. The pistol itself is heavier and more steady to shoot, and the cylinder is chambered for more powder. I am not aware that this arm is any longer manufactured. The Plains men who possess a pair hold them in great esteem. Their calibre is 44-100ths of an inch. I have found it best in loading my pistols not to rely upon the fixed ammunition supplied for them, preferring to use loose ammunition, or cartridges made by myself. Then there is some certainty of the quantity of powder, and

a charge as heavy as the weapon will contain.

It seems best to speak thus explicitly with reference to the description of arms to be used, as I have met so many persons who have gone out on the Range with too light a carbine or pistol for the game that they purpose hunting. Then, too, there is no particular fun in shooting into a buffalo a bullet that is just sufficiently large to worry the animal into turning on you, and making itself the hunter and you the hunted. True, you may in some measure avoid this by dashing past the animal as he pivots on those stumpy front legs, and thus get a little behind him again. He may dash at you as you run past, but quick movement will save you, and some one of your little pellets may reach his heart or some other vital point; but the chances are against the light pistol.

Or if the buffalo turns so quickly as to throw you off your guard, and your horse is not right up to his work, the horse is in some way turned too; then comes a neat performance in the shape of a hunter being hunted. The horse is frightened, and away he dashes. Perhaps you are hunting over ground perforated with the holes of the prairie-dog. Your horse's foot falling into one of these would send both steed and rider—how or where is not certain. I once saw an army officer in such a plight do some ground and lofty tumbling that the most successful acrobat would have looked at with astonishment.

A gentleman with whom I once hunted was unceremoniously turned upon by an old bull, which he had been previously advised to leave undisturbed, and a most laughable scene was the result of the over-valorous attempt to kill tough meat. The couple were flying away over the Plains, when the hunter, feeling that he was about to lose his hat, put up his hand to save it. In the hand was the cocked pistol that was to have sounded the death-knell of the bull. Just as the hand reached the hat the pistol was discharged, and the hat went in one direction and the pistol was thrown in the other. The horse, startled by the report, made a quick movement which landed the rider out of the saddle into an inconvenient seat on the horse's neck. Things were looking just a trifle serious, and one of the party started off, and after a few well-directed shots brought the bull down and relieved the hunter from his trying situation. I am not aware that he has hunted any more old bulls since that time, if he has been on a buffalo hunt, which I think extremely doubtful.

For an old buffalo hunter there is no better sport than to go out with a number of tyros and witness their first hunt. To be sure the shots from their carbines and revolvers sometimes come hurtling past you. Will Comstock used to remark at such a time that the safest place was nearest the buffalo; but I have never known of any person that was the recipient of any of these wild shots. A hunter who is unused to the sport, and becomes excited during the run,



GO IT, DOCTOR!

will frequently shoot his horse—how, I never could quite comprehend; but the revolver goes off, and the horse has the bullet. The rider loses his mount, gets no sympathy, but learns how to bear jokes of all descriptions. He may learn, if he will, “that there is no particular demand for horse-robbers just at present, though they may come in style if he remains on the Range for any length of time.”

I remember on one occasion to have seen a large party leave a column of cavalry that had halted for rest, and start for a herd near by. A few buffalo were killed by old hands; but the novices had a time all of their own with a buffalo that had separated from the herd. Round and round the point where the command was halted was the buffalo hurried; shot after shot

was discharged at him, until the excitement was too great for one of the wagon-masters, who mounted his mule and galloped after the flying chase. Two quick shots from his revolver and the buffalo fell. In a moment the spot was crowded with horsemen armed with empty revolvers. “How many shots in him?” “What a lot of lead he could run with!” “He must have had an accident-insurance policy!” and divers other like exclamations were heard. I will simply remark that two shots were all that the closest examination by a score or more pair of eyes could discover in that buffalo, and who fired those shots was never quite determined, as the wagon-master failed to claim his shots. But some of those who assisted in frightening that buffalo on that occasion have since become good

hunters and successful shots; but they do not now shoot at a buffalo when he is running quite fifty yards distant from them.

It must not be supposed that a person can ride directly into a herd of buffalo without danger. In your excitement the horse may stumble and fall; or, as is frequently the case, you may, before you are aware, ride into a dog village, and the wide, deep holes that are to be seen in almost every square yard are traps that it is impossible to avoid entirely. I have seen several instances of this kind, and horses have been killed or disabled, and the riders severely bruised.

The buffalo, too, is sometimes known to turn with a surprising quickness of movement; and woe betide the hunter who is not instantly beyond the reach of those short, sharp horns. Then, too, you may bear in mind the fact that a wounded bull is not as safe a companion as you might select if you had a choice.

I have seen old hunters, who were excellent horsemen, kill buffalo with lances somewhat similar to those used by the Indians; but this has been more for bravado than as a favorite style of hunting. To lance a buffalo the hunter must have a horse that has no fear of the buffalo, and is thoroughly trained as a buffalo-horse—a "split ear" if possible, for his Indian education is then of service to you.

*What is known as still hunting is a favorite mode of hunting practiced by those who do not hunt so much for the sport as for the meat, and desire also to save their ponies for other work than running buffalo. Some of the colored infantry troops on the Plains are quite successful in this kind of hunting, which is merely to gain a position as near the herd as possible, taking care to keep well concealed from the vigilant eyes of the watchful pickets of the herd; then, selecting the buffalo, crack away with a long musket, which you will find the best arm for this kind of hunting. If you are careful, three or four buffalo, and sometimes many more, may be secured before the herd moves off.

This is regarded by many Plains men as a kind of pot-hunting, that is not entitled to the name of sport, and only to be resorted to for the purpose of securing the meat needed as food. I must say, however, that the skill displayed by some of the colored soldiers, as they approach a feeding herd and single out their game, is worthy to be classed as the work of good hunters. These same sable warriors make good antelope hunters too.

The principal food of the buffalo is a short, fine grass that grows in tufts, and only to the height of four or five inches. This, it would seem, is very nutritious, for domestic cattle fatten on the "buffalo grass" even during some of the winter months. On the bottoms or lowlands, through which the water-courses flow, there is found a taller growth of grass that grows rank and coarse. Somewhat similar to this is the forage found in the cañons among the breaks.

At first sight the short, fine buffalo grass seems but a scanty forage for the vast herds; but close examination will reveal the fact that grazing on it will be full and abundant. During the summer months the color of this grass is a greenish gray; as autumn approaches it becomes more brown in its tint; but late fall and winter spreads a mantle of gray, with a just perceptible tint of blue, that is in pleasant harmony with the delicate skies of the Range.

Grass that has been thoroughly fed over or burned off is the first to spring up the next year. During April and May bright green grass marks the ground that has been burned over during the previous fall. The Indians, taking advantage of favorable winds, will burn thousands of acres of grass each fall, knowing full well that this will make a hunting-ground during the next spring, and at the same time afford the forage that will be greatly needed by their ponies.

Buffalo are in the best condition during the fall, spring time being a rather unfavorable period of the year to look for fat bison. The Indians have a number of ways of designating the months or moons of the year. They have "fat buffalo moon," "thin buffalo moon," "the moon in which to find the buffalo with much hair," "the moon when the hair is gone." But I will not go through with the calendar, for Indians use all manner of things by which to designate and remember the great changing luminary of the night, which so frequently affords light for depredations that they fear to commit during the day.

In hunting buffalo the Indian is not particular in his selection. If the animal is old and tough, his hide will make many articles that a thin skin would be unfit for: soles for moccasins, shields, etc. The sinews are larger and stronger, which fact makes them useful for innumerable purposes that are best known to the squaws who collect and use them. Give a squaw time and a raven would starve on the leavings that he could find on the spot where the buffalo had been killed, so thorough is the removal of every particle of nutritious matter.

The Indian prefers as food the flesh of a young cow; he will eat the oldest bull, however; and an unborn calf is a feast to the red-skin. The hide of this very young buffalo baby is greatly prized by the Indians, and frequently used, when nicely tanned, as one of the articles of wearing apparel with which a show may be made. A hunting party of twenty or thirty Indians will frequently kill more buffalo during one day than the squaws of the band are able to skin and strip in two days; for the squaws do nearly if not all of the actual labor that Indians find necessary; and, to say the truth, an Indian squaw will accomplish an amount of labor that is surprising, and do it well too.

Hunting buffalo is to the Indian a labor rather than a pastime; so he kills the animal, and leaves the labor of cutting out the meat, curing the skin, etc., to the women. He prefers the easiest mode of killing the buffalo, and regards

hunting them on snow-shoes as one of the best methods of securing his quarry. The number of buffalo that may be killed in this way, even by a small party of Indians, would supply a considerable band of Indians with food for weeks, maybe months; for there would seem to be hardly a limit to the number of buffalo that could be slaughtered.

When the snows are deepest on the Range, which is most generally during January and February, the top of the snow will be melted by the noonday sun. This melting ceases as the afternoon comes on, and by nightfall the cold winds have frozen a crust over the snow, which crust is sometimes sufficiently thick and strong to support the weight of a man. Provided with the broad snow-shoe, or, as they are sometimes termed, "rackets," the Indian will move over the frozen crust quite rapidly, and entirely without danger of breaking through. With the buffalo things are somewhat different; to him the deep snow is bad enough, but a thick crust is still worse, as it not only impedes progress, but renders it painful as well, the crust being sharp almost as a knife-blade. All of this is well known to the Indian, and is at the same time a source of profit, for he loses no time when near a herd of buffalo thus embarrassed by the crust, but starts out on his snow-shoes, and, with arrow and spear, makes game of the troubled bison. An Indian on snow-shoes has the buffalo herd at a great disadvantage, unless the herd be a very large one; then a solid path is beaten which will be kept by the main herd, which in this manner is enabled to escape. At such a time it is the scattered members of the band that are the victims; and it is to these that the Indians devote their entire attention. This mode of hunting the buffalo is principally

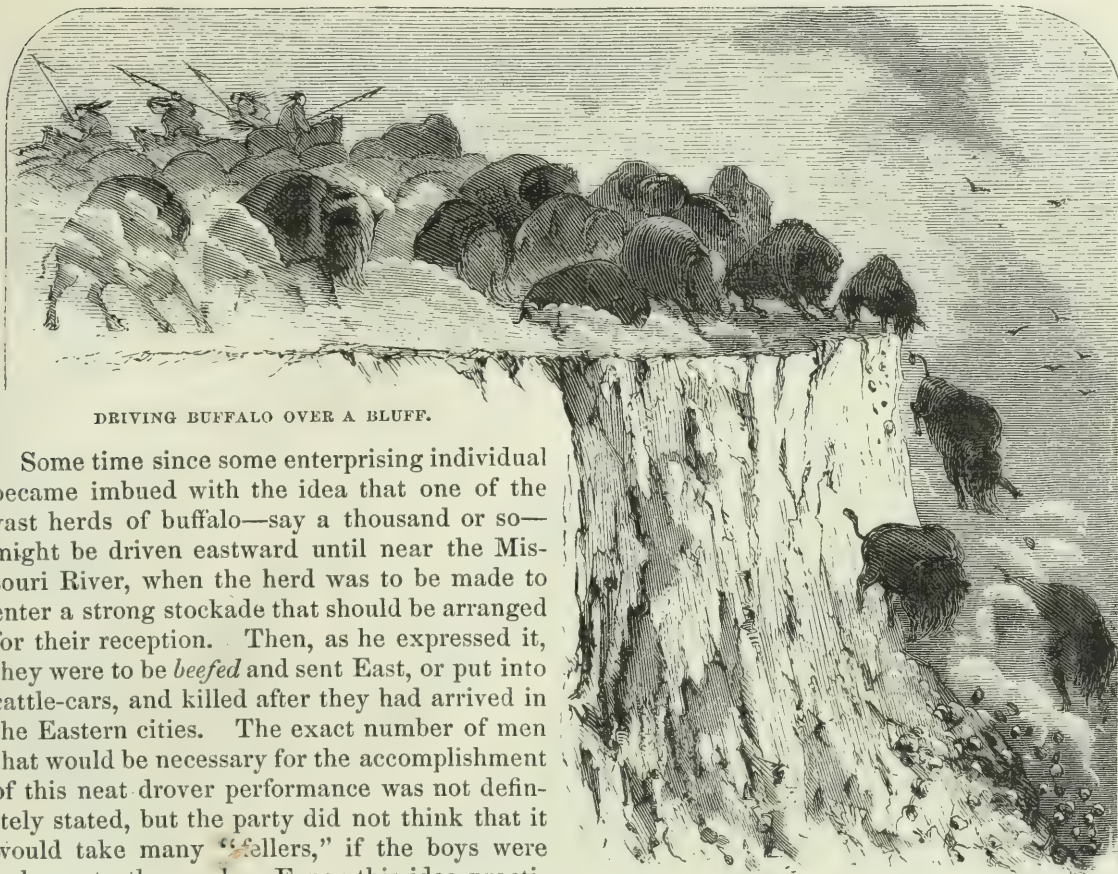
practiced by the northern bands of Sioux and other Indians whose range is well to the north of the true hunting-ground.

Buffalo are to be found as high as latitude fifty, and as low as thirty. To the east the settlements form a boundary, and to the west the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains. This embraces an area of many thousands of square miles. But, as I have previously stated, the best hunting on the Range is to be found between the Platte and Arkansas rivers. Here I have seen the Indians have recourse to another method of slaughtering buffalo, in a very easy, but to me cruel, way, for where one buffalo is killed several are sure to be painfully injured; but these, too, are soon killed by the Indians, who make haste to lance or shoot the cripples.

The mode of hunting is somewhat as follows: A herd is discovered grazing on the table-lands. Being thoroughly acquainted with the country, the Indians are aware of the location of the nearest point where the table-land is broken abruptly by a precipice which descends a hundred or more feet. Toward this "devil jump" the Indians head the herd, which is at once driven pell-mell to and over the precipice. Meanwhile a number of Indians have taken their way, by means of routes known to them, and succeeded in reaching the cañon, through which the crippled buffalo are running in all directions. These are quickly killed, so that out of a very considerable band of buffalo but few escape, many having been killed by the fall, and others dispatched while limping off. This mode of hunting is sometimes indulged in by harum-scarum white men; but it is done more for deviltry than any thing else. I have never known of its practice by army officers, or persons who professed to hunt buffalo as a sport.



INDIANS HUNTING BUFFALO IN THE SNOW.



DRIVING BUFFALO OVER A BLUFF.

Some time since some enterprising individual became imbued with the idea that one of the vast herds of buffalo—say a thousand or so—might be driven eastward until near the Missouri River, when the herd was to be made to enter a strong stockade that should be arranged for their reception. Then, as he expressed it, they were to be *beefed* and sent East, or put into cattle-cars, and killed after they had arrived in the Eastern cities. The exact number of men that would be necessary for the accomplishment of this neat drover performance was not definitely stated, but the party did not think that it would take many “*fellers*,” if the boys were only up to the mark. Fancy this idea practicable, what a lively entertainment would be the result of an attempt on the part of a beef-butcher to act as executioner of a stout old buffalo bull! Young America could have a buffalo hunt in a Communipaw stock-yard, and the Board of Health might take advantage of the opportunity thus afforded to discover the effect of the cattle disease on bison.

Governor Gilpin, of Colorado, once suggested that a very sure way of keeping the Indians off the Smoky Hill route would be to drive all the buffalo to the north of the Platte River, and then station guards to keep them there. I told the Governor that when this was done I should surely be on hand to secure a sketch of the performance. It has not been done as yet.

A question frequently propounded to a person returned to the East after a journey to and over the Buffalo Range is, Did you see a white buffalo? In my experience I have seen but one, and then, being mounted upon a pony tired from much travel and a somewhat long run, failed to secure a position sufficiently near the animal to make any sure shot, but a white buffalo it certainly was. I have met persons who have seen white buffalo, but never yet with a party who has succeeded in killing a white bison; neither have I ever seen a white buffaloeskin.

The Indians regard the possession of a white buffalo-robe as “good medicine” for the tribe; but they do not carry them about during their wanderings over the Plains. The reason for this I am not aware of; but from the best information that I have been able to obtain I believe that the Indians *cache* or hide the skin

in some unfrequented place, and only resort to it for the purpose of “making medicine,” or some other mummery in which the white robe is thought to be of great and important assistance.

Some persons have suggested that the white robe and white buffalo were things of the purest imagination, or at best only old bulls that had been wallowing in some alkali bottom and thus coated their hides with a whitish earth, which at a distance might easily cause them to be mistaken for white buffalo. I saw my snow-backed friend during that part of the season when the buffalo is not much addicted to wallowing, so still adhere to my belief in the existence of at least one white buffalo.

I have frequently noticed the statement published that buffaloes made their wallows in marshy places, and made pilgrimages to such locality for the purpose of indulging themselves in an occasional roll. This may all be, but for one wallow found on the lowlands you will find twenty on the rolling Plains, far from water and high above any thing damp, unless it be rain. These wallows may be well described by stating that they seem as if huge saucers of eight or ten feet in diameter had been used as moulds, and the impress had been secured by pressing them into the earth. On every hand you will note these basins in the earth, and during the spring time you may frequently notice the buffalo pawing or wallowing in these spots. At times he will throw himself on his back, and seeming to pivot on his hump, he will “wabble” and kick for some moments. By many the buffalo is supposed to have recourse to this per-

formance as a means of securing some relief from the vermin with which he is at times sorely afflicted, for, they say, you see that he does it when he can get mud after a rain, and thus cover his hide with earth. Very true; but I have noticed them at this performance when there was only dust in the wallow, and very dry dust too. My idea is that the chief reason for the wallow is that the buffalo finds it necessary to assist the shedding of the hair which he loses during the spring and early summer of each year, and that he has recourse to the wallows for this purpose almost entirely. You will not, indeed, find much hair in the wallows. The strong afternoon wind of the Plains would quickly blow this away; but kill a buffalo early in the summer, when the hair only hangs to the flanks in short tufts, and you will find that he has dusted these tufts, and his whole skin for that matter, with a liberal coat of fine earth.

The Plains man is familiar with another use which may be made of the buffalo wallow. It is to him an earth-work, from which a desperate and frequently successful resistance may be made against a numerous party of Indians.

I remember one wallow that my attention was attracted to by noticing that there had been a track beaten about the wallow by the unshod hoofs of Indian ponies; a track circling the wallow at a distance of nearly two hundred yards from it, that was as plain as a beaten road. The ground near the wallow was strewn with arrows. The whole story seemed to be told by the four piles of exploded rifle-caps

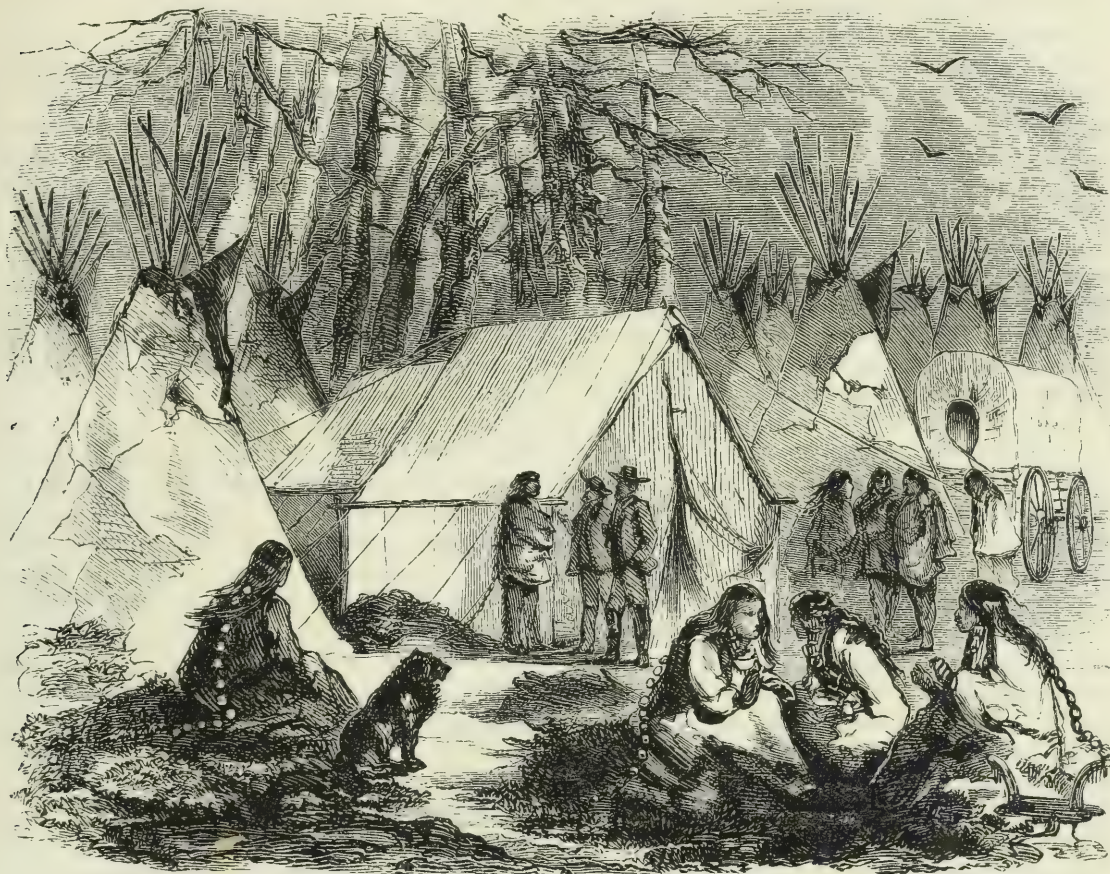
that were found at different points in the wallow.

November and December are the months during which to find the buffalo wearing the most expensive clothes; his robe during these months is at its best. All of which the Indian is quite as well aware of as the trader, and hunting is brisk and work plenty with every band of redskins on the Range; food may be an incentive too, but the robe is certainly a prime object for the energetic hunting that the Indian does at this season of the twelvemonth.

The squaws are busy with their work of curing the robes and jerking the meat. The hard and incessant labor that is necessary to properly "Indian tan" a robe is not easy to realize unless one may see the work go on day by day from the first step, which is to spread out the pelt or undressed hide upon the ground, where it is pinned fast by means of wooden pins driven through little cuts in the edge of the robe into the earth. The flesh side of the robe, being uppermost, is then worked over by two, and sometimes three, squaws. The tools used are often very rude, some being provided simply with sharp stones or buffalo bones. Others, more wealthy, have a something that much resembles the drawing-knife or shave of the cooper. The work in hand is to free the hide from every particle of flesh, and to reduce the thickness of the robe nearly one-half, and sometimes even more. This fleshing, as it is termed, having been satisfactorily accomplished, the hide is thoroughly moistened with water in



SQUAWS CURING ROBES.



TRADER'S CAMP.

which buffalo brains have been steeped; for ten days the hide is kept damp with this brain-water. Once each day the hide is taken up, and every portion of it rubbed and rerubbed by the squaws, who do not have recourse to any thing like a rubbing-board, but use their hands until it would seem as if the skin would soon be torn off. There seems to be no definite rule as to the length of time which the robe shall occupy in curing. The squaw labors until the hide becomes a robe, which may require the work of one week or two, sometimes even more; but I think that ten days may be considered as the average time which it takes to properly cure a robe.

I have not the space here to go into a lengthy account of the different modes of dressing the skins which the Indians use for tents (*tepes*) and clothing. Some skins from which the hair has been removed are as white as the paper on which this article is printed.

The painting and decorating of a robe is the work of much time, and for the extremely rude materials employed by the squaws in the work a result is attained which is highly creditable to the uneducated and somewhat savage wives and daughters of "Nasty Elk," or whatever euphonious term the master of the lodge may see fit to designate himself by. But this work increases the price of a robe, and is generally only expended upon a robe that is to be used in the family, and not as a means of obtaining sugar, coffee, calico, and other coveted articles which are of use to the Indian, and serve as

an indication of wealth on the part of the possessor, who takes care to make great parade of all such articles as may be likely to excite the envy of the habitants of neighboring *tepes*.

In "old times," said Colonel Saint Vrain to me when I last saw him at the little New Mexican pueblito of Mora, "the Indians came to the posts when they had any trading to do; camped near by, and did their trading; settled little disputes among themselves; had pony-races with the mountaineers that had come in with pelts, and a sort of good time generally. If you could have seen the old trading post that stood where Bent's Old Fort now stands, on one of these trading visits, you would have seen a sight worth remembering. We did not let many Indians into the fort at a time, and those who were in had to exhibit good behavior or none at all. There have been more than forty thousand robes sent out from that post as the result of one year's work. There was money in the trade then, but now— Well, there's but few of the traders who go out to the villages with an outfit but what might have found quite as good employment for themselves in some other line of business."

The Colonel's stories of the wild scenes of gambling that the Indians indulged in at their villages near the post, and the "nice row" they would occasionally kick up among themselves, certainly indicate that there must have been a much more plenteous supply of whisky within the reach of the Indians than there is at the

present time when a trading outfit goes into camp in an Indian village.

Then the white men were the masters of the situation; now it would seem that the Indian has quite the first voice in the trade. Not a comfortable thing for the trader; but how is the individual to help himself after he has willingly placed his outfit in the midst of an Indian encampment, situated maybe many miles from any post or fort? I fear that the too shrewd, driving Yankee outwitted himself when he thought to take to himself the cream of the trade by proceeding directly to the Indian villages with trading goods, rather than to await the coming of the Indians to the neighborhood of a trading post or government fort.

A first-rate trading outfit consists of four or five large wagons, each with a four or six mule team. The wagons are loaded with blankets, cloths of different descriptions, calico, flannel, flour, sugar, coffee, trinkets of all kinds—such as beads, small mirrors, square plates of German-silver, and the like. To enumerate the stock of the Indian trader I should be forced to go into a long disquisition showing what possible use could be made of many of the articles comprised in the outfit. Sometimes the trader carries his own tent, but more often he depends upon the hospitality of the Indians.

The party will consist of five or six men, of these two must understand the language of the band that is to be traded with, and if possible the whole party is previously well known to the head chief of the band. Upon the arrival of the trader at the Indian village the chief assigns him a tepe, which he may make his abiding-place. This would seem an act of kindness on the part of Mr. Big Injun, but—Well, the trader has a tent to call his quarters,

and the privilege of feeding probably the largest family which the village contains.

I must dwell just a little on this family joke. All the food which the trader has is expected to be shared by this family. The quantity of bread and other white-man food which is devoured by this family may be said to gnaw a large hole into the profits of the trip. Next, Indians flock to the trader to tell him that they have “a heap of mighty fine robes,” but they want to see some of the trader's stock to discover whether it is good before they can trade with him. This means presents. The chiefs must have something in the way of presents too, and not a small something either. The old women are, to use the language of an old Indian trader, “the loudest beings on a beg that ever stood on leather.” But this is not the end of give and take; the evening following the arrival of a trader in the village is almost sure to be a season devoted to the execution of a performance known as a “begging dance.” This is certain to make a somewhat heavy draft on the trading goods; and this is not all, for a continual and persistent beg is kept up during the entire stay of the trader in the village or in its vicinity.

I have taken pains to state thus particularly the drain which the trader's stock must meet before trading opens, that it may not seem that the trader got “too much robe for too little sug” (sugar), as the Indian will always aver.

The currency used in Indian trading is much like this:

10 cnps of sugar make one robe.
10 robes make one pony.
3 ponies make one tepe.

A ten-dollar bill is also a “robe;” but, as may be supposed, as it takes but seven pounds of su-



THE ROBE PRESS.

gar to fill the trading cup ten times, the trader quite prefers his cups, temperate man though he may be. With such a standard it is not difficult to see how trade is carried on. Ten cups is not the invariable price for a robe. Some robes will command more than ten cups' worth of calico, and some may bring but five cups' value of any desired article.

As the robes are secured the trader has them arranged in lots of ten each, with but little regard for quality other than some care that particularly fine robes do not go too many in one lot. These piles are then pressed into a compact bale, by means of a rudely constructed affair composed of saplings and a chain. The trader does not leave the village while there is a skin to be traded for, or until his goods are exhausted. I have simply referred to the trading for buffalo-robes as this is supposed to be a buffalo article, but traders will, as a rule, pick up all manner of things—horses (sometimes branded U. S.), mules, cattle, white prisoners, etc., etc.

That there may be found among the adventurous men who seek their fortunes in this not entirely safe business persons who seemingly would sell their souls for a consideration I have no doubt. I have not met them. On the contrary, some of the best men on the frontier are Indian traders, and these will show you that it is not only unwise to sell whisky, fire-arms, and ammunition to the Indians, but it is absolutely unprofitable, and not, as a usual thing, put up for "the outfit."

Of the different robes the Comanche is perhaps the best in its dressing, but the fur is not likely to be so good as that of the Sioux dressed robe. The only way of accounting for this is the fact of climate, the Comanche being a southern Indian, and the Sioux ranging far to the north. The Sioux robe is not, however, so well dressed as either the Comanche or Kiowa robes. What is known as the split robe—that is, a robe which has been divided in two parts and is sewn together after it has been dressed

—is uncommon among the southern Indians, but frequently met with in trading with the Sioux.

We will leave the Range with the trading outfit, and note as day by day we journey eastward how the grim white skulls which but a few days since dotted the Plains so thickly are less seldom seen; chips (*bois de vache*) are scarcer; the trails fewer and not freshly marked with the thousands of sharp hoofs that but a few years since cut them out deep and strong, to mark where the Range was but is now no longer.

The outfit is in the settlements. The question is, how to dispose of the furs? The two great gatherers or collectors of buffalo-robes are Charles Bates, of St. Louis, and Durfree, of Leavenworth. Their combined collections during a single year have amounted to over two hundred thousand robes; and the entire stock collected may be said to reach, during good years, nearly a quarter of a million of skins; of these two-thirds are said to find their way to the New York market, where they are classed as first, second, third, and calf. At present the prices paid by large dealers in New York, who buy by the hundred bales, is something like \$16 50, \$12 50, \$8 50, this being the prices for first, second, and third rate skins. Calfskins bring from \$3 50 to \$4, and are not much dealt in. The great collectors are said to hold their robes for the market sometimes as long as three or four years, this being done when the market does not range to suit them, though one would think that controlling the trade as they do they might dictate the prices of the robe. A few untanned robes are sent to New York from Texas, but there is no particular price demanded or paid for them; in fact, I do not think that they are mentioned in the fur market.

Think, as you tuck the warm robe about you for your joyous sleigh-ride, this winter skin of the bison was once the very best clothes of a roamer over "the Buffalo Range."



THE SKULL.

PAUL DU CHAILLU AGAIN.*



LYING LOW FOR ELEPHANTS.

NINE months ago, that is in April, 1868, we had something to say touching our friend Paul du Chaillu. He had written more than one very good book designed for grown-up readers. Then he wrote a book for Young Folks, wherein he told something of his adventures in the Gorilla Country, closing it with the words: "*Au revoir*;" that means good-by till I come again."

He has now come again, and a more welcome visitor it would be hard to name. There are three great travelers whom the Editor of this Magazine knows well, and whom at various times he has specially introduced to its readers. The scenes of their explorations lie far apart, all of them being in regions heretofore almost unknown. No three men can be found differing more widely in personal appearance. Mr. CHARLES F. HALL, to whom it has been reserved by his own individual labor to clear up the mystery of the fate of Sir John Franklin and his associates—a task which had been vainly attempted by expeditions fitted out by the Governments of Great Britain and the United States—born, we think, certainly reared, in the Great West—is a man of large frame, with light hair, blue eyes, and flowing beard, a very Viking in aspect; rather slow of speech—a man whom upon first introduction one would be apt to set down as the most diffident person he ever met. Mr. JOHN ROSS BROWNE, now American Minister to China, born in Ireland, but

from boyhood an American, is rather above middle height, spare of figure, with scanty dark hair, broad forehead, and the general air of a scholar rather than of an explorer. Mr. DU CHAILLU—our "Friend Paul"—is, though born in America, of French descent, and educated in France; and while he writes our language with perfect facility, and speaks it with fluency, it is with a marked Parisian intonation. He is hardly five feet four in stature, and slight in form; we doubt if he weighs a hundred pounds. His closely-cropped hair is as black as a raven's wing; and were it not for the flashing of a most brilliant black eye, he is about the last man whom one would dream of being the most daring traveler of our day. To these three we add the name of another whom we only know from his books, but who yet always seems to us like a personal friend: DAVID LIVINGSTONE, Scotch by birth, but African by long residence and wide travel. A spare, wiry man of middle stature—we judge from his portrait—with strongly marked and rather rugged features; by no means a notable-looking personage.

But all these three men whom we know possess one characteristic in common. They are *lovable* men. Children—those instinctive judges of human nature—take to them at once. Let either of them be seated at your fireside, and in half an hour—you can not tell how—all your Young People will be clambering around them. So, too, with uncivilized men, who are but big children, and quite often very bad ones. They take to these men. Livingstone also clearly

* *Wild Life under the Equator; narrated for Young People.* By PAUL DU CHAILLU. Harper and Brothers, New York.

belongs to this class. There is hardly in all story any thing more touching than the perfect faith with which the wild Makololo followed Livingstone across the whole breadth of Africa, and for weary years awaited his return from England to lead them back from the sea to their inland homes. If a man lacks this personal magnetism, no matter what else he may have, he will not be one of those great travelers whose books men, women, and children love to read. There is nothing more notable in the narratives of these travelers than the perfect devotion which these wild attendants bear to their civilized companions. It is the story, over which so many tears have been shed, of Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday.

In the opening of his book Paul Du Chaillu gives in brief a summary of its purport. He says:

I am going to lead you into the great forest of Equatorial Africa. I am going to try to make you travel with me in the wild country I have explored. I am going to bring you face to face with the gorilla, and lead you into the midst of the wild tribes of men I have discovered. I will tell you how they live, what queer superstitions they have, and what sort of people these poor savages are. I shall tell you about snakes, leopards, elephants, hippopotami, and other wild beasts of the forest; about insects, wonderful ants, and many other curious things. You will follow me in that great jungle; you will get lost with me in it; you will build your camp with me; you will hunt with me; you will be hungry with me; you will have the flies to plague you; you will have lots of adventures; and perhaps when you close this book you will shout, "What a glorious time we have had with our friend Paul!"

The following Table of Contents will evince how abundantly our friend Paul has fulfilled the promise in his preface:

Parrot Island; How the Parrots build their Nests; Parrot Soup.—An African Creek; A Leopard among the Chickens; A Night-watch for Leopards.—Hunting Elephants and Buffaloes; A venomous Serpent; A Snake-charmer; He is bitten; He commits Suicide.—At Court in Africa; Costumes of the Court; An Af-

rican Household; A false Alarm.—Hunt for Gorillas; A large one shot; The Negroes make Charms of his Brain; Mourning in a Bakalai Town.—An African Fireside; A Camp by the Sea-shore; The first Gorilla Hunter; Negro Blarney.—Hippopotamus hunting; We kill one; The Men eat it; Poor Beef; What the Tusks are for.—A great Gorilla.—Death in an African Village; Lamentations; The Funeral Ceremonies; An African Cemetery.—A Tornado; Before the Storm; Thunder and Lightning; After the Storm.—A Creek infested by Snakes; Snake in the Boat; An ugly Visitor.—Drinking the Mboundou; How Olanga-Condou could do it; How the Mboundou is made; The Effect of the Poison.—A royal Feast; On the Banks of the Ovenga; Preparations; The Bill of Fare; A Taste of Elephant and a Mouthful of Monkey.—The terrible Bashikouay; March of an Ant-army; They build Bridges; They enter Houses; Their Habits.—The Sorrows of the Birds; Curious African Birds; The Barbatula du Chaillu; The Barbatula Fuliginosa; The Sycobius Nigerrimus.—On the Ofoubou River; Elephants bathing; Pursuit through the Swamp; Escape of the Elephants.—Njali-Coudié; An African Town; The Chief; Courtship and Marriage in Africa; Buying a Wife; Quarrel over the Spoils.—The Feast of Njambai; The talking Idol; Secret Proceedings; The Women and their Mysteries.—Sick in a strange Land; Adventure with a Snake; How a Squirrel was charmed.—Witchcraft; Accusation of Pendé; Result of his Trial.—Gorilla hunting; Preparations; We kill a male Gorilla; Bringing him to Camp.—In the Bufalo Country; The Paradise of Flies; The various Species.—Elephant Pits; A Captive; Dividing the Meat; The Alethe Castanea.—A deserted Village; Fear of Death; Wars between Villages; African wild Boar; The Hunt.—In the wild Forest; Hostile Tribes; An intrenched Camp; Forays for Provisions.—We discover human Footprints; We spy out the Enemy; A female Gorilla; Maternal Fondness.—How we were received at Camp; Threatened with Starvation; A Night in Camp; Malaouen's Story.

We propose to give, greatly abridged, but still preserving in the main Du Chaillu's own language, some portions, taken almost at random, of these adventures:

There is, he says, in the estuary called the Gaboon, formed in the Bight of Guinea, on the west coast of Africa, some fifteen miles north of the equator, an island called Nengue Ngozo, or "The Island of Parrots." In some respects it is an African paradise, for it is free from beasts of prey, and indeed from animals of every kind. Its only inhabitants are a few negroes gathered in a little village, and innumerable flocks of birds who fly over at evening from



PARROT ISLAND.



ENCOUNTER WITH A LEOPARD.

the main land to pass the night in this place of security. There are big-pouched pelicans, long-legged cranes, and other fish-eating birds; but the majority of the feathered denizens is composed of parrots, who begin to arrive at about an hour before sunset. Soon every tree is covered by hundreds of them, their gray plumage and red tails contrasting with the green leaves. Toward morning they awake from their slumbers, and set up a chattering as though all the bells of a great city were ringing and all the milkmen and servant-girls therein were having a simultaneous confab. As day begins to dawn they take their flight to the main land, and by sunrise there is not a single parrot left upon the island.

The king of the island—a monarch with a woolen cap and cane by way of crown and sceptre—took kindly to Paul, and set his wives to cooking a dinner for him. But in a few days this influx of strangers had exhausted the monarch's stores, and the guests had to look to the parrots for provisions. The birds are very shy, and so long as there is a particle of daylight no one can get within gunshot of them. But Paul had noticed a particular tree which seemed to be a favorite roosting-place, and had, during the day, made a path to it. In that darkest hour which just precedes the dawn he crept along this path. Arrived under the tree he raised his gun toward what he supposed must be its centre, and fired both barrels at once. When day broke he found twenty parrots killed by that one double shot. He had a grand feast. There was parrot soup, which was not at all bad, roasted parrot, and grilled parrot. The old birds were tough, as well they might be if what the negroes said was true, that they live a hundred

years; but the young ones were excellent, their flesh being black, and tasting much like that of the pigeon. The next night not a single parrot rested upon that tree.

A while after Paul took up his head-quarters in a village on the main land situated in the midst of a dense forest, abounding in birds, where wild boars were said to be plentiful, and leopards rather common. His hut was at the outskirts of the village. One night he heard a great cackling among his fowls, and thinking some one was trying to steal them, he went out, and in the dim moonlight found himself face to face with an enormous leopard. For a few seconds man and beast, as if spell-bound, stared at each other, at a distance of not more than six yards. Paul came to himself first, and rushed into the hut for his rifle. Coming out, he found that the leopard was gone. Next day he bought a goat, and when night had fallen tied the animal to a tree at the edge of the forest, and rifle in hand seated himself against another tree a few yards off. The poor goat kept up an incessant bleating, and Du Chaillu could plainly see him in the faint starlight. Hour after hour he watched, seated on the ground, sometimes fancying that he heard snakes crawling around. He must have fallen asleep, for, looking toward the tree, no goat was there. Creeping to the place he found blood. Lighting a torch he found that it was four o'clock, and that he must have slept two hours. In that time the leopard, whose tracks were plainly visible, had crept up and carried off the goat without awakening the hunter, who could only thank his stars that the goat instead of himself had been the victim. One can not wonder that he resolved to be more careful in future.

The hunting of elephants, hippopotami, buffaloes, and gorillas occupies a considerable space in the book. But we have elsewhere at various times dwelt in detail upon these subjects. We therefore pass them over, and give two or three snake stories. The first of these shall be told by Du Chaillu in his own words:

It is intensely hot. We are at the end of the month of March, and the rays of the sun are pouring upon us with a power which is terrific. Every two or three minutes I dip my umbrella into the water, for after this lapse of time it is perfectly dry; green leaves and a wet handkerchief are in my Panama hat, which now and then I also dip into the water of the stream.

You will ask me in what kind of country I find myself in such a plight. I am in a very complicated net-work of creeks, swamps, dense forest, and overflowed lands, forming a delta, which in the work I published in 1861 I named the Delta of the Ogobai. For several days I have been here in a canoe exploring the country by water. What a lonely place! We have not seen a single village, we have met not a single human being; it is a complete desolation, and on the day in question it seemed more desolate than usual. The creek we had got into was narrow, and on both sides there was an interminable forest of palms—that kind which yields bitter nuts to eat; these grow to the water's edge, and many of their graceful branches are bathed in the stream.

The current was strong, and evidently a tremendous quantity of fresh water coming from the interior was carried by it into the sea. The atmosphere was hazy, and, as is generally the case in those equatorial regions, I could see the vapor arising and quivering as it ascended. At last we entered a narrow creek, where the current was not so strong. We had hardly proceeded two or three miles when snakes became quite abundant in the water. We were in the Creek of Snakes. I do not know what else to call it.

What a horrid sight! They were of all colors and sizes: some were small and slender, others short and thick. One peculiar kind struck me at once as one that I had never seen before. It swam not far from our canoe, and appeared to be of a bright orange-yellow color. I am sure it was a very venomous one, one whose bite would kill a man in less than five minutes, for the head was very triangular. Then came a large black one with a yellow stripe on the belly; it appeared to me to be ten feet long; the black shone as if it had been oiled. This fellow I also knew to be very poisonous; so when he raised his head above the water I sent a load of small shot into it, literally crushing it to pieces. Then we went immediately at him, and with a few strokes of the paddles we finished him up. I was going to make off, when two of the slaves who were of our party said we must put it in our canoe, and that they should eat the fellow in the evening. This created a great laugh from my Commi boys; and after making sure that the loathsome creature was dead we fished him out of the water. There was at first a jumping about of the men which I was afraid would upset the canoe, in which case we would have been in a pretty fix, swimming about in a stream filled with snakes. At last order was restored; the

snake was cut into several pieces, which continued to move and almost appeared like several separate snakes. The pieces were put in a basket, and the eyes of my Apingis began to shine with delight, and it made their mouths water, they said, to think of the nice meal they were going to have in the evening.

Just at this moment I spied one of these black snakes trying to get into our canoe by the bow. I made a tremendous leap, as if I had been bitten by a scorpion, the sight was so sudden. I took my gun, loaded with small shot—the best load to kill serpents with—and fired, cutting the saucy fellow in two; then we paddled on, leaving Master Snake to take care of himself, knowing that his case had been settled.

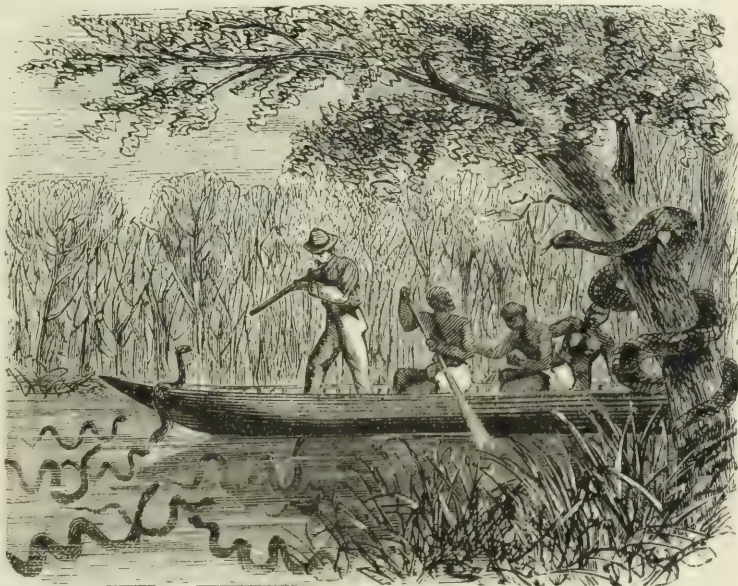
I really believe all the snakes of the country had come to bathe in this creek on that day; and I did not wonder at it, it was so hot and sultry. I had often met with snakes in the river before, but never in such great numbers and of so many different species. In little more than one hour and a half I must have seen two hundred of them. I had never seen such a sight before, and never have since.

There has been an abundance of discussion as to whether snakes have the power of fascinating or charming their prey. But if any thing can be proven by testimony, we think it is settled that they have this power. Thus Du Chaillu says:

I shall never forget that one day as I lay ill under that big tree I spied an enormous snake folded among the branches of another tree not far off from me. My attention had been drawn to that tree by the cries of a squirrel. I wished some of my men had been with me to kill it, so that I might have something nice to eat, though I was not very hungry; but there was no man with me, only three women who were taking care of me. I was not strong enough to take my gun. I was so weak that I did not mind having the snake so close to me.

The snake was charming the poor little squirrel. How nice the squirrel was! how beautiful his little tail! how black and bright seemed his little eyes! His little feet were moving onward toward the snake; his little tail was up, and he chattered as he advanced toward certain death.

The snake was still as death, not one of his folds could have been seen moving. How black and shiny the ugly creature was, and what a con-



IN THE CREEK OF SNAKES.



CHARMING THE SQUIRREL.

trast with the green leaves of the trees! Part of his body was coiled on a limb of the tree. How fixedly he looked at the squirrel! His head was triangular, and he belonged to that family of snakes that spend the greatest portion of their time on trees. This was of a very venomous kind. I wished I had been strong enough to take my gun and kill the serpent, and so save the life of the little squirrel.

Nearer and nearer the squirrel came; louder and louder were his chipperings; he tried to run away, but could not. At last he came within a foot of the snake. There was a pause; then suddenly, like a flash of lightning, the snake sprung: the poor little squirrel was in the folds of the ugly reptile, and soon I saw his body gradually disappearing into its inflated mouth, and the broken silence of the forest resumed its sway.

That snakes are susceptible of being charmed is certainly beyond all manner of doubt. It is said that snake-charmers usually remove the poison-fangs from the animals which they exhibit, thus rendering them really incapable of doing harm. But Du Chaillu relates an incident which shows that this is not always done. Among the most venomous snakes of Equatorial Africa is the *naja*, a species of water-snake, growing to the length of ten feet, and, unlike most of its class, having the power of erecting itself. There was on the Gaboon a negro from Goree who had great reputation as a snake-charmer. He was a bold fellow, who declared that he was not afraid of any snake. He was the only person known to have taken a *naja* alive. One day he made his appearance with a huge *naja* which he had captured, and began to amuse himself and crowd by teasing the reptile. Du Chaillu shall describe what followed:

At first when I saw him he had the snake

around his body, but he held it firmly just below the neck, and I could see by the muscles of his arm that he had to use great strength. As long as this part of the body is held firmly the snake loses much of its great power of crushing one to death, as the boa constrictor or python does with larger animals, and as small snakes do with smaller game; but with this *naja* the danger would have been the venomous bite.

Then with his other hand he took the tail of the snake, and gave it a swing and gradually unfolded the reptile from his black body, which was warm and shining with excitement, but always holding the head. On a sudden he threw the snake on the ground. Then the creature began to crawl away, when suddenly the Goree man came in front of it with a light stick, and instantly the monster erected itself almost to half its full length, gave a tremendous whistle, which we all heard, looked glaringly and fiercely in the man's face with its sharp, pointed tongue out, and then stood still as if it could not move. The Goree man, with his little stick in his left hand, touched it lightly as though to tease it. It was a fearful sight—and if he had been near enough the snake would no doubt have sprung upon its antagonist. The man, as he teased and infuriated the snake with the rod he held in his left hand, drew the attention of the reptile toward the stick; then suddenly and in the wink of an eye, almost as quick as lightning, with his right hand he got hold of the creature just under his head.

The same thing that I have just described again took place. The snake folded itself round his body, then he unfolded the snake, which was once more let loose, and now this horrid serpent got so infuriated that as soon as he was thrown on the ground he erected himself, and the glare of his eyes was something terrific. It was indeed an appalling scene; the air around seemed to be filled with the whistling sound of the creature.

Alas! a more terrible scene soon took place! The man became bolder and bolder, more and more careless, and the snake probably more and

more accustomed to the mode of warfare of his antagonist, and just as the monster stood erect the man attempted to seize its neck, as he had done many and many a time before, but grasped the body too low, and before he had time to let it go the head turned on itself and the man was bitten! I was perfectly speechless; the scene had frozen my blood, and the wild shrieks of all those round rent the air. The serpent was loose and crawling on the ground, but before it had time to go far a long pole came down upon its back and broke its spine, and in less time than I take to write it down the monster was killed.

To the French doctor who had charge of the little colony the man went (happily he was just at hand); all the remedies were prompt and powerful; the man suffered intensely, his body became swollen, his mind wandered, and his life was despaired of; but at last he got better, and though complaining of great pain near the heart, he was soon able to go out again. A short time after this accident, having an axe in his hand, going as he said to cut wood, he suddenly split his own head in two. He had become insane!

But more potent than snakes, lions, leopards, or gorillas, is a species of ant called the *Bashikouay*. It is the dread not of man alone, but of every living thing from the elephant and leopard down to the smallest insect. A half-inch is about the average length of one of these ants, though some are found of twice that length. Individually they are bold; the bull-dog has not more pluck and tenacity of grip. But their great power lies in the immense armies into which they organize themselves, and the military order which they preserve. When on the march they go in a column of two inches broad, but often miles in length. Du Chaillu once saw a column formed in close order, which occupied twelve hours, from sunrise to sunset, in passing the spot from which he watched them; and as they march by night as well as by day, he did not know how long the column had been



THE BASHIKOUAY ANT, TWICE THE NATURAL SIZE.

passing before he saw it. All along the line were larger ants, clearly officers, standing outside the column until their squads had passed, when they moved on and joined them. How many millions upon millions there were in this army it would be idle to attempt to estimate.

When on the march the column comes to a small stream they fling across it a living bridge. Selecting a spot where the branch of a tree reaches nearly over to one on the other bank, only lower down, the second of the pontoniers, as we may fairly call them, with his fore-claws grasps the hind-claws of the one in front, and lowers him over; a third does the same by the second; and so on until this living chain is long enough to reach the desired point. Line after line is thus stretched until a bridge is formed wide enough for the whole army to pass over. Imagine the strength of muscle which these creatures must possess to enable them to maintain their grasp for hours.



THE SNAKE-CHARMER.



MARCH OF BASHIKOUAY ANTS.

The marching column throws itself into line of battle with wonderful precision. When it sweeps over the country nothing living can stay its progress. Du Chaillu was once plodding through the forest in search of game. All at once he was startled by a strange sound. It was caused by a rush of wild beasts. He thought he caught a glimpse of a gorilla; he was sure that he heard the footsteps of an elephant; and soon after a mighty crash, as though a herd of elephants were rushing through the forest. Soon the air grew thick with insects. While wondering what this might mean he felt the torments of innumerable bites, and in an instant he found himself almost covered by ants. He had been fallen upon by the skirmishers of an army of Bashikouay. He set off

at his sharpest run in the direction which the other fugitives had taken. Fortunately his speed was greater than that of the ants; and as soon as he thought himself safe he stripped off his clothing. It fairly swarmed with ants who had literally buried themselves in the garments, striking their pincers clear through into the flesh beneath. They never let go their grip until they have taken out the flesh. Pull at one till his body is separated from his head, and the jaws, if we may so call them, keep their hold. He had just resumed his garments when the Bashikouay came upon him, and he again took to flight, never stopping until he had crossed a stream and taken refuge in a swamp beyond.

These Bashikouay can not bear the heat of the sun; and hence they are only found in re-

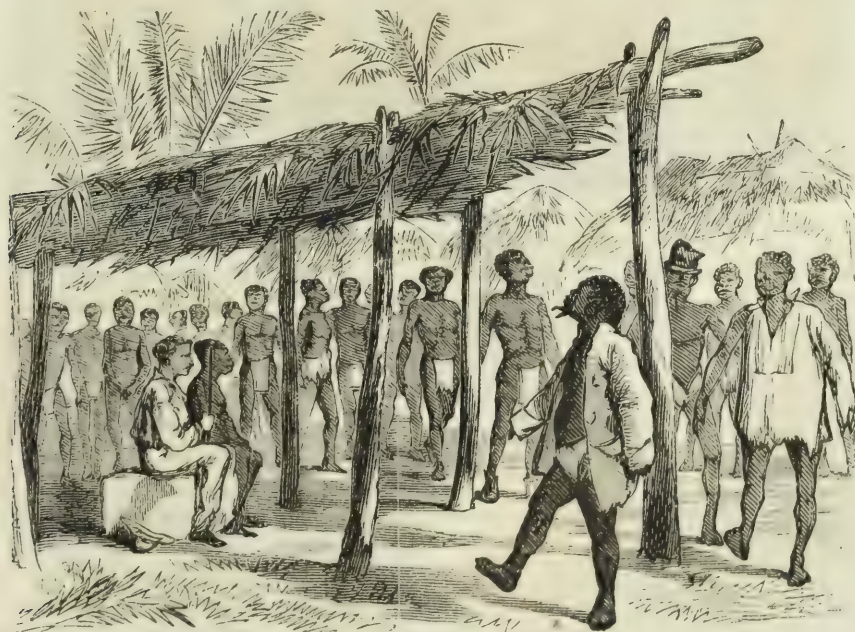
gions covered by forests. If on the march they come to an open place they dig a tunnel four or five feet underground, through which they pass to the jungles on the opposite side. When they enter a village the inhabitants run for their lives. In an incredibly short space every hut is cleared of vermin, and the only trace left of them is the bones of rats and mice and the horny wing-cases of insects. Nothing that breathes comes amiss to them. An antelope which had been shot by Du Chaillu was picked to the bones in a few hours. The carcass of an elephant would be cleared away quite as quickly as by a kraal of natives. They sometimes come upon a huge snake lying torpid, perhaps, after the manner of his species, gorged with food. In that case it is all over with his serpentine majesty. "I was always rejoiced," says Du Chaillu, who does not like snakes, "when they got hold of a serpent; though these are pretty shy, and manage generally to get out of the way, except when they are in a state of torpor." But rats, mice, roaches, centipedes, scorpions, spiders, and such small pests, are doomed. A swarm of ants will kill a rat in a minute or two, and devour him in almost as short a space. Upon the whole they are a blessing to the human race in Africa, by keeping down the vermin which would otherwise render the country uninhabitable. They will not touch vegetable matter. One might almost imagine that the author of the Book of Revelation had in his mind the Bashikouay when he speaks of the swarms of "locusts" which at the sounding of the fifth trumpet arose from the smoke of the bottomless pit, to whom "it was commanded that they should not hurt the grass of the earth, neither any green thing, neither any tree;" but whose "torment was as the torment of a scorpion when he striketh a man." Certain it is that the description fits the Bashikouay, while it is altogether inapplicable to the creature which we call a "locust," whose only

food is green things, and who have no tormenting bite.

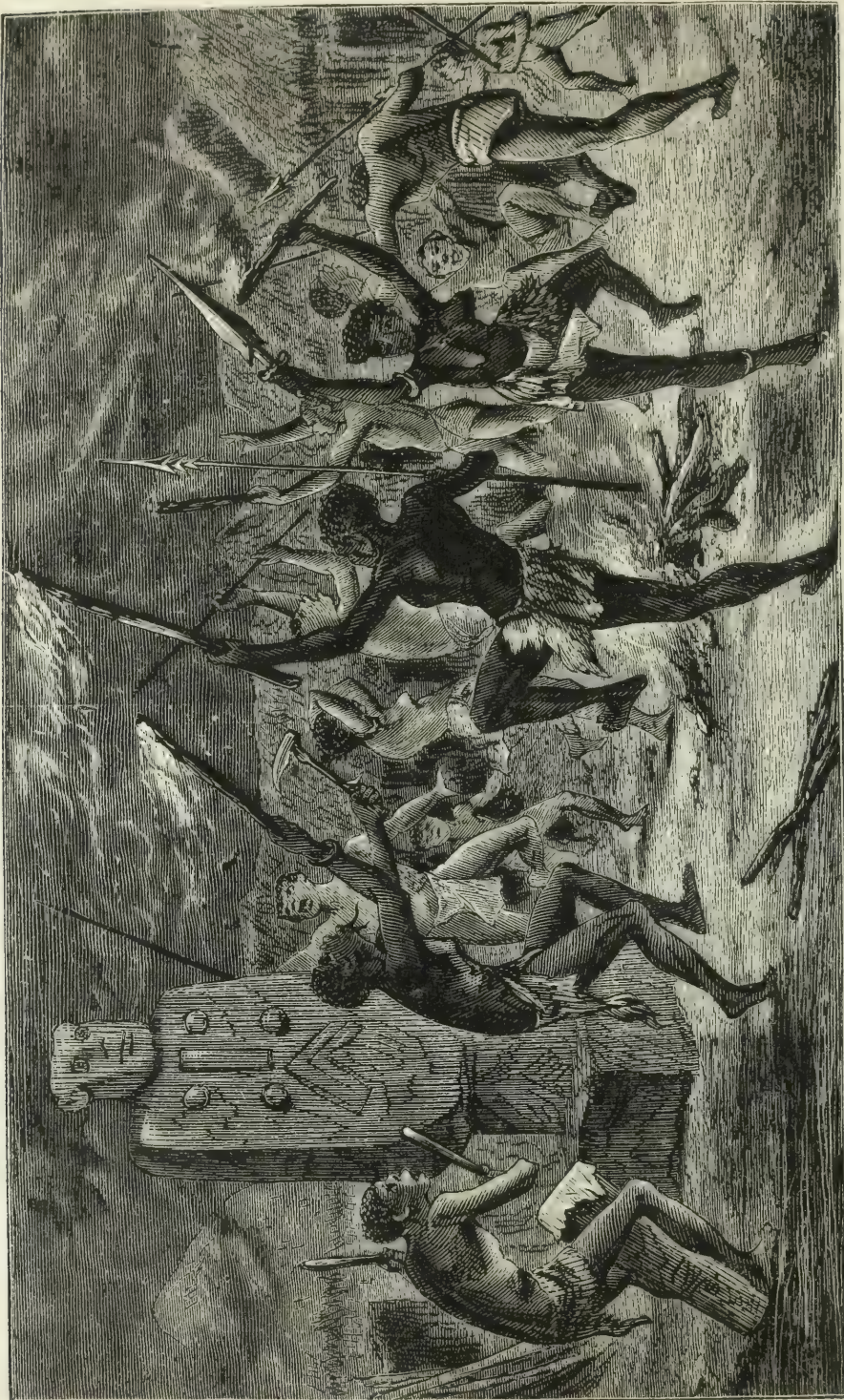
But we must leave the hunting adventures of our friend Paul, and touch briefly upon a few of the human beings with whom he became acquainted in the course of his adventures.

If, as Shakspeare avers, "there is a divinity that doth hedge around a king," it was an odd hedge that fenced in the monarch of the forest-girt village of Mbondemo. Du Chaillu, properly introduced, had reached the village, and seated himself in the palaver-house—a large shed built in the middle of the street. Soon his Majesty, followed by his headmen or court, made his appearance. In honor, most likely, of their foreign visitor, they wore European costume; or rather, if the costume of the whole five dignitaries had been worn by one of them, it would have formed a tolerably complete suit, lacking nothing essential except that garment which covers the lower limbs, but which in some form or other is thought indispensable every where except among the Scotch. Not to put too fine a point upon it, the great "breeches question" is one which could not have come up in the court of Mbondemo. But Du Chaillu shall describe his reception:

His Majesty headed the party, followed by his headman. He wore an old red English coat, and no other garments. He was a short, thick-built negro, and wore an immense pair of iron ear-rings. He was followed by what I supposed to be the second headman, or prime minister. This one had for his costume an old shirt which had only one sleeve, and no sign of button to be seen any where—a shirt that formerly must have been white, but had never been washed since he got it, which was several years before. This prime minister had nothing else on. The third man, who of course formed part of his Majesty's suite, had on an old beaver hat, and nothing else. Another that followed him had one of those old-fashioned black neck-ties (as tight as the neck itself, and attached with a buckle) which were worn some thirty years ago, and nothing else. How the deuce did that fel-



A ROYAL RECEPTION.



AN AFRICAN WAR-DANCE.

low get that cravat? I asked myself. I learned afterward that he had inherited it. Then came a fellow who, by hook or by crook, had possession of an old pair of shoes; how he had got them I was unable to find out. His father had perhaps left them to him. How steady, how grave they looked, as they passed one after another before me. These were the leading men of this Mbisho village. They thought themselves splendid, and their people thought the same. They looked at me and I looked at them, and at last, with one voice, they asked me to notice how handsome they were, each at the same time, in one way or another, making the most of what he wore. I said they were very fine.

The costume of all the others consisted mainly of grease and red ochre. "The women,"

says Du Chaillu, "seem to lay on the oil and red earth a little thicker than their husbands." The third evening there seemed something strange going on. Every body kept in their huts, and were as silent as death. By-and-by the king came out and danced along the street. His face and body were painted white, black, and red, in spots as big as a peach. Paul asked the reason of this. His Majesty said not a word, but pointed to the moon. It was new moon. He afterward learned that the moon is their emblem of time; and when it appears they think that before it again disappears it will "eat somebody"—that is, some one will die. How this catastrophe is to be

averted by the royal painting and dancing was not explained.

An African war-dance has been often enough described ; but nowhere better than in the picture given by Du Chaillu, which hardly needs any explanation. "The men," he says, "were all painted with colored chalk, red and yellow being the favorite colors. They were covered with fetiches, which they believed would protect them from the deadly weapons of their enemies ; and by the dim light of their fires they appeared to me more like devils than men."

Among their superstitions is that of the Njambai, which reminds one of the Roman mystery of the Bona Dea. Njambai is a good spirit who protects women. Her worship is a kind of mystery, carried on in a house closely shut up, to which men are never admitted. Du Chaillu was anxious to witness the ceremonies ; but the King told him this was out of the question. "I can not myself go and have a look." Opportunity at length favored Paul. The great feast which comes off once a year was going on. From all the villages around the women had gathered, dressed in their best suits of red and yellow paint. The men had all gone hunting. Most of the women had gone into the forest, singing wonderful songs ; but a few went into the Njambai-house, where they remained, keeping a mysterious silence. Paul sauntered back and forth two or three times past the house, and finding himself unobserved pushed aside the leaves which formed the walls and stuck his head through. He says :

For a moment I could distinguish nothing in the darkness. Then I beheld three perfectly naked old hags sitting on the clay floor, with an immense bundle of greengreases, or fetiches, before

them, which they seemed to be contemplating in silent adoration. I was put aback, for I expected to see no one. As soon as their fear and wonder had somewhat subsided they set up a hideous howl of rage, and rushed out to call their companions in the bush. In a few minutes these came rushing toward me with gesture of anger, and threatening me for my offense. I quickly reached my house, and, seizing my gun in one hand and my revolver in the other, told them I would shoot the first one that came inside my door. I never saw such an infuriated set. My house was surrounded by above three hundred angry women, every one shouting out curses at me ; and still they kept coming in, their number every moment growing greater and greater.

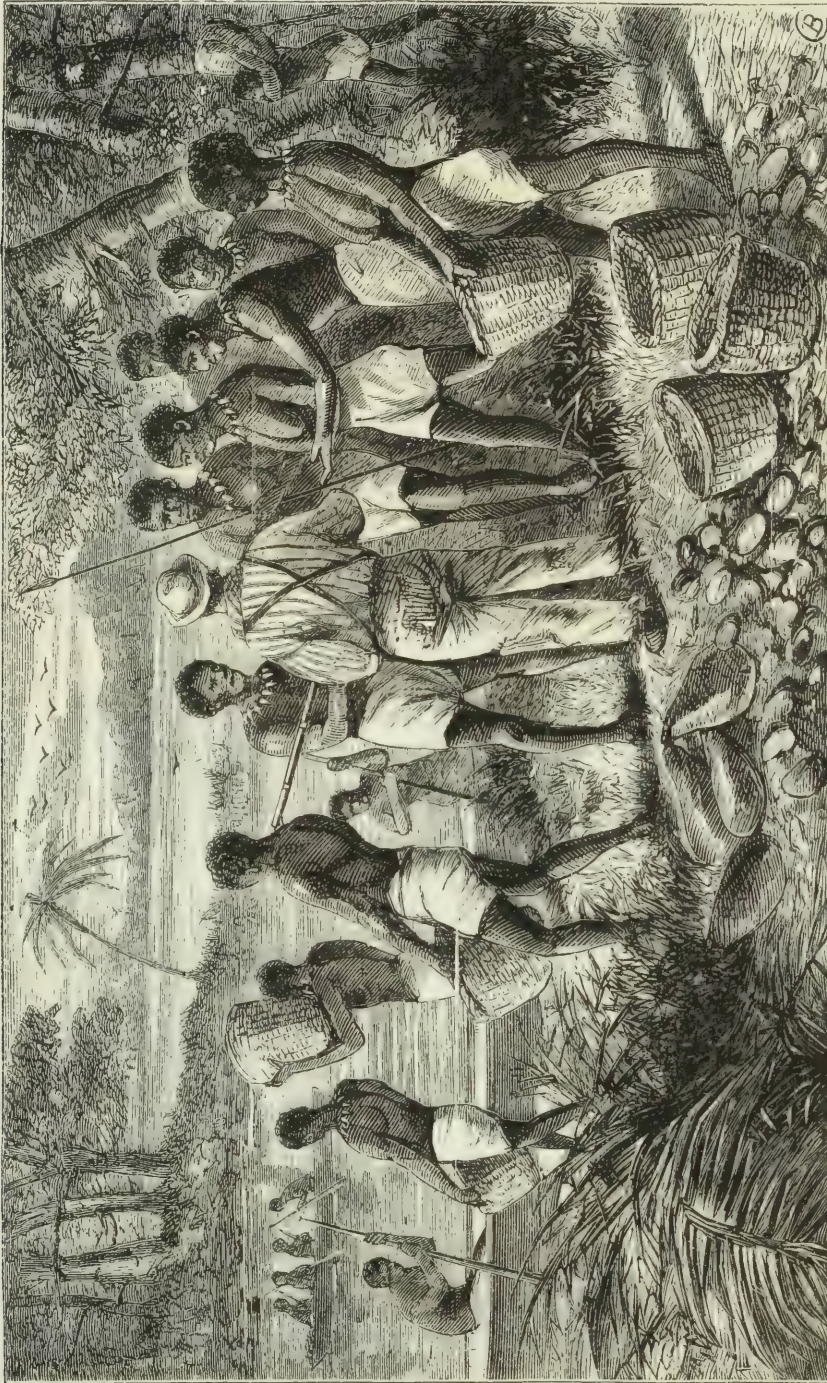
King Mbango at length came to the rescue, and by dint of fair words and presents succeeded in pacifying the devotees. "I only hope," says Paul, "that whenever you travel it will never happen to you to have several hundreds of infuriated women after you ; for I can assure you that I would have rather encountered a gorilla of the worst kind than to have faced them."

But we must bring this paper to an end. Let the reader imagine adventures of all sorts and almost without number in the interior forests and jungles, and look at Paul when he felt that he must bring his trip to a close. He was dressed in clothes which he had himself made from skins. He was sick and half starved. His goods were all gone ; his powder and bullets were nearly expended. But he had made a magnificent collection of objects of natural history, which he had sent down to the coast, where he had a sort of trading post, called Washington, which he had left in the charge of some of his faithful friends and servitors, the Bakalais.

As an offset to some of the savage scenes, we



INTERIOR OF THE NJAMBAI-HOUSE.



GOOD-BY TO THE BAKALAI.

copy a part of Du Chaillu's account of his parting with his faithful friends. He called them together and told them that he must go. The men cried, "What shall we do without you?" The women shouted, "Chaillee, you must not go!"

Gambo, Malaouen, and Querlaouen made long faces and were sad, for we had a real affection for each other, we were such great friends, and how could it be otherwise? We had braved danger together; we had gone through hardships and starvation together; many and many a night had we spent together in the forest. Of any wild animal they killed I was sure to have a piece; the best plantains were sure to be mine; the nicest fishes their women caught they brought to me. How kind they were to me, how gentle! No children could have been more docile, and yet how fierce, how brave, when the day of battle or of danger came!

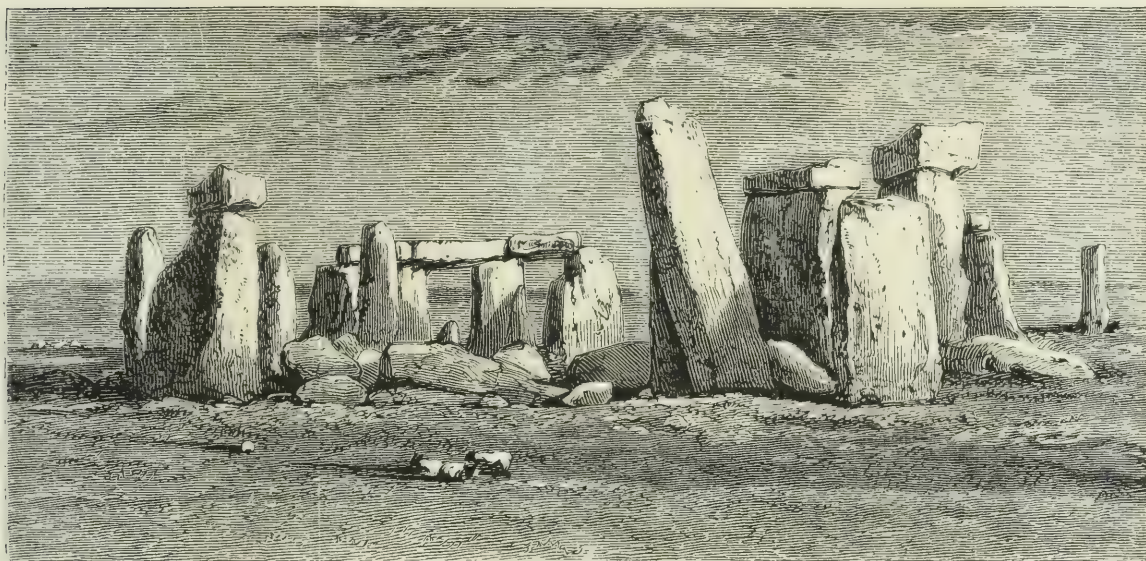
As we were preparing to go my Bakalai friends came in with presents of provisions. Baskets of cassava, smoked boar-hams, smoked fishes, sweet potatoes, were brought as free-will offerings. When the morning arrived our canoes were on the beach. I was on the shore ready to embark; Obindji stood near me; every woman and man brought to me a parting gift. I was very much touched by their simple ways.

When all was ready for a start Macondai, my boy, fired a gun, and then I swung the American flag to the breeze, the first time that it or any other flag of a civilized nation was over these waters. The people shouted, and we were off; and as we glided down, and before we disappeared by the bend of the river, I saw Obindji's hand waving farewell to me.

To our friend Paul we bid adieu in the words in which he said farewell to the readers of his former book: "AU REVOIR." We trust that we shall meet again.

SOUTH-COAST SAUNTERINGS IN ENGLAND.

[Saunter XX]



STONEHENGE.

STANDING on the top of the highest and most beautiful spire in England—that of Salisbury Cathedral—one may see on the plain, at about nine miles' distance, a strange circle of white stones; or, standing on the top of one of those stones, one may see the spire, gleaming like a column of flame, against the sky; and in either case he will feel a sense of mystery stealing over him, as it may perhaps be felt nowhere else on earth. If one could read the history written in the dust of Salisbury Plain, or gauge the spiritual formations that stretch between the cromlechs of Stonehenge and that cathedral in the distance, he would probably hold the key to the story of every race that lives or has lived. The geologist can show that the vast plain was once the bed of a sea; but who can tell us of that vast surging sea of humanity—mingled of streams confluent from all the fountains of races—which once swept and raged with storms and battles over this serene landscape, on whose solitudes



SARUM STONE.

the sun now looks so peacefully down? Sauntering near Old Sarum this morning I picked up a little piece of carved stone, which had evidently been part of a cornice, and had no doubt that I held in my hand one of the last bits of that ancient cathedral built on this spot

760 years ago. Of that cathedral, which formed the centre of the city of Old Sarum, the sun even yet traces the extensive outline amidst the waving corn; but the mansions and streets of that once populous city are not even traceable in the dust. Few cities have ever so utterly perished from the earth. Truly the fashion of

this world passeth away. When, forty years ago, the English people were overhauling their rotten boroughs, the most salient example of the whole system, the *reductio ad absurdum* under which chiefly it broke down, was that an old tree near this spot had for more than a century sent two members to Parliament! Septennially—or at every election—the two candidates drove out to the spot, taking a returning officer and two nominators; the bribery act was read, and they were formally nominated to the Infinite Silences and the sheep, if any happened to be near; the sheep bleated and the tree boughed their assent; the officer made up the certificates, pocketed his comfortable fees, and the five repaired to dinner in a Salisbury hotel—all of which was plainly proved at the time, and, indeed, not denied. “Old Sarum” thus became politically a by-word, and, indeed, is occasionally referred to now in Parliament as a case not unlikely to be paralleled unless the coming redistribution of seats shall more fully than it promises represent the changes that have been wrought in England by that arch-innovator—Steam.

And yet Lord Macaulay's famous New Zealander, sitting on the last half-crumbled arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's, would hardly be a more significant object than the parliamentary radical holding up Old Sarum to ridicule. From this hill, the centre of the perished city, and from the fortress, whose very *débris* has been nearly all eaten as grass and bread by man and brute, Briton and Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, successively commanded the whole district, and for ages kept Southwestern England in subjection. The Romans, when they first entered the country, found it a famous strong-

hold, and they chose it as the key to the country, surrounding it with a vast fosse, and making it the point of divergence for six military roads, with which they intersected the entire neighborhood. King Alfred drew a wider circle around it. The Normans completed the fortress, and built a wall around the city, inclosing a space of 16,000 feet in diameter. Nearly all of these more ancient works are yet traceable, though the comparatively modern works are not.

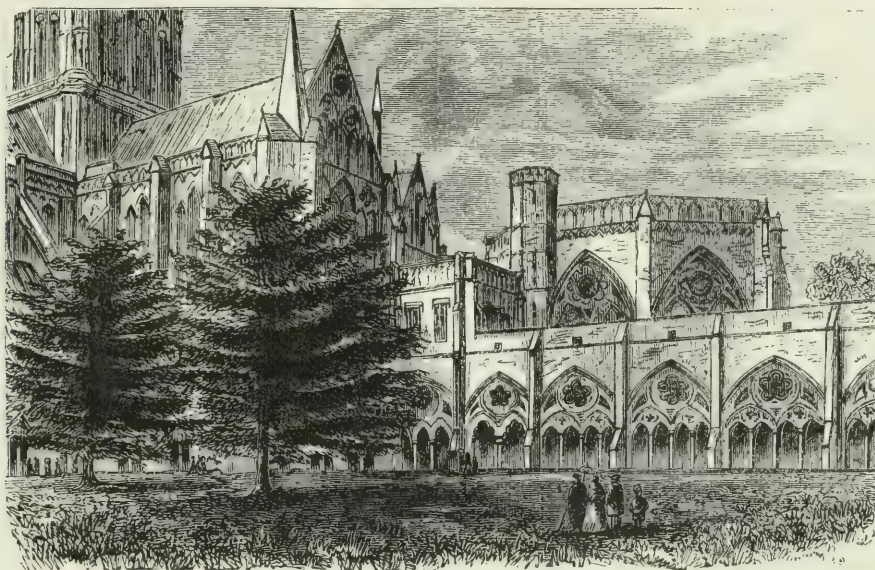
But even seven centuries ago, though the generations seem indiscriminately warlike, one age differed from another. In the time of King John the people of Old Sarum began to feel that their city had been built on a site selected with reference to war alone. When they began to think of cultivating the soil their eyes looked yearningly toward the neighboring valley, with the beautiful Avon shining through it almost as far as the eye could reach. And at last, in obedience to their longing, the first stone of the cathedral of New Sarum, or Salisbury, was laid (A.D. 1220) by Henry III., and after this a single generation witnessed the entire removal of the city and its inhabitants from the fortified hill to the peaceful valley. In the time of Henry VII. the county jail and a "chantry" in the cathedral were alone the active relics of the city which had so shortly before been crowded with life; but in the next reign Leland went there and found that only "a chapelle of Our Lady was yet standing and maintayned," and that there was "not one house, neither within old Saresbyri or without, inhabited." It is not wonderful, then, that, visiting it in 1868, the most striking sight I saw was a flock of sheep, on the backs of two or three of which, as they grazed, starlings were quietly perched! The birds were paying for their pleasant roost by picking ticks from the sheep's backs. The old tree I found to be itself a kind of cathedral; and the bit of cornice inscribed with a lesson concerning many institutions in many lands, reared in and adapted to ages

which have long passed, but which still continue, like Old Sarum, to sway the living interests of the fruitful valleys to which the real power has emigrated.

Salisbury Cathedral is externally one of the most impressive I have ever seen. A double cross in ground-plan, purely Gothic in style, it rises with pyramidal definiteness to the top of its spire, which rises to the height of 400 feet, and is even spiritual in its lightness and beauty. The whole building might well have inspired Coleridge's felicitous description of a cathedral as "frozen music." The spire is more recent than the rest of the church, which formerly ended in a great lantern. The simplicity of the inside is quite astonishing. One may wander, however, for a long time about its cloisters—the very finest in Europe—and its chapter-house, and find many points of singular interest. On a window in the Lady Chapel is a fine copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds's picture of the Resurrection. The most interesting monuments are those which were transferred from the cathedral of Old Sarum, the most curious of these being one on which is the figure of a boy dressed in pontificals. In early times a boy was annually elected by the Romish Church to be a bishop, in honor of the patron of children, St. Nicholas—whose name has gradually become Santa Claus. The visitor notes the tombs of Bishop Jewell and of John Bampton, founder of the Bampton Lectures, and lingers with veneration before those of the Herberts, to whom literature is so deeply indebted. One of the most interesting is that of Henry, Earl of Pembroke, who did so much toward the exploration of the antiquities of Wiltshire. He was an enthusiast about Stonehenge, of which he had a model in his garden, built by the famous architect Inigo Jones. He also had old Stukeley as a resident in his house, that he might devote himself more completely to exploring this region. The chapter-house is, like nearly every chapter-house, circular; and it is not a little remarkable that in this part of the European cathedral—the place



OLD SARUM.



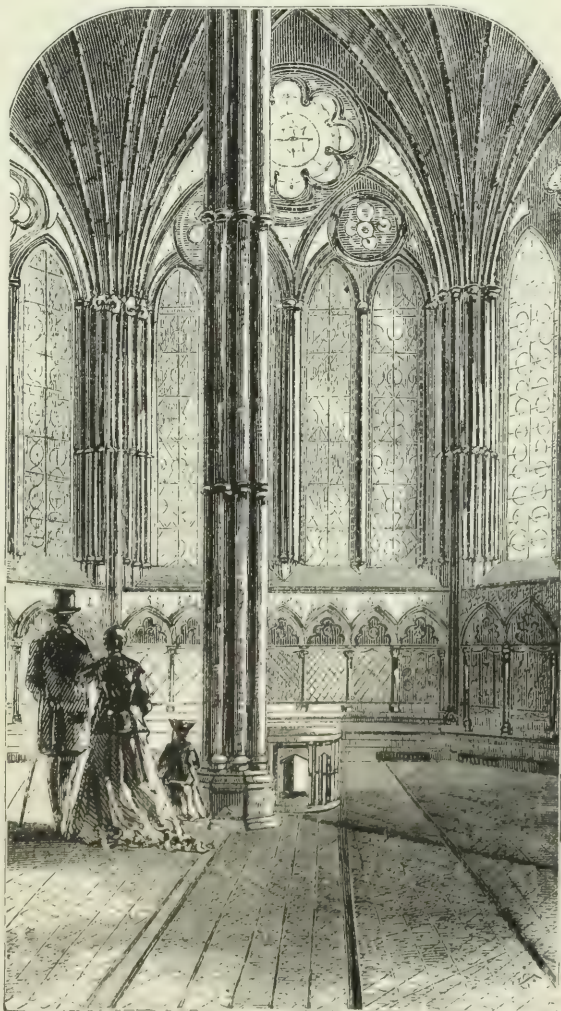
SALISBURY CATHEDRAL, FROM BEHIND.

of initiation—there should still survive the old Druidic form, the circle. But there are few chapter-houses that are so rich in interest as this. In the carvings of the niches near the floor there is very quaint work, representing nearly all of the Old Testament history. Some are rather ludicrous. In one God is represented resting after creation in the form of an aged man whose head has fallen one side with fatigue, and looking with distress upon the world, which he holds in his hand; in another Joseph's feet and legs as far as the knee are seen held by his brother's hand—the rest of him is down in the pit. But amidst these grotesques one now and then finds a sculpture of marvelous beauty, as in a representation of Abraham tenderly embracing Isaac on the altar with one arm, while his knife is raised by the other, and hardly yet arrested by the angel. On the keystones of the surrounding are some good carvings of the chief characters of the time when it was built—king, queen, monk, nun, and so on; and among these the face of a student in a condition of religious ecstasy.

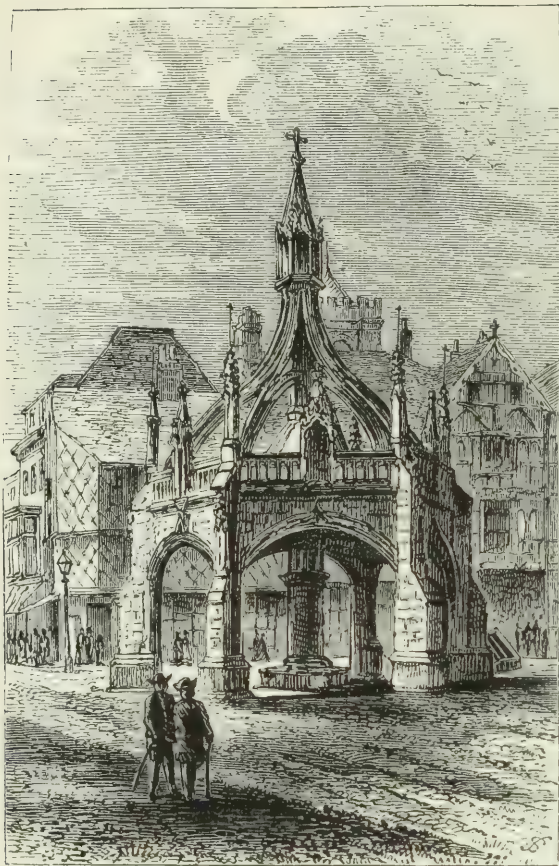
Apart from its cathedral, Salisbury, with its interminable gable-fronts and red Dutch tiles, is an interesting old city. An old and elaborately-carved "cross" stands in the centre of a space called the Poultry Market. Back of this, and immediately to the right in the accompanying picture, the reader will observe a quaint old gable-front with a cross on top. This is an old hostelry, where Catholic pilgrims who came up to the cathedral in old times were lodged. After their time it became a famous resort for gallants. Old Pepys slept there in 1668, and found a "silken bed and very good diet," followed by a bill that made him "mad." There is also in the city an old apartment called the "Halle," in which a merchant of the seventeenth century was wont to entertain other merchants. It shows carvings in wood worthy of the attention of the artist of to-day. In it is a stained window representing the merchant

of that period, dressed magnificently—the long toes of his shoes fastened by chains to his knees!

Three miles out from Salisbury is Wilton Hall, the noble mansion of the Earls of Pembroke, and now of the Sidney-Herberts. The present Lord Herbert is a youth who has grown so fast—being already 6 feet 4 inches in his



CHAPTER-HOUSE.



POULTRY MARKET CROSS.

minority—that his friends became alarmed for his health and induced him to visit Australia. The mansion was designed by Holbein, and built by Inigo Jones. It has many fine old pictures and war-trophies, the latter won by the ancestors of the house from the French at St. Quentin. But the modern pilgrim goes there not to see the rusty relics of dead feuds, but to see the place where Inigo Jones wrought and Stukeley studied, and—above all—where Sir Philip Sidney imagined and wrote his “Arcadia.” For it was amidst these iron memorials of an “age of chivalry” that was past that Sidney’s fine spirit caught the tints of a chivalry that can never pass away—amidst these peaceful plains and by the gentle Avon that he dreamed of an Arcadia happier than any in the past, by being civilized and knowing its own happiness. It is a beautiful spot to be forever associated with that exquisite vision. The Sidneys lived themselves at a charming place in Kent called “The Knolls;” but a sister of Sir Philip’s having married Earl Pembroke, the noble knight continually yearned toward Wilton House, where he passed much of his time. This sister was hardly less accomplished than her famous brother, and was extremely beautiful. The portrait of her recently shown in the National Portrait Exhibition at Kensington, and the family traditions concerning her virtues, render it certain that there was ample justification for the epitaph which “rare Ben Jonson” with rarest felicity wrote upon her :

“Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney’s sister, Pembroke’s mother.
Death! ere thou hast slain another
Wise and good and fair as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee!”

From a row of eager cabmen who stood near the railway station in Salisbury I called to one who did not seem to want me, but, having deposited some one, was about driving off. Having bargained with him to take me to Stonehenge—eighteen miles (there and back) for nine shillings—he confided to me that he was not in the habit of driving himself; he superintended and sent out coaches and horses to others. This morning he had been suddenly called upon to take from a hotel to the station an individual afflicted with delirium tremens.

“What kind of man was that?”

“Oh, a gentleman—not a tradesman, but a real gentleman.”

The word “gentleman,” as spoken by the lower classes in England, never has a moral but only a technical meaning, and would be used concerning a thief if he had moved in respectable society and done no work. The desire, also, of this superintendent of coaches not to be confused with the class of drivers of coaches was one among many illustrations which I have met with in England of a fact often overlooked—namely, that the terms and boundaries of classes in the upper stratum of English society are not more definite than those which are preserved in the lower stratum.*

I soon found that my coachman was a “character.” He had been for the greater part of his life keeper of Lord Somebody’s stud, and an eminent jockey for the same nobleman in steeple-chases. “Do not a great many accidents happen in steeple-chases?” I asked. “Yes, Sir, a goodish few.” “Have you ever met with many?” “Me? Oh, I always came off well. I got my ankle broke once; afterward a rib broke; and then again a shoulder out of joint. I was always very lucky, Sir, very.” “Other jockeys must fare badly, then,” I remarked. “Yes, Sir, a goodish few gets killed; and most gets crippled for life.” Just then we came in sight of the race-course, over which horses were being led and trotted to familiarize them with the ground previous to the coming races. The sight acted on my companion like a taste of blood on a tame tiger, and he lashed his poor horse until I had to interfere.

At last we saw the mysterious blanched

* “Down among the people that live by manual labor are ‘lower,’ ‘middle,’ and ‘upper’ ranks; slaves of toil, a well-to-do grade, an aristocracy; serfs, capitalists, theologians, artists, poets, generals; an infinite sea of humanity, which looks like a monotonous expanse only because we are so far off as not to mark the individuality that clothes each momentary wave. . . . Brute force is cut off from skill of hand by as wide an interval as the selling of groceries is cut off from the writing of diplomatic dispatches. In one sphere of life 15s. a week more or less makes as great a difference as £10,000 a year makes in another.”—*Fraser’s Magazine*, March, 1868.

stones gleaming on the plains ahead of us; and soon I was wandering and meditating amidst the strange "circles" of the earliest British temple—if temple it be. My ex-jockey was fruitful of explanations. "That stone you are sitting on was the haltar on which the sacrifices was hofferred," he said, profoundly. "And this was the main hentrance. 'Ere the wictim's blood trickled down. Some folks thinks as they were 'uman wictims," he added, with a shudder. Mr. Carlyle told me that when he and Emerson visited Stonehenge, many years ago, they took a local "antiquarian" along with them, and his revelations amounted to about the same as those gratuitously vouchsafed by my jockey. Emerson, however, thought there was something in the old man, who divided the stones into "sacrificial" and "astronomical," and placing the philosopher upon one of the former, pointed him to an "astronomical," and bade him notice that its top ranged with the sky-line; which being conceded, he stated that at the summer solstice the sun rises exactly over the top of that stone; and at the Druidical temple at Abury there is a stone in the same relative position. "I was," said Mr. Carlyle, in giving me some account of the visit, "somewhat disappointed in Stonehenge at first. But I found in subsequent reading that in early days the now closely-shaven plain on which it stands was covered with a dense forest; and the roads traceable from the entrances must have reached out for many miles to every point of the horizon, which must certainly have been impressive." He also told me that he had found, in the volume of some old traveler, an account of a very similar stone temple in the heart of a forest, discovered (as a living institution) in Tartary.

The said traveler went into the Tartar Stonehenge and listened to the prayers of the people, which consisted of petitions to the gods that they would bless their herds to such extent that every cow should that year bear two calves instead of one; and that in selling the

calves they might be able to obtain for each twice as much as it was worth! The grim humorist of Chelsea could not find much difference between this species of prayer and one he had heard somewhere in a chapel where the preacher prayed, substantially, in Carlyle's version, "O Lord, Thou hast plenty of treacle; send us down a continued stream of it!" That the Druids were supposed to have a particular power over herds, which were prolific or barren accordingly as their owners were blessed or cursed by the priests, is known to us; but it detracts considerably from the romance of the hallowed spot to think that such prayers as those of the Tartars were once offered in it. However, it is now conceded that those who worshiped at Stonehenge adored the sun. The stone, sixteen feet high, and about two hundred yards from the temple, called "the Friar's Heel"—a stone thrown at the devil, according to the legend—is not only set exactly at that point toward the northeast where the sun rises at the summer solstice, exactly over its top, but has been set in a place where the ground has been scooped so as to bring its top, as seen from the altar, precisely against the horizon. It is thus plainly an astronomical stone. Every year people go out on the 21st of June to see the sun rise above this stone; and that it does with absolute exactness admits now of no question. Concerning the Tartar temple it may be said, that while it would be natural for worshippers to connect the sun with the fruitfulness of their flocks, the more we search for temples or monuments resembling Stonehenge in other countries the more difficult is it found to assign any particular locality as their origin, so various are the quarters in which they are found. Dean Stanley saw a similar one a few miles north of Tyre. Fergusson found one at Sarchee in India. And now there lies before me Mr. Squier's remarkable account of Peruvian temples (in *Harper's Magazine* for May, 1868), which henceforth it will be impossible to dissociate from these relics of the pre-historical Old



THE FRIAR'S HEEL.

World. What then? Are we to find at length that America was the cradle-land of the human race—that the New World is really the Old World? Science has once or twice revolutionized our ideas as much as that, and there is no telling whither she will next lead us. Already the earliest animal in the world, the Eozoon, has been found in the Laurentian rocks of Canada.

The etymologists who love to trace English names to Saxon roots and those who find Norse etymons every where have their respective explanations of the name Stonehenge. The former see it to be plainly Stan-henge, or hanging stones; the latter to be Stanning (it is so spelled in some old records), from *Stan*, a stone, and *Ing*, a field. The former seems to me the more probable origin of the name; for though there are many old Danish names in England, they are found chiefly on the eastern coast, where the Vikings mainly hovered in early times. The word "Viking" itself indicates that the Norsemen kept about the bays and inlets of the coast. "Vik" is the same as "Wick," which signifies the corner of the mouth, and was applied to such inlets of the sea as run up into the land like the side of the mouth. It is preserved in "Berwick," and by reference to the inlet on which that northern town stands one may see what was meant by *wick*. The wick of a candle is that part of it which is similarly shaped. *Ing* (a field) means the spreading of such an inlet toward the sea; and Wick-ing or Viking is the whole name, which was gradually given to those who, probably for piratical purposes, infested such nooks on the coast. There, too, we find the names which end in *by*—*e. g.*, Whitby—*by* being the old Danish word for town. By-laws are town laws, that is, local regulations as distinguished from general or national laws. These words stretch into the east of Scotland, from which region Mr. Gladstone gets his name; *Glead* meaning a hawk, and the name a stone where hawks roost. But when we come into the southwest of England we find that Saxon is the back-ground of the proper names; and it is in the proper names that original tongues linger longest.

Again, a question has arisen whether Stonehenge was built for a temple, or for a courthouse. Undoubtedly we find that in early times civil trials were held in such places. In 1349 William de St. Michel was summoned to a court "*apud stantes lapides de Rane en le Garniach*," and in 1380 Alexander, Lord of Regality of Badenoch, held a court "*apud le Standand Stanys de la Rathe de Kingney Estir*." But archæologists find no difficulty in a country where religion is connected with the state in concluding that the Druid priests were also the magistrates, and that civil law began in religious and moral law. At any rate, the tradition of the country, joined with the fact that wherever stones similarly placed in other countries have been found they are invariably temples, renders it quite certain that Stonehenge was a religious structure.

Coming now to the temple itself, we find it consisting of 94 stones, with traces of there having been many more. It is generally thought that there were originally 160 in all. It is estimated that the largest of these would weigh nearly 40 tons, and would require 140 oxen to draw it. There is one stone whose weight has been estimated as high as 70 tons. The first question that arises in the mind is how these enormous stones could have been brought all the way from Devonshire or Cornwall—nearly 100 miles—the nearest point at which rock of a similar character can be found. There have been surmises that it must have been at that inconceivably remote period when elephants existed in England! But it is known that the very greatest power can not be got from horses, elephants, or any other animals than men; and this simply because mere animals can not be completely adjusted to the direction of intelligence, that is, can not be thoroughly drilled, nor inspired by a clear perception of the task to be accomplished. Reason at last is the chief force, even in mechanics. The heaviest single block of stone ever moved is that upon which the equestrian statue of Peter the Great stands in the city of St. Petersburg. It was brought from a point many miles away by men. The men in this case were drilled like an army. The first task was to lift one end enough to get it upon a roller. When the effort was to be made they were all—the number being several thousands—harnessed to the stone; the king and his court came out; innumerable banners were waved; the bugle was sounded; and amidst strains of martial music and under an inspiration such as is evoked at the onset of a battle, the men gave a great combined movement, and the first step, which made all others easier, was gained. Day after day this splendid performance was repeated amidst the presence and plaudits of vast numbers of spectators, including the king and nobility, until the work was done. Now if we add to such power as this the animation of that religious faith which can "remove mountains," the building of Stonehenge and other great temples ceases to be a mystery. The huge blocks of stone found in the temple of the Sun at Baalbec are so far beyond any force that the people of that region can now imagine that they say they were cut and removed from the neighboring quarries by the *genii*. And one enormous block which, after being cut, remains in the quarry, has given rise to the legend that the *genii*, who were employed by Solomon on this temple, struck work because the king broke his contract with them. So the temple was never finished. But when we learn from history that three hundred young men, the flower of the Carthaginian youth, came cheerfully to that temple to be offered up as sacrifices on its altar for the benefit of their city, we feel that the corresponding amount of faith in the workmen would be ample to cut and raise all the stones of Baalbec. At Stonehenge every visitor feels thrilled and awe-

stricken under a mysterious sense of being in the presence of some almost supernatural influence; and I doubt not that the feeling, if analyzed, would be found in the recognition in the monuments of a degree of faith which has passed away from the earth. "Why can not we build such cathedrals now?" asked Alfonso of Heine as they stood before the great structure at Rheims. "That cathedral," answered Heine, "was built by an age of convictions; ours is an age of opinions."

The plan of Stonehenge is two circles and two "horseshoes," each marked by stones which rise in height from east to west. The outer circle is 300 feet in circumference; the smaller circle is contained within this; and the oval circles open from these, impinging upon them; and one is inclosed within the other. The stone called the altar is inclined, and is of a kind different from the other in substance, and said to be impervious to the action of fire; it is a Devonian hornstone, called *Sarsen*; the other stones are of simple Cornish granite.

As the decay of the popular faith in Baal among the Syrians was marked by the rise of the superstition that not men but only genii could have built the temples of Baalbec, so the appearance of a new faith in these islands—the faith of Thor, it may be—was followed by the rise of legends that these stones were brought to Salisbury Plains by the magic art of Merlin, or by giants. The superstitious country people call them now "the giants' dance," and one may now and then meet with a peasant who believes that they were giants who were transformed to stone while engaged in diabolical orgies. The legend, as gathered from Giraldus, Lewis, and Geoffrey of Monmouth, is that these stones, which had a preternatural virtue, were originally gathered by giants at Kildare in Ireland. On the occasion when the Britons were invited to Salisbury by the Saxons to make a treaty of peace, the Saxons fell upon and slew them. Subsequently Ambrosius, King of the Britons, wishing to set up on the spot some everlasting memorial of this Saxon treachery, applied to Merlin, who informed him that there were in Ireland these magical stones that would last forever. As the Irish were unwilling to have them removed, Uther Pendragon went with 15,000 men and defeated them; but the stones could not be moved until Merlin came and with magic art transferred them.

It is not at all improbable that it is to this legend, acting upon the superstitious fears of Wiltshire peasants, that we owe the preservation of Stonehenge through many ages in which so many of these old structures have been broken up to make houses in a region where good stone is rare. It was not until 1620 that any real efforts at obtaining a rational explanation of these stones was made. The first of these was by Inigo Jones, the architect, who, at the desire of James I., investigated them, and attributed them to the Romans. This brought out a great controversy, which was carried on

by Hoare, Charleton, Webb, Sammes, Gibson, Keyser, each of whom had his theory, and among whom Stonehenge was attributed in turns to all the races that ever had a foothold in Great Britain. But it is from 1740 that we may date the little we have in the way of historic probabilities concerning the temple. In that year Dr. Stukeley, as before alluded to, went to reside with the Earl of Pembroke, and gave a thorough investigation of Stonehenge, the surrounding barrows, and the temple at Abury. He found at Stonehenge the bones of oxen and other animals similar to those sacrificed by Egyptians and Hebrews. In a large barrow—there are 160 barrows within a circle of three miles around—he found a skeleton with head to the north; a bone drinking-cup; a bone needle; two burned cones of jet; eighteen beads of amber; two oblong jet beads; glass beads, yellow and black; amber of various forms; urns of unbaked clay; a few beads with film of gold; all of which had been touched by fire. One barrow was evidently that of a heroine. It contained the skeleton of a young girl, by whose side were many costly ornaments, a bodkin of bone, and a javelin of brass. Stukeley showed conclusively that these were not Roman monuments.

At that time Celtic literature was beginning to receive some attention; and it was found that the Welsh bards alluded to "the stone cell of the sacred fire," and "the great stone fence of the common sanctuary." The Welsh Triads recorded three great works done in their time: 1. the lifting of the stone of Ketti; 2. building the work of Emrys; 3. piling up the mount of Assemblies. The "Emrys" spoken of here seemed to Mr. Davies, author of "Celtic Researches," so nearly related to "ambres"—the British name for sacred stones, which gave its name to Amesbury (Ambresbury), now called Abury—that he suggested the temple at Stonehenge as the second of the great works alluded to; and indeed the agreement of scholars from that time that the temple belonged to a Druidical period. But now Stukeley observed that the Stonehenge temple was built by people who venerated the circle and the oval; that those who were buried in the barrows belonged to a people who venerated the North, toward which the heads were placed; that those who built the Ambresbury temple built it in the form of a serpent; and that all these were built with reference to early astronomical theories. Now it is known that the Egyptians, Phœnicians, and Greeks all had a religious veneration for the North. The serpent was a still more universal symbol, there being hardly a race which has not some traces of serpent-worship. The snake is on the banner of China and that of South Carolina. But the old scholar found something more definite in the use of the oval, the circle, and the astronomic forms. He found that among Egyptians and Phœnicians a circle was the symbol of the Deity, and the earth was supposed an egg; and thus he was able to trace

the circular and oval forms observed in the plan of Stonehenge. "Plato, who learned much from the ancestors of our Druids, says, in Diogenes Laertius, that God is spherical, which he must mean hieroglyphically. So our Druids, as well as he, may mean the infinity of Nature in the Deity, who made the world by this scheme of Stonehenge; at least they understood by the circle the heavens, which include all things." Of the placing of the main entrance due northeast, where the sun rises at the summer solstice, he writes: "As well because that is the farthest elongation of that great celestial luminary northward; the complement of our earthly felicity in ripening the fruits of the earth; as because they then celebrated one of their principal religious meetings or festivals with sacrifices, public games, and the like." But though, as we have said, the serpent symbol is so universal, Stukeley proved that the great temple at Amesbury, clearly supplementary to that at Stonehenge and belonging to the same era and people, was built after that particular form of it which is found particularly in Egypt.

Any one familiar with Egyptian monuments will know how uniformly they are adorned with the figure of the circle alated with two serpents. Now this is just the shape



EGYPTIAN SYMBOL.

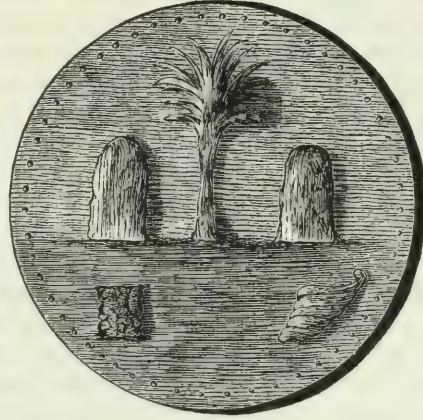
of the Amesbury temple. These facts seemed to point to the Egyptian origin of those who built these stone temples. But there is evidence that at an early period these British monuments became associated with the mythologies of other nations. Diodorus Siculus says: "Among the writers on antiquity Hecataeus and some others relate that there is an island in the ocean opposite to Celtic Gaul, and not inferior in size to that of Sicily, lying toward the north, and inhabited by the Hyperborei, who are so called because they live more remote from the north wind"—i. e., as compared with the Scythians. "The soil is excellent and fertile, the climate temperate, and the harvest is made twice in the same year. Tradition says that Latona was born here, and therefore Apollo is worshiped in preference to any other deity; and because the inhabitants celebrate him daily with continued songs of praise, and pay him the highest honors, they are considered as the priests of Apollo, to whom a magnificent precinct is allotted, and a remarkable temple of a round form adorned with many votive offerings. The country is also dedicated to this deity. Many of its inhabitants are musicians, who, striking up their harps within the temple, chant sacred hymns to the god, and honorably extol his actions. The government of the country and the care of the temple are intrusted to the Boreadæ, who inherit this government by an uninterrupted line of succession." Davies has shown that the

name of this Apollo (for there is no doubt that Britain is referred to in the above extract) was Bel—the same as Baal—and that the early name of this country was Vel-ynys, or the Isle of Bel.

Notwithstanding the belief of some good authorities that Hercules is purely a myth, the quantity of particular statements concerning him have brought the weight of critical opinion in favor of the existence of a great navigator whose career gave rise to the stories connected with that name. Max Muller has shown how nearly all, if not all, mythologies are traceable to the sun. Apollo is the sun whose light voyages throughout the earth; but Hercules, the Tyrian mariner, who sailed from the remote East to set up his "Pillars" at what was supposed to be the remotest Occidental point of land, was deified as a kind of human avatar or incarnation of Apollo. That he, or the legends connected with his name, was known in the earliest days in Britain is shown by sundry old names traceable to him—e. g., Hartlepool, Hartland, etc. Moreover, there is no doubt that an old altar to Hercules, with a Greek inscription confirming the fact, was discovered in Corbridge church-yard. The greatest mariners of ancient times were the Phœnicians, and nearly all authorities agree that they instituted a commerce with Cornwall, and first worked its tin-mines. Hercules was a Tyrian, and some say built that city. Stukeley believes that he and his Phœnician mariners discovered the use of the lodestone in Cornwall, where a large vein of it exists, and that they kept it for ages a profound secret, wishing to enjoy its benefits exclusively; and he finds this magnet hinted at in nearly all of the mythological legends of the time. Hercules, it was said, being once overpowered by the heat of the sun, drew his bow against that luminary; whereupon the god (Phœbus), admiring his intrepidity, gave him a golden cup, with which he sailed over the ocean. This cup was the compass, which old writers have called *Lapis Heracleus*. Pisander says Oceanus lent him the cup, and Lucian says it was a seashell. Tradition affirms that the magnet originally was not on a pivot, but set to float on water in a cup. The old antiquarian is wildly theoretical on this point, and sees a compass in the Golden Fleece of Argos, in the oracular needle which Nero worshiped, and in every thing else. Yet undoubtedly there are some curious facts connected with the matter. Osonius says that Gama and the Portuguese got the compass from some pirates at the Cape of Good Hope, A. D. 1260. M. Fauchet, the French antiquarian, finds it plainly alluded to in some old poem of Brittany belonging to the year A. D. 1180. Paulo Venetus brought it in the thirteenth century from China, where it was regarded as oracular. Genebrand says Melvius, a Neapolitan, brought it to Europe in A. D. 1303. Costa says Gama got it from Mohammedan seamen. But all nations with whom it was found associate it with regions where



ANCIENT COIN OF TYRE.



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Heracleian myths prevailed. And one of the most curious facts is that the ancient Britons, as the Welsh do to-day, call a pilot *llywydd* (lode). Lodemanage, in Skinner's Etymology, is the word for the price paid to a pilot. But whether this famous, and afterward deified, mariner had a compass or not, we can hardly regard the association of his name with so many Western monuments as accidental. The dollar mark (\$) so familiar to Americans is certainly derived from the "Pillars of Hercules," as the two great rock-hills at Gibraltar are called; and I have in the pursuit of this subject come to the conviction that there is in that dollar-mark a very interesting piece of symbolism hitherto undiscovered, which the reader may regard as an episode in this inquiry.

The Tyrian form of the Heracleian legend is this: Claudius Julius Hercules, having been bitten by a serpent, was ordered by an oracle to sail to a distant region where he would find a plant that would heal him. He came to Spain, where he found the plant colocassia—or, as Salmusius says, *dracunculus*—which cured him, and then he built the city of Gades (Cadiz), and raised the "Pillars of Hercules"—which was his tenth labor. This legend found its way in the course of time on the coinage of Tyre. In examining these old coins it struck me that they singularly resembled the earliest representations of Adam and Eve, with the tree of life and the serpent. The earliest of the coins (No. 1), which was "struck by Tyre in honor of its founder, Hercules, the navigator," shows simply two round-topped pillars with a tree between them, with an altar and a couch, which was the device of Tyre. But on the more recent coin (No. 2) there are significant modifications; a serpent surrounds the tree, and the stone pillars on either side are irregular. In fact the plain stones of No. 1 are in No. 2 on their way to become statues. It must be remembered that at the time when Tyre was at its height of prosperity as a commercial city Greece had no history, and Greek art did not exist. The nations beyond Greece in both time and place had gradually ascended from the worship of lowest fetiches to the worship of the planets. Even the setting up of sacred

stones—originating in altars—was probably a reaction and innovation from the more western tribes which ultimately crystallized into Greece. Maximus of Tyre says the Arabians worshiped he knew not what, for he "only saw a great stone." Pausanias says the more ancient Greeks worshiped unhewn stone instead of statues. But at the time that the fable of the stones cast by Deucalion after the deluge over his head and transformed to men was forming these primitive religious stones also became statues; and thus the story of Adam and Eve, the serpent and the apples, blended with the legend of Hercules, the serpent bite, the healing plant, and the pillars of Hercules. The later or Greek form of the fable is the apples of immortality, guarded by a serpent in the interest of the three nymphs (Hesperides), which it was one of the labors of Hercules to gather. There seems to me no doubt whatever that we have, therefore, in our Spanish-American dollar-mark at once the pillars of Hercules, the dracunculus, and the serpent; the daughters of Hesperus, the serpent, and the golden apples; and the tree of life with the serpent twined around it.

We must, then (to return to Stonehenge), conclude that at about the period of time when Jacob took the stone which he had for a pillow and set up for a pillar, marking the spot which had been "the gate of heaven" to him, wanderers from the same region—the region of astronomic religions, pyramids, etc.—were setting up these pillars on Salisbury Plain. And the little we know about the Druid priests who presided over them indicates that they had many of the characteristics of those of Egypt who represented the established church of Pharaoh and the aristocratic task-masters. Dr. Stukeley thought, however, that the builders of Stonehenge were Jews. Nor is this impossible. We probably make a serious mistake in supposing that the Jews and their ordinary priests differed materially from the old Egyptian priests. Moses was clearly in advance of his followers, whom he found worshiping the Egyptian calf; and even Moses, in an emergency, offered for their adoration the sacred serpent of the country they had left. And it is certainly remarkable that He-

brew names, derived from immemorial times, are met with constantly in England. The Hamath of Scripture is found also in Gloucestershire, with an Ararat Hill, too, in the vicinity. The Aven of Ezekiel is repeated in the Avon. Nebo, Bel, Gilboa, occur in Wiltshire; and we have Calneh in Calne, and Ham, Hampton, etc., frequently. We have Mara-Zion in Cornwall, and Baal-peor meets us in Belper. The Rev. Samuel Lysons has collected over four thousand words and names in Great Britain which are plainly cognate to Hebrew words. It must, however, be borne in mind that it is well known that the Hebrew language is a Chaldee dialect. And so when we find, as we constantly do, ancient customs and traditions in Great Britain clearly related to those recorded in the Bible, although certainly anterior to the advent of Christianity here, it is necessary to reflect that the Hebrews derived them from many tribes—Egyptian, Babylonian, Syrian, and other. Of these ancient customs I shall have something to say presently. Before leaving Stonehenge it may be interesting to sum up briefly all that we know concerning the Druids, most of which we get from Cæsar, and one or two Greek writers. The Druids (priests), according to them, led austere lives, worshiped in forest solitudes, believed in immortality and transmigration, and were supposed to have the power of bringing blessings or cursings upon the people, who stood in great awe of them. They were a distinct hereditary caste, and their employments were divided among three classes. One of these (who may be taken as the originators of the Welsh bards and harpists) chanted hymns to the gods, and sang of heroes; the second decided judicial questions and attended to the education of youth; the third, and highest class, presided over religious rites and sacrifices. The priests were exempted from taxes and military duties. No enterprises were undertaken without consulting them. They appointed all officers. When disobeyed they ostracized the offender, to whom no one dared speak thereafter. They dealt much in charms and astrology. They held the oak sacred; and the mistletoe, under their incantations, became a panacea for every ill. They went barefooted and dressed in white. They gathered the lunaria, or moon-plant, when the moon shone on it, and vervain at sunrise, and used them for healing. They had secret symbols and signs, into which only the higher priestly orders were initiated; these it was not permitted to commit to writing. There were female priestesses, vowed to perpetual celibacy; and seem to have carried the doctrine of the equality of the sexes very far. This seems to ally them with the Germans and Cimbri.* Tacitus says: "The Germans sup-

pose some divine and prophetic quality resident in their women, and are careful neither to disregard their admonitions nor to neglect their answers." And of the Cimbri Strabo says they were followed to war by barefooted prophetesses in white linen, fastened with clasps of brass. "These go with drawn swords through the camp, strike down the prisoners they meet, and drag them to a brazen kettle. The priestess ascends a platform above it, cuts the throat of the victim, and from the manner in which the blood flows into the vessel she judges of future events. Others tear open the bodies of captives thus butchered, and from inspection of the entrails presage victory to their own party." There is no doubt that the Druids sacrificed human beings, who, selected generally from captives or offenders against their laws, were caged in a great basket and burned, the victims being supposed to be purified for the gods by this means. They believed in testing offenders by ordeals, as fiery furnaces, hot oil, and the like. They believed in destiny. They were severely moral as to sexual sins, and were undoubtedly the stratum out of which the Puritans and Calvinists were ultimately fashioned. They consecrated the darkest caverns and groves, believing them tenanted by potent spirits, and similarly apotheosized all the sombre and hard elements of the human mind and heart. They abhorred all images and statues, looked kindly on suicide, and esteemed physical courage above all traits of character. Altogether, I take it, your genuine Druid must have been unlovely.

The earliest allusion to Great Britain which we find is in Herodotus (B.C. 445), in which he mentions the Scilly Isles as a place from which tin was obtained. Aristotle, a hundred years later, mentions England and Ireland under the names Albion and Ierne. Polybius (B.C. 160) mentions the British Isles in connection with tin. Strabo (B.C. 40) gives something of the geography of the islands, and he quotes from a previous writer, Pytheas, who had traversed England and says: "It was neither land, nor sea, nor air separately, but a certain concretion of them all, like sea-blubber, in which land and sea and all things are suspended, and this is as it were the bound of all things, being neither passable by traveling nor by sailing." The sea-blubber is explained by some writers by the phenomenon of half-melted and amassed ice-slush, sometimes found about the Scilly Islands even yet. But it is to Cæsar (B.C. 56) we must look for our particular accounts of Britain at that period. He says that the Druids had knowledge of the stars and of geometry; that they used Greek letters; that they had vast numbers of youth studying, who had

* The Germans and Cimbri must have been brother-tribes or races. German means "man of war"—*ger* being *guerre*, and radically the same word with *war*, and with the Scotch word *gar*, to compel. Cimbri is traceable to *kampf*, battle. *Deutsch* is traced by some

to an old German word for fighting; but it is probably from the old German deity *Teut*, who was transformed by Christianity, like many other deities, into a *Teufel*. *Teut* may have been *Thoth* or *Taut* of the Egyptians, from the Chaldaic word *Tit*, the clay out of which man was formed.

to commit sometimes 20,000 lines to memory at a time. The discrepancies between the accounts of the personal appearance of the people given by Cæsar and the writers who immediately succeeded him are amusing. Cæsar says they painted themselves blue and dressed in skins; Solinus that they were tattooed; Herodian that they stained themselves with the figures of animals, and went naked; Pliny says that men and women, when at their religious ceremonies, were naked, and were black; Jordanes says they colored themselves with iron ore, which would make them red; Ovid calls the Britons *virides*, or green. From all of which we may gather that at about the Christian era these islands were peopled by races gathered from all parts of the earth.

Any one who will examine a physical map of the Eastern Hemisphere shall find the human race originating upon the rocky and sandy mountains and plateaus of Asia, with their average of 2000 feet above the sea. The hardness of nature there would give rise to a severe struggle for existence, and this would tend to scatter and sunder the race. Out of these wars migrations would arise, and these migrations would naturally follow the rivers by which Asian table-lands and mountains irrigated the pleasant and fruitful valleys of Europe. On examining Europe it will be seen that it is so intersected by mountain ranges, waters, and so forth, as to be admirably contrived to divide up the human race, as a hand is divided into fingers. Europe thus became the grand place for the establishment of those various nationalities, to whom Destiny distributed various tasks which were to unfold the several talents which were folded up in the seed-brain of the Asiatic man. The history of Europe is the history of these varieties. Having in their separateness developed their respective powers, the epoch of reunion began, and the long-parted races began to mingle again on the pleasant slopes of Western Europe. In Great Britain this mingling came as the overture to the great harmony of races which prepared for America her great task—the unification of the race on a higher plane, that is, with all the characteristics unfolded by its European nationalities preserved. We must then think of the settlement of Great Britain by successive invasions of Celts, Saxons, Romans, Norsemen, and the rest, as like the gathering into one Niagara or St. Lawrence of the waters of kindred but separate lakes. But it was not, like Niagara, by one fall that the confluent races found their way here, but rather by many falls—like those of Trenton—occurring after distinct intervals, and each with its own character. It followed that England was an immense caldron of contending bloods for ages; and that only after long struggles for supremacy were they formed into any thing like a consistent mass—even then the Irish being unmixable. And as there was a struggle of races here, so was there a struggle of their religions. We can find traces in these islands

of all the religions that ever existed on earth. It would surprise many of the devout people in England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and consequently in every part of America, if they knew (what is a fact) that some of their most pious and ardent rites are derived from pagan usages which existed in these islands ages before the introduction of Christianity. How little do they who sing and shout in camp-meetings in the woods reflect that ancient Britons, in their forests, similarly chanted their incantations, and shouted to frighten away evil demons! How little do they who dress their churches with evergreen at Christmas see in them the ancient mistletoe, or the votive offerings to the sun which clothed the earth in robes of green! Fortunately for our researches in this direction, those who first brought Christianity to Great Britain did not attempt to trample out the various religions which they found already occupying the ground, and deeply rooted in the faith of the people. Indeed, if Christianity had denied the people their old observances they would have trampled it out. In the year A.D. 601 Gregory the Great wrote to the Abbot Mellitus, then going into Britain, the following directions to be communicated to Augustine, the first Archbishop of Canterbury:

“When, therefore, Almighty God shall bring you to the most reverend Bishop Augustine, our brother, tell him what I have, upon mature deliberation of the affairs of the English, determined upon, viz., that the temples of the idols ought not to be destroyed; but let the idols that are in them be destroyed; let holy water be made and sprinkled in the said temples; let altars be erected and relics placed. For if those temples are well built it is requisite that they be converted from the worship of devils to the service of the true God; that the nation, seeing that their temples are not destroyed, may remove error from their hearts, and, knowing and adoring the true God, may more familiarly resort to the places to which they have been accustomed. And because they have been used to slaughter many oxen in the sacrifices to devils, *some solemnity must be exchanged for them on this account*; as that on the day of the dedication, or the natiivities of the holy martyrs, whose relics are there deposited, they may build themselves huts of the boughs of trees, about those churches which have been turned to that use from temples, and celebrate the solemnity with religious feastings, and no more offer beasts to the devil, but kill cattle to the praise of God in their eating, and return thanks to the Giver of all things for their sustenance; to the end that, while some gratifications are outwardly permitted them, they may the more easily consent to the inward consolations of the grace of God. For there is no doubt that it is impossible to efface every thing at once from their obdurate minds; because he who endeavors to ascend to the highest place rises by degrees or steps, and not by leaps.”

Mosheim, in his Ecclesiastical History, shows that this was every where the practice of the Church. He says:

“To those festivals which were celebrated in the preceding (fifth) century were now added the festival of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, invented with a design to remove the uneasiness of the heathen converts, on account of the loss of their Lupercalia, or Feasts of Pan, which had been formerly observed in the month of February—the Festival of the Immaculate Conception—the day set apart to commemorate the birth of St. John, and others less worthy of mention.”

The Purification of the Virgin and the Birth of St. John are still preserved as festivals in the Church of England. Thus the Birthday of the Sun, the Scandinavian Feast of Yule, with its log and wassail bowl, were baptized into the feasts of Christmas; and our fine dinners on that day were originally burned to cinders on altars instead of nicely cooked for our own palates. Our forefathers' "Masques" and our Pantomimes are reminiscences of veritable Saturnalia. *Uley* is an old Chaldaic word for "ascend," and was used with reference to the ascent of the sun; whence Yule. In some parts of Yorkshire the people run about and into the churches at Christmas, which corresponded to the feast of Apollo, crying *Ule, ule*. A Christmas custom also remains in Kent called Youling, in which numbers of people encircle the apple and cherry trees to invoke a good crop, singing:

"Stand fast root; bear well top;
God send us a youling sop;
Every twig, apple big;
Every bough, apples enow."

Sun-worship may not only be traced in hundreds of names of places in Great Britain—as, for instance, in this very Saul's (*i.e.*, Sol's) bury—but in actual religious usages. In many churches during the recitation of the Apostles' Creed the congregation turn and bow toward the east; in English cemeteries bodies are buried with head to the east. One who penetrates the most primitive districts, in regions where the Celts are known to have existed from the oldest times, will get glimpses of some very antique proceedings. Bel-fires are still lighted at midsummer in some parts of Ireland, and cattle driven *through* them. Dr. Moresim speaks of a custom in Scotland of which he was an eyewitness. "They take," he says, "on their return from church, the newly-baptized infant, and vibrate it three or four times gently over a flame, saying, and repeating it thrice, 'Let the flame consume thee now or never.'" This is plainly a relic of fire-worship, and probably of the custom of human sacrifices.

In some parts of Scotland they have a still more distinct reminiscence of human sacrifices. About midsummer a number of people go out on a common and build a fire. They then proceed one after another to run and leap over or through the top of the ascending flame. None can give any account of the origin of this performance; they only say that it has always been the usage of their neighborhood; but there is little doubt that those who instituted it often went into and not over the fire. The widespread custom of bowing to the new moon certainly had its origin in the Druidical ceremonies which occurred at every change of the moon, as have also many of the beliefs of country people as to its influence upon their crops; some of which, however, as Mr. P. J. Lesley, of Philadelphia, has shown, are not entirely superstitious. Those who strew flowers on graves are unconsciously following the precedent of Alex-

ander, who strewed them on the grave of Achilles, after the manner of the ancients, as described by Virgil in the sixth *Æneid*. In the Book of Ruth we read: "Now this was the manner in former time in Israel concerning redeeming and concerning changing, for to confirm all things; a man plucked off his shoe and gave it to his neighbor: and this was a testimony in Israel." The giving of the shoe meant the resignation of property. Castell says that the Emperor of Abyssinia used the casting of the shoe as the sign of dominion. The old custom is alluded to in Psalm ix.: "Over Edom will I cast out my shoe." This custom survives in the practice of throwing the shoe after a bride when she leaves her parental home; the father resigns his property in her. In some countries the right-hand glove was used instead of the shoe, and in medieval times the giving of a pair of gloves signified a quit-rent for lands. At many English weddings now it is the custom for the parents of the bride to furnish the gloves worn by the guests. April-fool's-day plainly refers to the Druidical festival which marked April 1—the first day of the ancient year, when the sun entered the sign Aries, and the season of frolic and mirth began. The May-pole is a Phallic symbol. The circular dances around it originally represented the movements of the planets. The British goddess *Ma*, "the great mother,"—etymologically related, as some think, to the Hebrew *Am*—was succeeded by the Roman goddess *Maia*, who was again succeeded by the Christian *Mary*, who, in the Roman Calendar, is the Queen of May. Each goddess in turn represented the fecundity of Nature. At one period the May-day festival was marked in Great Britain by much licentiousness. Homer represents the gods as passing the nectar from right to left. The ancient sun-worshippers passed the goblet in the same way, following the course of the sun. And now at any public dinner in London the bottle is sure to pass to the left hand. The drinking of healths was originally a libation and invocation; the liquid was poured on the altar instead of down the throat. To this day the London cabman, stopping before a public house for a glass of ale, will always stop short of the bottom of the tankard and pour the rest on the ground, without in the least knowing why he does it. Hydro-mel or honey-water was Attila's nuptial bowl. Diodorus Siculus says the Celts used a drink of honey mixed with water. This was the methaglin or mead of the Norse gods. The Gaelic-Welsh custom of celebrating the felicity of marriage by drinking this beverage for thirty consecutive days after marriage originated that happy festivity called the Honey-moon. Quintus Curtius tells us that "the king ordered a large cake to be brought, which was the most solemn pledge of those who entered the marriage state, which being cut through with a sword, each of the parties partook of." The ancient Britons had this hallowed cake, and believed that those who ate of it would that night

see in a vision his or her "future partner." Hence the wedding-cake, and the custom of placing a bit of it beneath the pillow to be dreamed on. Mr. M'Lennan, of Scotland, in an interesting work on "Primitive Marriage," has pointed out various sports and customs which are traceable to the period when the wife had to be captured from her relatives, who defended her—a period which may be ascribed to the time of the early migrations of Eastern races into Europe, the emigrants then (as now) leaving their women behind, and finding few enough in the countries to which they migrated to make every woman a prize. Of these relics of the age referred to one of the most common is the favorite game of fairs and country people called "kissing in the ring." The girl drops a handkerchief behind a young man (who, with the rest, helps to form a ring), and then runs; the youth pursues until he captures her; she is then brought into the centre of the circle, where she must give him a kiss.

The score of fortune-tellers in London—of whom Zadkiel, with his annual Astrological Almanac, is chief—are of the apostolic succession of the Druids. Every summer there is fitted up at the Cremorne Gardens a cave, lighted by a solitary lamp, where sits a white-robed, gray-bearded individual, who, for a sixpence, gives those who consult him a paper covered with cabalistic signs, on which are a few mystical doggerel lines concerning their future. He is the ghost of the Druid priest, as described in the most ancient Pictish chronicle:

"There remained of them in Ealga,
With many artificers and warriors,
They would not leave Breagmach,
Six demon-like Druids.

"Necromancy and idolatry, illusion,
In a fair and well-walled house,
Plundering in ships, bright poems
By them were taught.

"The honoring of Sredkhs and omens,
Choice of weather, lucky times,
The watching the voice of birds,
They practiced without disguise."

The priest seated in his confessional was originally a Druid in his cave, examining those ominous entrails of fowls which the poulterer still sells as "giblets," or *cabalistic* things. (Cabala=Heb. Quel=Cell: Cabalist is the Man of the Cell. Solomon called himself Quelt.) Many of the old pagan feasts survive as games. The favorite sport of all English fairs, Aunt Sally—the most common form now of the game called *Cockayne*, where small prizes are set up on poles to be gained by him who can hit them by throwing—originated with sun-worshiping countries. The Emperor Heliogabalus, the *ci-devant* priest of Apollo at Baalbec, introduced it to Rome. The amusement, called *la Cocagne*, remains in Italy, where cakes, etc., are contested for; and in Germany, France, Belgium, the *Mat de Cocagne* combines the May-pole with the setting up of the popinjay to be shot at. Lysons attributes it "to

feasts in honor of Coc, one of the names of the sun, to whom altars have been found in Cumberland under the name of Cocidius." "There is," he adds, "a field in the suburbs of Gloucester which, in the Hundred Rolls, *temp.* Edward I., was called Cocayne, now corrupted to Cog-gins. And we read in Spelman that these games especially flourished in the time of Edward I. A *pays de cocagne* is a place of amusement, idleness, and luxury. A person who devoted himself to unprofitable amusements became a lazy, idle vagabond, in French called a *coquin*, in England a cockney. The female of cockney is coquette; she, too, contends for the hand of many a man, careless of her success when obtained."

Mr. Peter J. Lesley, in his admirable work, "Man's Origin and Destiny," which is an honor to American philosophy, has a very curious passage on the origin of common games. He says: "Cricket is the game of the Druid kirk, and its characteristic is a wooden gate, or wicket, made in imitation of one of those tremendous trilithons which compose the circle of Stonehenge; and the game is a mimic war between two parties, one of which represents the priesthood, whose whole business it is to protect the sacred lintel, which the other party strive to cast down and destroy. The game of marbles represents a similar attack from outside foes upon the safety of the initiated into the Church, in the form of marbles in a ring; for kirk or church is the same as *κυκλος*, or circle, in the Druid mythology of the past. The order of the Knights of the Temple were the last in Christendom to keep alive the mystery of building circular churches. The very name, *Tor-alley*, which the boys give to the great marble in the centre of the ring, is enough to show the Arkite tradition in the game. But, above all, the game of hop-skip speaks for itself. No one can watch two boys draw with chalk on a pavement an oblong space, terminating in an apse at one end and divide it by cross lines, and draw a cross at the farther end, without seeing at once that the figure is the ground-plan of a French cathedral church.....Then see one of them take an oyster-shell—a neophyte—and with great difficulty hopping on one foot, and with all sorts of mystic motions and complicated rules of conduct, according to a well-established order of tradition, which his opponent jealously observes, being on the watch to trip him up at the least infraction of the rules, and see him shove the oyster-shell from division to division, on toward the cross and altar-place, where the catechumen becomes a communicant, and the communicant a priest—and tell me there is nothing ancient, nothing Archaic, nothing of the Eleusynian, or still older Old Egyptian mysteries in that!"

I may mention here that the usual derivation of Druid from the Greek word *δρυς*, an oak, is not quite satisfactory. It is more probable that *δρυς* was derived from Druid, or Dryad, as it clearly received its name from its sacred

character, and the oracles of Dodona. A further analysis of Druid takes us back to the Chaldaic and Hebrew word *dur*, which means "to go round"—i. e., like the sun and moon. The word Dervish is derived from the same *dur*. It is well known that the dance of the Spinning Dervish is supposed to represent the movements of the heavenly bodies; as we read in the Oriental song of the Dervish which Mr. Emerson has translated:

"Lost in whirl of spheres I rove,
And know only that I love."

Such sacred planetary dances were universal among the ancient sun-worshippers. The favorite amusement—*ballet*—preserves the name of *Baal*, whose religious ceremony it once was. As a religious custom the mystical dance is preserved among the Shakers in their usual worship, among the Methodists in the procession which moves around the auditorium at the close of a camp-meeting, and still more plainly among the Roman Catholics in the circular procession of lustration observed at the consecration of a church. There is little reason to doubt that the legend of the peasantry that the stones of Stonehenge were giants transformed while at their wild orgies—which gave the place the name in the Middle Ages of *Chorea gigantum*, and causes it to be now called "The Giants' Dance"—originated with these early Druidic rites. Any one who visits the old circular Temple in London, around which the Knights Templars lie buried under their little pylons or truncated pyramids, will at once feel that its pedigree is on Salisbury Plain, and that both rest upon that early effort of man to raise the earth to the harmony and order of heaven, which is well uttered by the prophet Sasan: "The first time I was called to the world above the Heavens and Stars said unto me, O Sasan! we have bound up our loins in the service of Yezdan and never withdrawn from it, because he is worthy of praise; and we are filled with astonishment how mankind can wander so far from the commands of God!"

I have refrained in the foregoing account from venturing any opinions concerning the barrows to be found around Stonehenge. The whole subject of barrows is in confusion, and the barrows themselves have been singularly neglected. We can not criticise the English, however, in this regard while our own Indian mounds, which Ben Franklin regarded as the repositories of many important secrets, remain generally unexplored. A considerable number of tumuli have, however, been opened in Europe; but their contents are so mixed that men of science seem to hope for little results from their further exploration. Implements of stone, bronze, iron, are often found side by side. Bodies are found partly burned, unburned, and urned as ashes. Some bodies have faces turned upward, others with faces turned downward. Some are found lying under boats with their keels upward, and these sometimes are in keel-

shaped barrows. There are round skulls in round barrows, and long skulls in long barrows. All these things are at present under discussion. It is generally supposed that the races mixed somewhat their burial customs, and that those buried with faces downward were slaves. The implements chiefly found are of flint; and their



FLINT IMPLEMENTS.

mixture with those of bronze and iron may be easily accounted for by remembering that, as is now the case in India and other countries, the most ancient implements and utensils of a country remain in use with the humbler classes long after improved ones have been in use among the rich. Flint weapons were used in the battle of Hastings. When a man of sufficient importance to have a mound raised over him died, his slaves would signify their respect by depositing their arrows in his grave. (These arrows, wherever the religion of Thor had gone, were also supposed to be able to keep off demons.) The bones of animals sacrificed for (or to) the spirit of the departed are generally found about the entrance. I have formerly, in speaking of Devonshire, remarked that many of the most ancient barrows have an interior structure resembling that of the houses in which the earliest inhabitants of the country resided. It is of even more importance that at the entrances to some of them (especially in Cornwall) there are indications of certain dark holes and caves which were connected with the most sombre portion of these ancient religions. The entrance of the rare species of barrow to which I now allude is called the Dolmen, and consists of a great stone resting upon two others which have a perforation. Borlase, who gave an interesting account of one found in Cornwall (of which a representation is herewith given), ob-



ENTRANCE TO BARROW.

serves that it was among the Druidical mysteries that persons drawn through this opening—a very severe operation—would be purified from every sin. The fact is very important as showing some remote connection between this creed and that of India, where (at Malabar) there is a famous perforated cavern-door

of the same kind, through which, as Mrs. Ellwood, in her "Journey to the East," says, "penitents squeezed themselves in order to obtain the remission of their sins." There is also some reason to think that we can get here some inkling as to the origin of the idea of Hell, which is known to be a blending of the Gehenna of the Jews with a wide-spread Teutonic and Scandinavian belief concerning the ice-cold realms of the goddess Hela. It is known that the Dolmen I have just described was called "Hell-stones." From these was named the parliamentary borough of Helston in Cornwall, which is more remarkable for the continuance of ancient pagan customs than any town in England. Hell is the same as hole; but it has a more remote relation with *Helios* (the sun), and with *heilig*, holy, heal, and a vast number of such words. In the form in which it has entered our English speech it originally meant this purgatorial, healing Hole. Mr. Lysons mentions that there is in a Saxon crypt, under Ripon Cathedral, a hole in the wall in connection with which a superstition exists in the neighborhood that they only can pass through it who are chaste; and that unmarried women passing through it will be married within the year. The verger said that vast numbers passed through it annually.

And now, at the end of my second saunter, I must confess that the mystery that yet clings to Stonehenge and its environs is still deep enough to evoke from my breast a response to an apostrophe to Literature, which I first read as quoted in the old folio of Stukeley, written by Queen Anne's domestic, Samuel Daniel:

"O blessed Letters, that combine in one
All ages past; and make one live with all!
Make us confer with those who now are gone,
And the dead living unto counsel call!
By you the unborn shall have communion
Of what we feel and what does us befall.

* * * * *

"And whereto serves that wondrous trophy now
That on the goodly plain near Wilton stands?
That huge, dumb heap that can not tell us how
Nor what nor whence it is, nor with whose hands
Nor for whose glory it was set to show
How much our pride mocks that of other lands."

Yet the poet little dreamed that it would be one of the triumphs of Letters in the future to create a science that should analyze the very elements of "letters," down to the smallest alphabetical sign, and thereby evoke a vast deal of the buried past; that step by step we should attain some knowledge of the races that once lived amidst these silent plains; and that even those "dumb" stones near Wilton would, under the waxing light of knowledge, at last emit, Memnon-like, some faint strains of the old music to which they arose, and which were chanted by their worshippers. Had he so dreamed the poet would have had another tribute to offer to that Literature which enables man to draw nearer to the most distant eras of the Past in knowledge as he becomes farther removed from them in time!

LEARNING COMMON-SENSE.

COMMON-SENSE is the application of ordinary wisdom to the affairs of daily life. Its title imports that it is no aristocratic privilege of a favored few, but a general patrimony, in which most or all persons are supposed to share. The truth is, however, that the term common-sense expresses rather what ought to be than what absolutely is. Intellect is certainly common, so is sensibility, so are many other gifts of nature and experience; but common-sense is not yet a mark of the race.

Common-sense is learned in the school of life. In that school every sense of the body, every power of the mind, every attribute of our twofold nature, every relation of the person, is constantly in exercise; and by them, in connection with the consciousness which animates and the outward objects that address them, the judgment is trained to perceive, the will to execute, and the passions to sustain, the dictates of its wisdom. To know what we are, and what we are designed for; to know what to do, and when, where, and how to do it; to know just what to expect, and the means to be used to realize it, are some of the main offices of common-sense.

Popular opinion assigns this sense to merely practical men, and they are viewed as the monopolists of this virtue. But this is a mistake. All greatness requires its presence. There is no genuine talent, no lofty genius without it. If it exist alone, it does not necessarily distinguish its possessor, but none of the best order of thinkers and actors were ever found destitute of it. For this same common-sense, disguised under various forms, is the one inevitable condition on which nature suspends all her benefits. She does not give bread by one law and beatitudes by another. The practical man, the poetic man, the philosophic man, are all simply men, amenable to the rule of common-sense however diverse the fields in which they operate. Newton and La Place, Watt and Whitney, Burke and Milton, meet and stand together on this common ground. In fact, it is the chief source of intellectual sympathy between men. Such thoughts, feelings, experiences, as are common to the race constitute the frame-work of society; they are the bones of the body politic, and in every age the force of conservatism may be measured by the strength belonging to them.

If you wish to acquire common-sense, you should early learn to set a high estimate upon its worth. It is not a dazzling thing, nor is it often a passport to fame; but for this very reason it deserves the more to be appreciated. One's own heart is always suggesting the mighty argument in its behalf. Every man feels that life is somehow a trust—that a certain treasure, which he little understands how to define, has been committed to his care; and then the ever-pressing conviction that circumstances are not quite propitious, that safeguards

are needed, and that on himself hangs his destiny: these are sentiments that plead for thoughtful judgment and prudent action of common-sense. Apprehension is awake to the dangers around us, and it seeks refuge in common-sense as the only security. Then, too, when outside objects begin to act upon the mind, when bread and raiment are daily problems, when we are to balance ourselves a thousand times over amidst the changing scenes of the world, what infinite pains nature takes to magnify the virtues of common-sense!

The temper of common-sense is a natural humility that studies wisdom in little things. It sees a harvest in a grain of wheat. It finds a world in a dew-drop. It reads the universe in an atom. If it can manage trifles, it believes that great events will dispose of themselves. Lafitte picked up a pin, and became a wealthy banker. Marryatt saw the funeral of Lord Nelson, and the sight made the novelist. A

newspaper paragraph quickened the embryo chemist that lay hidden in the young Humphrey Davy into life. Common-sense estimates every object by the truth it contains. It counts a fortune in a few pennies. It has faith in easy victories, if the battle is fought at the right hour in the right way. With circumstances it has no quarrel, and it keeps on reasonably good terms with its own capacity. It understands the art of getting along with people, and creates in others what it expects to receive from them. Certain that the world is pretty much what we make it, common-sense carries the true secret of life in its own heart. In to-day it holds to-morrow, and by commanding the present controls the most distant future. Common-sense is the union of all the faculties in obedient and contented service to the firm laws of human existence. It is animal and intellectual copartnership, having a vast estate in common, and deciding on just terms of use and enjoyment.

MY OLD WOMAN AND I.

I.

WE have crossed the bridge o'er the middle of life,
My old woman and I,
Taking our share in the calm and the strife,
With the travelers passing by.
And though on our pathway the shadows are rife,
There's a light in the western sky.

II.

Some losses and crosses, of course, we've had,
My old woman and I;
But, bless you! we never found time to be sad,
And a very good reason why.
We were busy as bees, and we weren't so mad
As to stop in our work to cry.

III.

On our changeable road as we journeyed along,
My old woman and I,
The kindly companions we met in the throng
Made our lives like a vision fly;
And therefore the few that imagined us wrong
Scarcely cost us a single sigh.

IV.

The weak and the weary we've striven to cheer,
My old woman and I;
For we each of us thought that our duty while here
Was to do as we'd be done by,
In the hope to exhibit a balance clear
When the reckoning day is nigh.

JOHN BROUGHAM.



“WE HAVE CROSSED THE BRIDGE O’ER THE MIDDLE OF LIFE,
MY OLD WOMAN AND I,
TAKING OUR SHARE IN THE CALM AND THE STRIFE,
WITH THE TRAVELERS PASSING BY.”

CHIVALROUS AND SEMI-CHIVALROUS SOUTHRONS.

By J. W. DE FOREST.

I.

THEY certainly are, these "Southrons," a different people from us Northerners; they are, perhaps, as unlike to us as the Spartans to the Athenians, or the Poles to the Germans; they are more simple than we, more provincial, more antique, more picturesque; they have fewer of the virtues of modern society, and more of the primitive, the natural virtues; they care less for wealth, art, learning, and the other delicacies of an urban civilization; they care more for individual character and reputation of honor.

Cowed as we are by the Mrs. Grundy of democracy; moulded into tame similarity by a general education, remarkably uniform in degree and nature, we shall do well to study this peculiar people, which will soon lose its peculiarities; we shall do better to engraft upon ourselves its nobler qualities.

Before entering this gallery of pictures which the abolition of slavery has destined to dispersion and decay, let me explain that by "chivalrous and semi-chivalrous Southrons" I do not mean crackers, sand-hillers, and other low-downers. Let me add also that I shall draw largely for portraits on the district in which for fifteen months I performed the duties of "Bureau Major."

SELF-RESPECT.

"Southern chivalry, you see, Madame," said Mr. Calhoun Burden, of Greenville, South Carolina, to the wife of a United States surgeon.

Mr. Burden, a stoutish, middle-aged gentleman, richly flavored with Durham tobacco and Pickens whisky, and as proud of himself in his suit of homespun as if it were broadcloth, had called in a reconstructing spirit on the Yankee family, and in the course of conversation had found it desirable to put a question to the colored servant-girl. Making a solemn bow to the mistress of the house, he said, "With your permission, Madame;" then added, in an impressive parenthesis, "Southern chivalry, you see, Madame;" then delivered his query.

That no such delicate behavior was known among the Vandals north of Mason and Dixon's line; that it could not easily be matched in Europe except among the loftiest nobility; that it was especially and eminently Southern chivalry—such was the faith of Mr. Calhoun Burden.

It was a grotesque, and yet not a very exaggerated exhibition of the sectional and personal pride of the Southerner. He never forgets that he represents a high type of humanity, and that it is his duty not to let that type suffer by his representation. In the company of Yankees and foreigners he always bears in mind that he is a triton among minnows, and he endeavors to so carry himself as that the min-

nnows shall take note of the superiority of the triton character. In men of native intelligence and high breeding this self-respect produces a very pleasing manner, an ease which is not assumption, a dignity which is not hauteur, consideration for the vanity of others, grace of bearing, and fluency of speech. In men of inferior quality and finish it results in such farcical pomposities as we have heard from Mr. Calhoun Burden.

"I can't stand this any longer," said a young Kentuckian of old Virginian blood, who had tried in vain to habituate himself to New York. "I can't respect myself when I am run against a dozen times a day by Irishmen, Jews, Yankees, and all kinds of busy people. I am of no consequence here; nobody cares whether I am a gentleman or not—whether I am angry or pleased; nobody values me as I know that I ought to be valued. I must go South again—go where there is more elbow-room—go where I can make myself known. I detest a city where seven hundred thousand people tread on my toes, and haven't a moment's leisure to apologize, and don't even know that my name is Peyton."

It was indescribably amusing to watch a Charlestonian friend of mine during his first and last visit to New York. Dressed in a full suit of black, and bearing a gold-headed cane in his hand, he walked Broadway at the dignified rate of two and a half miles an hour. Some one brushed against his right elbow: he turned and glared, grasping his cane tightly: the intruder was gone. Some one brushed against his left elbow: another pause, glare, and settling of the cane in the fist: no antagonist visible. Every few steps he felt himself insulted, prepared to vindicate his honor, and failed to discover any one whom he could call to an account. At the end of six blocks, fuming with a consciousness of aggregated injuries, he took a carriage, drove back to the St. Nicholas, drank a mint-julep, seated himself in a window of the reading-room, and stared sullenly at the interminable crowd which hurried by unaware of his existence. He was like a cat who should be hustled and intimidated by a garret-full of scrabbling mice. Within a week he left the city, thoroughly disgusted with its multitudinous bustle, and never returned to it.

If you ever see a tall man in Broadway, standing stock-still, glaring about him, and swearing, you may be sure that he is a Southerner, and that some one whom he can not find has run against him. If you ever see a tall man in Central Park, seeking the loneliest paths, and surveying the mob of pleasure-seekers from a distance, you may pretty safely infer that he also is a Southerner, and that he is mainly happy because he has found a little elbow-room. Should you address either of these bewildered

personages respectfully, he will receive you with a cordial smile, cotton to you without difficulty, and presently ask you to take a drink. He feels like a man who has been abused, and who unexpectedly finds sympathy; like a voyager who has been shipwrecked, and who unexpectedly gets food and lodging.

I remember a young Georgian on the Cascade of Florence, who was disturbed in his position near the music by the prancing grays of an English family carriage, and who, refusing to move, called to the coachman, "D—n you, Sir, if you drive one step further I'll tear you off your box!" When the coachman replied, "I beg your pardon, Sir," and when the rosy old gentleman and the two handsome girls in the carriage looked respectfully at him, he was instantly appeased, lifted his hat in apology for his objurgation, and made way for the advance of the equipage.

Yes, it is a sensitive quality, this self-respect which has grown up in the solitude of great plantations and the quiet of small towns; it can not bear the dense crush of a busy world, and is especially hurt by the friction of a hurried democracy. These things rub the down off its wings, and make it sore and angry and miserable. Where it can have consideration it is gentle and charming; where it can not it is pugnacious or sullen, and socially inconvenient. How often, especially in the times before the war, have we encountered Southerners at the North who seemed driven by a mania to prattle perpetually concerning their sectional peculiarities, excusing them, vindicating them, and boasting of them! For instance, slavery: they would insist on touching it off under our noses; they would not see that our chiefest desire concerning it was to ignore it.

An Englishman, sailing from New York to Liverpool, found himself occupying the same state-room with a clergyman from South Carolina, whose everlasting topic was the welfare and felicity of negroes under the patriarchal institution. Parting with him joyfully on landing, he shortly afterward met him again in Oxford at a dinner of the high-mightinesses of the University. The reverend gentleman began a dialogue with his *vis-à-vis* on the happiness of negro slaves in South Carolina. The subject received some delicate attention, suited to its fastidious nature, and then was dropped. At the first pause in the general conversation our countryman, who meanwhile had said nothing, opened upon the happiness of negro slaves in South Carolina. There was a word of civil response, and again the matter was gently superseded. Presently a change of courses produced another silence, and our friend reintroduced the happiness of negro slaves in South Carolina. Losing patience, the *vis-à-vis* answered, "My dear Sir, if things are as you say, why not go back to South Carolina and become a slave?"

Our high-toned and reverend friend flew into a rage upon the spot, and next morning sent his interlocutor a challenge, which was not accept-

ed. It would be safe to wager that he very soon returned to South Carolina, and that he did not attempt to get the Constitution changed so that he might enter into the joys of slavery.

The chivalrous Southron is great in his own eyes not only because he is what he is, but because he lives where he lives. In these modern times there is no other civilized creature so local, and, if I may be offensive, so provincial, in sentiments, opinions, prejudices, and vanities, as he. The Turks are hardly more incapable of conceiving that people born afar off may be as good as themselves. At least a part of the contempt of the Southerners for Yankees arises from the fact that the latter drew their first breath several hundred miles from the land of cotton. Imagine the scorn with which they would regard an adventurer from the Milky Way! A friend of mine asserts that, if the South Carolinians should once become satisfied that the New Jerusalem is outside of their State, they would not want to go to it. Let us charitably hope that this is an exaggeration.

"I'll give you my notion of things," repeatedly declared a sturdy old planter who bestowed much of his wisdom upon me. "I go first for Greenville, then for Greenville District, then for the up-country, then for South Carolina, then for the South, then for the United States; and after that I don't go for any thing. I've no use for Englishmen, Turks, and Chinese."

To a Charleston friend, who was wont to boast of the high qualities of the "true Southern gentleman," I sometimes said, "Oh! you mean Texans and Arkansans, I suppose."

"Not in the least," he laughed. "When we speak of the Southern gentleman we mean the product of our city and of the region immediately around it. All else is more or less spurious—a base imitation."

Of old the contrast between the Southerner's proud self-assertion and the Northerner's meeching humility was inexpressibly mortifying to every thoughtful inhabitant of the free States. On a Mississippi River steamboat there was once a little chance party of travelers who met there and then for the first time, and whom iced drinks incited to a temporary boon companionship. After many stories and some singing, the youth who had been chosen president of the conclave, a jolly, gracious, graceful, gigantic Virginian, proposed that each man should toast the State of his nativity. When every Southerner had glorified his own commonwealth to the best of his ability, a Yankee arose and stammered: "Gentlemen, I am ashamed to acknowledge that I was born in the abolitionist State of Massachusetts. I am now, however, a resident of Louisiana, and I beg leave, therefore, to drink to her."

No sooner had this pitiful recreant taken his seat than the Virginian uplifted his six feet four inches of stature, stood there erect, large-chested, head "full high advanced," and said: "Gentlemen, no man need be ashamed to come

from the State of Benjamin Franklin and Daniel Webster. Gentlemen, I call on you myself to drink to the glorious old Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

If ever a "mean Yankee" felt himself to be distinctly and unequivocally mean it must have been then. Thank God that those shameful days—those days in which our representatives cowered in Congress, and our private citizens ate dirt in every corner of the land—thank God that they have been ended, though at a cost of half a million of lives!

PUGNACITIES.

Self-respect, as the Southerners understood it, has always demanded much fighting. A pugnacity which is not merely war-paint, but which is, so to speak, tattooed into the character, has resulted from this high sentiment of personal value, and from the circumstances which produced the sentiment. It permeates all society; it has infected all individualities. The meekest man by nature, the man who at the North would no more fight than he would jump out of a second-story window, will at the South resent an insult by a blow, or perhaps a stab or pistol-shot.

I knew a middle-aged South Carolinian, at one time a representative of our country to one of the minor courts of Europe, who temporarily withdrew his connection from the church of which he was a member in order to give himself elbow-room for a duel.

I knew a clergyman of the same pugnacious little State who was the hero of another "unpleasantness." The Reverend James Clayton, as I shall presume to miscall him, had suffered under various disobliging remarks and irritating practical jokes from a fellow-citizen whom I will venture to stigmatize as Mr. Tom Noddy. One sale-day, that is, on the first Monday of a month, a number of people had gathered around the steps of the village court-house, attracted by an auction of property sold for delinquent taxes. Amidst the magnates of the place, leaning backward upon the cane which he held behind him in both hands, discussing some grave subject (perhaps the nature of the negro soul) with his usual blandness of aspect, stood Parson Clayton. While thus beneficially engaged his cane was knocked from its hold in the earth, causing him to reel backward. Supposing that some intimate friend had done this thing, the reverend gentleman turned round with a smile, and beheld the exasperating grin of that low-toned Noddy. In a second the cane was in the air, and in another the insulter lay on the ground. Next Mr. Clayton rushed to the office of a legal acquaintance; not, however, with the intention of taking refuge behind the legal code; no, but to plant himself in front of the code of honor.

"But, my dear Sir, your cloth!" objected the lawyer; "you certainly are not bound to fight a duel; your cloth relieves you from that obligation."

"I will not attempt to shield myself under my cloth, Sir."

"But—excuse my frankness—this is a grave matter, and you have placed it in my hands—but will not the public consider that your cloth prohibits you from appealing to the code?"

"Sir, I am a minister of the gospel; I am proud of my profession; I have sought to honor it. Had I been insulted as a clergyman I would have accepted it as persecution, and would have endured it meekly. But I have been insulted as an individual. My family has a social status and a reputation which I must not allow myself to ignore. It will not do for a Clayton of Clayton District to suffer these impertinences as though he were a poor white or a slave. I must act suitably to my name. I beg, Sir, that in arranging this matter you will not consider my cloth any more than the low-bred person who insulted me considered it."

"Nevertheless, you are not bound to take the initiative. You knocked Mr. Noddy down, it appears; and consequently it is his business to challenge. That is the code, Sir; you may rely upon it."

As Mr. Noddy was in every respect unchivalrous, and did not at all regard it as his business to challenge, the affair went off without triggers.

Very curious in certain cases is the contrast between a man of turtle-dove disposition and the falcon-like ferocity which Southern public opinion can force him to exhibit. A citizen of New Orleans who had been repeatedly insulted by a bully, and who was threatened with expulsion from society because of the meek manner in which he had endured his wrongs, found himself at last driven to appeal to arms. With a cocked pistol in either hand he entered an eating-saloon where sat his persecutor, and marched slowly to the attack, swearing viciously. He might have slain the foe at once; but he was too tender-hearted to shed blood except in the exigency of self-defense; his agonizing desire was that the other should run away. Fortunately the threatened blusterer had no weapons, and, after one glance at his plated table-knife, skedaddled through a side-door. There was a noisy chase down the street; the promenaders made way, followed on, applauded; the omnibus-drivers stopped to see the issue of the affair; there was a general disappointment when the fugitive dodged into his boarding-house.

Then did the turtle-dove rampage up and down the pavement, defying his adversary to come out to mortal combat, and blaspheming like a veritable falcon. The grandeur of the demonstration was somewhat diminished by the circumstances that he was as pale as a sheet, and that in his nervousness he fired both his Derringers into the sidewalk, very nearly amputating his own toes, and leaving himself at the mercy of his antagonist. But, as the latter did not make a sally, the turtle-dove escaped with the palm of victory, and was thence-

forth passably esteemed in New Orleans as possessing at least a showing of the high-toned valor.

The average Southerner, however, was not like this man; he was quicker to fight, and when he fought he meant business. How quick he was to fight, how prompt at believing that the combat had begun, how disposed to accept an insult as an injury, may be inferred from the charge of a Virginian judge in a case of trial for murder. "Gentlemen," said his Honor, "the lie is the first blow."

If this is not common-law at the South, it is, I believe, common sentiment. In the early part of 1868 I heard a South Carolinian of respectable position relate the particulars of a recent rencontre, or, in other words, murder, in which the victim was a Northerner.

"The most remarkable circumstance in the transaction," said he, "and what struck all the by-standers with surprise, was that the fellow made no attempt to defend himself. Every one supposed, from his giving a desperate man the lie, that he was prepared for a fight; but he allowed himself to be shot down without offering the least resistance; in fact, he had no arms about him."

Evidently the amazed narrator and his equally astonished listeners considered "the lie the first blow," or something so near akin to it that it was not worth while to speculate upon the difference.

"There is something miraculous about the geography of Dixie," said a Yankee to me; "the backwoods have always remained unnaturally near to the sea-coast."

I am aware that Southerners will deny that bloodshedding is more common with them than with us, and will point to the murders of New York and Philadelphia as a set-off to their combats of honor and passion. But the two things are not parallel: our tragedies are crimes, so regarded by the community and so punished; their tragedies are gentilities which the public voice does not condemn, and for which the law rarely exacts a penalty. Moreover, duels and rencontres have been far more numerous south of Mason and Dixon's line, at least in proportion to population, than murders north of it. As Bureau officer, responsible for the peace of a large district, it was my business to know what acts of violence occurred in it; and in the course of my inquiries concerning the affairs of my day I necessarily learned much of what had happened during years previous. I declare positively that I was quite amazed at the number of persons who bore marks of frays, and the number of houses which had been rendered memorable by scenes of blood.

Opposite my hotel was a building where an old gentleman had sought to cane his niece's husband, and, before he struck a blow, had fallen dead under the youth's ready pistol.

Do you see that tall and dignified man, a person of repute in the community, and an ex-member of Congress, who pauses to salute an

acquaintance with such an ingratiating smile, such a musical intonation of voice, and such fluent speech? He has been attacked with knives and bludgeons; he has fallen down wounded, and been forced to scuffle for life; he has pulled trigger on three human beings, once with fatal effect; he will tell you of these things as "lamentable occurrences, which I very much regret."

That other gracious personage, portly in build, dignified in bearing, with the intellectual forehead and the benevolent smile, a man of probity, a citizen of distinction, has also killed his antagonist.

That young fellow with the dark eyes and the silvery utterance has in his hand a huge cane which will never be the solid stick that it was before it came in contact with a human head.

If you will ride with me up a certain road I will show you four plantations within a few miles of each other, the former proprietors of which have either been slain in single combat or have slain others.

Yet Greenville has been a nest of turtle-doves compared with some other portions of South Carolina. There was once a famous "gentleman of the old school" in Abbeville who ruled his district with the pistol, who during the course of his long and high-toned life killed several other high-toned fellow-creatures, and who consequently had himself elected to office whenever he pleased. Abbeville was renowned for its hundreds of shooting men, but this man shot straighter and quicker than any body else. Yes, pugnacious Greenville is a haven of Quakers compared with Abbeville, Newberry, and half a dozen other districts.

Of the Carolinian of the sea-coast who may pretend to dispute my statements I will ask whether he has ever heard of a now bland and dignified old planter, who won in his youth, by dint of frequent fights and duels, the surname of Tiger Bill. In one specially famous encounter this antique worthy, disarmed, prostrate, and held down, doubled his legs over his adversary's back, and roweled him from loins to knees with Spanish spurs. And Tiger Bill was but the first among peers; he was a model for wide-spread and jealous imitation. Probably he has not an acquaintance who does not regard him with more respect than he would accord to John Howard or any other hero of peace and good-will toward men.

COURAGE IN THE FIELD.

The pugnacious customs of Southern society explain in part the extraordinary courage which the Confederate troops displayed during the rebellion. A man might as well be shot doing soldierly service at Bull Run or The Wilderness as go back to Abbeville and be shot there in the duel or street rencontre which awaited him. The bullet-hole was a mere question of time, and why not open one's arms to it on the field of glory?

Fighting qualities result in a great measure from habit; and when the war commenced the Southerners were, in a sense, already veterans; they had been under fire at home, or had lived in expectation of it. They went into battle with the same moral superiority over their Northern antagonists which a border militia has over an urban militia; which, for instance, the Highlanders of Prince Charles Edward, habituated to the dirk and claymore, had over the burghers of Edinburgh; a superiority resulting from familiarity with the use and the effect of weapons.

But this was not all: there was also the power of patrician leadership; there was also the sense of honor. The Southern troops were officered in the main by the domineering, high-spirited gentlemen who governed them in time of peace; and they were fired by the belief that the greatest glory of humanity is, not learning, not art, not industry, but successful combat.

Even this was not all: they were defending their own native soil; they were stimulated by a long-cherished hate and encouraged by a carefully inculcated contempt for their antagonists; finally, they were guided in their operations by a superior knowledge of the country. Is it wonderful that a race educated under the circumstances which spring from that state of suspended war, slavery, should for a time foil and often defeat superior armies of men who had been gathered from a purely peaceful democracy? The result was as certain as that there is logic in history, although we had too much confidence in ourselves to expect it. Time alone enabled the higher civilization, the greater mass of population, the larger wealth, the more widely diffused intelligence, the superior capacity for organization, to overcome the military aptitude and feudal passion of a rebellion of aristocrats and low-downers.

But the courage and tenacity which these men displayed were wonderful and admirable. Such figures as 400 soldiers' widows in Greenville District, 600 in Pickens District, 13,000 men killed or dead of wounds in South Carolina, 19,000 in North Carolina, prove a struggle unparalleled since that of the Romans in the second Punic war. There never was such another insurrection, and I doubt whether any other nation would have put it down, although several would not have suffered it to occur. But let us not write of the war; it is said to be an unpopular subject.

Unquestionably a strong military tone is perceptible in the character of the "chivalrous Southron." Notably brave, punctilious as to honor, pugnacious to quarrelsomeness, authoritative to imperiousness, generous to extravagance, somewhat formal in his courtesy, somewhat grandiose in his self-respect, there is hardly an agreeable or disagreeable trait in him which you can not find in the officers of most armies. This is doubtless one reason why, at the opening of the war, many of our old regulars leaned to the rebel side; there was a re-

lationship of sentiment between the professional militaire and the feudal head of a plantation; moreover, the latter had always treated the former with distinguished hospitality.

Before the war this soldierly spirit flowered out in military schools, in a prodigious crop of governor's aids, and in enthusiastic militia musters. Since the war it is quiescent—it has had its fill of arms and glory.

VIRILITY.

It seems to me that the central trait of the "chivalrous Southron" is an intense respect for virility. He will forgive almost any vice in a man who is manly; he will admire vices which are but exaggerations of the masculine. If you will fight, if you are strong and skillful enough to kill your antagonist, if you can govern or influence the common herd, if you can ride a dangerous horse over a rough country, if you are a good shot or an expert swordsman, if you stand by your own opinions unflinchingly, if you do your level best on whisky, if you are a devil of a fellow with women, if, in short, you show vigorous masculine attributes, he will grant you his respect. I doubt whether a man who leaves behind him numerous irregular claimants to his name is regarded with disfavor at the South. He will be condemned theoretically; it may be considered proper to shoot him if he disturbs the peace of respectable families; but he will be looked upon as a nobler representative of his sex than Cælebs. The good young man, as pure as a young girl, whom one finds in the Abrahamic bosom of Northern Puritanism, would not be made a Grand Lama of in Dixie. The chivalrous Southron would unite with the aristocracy of Europe in regarding him as a sort of monster of neutral insipidity. I doubt whether even the women of our meridional regions admire that sort of youth. "I shouldn't fancy a hen-husband," said a lively Southern girl, alluding to a man without vices.

It may be taken for granted that a people which so highly prizes virility looks upon man as the lord of creation, and has the old fashioned ideas as to what is the proper sphere of woman. If the high-toned gentleman continues to be influential at the South, it will be a long time before the "strong-minded" obtain much of a following there, a very long time before they will establish female suffrage. Next to our supposed passion for putting the negro on an equality with the white, there is nothing in Northern life so abhorrent to the Southerners, of both sexes, as the movement in favor of woman's rights.

"I do think," said an emphatic old planter to me, "that your free-love business, and women's voting, and all that, is just the miserablest mess that ever was invented. I don't see what ails you to go for such vile nonsense. But then you always were as full of whimsies as the devil."

It would have been useless to tell him that

he was binding in one fagot ideas which had no connection. I did my wisest by him; I left him unanswered.

COURTESY.

There certainly is more suavity of manner at the South than at the North. It is delightful to see two high-toned gentlemen of the old Virginian or Carolinian school greet each other. Such gracious bows and insinuating tones! Such mellifluous compliments, particular inquiries concerning health and welfare, animating congratulations as to future prospects! Such sunny and, one might almost say, equatorial blandness! You feel as if you were in Paradise, hearing Dante address Beatrice as "gracious lady." The moral thermometer rises to summer heat; your humanities expand and bloom under the influence; you are a kinder and, I think, a better man for the sight. It is a pity that we have not been better educated in such gentilities, and that we have not the requisite time for the exercise of them. If there were twenty-eight hours in a day the Northerner might possibly become thus urbane; as it is, he has barely opportunity to fill his pocket with the necessary greenbacks and his head with the necessary information to get on in the world; he is too much hurried by practicalities to make his manners. At the South there has hitherto been a leisurely caste which set the example to all the others.

But the high-toned gentleman, full of provincial prejudices, is not always civil to outside barbarians. He was not civil to our Congressmen in the old days when he governed them; he cracked the plantation whip over them as he did over his negroes, and for the same reasons: they were not of his caste, they were his natural subordinates, and they were sometimes fractious.

Returning to my own experience with this grand personage, I must state that I have not always obtained sweetness from him. It must be remembered that to my native infamy as a Yankee I added the turpitude of being a United States military officer, and the misdemeanor of being a Sub-Assistant Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau. In the exercise of these atrocious characteristics it was once my duty to settle a dispute as to the division of a crop between an elderly negro and a South Carolinian of historic name and French descent. The planter's accounts were admirably kept; the right was on his side, and I decided in his favor. Throughout the interview I treated him with all possible courtesy for the sake of the worth of his revolutionary ancestor; but, alas! I committed the error of pronouncing his patronymic after the English manner instead of the French. When his Huguenot patience was exhausted he corrected me: "Sir, my name is —," giving it the Gallic accent.

"I beg pardon," I replied. "We at the North habitually anglicize foreign names. My name is French by origin, but we use the English pronunciation."

He picked up the certificate of settlement on which I had just indorsed my official approval, glanced at my signature, and said, with a half-concealed sneer, "Oh, I see that you put a *De* to it!"

Conceive my humiliation, thus charged with stealing a French particle!

A few days later I had occasion to approve a labor contract for a lady of another family, but likewise of Huguenot race. Her name I also anglicized, not in ignorance of the Gallic form, and not with the purpose of giving offense, but solely because of Northern custom. Again I was corrected: "Sir, my name is —."

Struck with the repetition of incident, I made the same reply as to the gentleman: "I beg pardon; we at the North habitually anglicize foreign names; my own, etc., etc."

The lady picked up the now finished contract, glanced at the indorsement, and said, "Oh, I see—De Forest. I knew a Mr. De Forest once; that is, he did some work for me. He was a shoemaker."

Conceive my second humiliation, thus crushed under this degraded De Forest, who was a shoemaker!

But before the war, before the days of rage and ruin, the high-toned was not thus peevish; he was, notwithstanding some superciliousness and imperiousness, our courtliest social figure.

I shall never forget the grace and kindness of a man who must yet be remembered in Charleston as one of its most finished social ornaments. I was at a supper of the Literary Club; we were standing or sitting around a table which would have pleased Brillat-Savarin; all the others were well-known citizens, reverend and respectable; I was the youngest and the only stranger. I had dropped out of the conversation and withdrawn a little aside, when Colonel John Alston observed me and divined my stranded situation. He did not know me; it was the first time that we had ever met; but he instantly came toward me and begged leave to wait on me. It was not the deed so much as the manner which was so exquisitely ingratiating. There was an *empressment* in his expression which seemed to say: "Sir, your mere appearance fills me with respect and interest; you are obviously worthy of my attentions." I have sometimes thought that it would be a fine thing to be a handsome young lady; and I felt at that moment as if I were one. Well, this hospitable act toward a perfect stranger, this courteous advance toward a wall-flower, was characteristic of the man, and, in general, of his caste.

GENEROSITY.

It was not that Yankee generosity which sends pundits to convert Hottentots, founds school systems, hospitals, sanitary commissions, and endows colleges with millions. It was the old-fashioned sort, the generosity of the Arab and of the feudal noble, feeding every beggar who came to the door, setting bounteous tables

and keeping full wine-cellars. It was the profuseness not of philanthropy, but of good-fellowship. Even before the war there were single States in the North which gave more to missionary, educational, and charitable organizations than the entire South.

But the Southerner was more than lavish; he was good-natured and easy in his business transactions; he had such a contempt for small sums that he would not use pennies; he paid loosely at long credits, and was careless in his collections. I knew an upright wretch in a Southern town who strictly settled his debts and sternly demanded his credits, and who was consequently very unpopular, in spite of many virtues and worthy deeds. I knew a jolly fellow who was not much astonished, and not at all angry, when another still jollier fellow borrowed a hundred dollars of him, treated him handsomely out of it, and never repaid him.

"Is that what you call generosity?" I asked, with a Vandalic sneer.

"Well, I like it better than stinginess," replied the victim. "He thought he was doing what was handsome; he felt as if it were his own money. If it had been his own he would have spent it just as freely. It was just a little rough, though, that he should get all the credit of the bender when it was I who really paid for it."

Meum and tuum were a little mixed; people who lived on negroes felt it right to live on each other and to help each other; what a man could borrow or get trusted for was his own until a neighbor asked for it. Happy-go-lucky planters settled their store bills once in seven years, or after they were dead; and the store-keeper settled with his Northern furnisher as soon after his notes matured as was convenient. When the war opened more than half the rice and sea-island estates were mortgaged to the verge of bankruptcy; and the personal debts of Southerners to Northerners were estimated at eighty-five millions of dollars. The virtue of generosity had been prolonged into the vice of ruinous extravagance.

HONOR.

Notwithstanding his thoughtless lavishness, there was a high sense of honor in the "chivalrous Southron." He did not mean to defraud any one. I have known an expensive, generous fellow to cut his throat because he could not meet a note which was coming due. I have known another bankrupt to put his wife and children into a buggy and drive with them into the sea, drowning the whole party. I do not assert positively—I only give it as my strong impression—that such tragedies of wounded honor were more common in Dixie than in Yankeeland.

The honor of Southern students is not college honor as it is understood at the North, and perhaps in Europe; it comes much nearer to the honor of good citizens, and the honor of the gentleman of society. The pupils are not

leagued against the teachers for the purpose of passing fraudulent examinations, by the trickeries of stealing the prepared lists of questions, carrying furtive copies of lessons into the recitation-rooms, mutual postings, and purchased compositions. A professor of the Charleston Medical College assures me that he has never detected such a cheat in thirty years of tuition. A professor of the University at Columbia, South Carolina, told a friend of mine that he had known but one such instance, and that in that case the two criminals were forced to leave by their classmates. The "chivalrous Southron" undergraduate, at least while surrounded by his native moral atmosphere, considers himself a gentleman first and a student afterward. When one remembers the strength of college *esprit de corps*, these facts exhibit an individual self-respect and uprightness which is astonishing, and which must, I suspect, fill the faculties of Yale and Harvard with envy. I must explain that my testimony on this point refers only to South Carolina, and I may therefore have drawn too large an inference in extending my eulogium to all Southern students. It is worth while also to note that in Dixie examinations are less severe than with us, and that a failure in passing them rarely ends in expulsion.

"How can a race of traitors be called honorable?" will be the objection of millions of loyal citizens. It must be remembered, I answer, that the "chivalrous Southron" conceived himself as owing a closer allegiance to his State than to the Union; and that, furthermore, he, like the Roman patrician, like the aristocrat of all time, felt that he owed fealty to his caste. These questions have now been settled by the highest of earthly courts. If the South rebels again it will be traitorous even in its own eyes.

INTELLECTUAL TRAITS.

One of the mistakes of the "chivalrous Southron" was to suppose that he was a great reader, and well up to his age in science and literature. The truth is that while his reading was mainly good, it was venerable; he had a conservative taste for what had been considered improving and interesting by his grandfather; his shelves were loaded with the worthy though possibly heavy old "books which no gentleman's library should be without;" he was sure to own Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, etc. In theology he was strenuously orthodox, holding fast by the English fathers in biblical exegesis, and distrusting all Germans without knowing any thing about them. In science he was averse to admitting novelties, unless they went to show that the negro is not a human being, and so can not claim the benefit of the Declaration of Independence. In light literature he was cautious how he meddled with Northern, and even with English publications, lest he should unawares become entangled in some "ism."

It is wonderful to hear a "sound" Southern clergyman defending the deluge, measuring off

the ark so as to show how it might contain all the species of animals, asserting that the fossils on Mount Lebanon date from the time of Noah, and supporting a strict interpretation of Genesis by the traditions of the Potawatomes. The belief that the American Indians are the descendants of the ten lost tribes, and as such ought to be besomed off the face of the earth, has more followers in Dixie than in all the rest of the world put together. There has been a prodigious movement in the Southern mind in consequence of Dr. Cartwright's discovery that God created three kinds of beings, to wit, men, "living creatures," and beasts; and that the negroes, being evidently "living creatures," are lower than "humans," though not so low as animals. This remarkable "reading," having been popularized by a writer who signs himself "Ariel," has been used with great effect by Governor Perry in his letters against universal suffrage, much to the confusion of certain Radical pundits, who did not know what the Governor was talking about. In short, the learning of the South is what one might expect to find among solid, squire-like people addicted to farming. If the true savant wants a hearty laugh let him read the old numbers of *De Bow's Review*.

Before the war things were growing worse, instead of better. Bullied and reproached by abolitionism, scared at the prospect of losing two thousand millions of dollars invested in negroes, the chivalry concentrated its intellect into a defense of slavery, and actually thought of little else. The subject was dwarfing the Southern mind; it had infolded and partially stifled that fine genius which produced so many of our early statesmen, and wrote no small part of the *Federalist*; it was like a theological dogma which insists on being taken for granted, and, being so taken, destroys the freedom and power of logic. The Southerners, trammelled by admitting slavery, could no more reason on politics than the Jews, trammelled by the Mosaic dispensation, could reason on Christianity.

Indeed, they had begun to lose the power of thinking justly and brightly on any subject. An unprejudiced person who will glance over their literature will discover a vast declension since Jefferson and Legaré; that is, since the period at which slavery was established as an axiom of Southern ethics and political science, not to be disputed under penalty of death or exile; in other words, since the intellect of Dixie ceased to be free. Its condition of late years has been much like that of the natural philosophers of Putterum, who are obliged by law to preface every inquiry into the astronomical position of the earth by saying, "I believe that it stands in the centre of the universe, on the back of the sacred turtle." After that, it will be perceived, inquiry becomes needless; and the philosophical writers of Putterum always stop just there: hence a decadence in Putterum science and logic.

It is a curious instance of the power of prejudice that, with regard to the late war, the chivalrous Southron does not fully credit the evidence of his own senses. Although regiments from every Northern State marched over every Southern State, he still holds to the idea of Yankees which he formerly established on an experience of subservient Congressmen, obsequious merchants, and non-combative peddlers, and believes that we conquered him with columns of foreign mercenaries. Having served three years in the field and fifteen months in the Provost Marshal General's Office, I know from sufficient authority the fallacy of this supposition, and could state that our alien-born citizens had scarcely furnished their fair proportion to our armies. I could remark that if all our able-bodied Irish and Germans had served they would not have made up one-half of the twenty-five hundred thousand men whom we enlisted under our flag. I could suggest that if every Hibernian in the world had volunteered for us we should still have lacked a million and a half to our gigantic levy. It was useless; the Dixieite held fast by his venerable prejudices: "the Yankee could not fight, and therefore had not fought." It is a kind of logic which one frequently encounters in Putterum.

The Southerners are equally wrong-headed, at least according to our view of the matter and "the sword of Brennus," in pointing out the causes of the war. Over and over have they assured me that the contest arose not from the necessity of slavery to rule or ruin, but from the aggressive spirit of the Northerners, and particularly of the New Englanders.

"They always were, you know, the most quarrelsome people that God ever created," remarked a Greenville planter. "They quarreled in England, and cut off the king's head. They have been quarreling here ever since they came over in the *Mayflower*. They got after the Indians and killed them by thousands. They drove out the Baptists and whipped the Quakers and hung the witches. Then they were the first to pick a fight with the old country. It's my opinion, Sir, and I think you must agree with me, that God never made such another quarrelsome set. What in h--ll he made them for passes my comprehension."

As this was better history than one usually meets in Putterum I let it pass without controversy.

POLITICAL OPINIONS.

There is an old traveler's story to the effect that in the highlands of Africa exists a race of monkeys who, during the cold season, gather into tight little knots, each one having for its centre a venerable senior of great wisdom and influence, and the business of the others being to keep him warm. The chief inconvenience of this organization is, that as there is a general desire to be the central monkey, much strenuous crowding toward the middle

ensues, attended by an uncomfortable amount of scratching and squalling.

In consequence of the somewhat feudal, somewhat patriarchal, social position of the large planter, politics at the South have been conducted very much on the central monkey system, only that there has been a decent regard for the central monkey. Every community has its great man, or at least its little great man, around whom his fellow-citizens gather when they want information, and to whose monologues they listen with a respect akin to humility. For instance, the central monkey of Greenville was Governor Perry. When he stood at a corner people got about him; when he opened his mouth all other men present closed theirs. Had he favored the "constitutional amendment" Greenville would have accepted it; as he denounced it Greenville rejected it, without taking the superfluous trouble of reading it.

I found it so every where that I went, and during all the time that I remained, in the South. Not one man whom I met had read the amendment, yet every man scouted it with the utmost promptness, confidence, and indignation. He scouted it because he had been instructed to do so by his central monkey. The latter, the little great man of his district, had, of course, issued these instructions mainly because the third section of the amendment deprived him of the power to hold office unless a two-thirds vote of Congress should remove his disability, that Congress being then two-thirds Radical. In short, I found the chivalrous Southron still under the domination of his ancient leaders.

Political opinions had necessarily been somewhat muddled by the results of the war. The logic of events had been so different from the logic of *De Bow's Review* and the *Charleston Mercury* that men scarcely knew what to think. A soul which had been educated in the belief that slavery is a divine and reverend institution could not help falling more or less dumb with amazement when it found that there was no slavery to revere. On this point, however, the Southern mind presently accepted the situation, and I found a surprisingly general satisfaction over the accomplished fact of abolition, mixed with much natural wrath at the manner of the accomplishment. "I am glad the thing is done away with," was a frequent remark; "it was more plague than pleasure, more loss than profit." Then would perhaps follow the Southern *Delenda est Carthago*—that is to say, "D—n the Yankees!"—always appropriate.

Just imagine the condition of a nation of politicians which sees every one of its political principles knocked into non-existence! Slavery and State sovereignty had for years been the whole of Southern statesmanship; they had formed the rudder, the keel, the hull, the masts, and the rigging; when they vanished the crew was in the water. The great men and the little men, all the central monkeys and all their adher-

ents—every body was afloat like so much driftwood, not knowing whither to swim. Blessed interregnum! No wire-pullers, no log-rollers, no caucuses, no mass-meetings; a time of peace in which every man could mind his own business; an opportunity for building and launching financial prosperity. How we at the North envied it! how glad should we have been to drown *our* central monkeys! how we hoped that the conflict of sections was forever closed!

President Johnson, the greatest enemy of Dixie after Jefferson Davis, was the diver who brought up the wreck of Southern politics, and set it afloat on the simple tack of opposition to Congress. Since then there has been life and unity among the chivalrous Southrons; the old hopes and feelings, and, as far as possible, the old issues and opinions, have regained their empire; there has been one vast babble, factious, frothy, foolish, and beyond expression fatiguing.

I found it nearly impossible to converse ten minutes with a Southerner without getting on to the subject of politics. I saw the monster coming afar off; I made my preparations in good season to evade it; I dodged it, ducked under it, swam away from it; all useless. At the moment when I least expected it thrust out its arms like the *pieuvre* of Victor Hugo, enveloped me in its slimy caresses, sucked me dry, and left me flaccid.

MY VISIT TO UTOPIA.

I.

IT would occupy too much time, and perhaps trespass too largely on your patience, if I should tell you exactly why or how I went to Utopia, or even the precise geographical locality of that much-disputed place. Suffice it that I have been there, and that what I saw and heard during my brief sojourn was so remarkable that I recorded it at the time, and feel that it is quite worthy of your attention now.

It was late in the afternoon of a day last April when I reached my destination—so late that, after the customary delay in identifying my trunk, I looked down the fast-darkening street with a very slight decrease of my courage. I said "slight" because I remembered even then that I was in Utopia, and that remembrance tended to reassure me; so I walked briskly out of the waiting-room at the station to the nearest corner.

By one of those fortunate chances which are common to dreams and novels, but so seldom occur in real life, I had in my porte-monnaie the card of an old school-mate and friend, long since married, like myself, but who, I was certain, had not forgotten me; so I determined to pay her a visit at once.

Feeling naturally doubtful as to the direction of my steps I asked the necessary information of a well-dressed man who presently overtook me, and I must say that I was agreeably disappointed at receiving, instead of a gruff answer thrown over his shoulder and scarcely audible

at that, such a careful and courteous direction as once more reminded me that I was in Utopia.

As the distance was trifling, I soon reached my friend's house, and, ascertaining from the servant that Mrs. Jenkins was at home, I sent in my card and awaited her coming.

I had not long to wait; in an instant my friend was at my side, while her affectionate embrace spoke as plainly as her words of welcome of her pleasure at seeing me. There was no such thing as resisting her cordiality; and almost before I knew it I found myself comfortably seated in her cozy library, with my bonnet and cloak put out of sight, a tempting supper on a small table beside me, and a messenger dispatched for my trunk.

"For you must make your home with us, of course," said Laura, decidedly; "and we'll try to make your visit as pleasant as we can; won't we, William?"

"We will, indeed, dear," said Mr. Jenkins; and added so many expressions of satisfaction at seeing his wife's particular and oft-mentioned friend at last that I yielded, well content, and began to make myself, as Laura urged, "very much at home."

After she had asked, and I had answered, countless questions as to the fortunes and whereabouts of mutual acquaintances, and we had both exclaimed, a dozen times at least:

"Why, how natural it seems to see you again!" and, "Who would have thought it?" I said, looking at an open volume on the table:

"Don't let me interrupt the employment of the evening, Laura. I am sure you were reading before I came in, for I fancied I heard you as I stood in the hall."

"No," said Laura; "that was William reading the newspaper, and he had just finished it when you came."

"And nearly finished you with it," laughed her husband, "for you were almost asleep when Jane announced your friend."

Laura laughed too, as she replied: "Well, I believe I was; for the paper was uncommonly stupid, and I was very tired. You don't know how fretful the baby has been all day, and he wouldn't let the nurse touch him."

"Well, never mind," said Mr. Jenkins, soothingly; "I'll manage him to-night, so you will be rested and wide-awake for to-morrow evening."

"Truly, Laura," I said, softly, "you have a model husband—reading the paper to you instead of enjoying it in silence, as is the manner of husbands in general, and, more wonderful still, proposing to take care of your baby at night merely to let you sleep. I'm afraid you are not half grateful enough for such a prize."

Laura looked at me with an air of genuine astonishment, which speedily gave place to a smile, as she answered:

"Oh, I had really forgotten; you are not accustomed to the ways and manners of our country, and therefore even such a small matter as this surprises you, but—"

"*Small matter!*" I interrupted. "Do you call it such a small matter to have a husband who cares not only for your amusement, but for your comfort as well?"

Laura smiled again as she replied: "I suppose it is only in Utopia that one finds husbands quite perfect and wives quite satisfied; therefore I can easily imagine that you think William quite a paragon, when in fact he is only acting as any man ought to act under the same circumstances—that is, trying to lessen, by sharing, his wife's cares and duties; and to increase, by division, his own pleasures."

"But," I began, "it is generally conceded that it is a woman's especial duty to—"

"To wear herself out! Yes, I know it is so believed in your part of the world," said Laura, warmly; "but I am happy to say that no such belief exists in Utopia, and even orthodox suicides are unheard-of in consequence. We decided long ago that the heaviest burdens should not be suffered to fall on the weaker partner in the matrimonial contract (of course, when I say 'the weaker,' I mean physically weak), and our children are educated accordingly. As a natural consequence our husbands are not ignorant of *their* duties; and the man who could sleep tranquilly while his wife walked the floor with the baby, or who could enjoy an unsociable cigar or paper in the evening, when his wife needed the cheer and comfort of his words as well as of his presence, would be voted a monster and punished as he deserved."

"And how would that be?" I asked.

"Why, by depriving him of his home—a very appropriate discipline too for any man who doesn't know how to value a home. Such an offender would be sent to the 'House of Correction for Bachelors,' I suppose, and there he would be obliged to wait upon others in exact proportion to the degree in which he had allowed his wife to overtask herself for him. Imagine the misery of a married man suddenly deprived of all the comforts of his home and the kind attentions of his wife, with not even the poor satisfaction of fault-finding left to him, and tell me if you don't think the wife will be amply avenged!"

"Doubtless he will think so, but you made one remark just now, Laura, which I would like you to qualify; you spoke of 'the cheer and comfort of a husband's words as well as his presence,' and I was thinking that if he was a grumbler, or even an habitually fretful man, the 'cheer and comfort of his words' might be questionable, to say the least."

"Your hypothesis might be worth discussing, my dear, if it were not so impossible," answered Laura, with a mischievous smile. "You are continually forgetting that this is Utopia, and that husbands of the types you instance are only found in less happy localities. Grumblers indeed! Why, a woman could get a divorce here without a week's delay if she could prove that her husband was addicted to such a vice."

Too much bewildered to say any thing more,

I was silent for a few moments. Mr. Jenkins, who had been an amused listener thus far, now took up the argument.

"I should suppose that you would fall in readily with Laura's views," he began, "since they tend so directly to the benefit of your sex. To be her husband's *companion* in truth, as well as in name, must conduce to a true woman's happiness, while at the same time it necessitates mental culture and constant development. She must be worthy of the position assigned her, and so we begin by teaching her aspiration through possession—not aspiration without the possibility of attainment, as is the common practice."

"Oh! I see it all now," said I; "you have tutored your husband to defend the oft-vexed question of 'Women's Rights' very creditably. Do you, then, approve of female suffrage and the rest?" I added, returning to Mr. J.

"Indeed you astonish me, my friend," he said, earnestly, "for I have but spoken a truth so simple that it is in danger of becoming a platitude, even from more eloquent lips than mine; and yet you treat it as if it were, to you at least, a novelty. But I won't discuss this subject with you to-night, for I trust that during your sojourn with us you will learn as much from facts as from theories; besides you are fatigued, as I see."

"But one thing you said certainly did surprise me," now said Laura, as she rose at my request to show me to my room; "you spoke of female suffrage as if it did not exist in your country. Can it be possible that women vote nowhere but in Utopia?"

"Even so," I answered, as I bade Mr. Jenkins good-night, and I retired to bed with a lively curiosity to know more of this strange country, and a vague wish that I too lived in Utopia. And so wishing I fell asleep.

II.

The next morning as we sat chatting over the breakfast-table Laura said:

"How fortunate it is! we are invited to a wedding this evening, and you can go with us; it will give you an insight into our customs and ways of thinking that I know you will enjoy, besides the ever-new delight of seeing two people tied together 'for better for worse.'"

I was too anxious to see the workings of this new system, as I called it, to make any demur; so after a discussion as to what I should wear, a matter, by-the-way, which is never ignored in Utopia, where people are always expected to look their best, the thing was settled. Another good long talk with Laura and a drive filled up the day, and soon after dinner we made our toilets and sat down to wait the arrival of the carriage. We were joined presently by Mr. Jenkins, also in holiday costume; but Laura, after a critical survey of his *tout ensemble*, exclaimed:

"Oh, William! your collar is too high, and it isn't at all becoming to you."

"Think not?" asked the husband, surveying

himself complacently in the mirror. "Why, Laura, this is the newest style of collar, and all the rage just now."

"I can't help that; they don't look well on you," said Laura. "Now do go and get on another before the carriage comes, to please me."

Up stairs went Mr. J., while I sat speechless with surprise. At last Laura broke the silence.

"I see," said she, "you are amazed because William is changing his collar to please me, isn't it so?"

"It is; and I am more amazed than I can express. I never saw a man do such a thing before."

"Well, of course, I don't know how it is with you, but with us a man is just as much bound to please his wife as the wife to please her husband. I wear this dress because William admires it, then why shouldn't he defer to my taste? The obligation is certainly mutual."

"Ah yes! that's all very well in Utopia," I sighed, as the carriage was announced, and our conversation ended.

We were somewhat later than we had intended to be, so we found the bridal party already in their places when we were ushered into the rooms, and very natural they looked too—not unlike the bridal parties I had seen often before. This was somewhat surprising at first, but afterward I reflected that love was more or less Utopian in its origin and character; and I began to wonder whether most newly married pairs did not aim at Utopia on their wedding-tours.

"And how did you like our marriage service?" questioned Laura, as she drew me to a sofa at one end of the room.

"To tell you the truth, I missed so much that I am accustomed to hear that I don't think I was particularly pleased. In the first place, the minister omitted entirely the promise to 'love, honor, and obey,' on the wife's part; and in the next, he said nothing at all of the husband's duty as protector and guardian of his wife, or of her duty as regards proper deference to his will—absolutely leaving out of his address all the things that are most indispensable, as well as touching, on such occasions. Why, I was astonished."

Laura looked amused as she replied: "Ah, my friend! your prejudices will not let you understand or appreciate these things yet. Don't you know that in Utopia people always marry for love? and, therefore, we do not exact at the very altar a promise to love each other, since we know that the sentiment can not be compelled by any form of words. As for the honoring and obeying, why surely true love always honors and (better than obeying) always seeks to please its object; so we drop the obsolete and useless sentence out of our service. Did you not observe that the minister (taking for granted that these two people really loved each other as they should do) spoke much of mutual effort and forbearance, much of reciprocal ten-

derness and courtesy, addressing husband and wife equally? Did you not hear him say, too, that people when they marry ought to strive to make each other wiser and happier, and therefore better, all the time? and could any more be said? But come, I want to introduce you to some of our friends here, so we must not pursue this subject at present."

"Tell me first," I said, detaining her as she rose from her seat, "who are these young people directly in front flirting so desperately?"

"*Flirting!*" said Laura, beginning to laugh as usual at my words, but she grew grave directly as she continued: "That is another of your educational errors, my dear, and a very unfortunate one, let me tell you. There can be no candid and profitable intercourse between young men and young women if it is liable to such a construction as the one you have just alluded to; and therefore, as we regard this same companionship not only as a pleasure, but also as a means of culture for both parties, we encourage it in every possible way, and particularly by never commenting upon it. You will never hear any of our young people say that 'Mr. So-and-so has been very devoted,' or that 'Miss This or That has given him the mitten;' and the very name of *flirt* is unknown to them. A young man may have, and should have, many female friends whom he admires and respects, without of necessity being in love with any of them; and, of course, a young girl has the same privilege. What more natural than that they should enjoy each other's society? and what more unfortunate than that they should grow up with a mutual distrust of each other?"

"I am reduced to my usual answer," I exclaimed. "This is all very well in Utopia, but it would not answer—"

"Well, then, let me answer for both of you, that supper is ready, and I would like some," said Mr. Jenkins, as he offered an arm to each, and ended our conversation, which was not resumed during the rest of the evening.

III.

The next day Laura proposed that we should "do a little shopping," a custom, by-the-way, which is in no wise different from ours, except that every thing was (as it ought to be in Utopia) enchantingly cheap.

"How is it?" I asked, as we walked homeward, "that you have so few young men or boys in your shops? Do you prefer female clerks and assistants?"

"It is not a question of preference, but of right, since we give to females all these less arduous and fatiguing avocations for which they are so abundantly qualified, and employ men in the severer labors for which their physiques so plainly indicate that nature designed them."

"As for instance?"

"Why, scrubbing, house-cleaning, and the like—all that requires the application of mere muscular force without mind. It is well understood in Utopia that a woman's organization is

too delicate and susceptible for many of the employments assigned her elsewhere; so we have corrected this abuse as far as is possible by giving such employments to men.

"Consequently when we need assistance in very laborious tasks we send for a man; and though he can not work as deftly as a woman can, and is much more trying and perverse, that is no argument whatever against his employment."

"But in our country," I persisted, "women object to being waited on by women clerks. I have even heard my friends say that they disliked to enter shops where only females were in attendance."

Laura looked indignant, somewhat incredulous, as she said:

"Such a sentiment is too unwomanly for utterance, certainly too much so for belief."

"But the men themselves—did they not rebel against this new division of labor? How is it possible that they have been made to consent to such a revolution?"

"Oh, people are never quite unreasonable in Utopia; even men can be convinced;" and so saying, Laura rang the door-bell, which she had quite forgotten to do before in the interest of our discussion.

We had to ring several times before we could gain entrance, however, and then the nurse opened the door, exclaiming as she did so:

"Oh, Mrs. Jenkins! *such* an accident! The cook has fallen down the cellar stairs and broken her arm, and the dinner all to be cooked yet; and the doctor has been to see about it, and he says she had better be taken home directly; and—dear me, I'm all out of breath!" which she must certainly have been, as she had not stopped to take any since the beginning of her speech.

Meanwhile Laura hastened to the kitchen, from whence she presently returned with a more cheering report.

The cook had not broken her arm, only sprained it, but she was suffering so much pain that she begged to be taken home at once; and accordingly a carriage was called and she was sent thither without delay. As soon as this was accomplished, I asked Laura if I could not help her in some way, adding:

"You have no idea how capable I am in the culinary department, my dear, so have no scruples."

"Help me? in what?" she questioned, looking puzzled.

"Why, in preparing the dinner, to be sure; did not your nurse say that it was untouched? and I know Jane is too inexperienced to attend to it."

"And so you fancied that cook's presence must be replaced in some way?" said Laura, laughing. "Why, do you know that I haven't the most remote intention of cooking any dinner, or letting you do it either? No! on the contrary, we will rest from our fatigues of the morning—you on that lounge, I in this easy-

chair—and by so doing we shall feel like dressing and entertaining William when he gets home.”

“But it is precisely on his account that I volunteered my services, Laura. Won’t he be annoyed if he finds no dinner prepared on his return?”

“Certainly not,” she replied, coolly. “Why should he be more annoyed than we are? Of course, this accident will bear more heavily on me than on him, and consequently he ought to take it amiably.”

“Well,” was my only comment, “this is certainly an extraordinary country, where the wives consider their own comfort, and the husbands eat cold dinners and are expected to be good-natured notwithstanding. It makes one wish that the rest of the world was like Utopia.”

Despite all that Laura had said, and all that I had seen, I was decidedly curious to know how Mr. Jenkins would conduct himself under the circumstances; and I was not sorry to find that, when Laura ran to meet him as he opened the door, she had left the door of the library half open, so I was an unobserved spectator of all that followed.

“You are earlier than usual, William, are you not?”

“Yes, dear, I believe I am; but the fact is I was uncommonly hungry, and so hastened my steps. Is dinner almost ready?”

“Poor fellow!” said his wife, playfully, “you are doomed to a sad disappointment to-day”—and in a few words she told him all the *contre-temps* of the day, ending with, “But you need not make up your mind to starve, after all, for there is plenty of cold ham, and, with bread and butter and a cup of coffee, I think you may contrive to satisfy your hunger.”

“I have no doubt I shall do very well,” said Mr. Jenkins, pleasantly, as he ran up stairs, while Laura returned to me with a triumphant smile, which I could not avoid noticing as she inquired:

“Now, my dear friend, what do you say to Utopian husbands?”

“Why, I can only wish that some husbands I know would take pattern by them; but perhaps I should not judge by Mr. Jenkins. He may be an uncommon specimen; now isn’t he, Laura?”

“No,” she said, frankly; “I can not say that he is; in fact, I know he is not. The praise you would award to him is due not so much to the man as to the system under which he has been trained, and through which he has been taught that the inevitable mishaps of domestic life are not necessarily occasions for cold looks and harsh words; and that a woman can better bear the demolition of her best china dinner-set than an unsympathizing reprimand from her husband as to her folly in keeping Bridget. If an occasional hitch in the domestic machinery warns one that it is yet far from perfection, how contemptible it would be to quarrel with the perplexed engineer of the fabric, who is doubtless expending all her care on the com-

fort of the ingrate himself! And now what do you say to dinner, good people?” said Laura.

So to dinner we went. The repast was certainly very enjoyable, after all. Mr. Jenkins was in excellent spirits, and entertained us with some laughable stories, which we applauded warmly.

After our return to the parlor he read to us for a while; and then, as it was the last evening of my visit, and I had some packing to do, Laura and I excused ourselves, and she went with me to my room.

“I am so sorry that you must leave us in the morning,” said she, seating herself on my trunk when every thing was done. “I don’t see why you couldn’t have staid longer.”

“Many thanks, dear Laura, for your kindness; but I can not delay my departure another day. To tell you the truth, it would not be wise for me to do so if I could, for I should grow discontented with my own country if I remained too long in yours; and, worse than that, it is even possible that I might wish all our husbands—”

“Were in Utopia,” suggested Laura. “Well, then, I won’t urge you any further, but say ‘good-night’ at once.”

IV.

Early the next morning we parted, with many expressions of esteem and friendship, and a cordial invitation from Laura and Mr. Jenkins that I would visit them soon again.

But I have not complied with their wishes, nor do I think, much as I enjoyed my sojourn there, that I shall ever return to Utopia; for—I might as well confess it—the effect even of my brief stay in that favored land was to make me (at least so my husband said) “very unreasonable and exacting.”

One word more. I have become very tolerant of all those reformers, as they are too often derisively called, who are fighting, with too much violence and too little grace, perhaps, in the cause of progress, on the side of liberality.

I am, as I said before, tolerant of all these, notwithstanding that I do not indorse them fully or approve their manner of warfare; because I see that they too have been in Utopia, and that they are striving to reproduce even a dim outline of that symmetry and beauty which have led their souls, as mine, captive.

A PUBLIC BUILDING.

FEW of its owners are aware how stately a structure is the Capitol Building at Washington. Not that it is by any means a perfect thing; far from it—it is full of faults; and though it seems fitting that our central seat of power should represent our riches and resources, still there is a trace of something barbaric to-day in all its lavishly squandered splendor. Yet, with some genius of their own, with the models of all the ages before them, and with the unlimited treasure of the whole country at

command to carry out their ideas, it would be strange if all the designers employed upon it since Washington laid its first corner-stone could fail to give it that portion of excellence with which one, who does not fret soul and body apart in search of abstract perfection, can rest well pleased, if not utterly satisfied.

Yet whoever may find much to blame in the body of the building, the architects have their full meed of praise in the loveliness and grandeur of the dome. It is something unsurpassed; it springs into the sky as lightly as a bubble—as resplendently; it rests there as easily as a cloud; it seems, as it should, to be only a part of its airy surroundings. Art could do no more in its construction. That its effect is sadly impaired by the bronze colossus, which, instead of merely accentuating it as a final would do, crowds it down to earth, is no fault of the dome pure and simple.

It is due to that avarice which first planted the city in a swamp that the Capitol does not rear its white magnificence on some hill crowning a campagna vast as Rome's; and yet, though erected on comparatively low ground, go where you will, for miles on miles, that dome haunts and follows you; now as you see it from the heights of Arlington—while you stand in the midst of the acres of graves there and picture the terrible moment when some trumpet shall call all this army of ghosts from their trenches—rising like a guardian genius still overlooking these white head-stones that stretch away across the rolling land on every side, like the crests of mighty and melancholy waves; now as you cease treading down the purple hyacinths in the grass, and wandering under the magnolia-trees, and between the breast-high hedges of fragrant box at Mount Vernon, and, turning the bend of the river almost twenty miles away, meet its great shadow resting like a film upon the air, opening slowly on the gaze like a vision, with its phantom-like length of lustrous column and setting of wind-tossed greenery. When you behold it thus remote it seems like a dream of the past—too beautiful a thing for the common use of daily life; only men in sweeping Grecian raiment and phylactered purple should move slow and meditative through its halls—never these hurrying black beetles, these rough garments and rude gestures of the modern generations. It is possibly for some such reason that in the beginning the Capitol turned its back upon the town, rather than because the family that owned the land in front set too high a price upon their property and drove purchasers to lots in the back-ground, which, after all, is perhaps as well, as otherwise we might not have the long vista of the Avenue closed at the end by these walls rising on their grassy terraces, lifting their shining colonnades over the tree-tops, and sending the dome soaring upward into heaven.

Mr. Ruskin, who demands that the architecture of every country should accommodate itself to that which best suits the damp atmos-

phere of Britain and those lands washed by the fogs of northern seas, would not praise the Capitol too warmly. But as such climates need the spires and pointed arches to reach aloft and conduct down to earth what sunshine there may be found scattered in the upper air, so the flat roof and recesses of shade in which the Egyptian and Greek found shelter from fervent heats are particularly adapted to the climate of our seat of government, whether it be of so lofty a character as the other or not; and it is not exactly unsuitable that a nationality so mingled as ours, so far from being settled in one type, where Saxon and Celt and Jew and African are equally sovereign, should be represented in architecture by a mass comprehending almost every order under the sun.

The critical aspect which the outline of the edifice presents at a single glance leans, it must be admitted, toward a striking coincidence. Thus seen its proportions are more nearly those of a spread-eagle than any thing else. If the architect had really no design of glorifying the national bird, we must look upon the fact of his having done so as a special inspiration—he builded better than he knew—or else as an irrepressible outbreathing of the national character. This, however, will not be so palpable a mischance when an improvement still hoped for shall, in less burdensome days, be carried to completion, and, the old façade being done away with, the main front shall be brought forward into the prominence which is its right; by which means the central portion will not seem to be about to be crushed by the dome above; the present wings, instead of seeming separate parts of a block, will secure a normal connection with the building, and there will appear to be some original unity of design about the whole disjointed group of porticoes and pillars. There will nevertheless probably always remain Crawford's statue to crown it with a blemish—not that the idea of Armed Liberty from that height watching over the wide nation is not a glorious one, not that the statue itself is not the most ideally beautiful thing in the whole conglomerate, but being in bronze, and elevated on the dome instead of upon an obelisk, it seems always to be weighing down its supports; at too great a height to be seen to any advantage, and serving no purpose but that of putting a period with its blackness to all the soaring of the snowy dome, like an extinguisher upon a flame; whereas, as it has been already said, were this colossus of white marble it would lift the dome with it into airier heights, and would seem like the very apotheosis of Freedom.

The old Capitol, from which the new wings are extended, was constructed of a sandstone from Acquia Creek, which is painted white—one of those economical artifices which are ultimately an extravagance, as the rains affect the stone badly, and it is constantly requiring to be repainted. The extensions are of marble, from Massachusetts and Maryland, of shining

quality and particularly choice veining. The columns were all brought from their place of debarkation, it is said, after an exceedingly primitive method of rolling them along the ground with ropes; this being complained of at the time, it was found upon experiment that it was altogether the safest way of transporting them, as only those broke in which hidden flaws made it desirable that if they were going to break at all they should do so before being set in their final places under the superincumbent weight of architrave and entablature. The dome, which was originally of wood, is now of cast iron, weighing more than four thousand tons, or eight million pounds; one can scarcely believe the enormous figures when catching the first glimpse of that light and airy ease with which it lifts its rich decorations into the sunshine; its foundations, however, are said to be adequate to a much heavier pressure. The ascent is up a winding flight of stairs between the outer and inner shells, and is a morning's journey; but once there the climber hangs over a landscape that lies beneath, broadening away into mellow distances, overswept by sailing cloud-shadows, and threaded by the silver of the Potomac.

It is within the old Capitol that some of our earlier statesmen rivaled one another in the decorative arts—Jefferson, evincing here a good deal of architectural taste and capacity in pillars carved after the likeness of sheaves of our native maize, the ears and blades and silk forming the capital, the clustered, jointed stems bound together for the shaft; and also in designs where the blossoms and foliation of the tobacco-plant make an effect as exquisite to the full as that of the old acanthus leaf; and John Quincy Adams, emulatory, grouping some figures in an allegorical representation on a frieze. It was the arm of Justice in this alto-relievo that on or about the time of one of the late Inauguration Days fell and broke upon the steps of the ascent. But though Mr. Adams's sculpture may not be the most affluent in merit, it can not approach the poverty of that which adorns the entrances below—the Ten-strike of Columbus, as it is called, and all its at once laughable and pitiable companions—and it rises into a lofty altitude of art beside the painting which disgraces us and the interior of the rotunda together.

Why the rotunda of the Capitol Building of the Republic should be considered, or allowed to be, a rendezvous where every one who has a daub of paint or a dab of plaster to exhibit may hang it up to sight is an inexplicable mystery. Here a miserable cast of some block-head out of which the people are making a temporary idol; there the colored photograph of some equally ephemeral hero; just beyond a painting in which the Goddess of Liberty is a lady in white satin, décolletée, gores, and trail; and in another place a mass just out of its mould, in which a President is twice murdered: it is like the selling of doves in the

temple. Meantime the walls are covered with such a meaningless charivari as Powell's De Soto, and its associates; and although Trumbull's panels are valuable as the contemporaneous portraits of their time, the others have certainly not the least excuse for being. Higher up the old historical reliefs of Causici and Capellano are so extraordinarily ugly as plainly to proclaim the fact that they are not for sale, and thus in a measure to redeem the place by showing that it could have been meant for no such desecrating frivolities; and you can forget them each and every one when you lift your eyes up the vast concave and see, nearly two hundred feet above you, a long slant sunbeam separate the blue mist always brooding there and come swimming down through the aerial depth. This distance softens a tawdry fresco in the roof of the Father of his Country surrounded by the fair sisterhood of Peace and Plenty, like a bevy of pretty waiter-girls, at which poor fresco many poorer jokes are flung; and beneath it there is a circle of other subjects, each interpreting some idea of the American dominion—in one compartment of which Neptune is taming his sea-horses for us, and in another a bar-maid with a soda-water bottle pretends to be Electricity and a Leyden jar. But these trifles belong to the generations that are gone, and we are not responsible for them; the only thing to be regretted is, that when the British began their vandalism by burning our Capitol they did not do their work more effectually, and leave us a fair field for fresh beginning.

Behind the rotunda, always dusty, dirty, thronged, and deafening with loud reverberations, is a different region, a charmed place, to which the rabble seldom penetrate, though open to one as to another, and which seems as if it could scarcely belong under the same roof. When leaving the vulgar jostle and bustle behind and reaching its soothing seclusion, one is reminded of those dwellings of the medieval Jews, hovels without, and entered through reeking alleys and up dilapidated stairways to be found palaces within. This place is the Congressional Library, and it is a room which is three halls in one, or rather two great halls and a transept, where the soft green coloring just pricked out with gold is a blessing to the brain, and where great generous windows let the tired gaze out upon wide and lovely views. In other parts of the building there are the libraries of the two legislative bodies, and, far away and below, the Law Library overflows what was formerly the Supreme Court Room. But here the more general scholar finds rare indulgence, and the mere dilettante may revel as, in a place where vastness gives the mind delicious freedom, he turns over books of priceless old engravings, over volumes of natural history—of the trochilidæ, for instance, where the real humming-bird seems to dart through the pages with all his jewels upon him. In a portion of this library-room hangs the mosaic

portrait of Mr. Lincoln, executed for the nation at the command of a European city out of an infinite number of atoms and at a cost of infinite labor and skill.

There is always a sense of enchantment about any great library, where the mighty dead are living round us, where we command them and their thoughts long after their bones are dust, and where a luxury of study reigns; but when you come directly from the echoing rotunda or from the pandemonium of the Hall of Representatives into the silence and hush of this, where not a voice resounds and the very chairs are muffled in rubber, you question if every thing is not fairly spell-bound. This library, with its triple height of galleries and alcoves, enjoys, it is said, the pre-eminence of being the only one that is fire-proof in the world. Books in themselves are scarcely to be called inflammable material; set them on fire, and owing to the want of air between their covers they will smoulder and go out; they have only succeeded in burning when the shelves beneath them and above them afforded kindling and sustenance to the fire. In the present instance, the shelves, the supports, the fittings throughout are of iron, the heavily decorated ceiling and the rafters are of iron under a roof of copper, and whatever moth and rust may do to corrupt these treasures, fire at least is powerless over them, and so far as that agency is concerned these books are imperishable; and it is certainly pleasant to think that they are fortified against a second hostile attack from an enemy, not by casemates and cannon, but by a little application of the science which they teach, and though he may make a loot of them, his torch must pale ineffectual fires before them.

Passing from wing to wing of the Capitol, since its extension, affords the visitor quite a stroll. The passage being something more than the eighth of a mile in length there is always a fresh wind blowing through it and slamming the great doors, which resound with multitudinous echoes. One finds upon the way a place known as the Temple of the Winds, in which the miniature model of an ancient temple has been set bodily; it has its use in the system of ventilation, but with a truly national largeness of temperament its frequenters, said a witty guide, use it for a cuspidor. Up its hollow depth come cold draughts, suggestive of shivering *oubliettes* and dungeons underneath; but there is nothing of the sort beneath, other than that great gloomy chamber with its low and heavily vaulted roof and gigantic Egyptian columns, in the central crypt of which it was first intended to entomb the remains of Washington, with statues of his generals keeping guard in a charmed circle around him; and farther away the quarter where the burnished engines slide silently to and fro by day and night, sending volumes of air over leagues of hot tubes in the winter-time to diffuse a soft warmth every where; and in the summer fanning up equal volumes over great blocks of ice, distilling cool-

ness and freshness in like manner, and forming all the diablerie to be found in the place. It is in this same substratum of the Capitol that the marble-lined baths, luxurious enough for a Roman, are situated. Certainly our legislative work ought to be done with clean hands, for no appliance, no delicacy, no delight of the bath is wanting; foreign soaps and essences and cosmetics and perfumes, damasks soft as satin, and attendants deferential as slaves, all being supplied to our lawgivers without money and without price. And this facility for purification is by no means an unwise provision at the public expense, for a glance at some of its participants is sufficient to show that they would never have it at their own.

Reascending from this excursion into the usually unexplored regions of the building, leaving behind us the thousand and one restaurant-rooms, and passing onward toward the southern wing, we traverse the old Hall of Representatives, a fine amphitheatre, with its roof upheld by pillars of a polished pudding-stone resembling the gray scagliola. It has been barbarously treated of late, being always unclean, and filled with the litter of plaster busts of various worthies and the paintings on exhibition there. What relation Rothermel's "Christian Martyrs" bears to public affairs and statesmanlike ideas is a problem among the unknown quantities; yet there it hangs, and there the plaster busts stare and smirk at one another from their black cambric pedestals; and one imagines that the fair figure of History there speeding over a winged globe, with a dial for her chariot-wheel (perhaps the most beautiful design for a clock in the world), suspends her pencil and gazes contemptuously below, finding nothing worthy to record. Not very far away are Rogers's famous bronze doors, pieces of wonderful workmanship and beauty, but illustrating American history much more fully than they were intended to do, inasmuch as it is feared they will have to be removed into some less frequented portion of the building, in order to prevent their being carried off piecemeal by curiosity-seekers, otherwise thieves; the truncheon on which one of the prominent figures ought to lean having been feloniously abstracted, together with the chain that bound the hands of another, and various other portions within the reach and the ambition of small peculators. One would think that the heroic stories wrought here in the bronze, hieroglyphs of all our history, would lift every beholder above sacrilege; and even if unable to do so, that they would inspire sufficient pride of country in every citizen to let monuments of art such as these remain unutilized.

We come now to the grand staircase by which we ascend to the gallery of the new Hall of Representatives. The balustrades of this staircase are of a gray marble from the quarries of Tennessee, so beautiful in tint, and susceptible of so brilliant a polish, that it is amazing it should be so seldom used elsewhere. This

staircase has a massive majesty of its own, as has also its companion of the Senate Chamber. The light falls full upon it and shows it solid enough to endure for ages. At one point upon it you turn and look upward where story after story of panel and pilaster rises light and graceful, though emblazoned with florid and unmeaning ornament. It is quite stately and noble, and seems to be the befitting entrance to these halls of empire. Upon its sides may be seen Leutze's "Westward, Ho," below which a smaller piece of fresco-painting affects the beholder more pleasantly than the canvas of larger pretensions does.

The Hall of Representatives is a great oblong chamber, which, although very lofty, affords you a contrary impression, owing to the deep caissons of the ceiling, which, being planted between huge pendants of gilding, and the panes of glass being stained with the arms of the several States, give a sense of low-browed heaviness. An untraveled citizen can hardly obtain a better idea of the vastness of his country than when he takes his place in the galleries of this hall—entrance to which, very differently from the arrangements of the English Houses of Parliament, he finds to be unrestricted—and, looking down at the mob of members, recalls to himself all that they represent, and fancies that he sees at one glance the rock-bound sea-coast of New England, the impassable mountains and wild rivers of the West, the savannas of the South. The room is very elaborately upholstered, and the desks of the members are handsome specimens of carving; the Speaker's desk is a pile of white marble; and in the surrounding walls there are spaces, now filled by panels well painted in imitation of satin damask, where at some future time historical portraits shall be inserted, while corresponding statues shall occupy the vacant niches in the galleries above. The scenes usually going on within these walls are things beggaring all description. It might easily be taken for the inside of some turbulent and unruly school in Brobdignag; and it strikes one as rather fortunate that the school-boys have no windows either to clean, as in Dotheboys Hall, or to gaze out of, the room being entirely lighted, or unlighted, from above. Here a person sits with his heels on his desk; there one passes through on his way from one committee-room to another without so much as dreaming of taking his cigar from his mouth; here a group stroll about with their hats on; there a little child of one of the members plays bopeep between the chairs; in another spot a cluster are talking together animatedly and with loud voices; meantime every member has his spittoon and uses it, or else his neighbor's, though he is not at all particular; letter-writers are clapping their hands for the runners to wait upon them; some speech-making legislator is leaping about the open area and vociferating eloquent periods which nobody hopes to hear, though a score pretend to listen; the pages are skipping along the aisles or tossing coppers

where they wait for orders; the hum and din rise loud and perpetual; the Speaker is hammering; a dozen members at once are calling upon him for the floor; and one gentleman is lying stretched out upon the sumptuous sofas, boots and all, and in the midst of the well-accustomed uproar and confusion sleeping the sleep of the just. In whatever proportion individual members may be oppressed with a sense of their responsibility, it is impossible to gaze upon this drama of disturbance and not wonder that the affairs of the nation do not become involved in an inextricable tangle.

Very different is the scene presented by the Senate Chamber, where calm dignity sits enthroned, and where business really seems to be done. This room, in the opposite wing, is much smaller than that of the other branch, yet has a gaudier appearance, being tawdrily furnished in jarring colors, the carpet bright scarlet and yellow, the sofas a dull magenta tint, which is, however, a trifling matter, and which, as it may by-and-by so easily be rectified, need not annoy any one who wishes to listen forgetfully to the orotund sentences of deep-mouthed Senators.

The lobby of the Senate is at present much the superior of the Senate Chamber itself, with its lofty groined arches covered by an arabesque of scrolls and floral suggestions in decorative plaster-work; and the committee-rooms opening upon it, and the reception-room for the wives and friends of Senators, rejoice in windows, each of which seems only the setting to a lovely picture. There are, however, other entrances to these sacred floors, reserved to the members of Congress themselves and to their attachés, few of whom, it may be doubted, know half how beautiful are the passages through which they daily hasten. Here, for instance, is a staircase of bronze and brass, which, being erected in a well of darkness, is seen only when some occasion lights the gas, and then only imperfectly, unless the visitor's pocket-match comes to the rescue; yet it is a wonder of art, its balustrade being a lattice-work of exquisitely executed fancies—the forest-creature plunging between the boughs with his horns bent back—naked little boys at play with leaf and spray—mother-birds bringing food to their fledgelings—a snake twisting up a tree to protrude his fangs into a nest over which the parent-birds flutter helplessly—the great shield of the eagle sealing it as the republic's property. This staircase, and its companion in the other wing, costing severally eighteen thousand dollars, and not to be valued in gold or silver, are monuments of a nation's liberality of which we may well be proud. These staircases lead into long corridors lined on either side with panels painted in *distemper*, in one place after the Pompeian manner, and in another merely with a Moresque of hanging vines and flowers, which enframe representations of nearly the whole ornithology of the United States. Here a bobolink reminds the Carolina

rice-fields of the Berkshire meadows; there scarlet flamingoes and rose-colored spoon-bills from the banks of the Louisiana bayous give brotherly greeting to robin-redbreast, just ready to warble a good-morrow from his bold and brilliant throat. Through all these halls there is a breadth and loftiness well befitting the way to an empire's council-chambers, whose penetralia they seem to surround and fortify, if from no other approach, yet from that of the common outside air and light. Into these halls communicate various apartments, committee-rooms, flirtation-rooms, whose name describes their uses, the Speaker's room, post and telegraph offices; and in the Senatorial wing the withdrawing-room, commonly known as the marble-room, and those of the President and Vice-President. The latter is the only one with any look of comfort about it, or that has an appearance as if designed to be occupied by gentlemen; the others all being commonplace show-rooms of upholstery goods, or else seeming to have connection with some museum of fantastic and bizarre decorations. In the closet of the Vice-President's room hangs a little mirror some three feet by eighteen inches in extent. In our early days there was question made as to the propriety of so extravagant a purchase as that; a great sheet of glass now stretches to the ceiling in this room; the Speaker's room is a quadruple reduplication of mirrors; and the walls of the marble-room are merely immense mirrors, and nothing else, set in a wainscoting of the gray Tennessee marble. Certainly, if our legislators want to play Narcissus, they have every aid toward developing a full-blown genius in the rôle; or is all this only a fulfillment of the ancient adage of coming events casting their shadows before—a prophecy of the softening influence of woman when the vexed question of female suffrage and women's rights shall be answered affirmatively—a providential interposition in favor of back hair?

This marble-room, so-called, is considered to be one of the chief attractions of the Capitol, for, besides its looking-glasses, the roof is upheld by two rows of fluted columns in white Carrara marble, which the mirrors repeat and repeat down vistas of infinite beauty. When the soldiers were quartered at the Capitol the enormity was committed, in the face of the tremendous empty vaults and cellarage below, of hanging this white place full of fitches of bacon, slices of which our hungry sentinels toasted on their jack-knives at roaring fires in the chimney-place. A beautifully tessellated marble floor is now covered with what was possibly left over from the carpet of the adjoining Senate Chamber, which is to be noted as economy, though it may not be commended as taste—unless, indeed, the aforesaid fitches of bacon discolored the floor too deeply for cleansing.

The President's room, a few steps beyond the last place of which mention has been made, and into which the Chief Executive comes to sign those bills hurriedly passed at the close of a

session, is a collection of choice fresco-work, splendidly executed portraits of our illustrious ancestry, and a slightly improved version of the fresco in the roof of the rotunda, where the Father of his Country again appears ringed about by bright allegorical damsels; and although the greater part of the work is very finely done, especially the portraits of Franklin, Jefferson, and their compeers, yet the whole effect is a confusion of rich color, and one is wearied with a single glance by the quantity which reverses the old rule of "nothing too much." That, indeed, is the chief defect through the whole vast pile; its designers do not seem to have known how to spend their unlimited resources. Every thing is massive and stupendous throughout the building; the arched carriage-ways under which you drive are as superbly solid as the pyramids; but, not content with that, every thing is gilded and ornamented and painted and finished beyond the last point of endurance. There are but few really good paintings on all the square rods of the walls, and there are some that are atrocious; an equestrian Washington hangs over the landing of one of the staircases, a waking nightmare; and Congress, it is said, has some idea of giving Powell another great place to lay waste; but a portrait in the apartment of one of the dignitaries, and the copy of a Murillo in that of another, are at present almost the only things of merit to be found. How superb the great stretches of the walls might be if Bierstadt and Church should spread their splendid colors there in pictures of our wild vast scenery, with the mountains of the Yosemite and the rapids of Niagara, does not seem to have occurred to our purveyors of public taste, who throw away our treasure on canvases violating every law of perspective and chromatics.

As we descend from the generous galleries we may pass perhaps a spot known by its stained rose-window, an innocent-looking spot with its quiet clerks, and with no appearance of being the place where the thousands of scissors, pen-knives, egg-whisks, cork-screws, and curry-combs, the gallons of cologne and stronger waters, the boxes of lemons and hundred-weights of sugar, the porte-monnaies and the kid gloves, are drawn under the modest name of stationery. But hurrying onward we come—with the exception of that where John Quincy Adams breathed his last—to the last place of special interest for the sight-seer. This is the Supreme Court Room. It is in the old Capitol—an amphitheatre of moderate size and entirely faultless—the one perfectly beautiful room of the whole assemblage. Its walls are softly tinted, and between the flat and polished pilasters of scagliola brackets uphold the busts of the previous Chief-Justices. There is a gallery opposite the door, supported by a screen of noble columns like those in the old Hall of Representatives. In front of these columns sit the Justices in their solemn robes of office, and the lawyers and the spectators occupy the space be-

fore them. The room is furnished in soft yet sombre colors, and the wood-work is of mahogany so old and dark as to deserve its original name of Madeira-wood, for its rich wine-stains; there is nowhere any thing glaring or dissonant, and nothing can exceed the pleasure of the place when on a chilly day the great chimneys, at either end of the loggia behind the Justices, send out the cheerful crackle and flitting illumination of their broad wood-fires. It is perhaps a dull and stupid case which makes the air soporific, the place is vacant save for those who necessarily have to do with it, and if one or more of the reverend seigniors be not asleep they simulate admirably; or it is perhaps a great field-day, there is a full bench of gray, sagacious heads, beautiful women fill their appointed places and rustle all the time after they are in them, civilians throng upon the other side, some orator, erect and stately as a field-marshal, deploys the battalions of his words, the forces of his arguments, and every name of political or legal note, clustering around him on the floor, listens in eager silence. There is Reverdy Johnson with his head of the Cæsars; Black, restless as fire; the venerable Thomas Ewing, who looks as if he had just stepped out of Plutarch; Cushing, in some intense but icy reverie; Evarts, polished and keen as the blade of a ra-

pier. And we do not forget that this same room where now congregate the intellects of the bar is the arena where formerly contended those who have gone into history; and the memories of Webster and Calhoun, Crittenden and Clay, like gigantic Caryatides, are holding up the roof to-day. And as we leave the splendid building on its hill we look back and feel that it is sacred to every American who remembers that under its second corner-stone reposes the scroll on which are written these immortal words:

"If, therefore, it shall be hereafter the will of God that this structure shall fall from its base, that its foundations be upturned, and this deposit be brought to the eyes of men, be it known, that on this day the Union of the United States of America stands firm: that their Constitution still exists unimpaired, and with all its original usefulness and glory, growing every day stronger and stronger in the affections of the great body of the American people, and attracting more and more the admiration of the world. And all here assembled, whether belonging to public life or to private life, with hearts devoutly thankful to Almighty God for the preservation of the liberty and happiness of the country, unite in sincere and fervent prayers that this deposit, and the walls and arches, the domes and towers, the columns and entablatures, now to be erected over it, may endure forever.

"GOD SAVE THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

"DANIEL WEBSTER.

"Secretary of State of the United States."

A CHRISTIAN'S CREED.

I BELIEVE in dreams of duty
Warning where they can't control,
Fragments of the glorious beauty
That once filled th' unfaill'n soul:
In the godlike wreck of nature
Sin did in the sinner leave,
That may still regain the stature
It hath fall'n from—I believe.

I believe in human kindness
Large amid the sons of men,
Nobler far in willing blindness
Than in censure's keenest ken:
In the gentleness that slowly
Sanctions what would others grieve,
In the trust that, deep and holy,
Hopeth all things—I believe.

I believe in self-denial,
And its secret throb of joy:
In the love that lives through trial,
Dying not, though death destroy:
In those fond and full believings
That, though all the world deceive,
Will not let its dark deceivings
Wake suspicion—I believe.

I believe in man's affection,
Tender, true, unselfish, high,
Infancy's almost perfection,
And in woman's purity:
In *his* lofty soul-sustaining
That can to *one* purpose cleave,
In *her* gentle uncomplaining
Peace and patience—I believe.

I believe in self-devotion,
The long sacrifice of years,
Noblest fruits of deep emotion,
Man's blood-shedding, woman's tears:
In the pure prevailing passion
Human hearts by God conceive,
And, despite the world's cold fashion,
Live and die for—I believe.

I believe in human weakness
Trying to be strong and true,
Owning in impassion'd meekness
What it would, but could not do:
In its consciousness of failing,
Which the less it doth perceive,
Doth the more leave unavailing
All its efforts—I believe.

I believe in Love renewing
All that sin hath swept away,
Leaven-like its work pursuing
Night by night and day by day:
In the power of its remoulding,
In the grace of its reprieve,
In the glory of beholding
Its perfection—I believe.

I believe in Love Eternal
Fixed in God's unchanging will,
That beneath the deep infernal
Hath a depth that's deeper still:
In its patience, its endurance
To forbear, and to retrieve,
In the large and full assurance
Of its triumph—I believe.

THE NEW TIMOTHY.

Part Eighth.

I.

HOPPLETON was astonished—John has gone away to teach!

"People lie about my being cross with you," Issells, the peevish tailor, remarks to his worn-out wife at supper, "and I *may* be put out a little by the everlasting bother and misfortune I have, stitch, stitch, stitching all the time, sick or well; people dissatisfied with their fits, people promising and not paying, and *you* sick all the time, of course! as if I did not have worry enough without that; but just look! Think that girl didn't have some good cause for leaving? And he in the pulpit on Sundays preaching away his miserable stuff about love to God and love to man! Hypocrites, the whole of them! It's the detestable cant in the world that is the cause of all the villainy in it! Had my way, I'd sew them all up, preachers and the fools that listen to them, in sacks and pitch them into the Atlantic."

"What girl? I don't know what you are talking about!"

"What girl? The one living in that Preacher Wall's family. She's gone off somewhere to teach school. Cruel to her. I have no more doubt of it than I have of my own existence. As beautiful and patient-looking a young creature as I ever saw in my life. And there's that daughter of his—old maid—comes to see you so much when you are sick, with her flowers and things—dare say she could tell a story if she would."

Mr. Josiah Evers, on hearing the same report, was surprised.

"But she will make a splendid teacher," was his thought. "She is one of the kind that do not talk much, that rules by the eye instead. She can make them love and respect her. If ever a woman succeeds she will;" and Mr. Evers respected her that much the more than before. An excellent teacher himself, he could judge of qualification in others. "It shows, however, that she is as poor as I supposed. I am sorry, because I was almost ready to marry her," he added, passing his right hand through his hair, and lingering with the fingers thereof among his scant whiskers. But here Mr. Josiah Evers's thoughts took an indignant direction: "Why don't these people pay their minister better?" This was the less astonishing, however, from the fact that Mr. Evers had never as yet contributed a cent toward the salary of Mr. Wall himself.

"Gone off to teach, eh?" Jack Clemur remarked, stirring the coals in the forge, while Lanny, his son, worked at the bellows. "Well, I've no objection. Teaching is easy work to sweating over the anvil, I guess. Hard work is the best thing in the world, especially for young people. And now, Lanny, I do sincerely hope you'll be able to go to your own church on Sunday nights, instead of dressing

up and going to Mr. Wall's church for nothing else on earth but to see that Miss John, and to hear her sing. Do you think the Lord will ever bless you, pretending to worship him that way?"

Lanny had no words in reply. Since that tap upon the head from his father's hammer, nothing had hurt him so much as her leaving. He worked on mechanically, but the world was, for the time, a wilderness to him.

M'Clarke bewailed her leaving as the loss of the best voice—next to his own—in the choir. Even Anna Burleson came over to Mr. Wall's to try and persuade her out of the notion.

"Bug is bother enough for me. The idea of twenty little dirty-faced things to take care of, treading on your skirts, pulling at your dress with their sticky hands! I solemnly declare," said Miss Anna, with perfect sincerity, "I would rather lie down on the spot at once and die and be buried than teach school! Don't go, John, dear. There is Bug in a perfect stew about it. I didn't know the little ball of butter cared any thing but for cake before. As to Ned, of course he don't *say* any thing, dear! I declare I lay awake all last night expecting to hear a pistol go off in his room, or something. We love you, dear; you can't tell how much. We hope—you know—never mind—" and Miss Anna colored herself, if it was only as the reflection of John's face. Not a day but Miss Anna was becoming more acid in view of her wrongs, as poor Issells in view of his, but there was a freshness and sweetness about John that she could not resist. "There's that Louisiana Mills," Miss Anna continued. "Lazy, fat, good-for-nothing thing. If that father of hers would make her lay off her fine dresses, and cut off some of that hair, and lock up a little of that jewelry, and go far away from home, where she would have to get up early and eat corn-bread and molasses, and teach forty children all day, it would do *her* some good."

Perhaps it would. But if her own father could have pursued some such course with Miss Anna herself—given something for her thoughts and temper to grind on besides herself, it might have been a blessing to her also. One thing her father did do, of which no one else save himself and his pastor were ever aware—that is, call upon that pastor in a quiet way just at that juncture, and beg his acceptance, as an addition to his salary, of a very round sum of money, according, at least, to village estimate.

"Thank you, Mr. Burleson—but no," his pastor had said. "I dare say I know," he continued, with a smile, "the cause of your kindness. It is a delicate matter. It is not because she imagines herself at all a burden. She knows she is not. We have always loved her more than a daughter; she has been more assistance to us than most daughters ever are. Gentle as she looks, amiable as she is, she inherits from her father a singular strength of character, a clearness and energy of purpose

one would not imagine in a girl so young and so lovely. Her father was a—what you would call a first-class business-man. I don't intend to flatter, but you remind me more of him than any man I know. I did not dream she had so much of her father in her, for she is the image of her mother, one of the loveliest of women. No. We have used every kind of persuasion with her in vain. Go she will, if only to give the matter a fair trial. She seems to have arranged it all when on a visit to General Likens; did not let us know until it was all a settled thing. Do you know, Mr. Burleson," said the pastor, in his frank, impulsive way, "I believe—at least Mrs. Wall thinks so, and ladies are wonderful judges in such matters—that a member of your family has something to do with her leaving?"

"Ned?" exclaimed Mr. Burleson, with equal frankness. "I only wish he could get her! I don't know what it is, there's some screw loose about him—a sort of reckless, heedless, devil-may-care—a kind of scoffing—a lack of energy, of purpose in life; I hardly know what. There is something in that balk he made—I hardly know what else to call it—in religious matters years ago—you remember it—that has had a singular influence on him."

"Charles tells me," said Mr. Wall, "it is because Edward did not become a minister as he first intended. You know how intimate they are. I have conversed with him—Edward, I mean—several times. In fact, I wrote to him when he was in college. His religious condition is a singular one—a state of suspended animation—almost petrification. I remember a singular remark he made to me the other day. His religious knowledge seemed so clear that I mentioned it to him—wondered how, with such distinct conceptions of Divine truth, he could *feel* so little. 'Your looking at religion,' he said, 'is as at a landscape in all the verdure, and leaf, and flower of summer; while I look on the same landscape under its winter aspect—no grass, or leaf, or flower, to obstruct the view—every stone on the ground, every twig and bough distinctly visible in the cold clear air!' It made me shudder. 'All winter, only, with me,' he said. The fact is," continued the pastor, "if a young man once fully resolves to preach the Gospel, with such a view as Edward had of the supreme dignity and grandeur of the work, and then fails, from almost any cause, to carry out his purpose, he is singularly unfitted thereby—pardon me—for being any thing else. Unless greed of money, from which your son is free, takes its place, every other aim seems low, every other motive powerless. His *heart* is dead! Only for the time, I hope!" the pastor added, earnestly.

"He never talks with me on such matters," said the father. "I don't understand him. He has mind enough—more than I have, for that matter, but you can't get him to apply it steadily in any direction. He has heart a-plenty; yet he has, or affects to have, a perfect heart-

lessness in regard to every thing. He distresses me! And I fear he is growing worse and worse. I would not speak of it to any one but yourself—not even Mrs. Burleson—but I am constantly in dread lest he should take to drinking or gambling. I have a vague terror. He is so uncertain there is no telling any day what he may not do!" and the pastor noticed for the first time in the clear, somewhat hard face of the bank president, those dark lines at the corners of the eye, the lengthening shadows as of a setting sun, the hair-breadth droop at the corners of the mouth as from the tasting of a bitter cup. To think how one's hand may be full of gold, and the heart—so to speak—at the roots of the arm, full of wretchedness. Mr. Burleson was the richest man in Hoppleton, but there were happier homes in Hoppleton by far than his.

"I do not know how the idea has crept into my mind," says the bank president at last, "but I have taken a singular fancy to Miss John. If any thing could have influence upon Ned I do believe it would be some such woman as she seems—she is so young—is going to be. Her solid sense would be dower enough. I would consent to such a thing with all my heart. I only hope he may succeed. But I dare not let him know it, he is so contrary it would be the very way to prevent it. But the woman that marries Ned will have to take her chances in regard to him. He may be all she could wish—he may turn out—Ah, well, we will talk of something else."

Mr. Wall had been on the point of saying something of his own happiness in his nephew. It would hardly be appropriate just now, he thinks, and only says, "There is Charles, now. I only wish he had the practical sense, in worldly things at least, of Edward. We shut our candidates for the ministry up in a seminary by themselves for years, just when they are forming their habits for life. For whole years they are associated only with their professors and themselves—monks almost. There must be terrible error in our system. They come out too often enfeebled for life in health, separated in feeling and habits from the people, scholastic, deficient in common-sense. One thing, however; if there is sound piety in the heart, and fixed purpose to live for God and man in the soul, a young man will in the end adapt himself, correct himself—"

"A living piety at heart, a fixed purpose in life," interrupted Mr. Burleson—"exactly, and I dare say your nephew has it. There is nothing you may not hope for him in the future on that account. But, unfortunately, piety and purpose are just what Edward lacks. No definite course before him in life—no power in him to impel him along that course, even if he had one."

However that might be, young Burleson found path and purpose enough to arrive from Hoppleton at General Likens's front gate early one Saturday afternoon soon thereafter.

II.

"That young Burleson!" whispered Mrs. General Likens's prophetic soul as soon as she saw—she was knitting upon the front piazza—the buggy turn into view up the road, long before she could see who was in it. "Just as I knew—exactly!" Mrs. General Likens exclaimed to herself, as that gentleman drew up at the gate, alighted, fastened his horse, and entered. Mrs. General Likens took a fresh needle to her knitting and looked approvingly upon him as he approached. She was glad to see him because he fulfilled her standing prophecy, and because there was no one at home to talk to him but herself.

"Don't be afraid, Mr. Burleson," she said, without rising; "walk in. Our dogs don't bite. We had one in Virginia once—Tige we called him—bit a stage passenger, and the General he killed him. How's all?"

"I had some business in the neighborhood, Madam. As I had to pass I thought I would stop a while," fibbed Burleson, after due salutations. "The General is well, I hope?"

Mrs. General Likens scoffed inwardly at the plea of business, and informs the anxious applicant that the General is *not* well. "Some trouble in the chest," she explains. "It's only of late. The General's hardly ever known what you may call a sick day. It must be his constant smokin' injures him. The doctor said so. He tried to give up his pipe. 'Pshaw—stuff!' he says at last. 'Remedy's worse than the disease.' An' so he's been smokin', if possible, more'n ever."

"Is he at home this afternoon?" asks Burleson, not caring the millionth part of a straw whether he is or not.

"No," replies the wife, perfectly aware of it. "He went over to Araminty Allen's—remember you met her when you were here last—wore a crimson dress—soon after breakfast. Araminty is there alone by herself. She has I don't know how many black ones, and always in a snarl with them about something. The General has to go over almost every day to fix things up. He has a wonderful faculty man'ging hands, because he don't say much to them—don't allow them to say much to him. But Araminty she *will* talk to them, an' they sarce her. I'm mistaken if that yellow Phillis of hers—her cook woman—didn't do something more than sarce her last night. Araminty was to have company to-day—and them's just the very times cooks pick out for a fuss. Any how, a boy rode over to get the General to ride over there with Miss John when she went—*she* was to spend the day there."

"That reminds me," said Burleson. "How is Miss John by this time? Mr. Wall's family will be asking after her when I return."

"Well, I can't entirely say," replied Mrs. General Likens, carefully impressing him with the idea that the lady inquired after was in rather a precarious condition than otherwise. "I can't say I know for certain that she uses

snuff," continued the old lady, pausing on her needles to reflect; "but she associates with Araminty a great deal, or, rather, Araminty associates with her all the time, an' Araminty she uses snuff constant. Yes, snuff and Amelia Ann, an' the way Mr. Merkes talked about Amelia Ann at the funeral—you heard about it?—are about all Araminty Allen lives on. She's mighty apt to have got in the habit—the snuff I mean—with her—mighty apt! People say it ruins the complexion—Araminty is sal-low enough, goodness knows—makes a body histeriky an' cross. They tell me it makes the hair come out by handfuls, spoils the teeth, injures one's lungs. Do you know whether it is so, Mr. Burleson?" she asks, with an anxious face but a laughing soul.

Mr. Burleson does not know the exact effects. He is positively certain it is, however, a most disgusting habit in every respect.

"And there's early risin', too," continued Mrs. General Likens. "I always had to get up early, I know, when I was a girl—have had it to do ever sence. It distresses me about Miss John; she won't get up early, do all I can. I've talked an' talked an' talked to her about it, but she won't. Get all sal-low sleepin' till nigh sun up? of course." And the old lady seemed really distressed. John was not an ethereal nymph; like every other merely human being she had her faults. And this was one of them—she did not rise habitually before the dawn.

"And then her drawers!" continued Mrs. General Likens; "they really grieve me. I'm speaking in confidence to a friend now, you know; of course you won't mention it in Hoppleton," said the old lady, looking at her guest while she knitted evenly on. "They are large enough, I'm sure, and she's got plenty of them; but she won't keep them in what I call order, now. A good deal at sixes and sevens. And she's as neat as can be about her person, too. It must be Mrs. Wall was such an invalid all the time. Or because that Miss Laura Wall is so extra neat in all her ways—old maids always are—she kept things neat after her. Ah well! we can't expect perfection. An' she isn't fond of knittin' nor darnin' nor quilting!"

Imperfection again. By no means the Rosa Matilda of romance—flesh and blood, and not at all faultless.

"But that isn't to compare with using snuff, in my opinion. Do you think Mr. Wall, now—the uncle, I mean—would object if they knew it? You see," the old lady explains, "it's true she lives in our house, an' we think the world of her; but whether we can take any authority over her is the question."

Mrs. General Likens must have been—in fact, she was—a terrible lassie in her teens. The General could bear witness to that fact—a nice time he had of it during his courtship.

"Will Miss John return this evening?" Burleson asks at last, with some affectation of indifference.

"Back this evening?" The old lady pauses in her knitting to weigh the probabilities. "Well, maybe so. I didn't ask her. Araminty will keep her if she can."

"And how does she succeed in teaching?" asks Burleson at length, not by any means as cheerful as when he entered the house.

"Ah! what could one expect?" replies Mrs. General Likens, sorrowfully. "I gave her fair notice before she came. 'Child,' says I, 'why, your voice 'll get cracked with scolding, an' your eyes 'll get red with cryin' o' nights, an' your hands 'll get hard with slappin'.' I told her *then* she'd ruin all her good looks. 'It 'll break you so in one session you'll be an old maid for the rest of your days, child, certain sure,' I said. She didn't believe me; perhaps," added the old lady, with ominous emphasis, "she has learned sence whether or no I was right."

"And she has found it as unpleasant as you described?" asked Burleson, almost as miserable as Mrs. Likens was endeavoring to make him.

"Why, Mr. Burleson!" exclaims the old lady. "Of course you know, every body knows, what teachin' is in the South. Josiah Evers—he tried it here once, poor fellow—says they manage it dif'rent at the North where he was raised. It's to be hoped they do! If you please the children, that is, let them have their own way in school, they'll all run over you torectly—won't learn a single thing. Their parents 'll say it's no use sending, teacher ain't worth any thing, an' so that 'll break up your school. If you try to make the children mind—a thing they never began to do at home—an' whip, you'll have to fight to see which is the strongest. Suppose you conquer? they'll go home, tell their Pas and Mas you almost killed them, an' that 'll break up your school. Even if none of that happens, an' you slave through the session worried to death from morning till night, come to collect what is due you, it's about the hardest work you ever undertook in *your* life. School bills and minister's salary is about the very last people like to pay. Even if you are the best teacher in the world they are sure to get tired of you by the end o' one year at longest. You know how it is in this country—people like to be changin' their doctor, an' changin' their preacher, an' changin' their teacher all the time. I've seen enough of it in my days," says Mrs. General Likens, knitting furiously in her earnestness—"preacher has a hard enough time of it, goodness knows, but teacher's is hardest. I'd rather scrub floors, I'd rather maul rails, I'd rather do any thing in this world for a livin' than teach school! Never knew a teacher yet didn't hate teachin'!" and Mrs. General Likens only told the honest truth of that section. It was largely on this account that all her friends had so opposed John in her undertaking, nor would she have entered upon it had there been any other possible pursuit open before her. She regarded it as a martyrdom, and deliberately entered upon it as such.

As it was, his hostess succeeded perfectly in making her visitor unhappy. Was Mrs. General Likens really so profound a tactician? Did she indeed remember that pity is near akin to love? And was she endeavoring to rouse the first feeling in the lover's bosom to its deepest depth that his love might be quickened? Who knows?

But Mrs. General Likens forgets that her guest is lawyer in embryo. As such, taking up a vague idea that the lady of the house is hostile to his intentions upon her fair inmate, he determines by a bold move to win her over. Gradually he changes the conversation from John altogether. He compliments her upon the pleasant situation of the farm, upon the fatness of the cows down the lane; he envies her her bees; he alludes to the unusual excellence of her freestone well water, declares he must really take a third drink out of the nice gourd: "We don't have such water as this in Hoppleton, Madam." But no impression is made; he is lawyer enough to know it. He glances desperately around—"A noble orchard, Madam!"

"Only tollable," is the cold reply.

Would it do to venture on her yarn? "I wonder if it will be possible, Madam, to get you to sell me a few hanks of that yarn?" he asks, after a while. "I could not make my sister a more acceptable present; she has searched all the stores in Hoppleton in vain—there is none worth any thing to be had. Is it possible you spun it yourself?" handling the same admiringly. It is an awful falsehood. His sister never knit a stocking in her life—abhorred it as having some indefinable connection with gray hairs, spectacles, and a single life. He sees that he has touched Mrs. General Likens a good deal more than she shows, for she is perfectly aware of his manœuvres. But he has not struck the right string yet. He reflects a moment. Exactly! he has it at last!

"But I stopped on purpose to speak about one thing with you, Madam," he says, drawing a little nearer, throwing truth utterly to the winds, and speaking seriously. "I am glad no one else is here, and I must speak before we are interrupted. It is a delicate matter, Madam. I know that persons gifted in that way are peculiarly unwilling even to be justly praised—shrink, in fact, from any mention of the thing. You see, Madam, I am well acquainted with the editors of both the papers in Hoppleton, and I am anxious the world should know something of your talent. You remember that basket, Madam? I wish you could have seen us gathered around it that day when we stopped at noon! I dare say it was intended for Miss John alone. Knowing your delicacy of feeling she hesitated some time before she would let us enjoy the treat with her. Will you permit me to say all I wish in the matter? For force of expression, for beauty of language, for copiousness—especially copiousness!—but I am afraid—"

Yes, it *was* monomania. The shrewdest old

lady that ever lived—it must have been insanity, or she would have seen through it, admirably well as the unprincipled young lawyer acted his part. As it was, she was taken as a bird in the snare of the fowler. She even forgot the existence of any motive to prompt him thus to flatter. Yes—Walpole was right. All you have to do is to discover the *kind* of coin which will buy up a person body and soul! Mrs. General Likens had this, at least, in common with Homer and Milton—she too was blind.

“But, if it is not a secret of your wonderful gift,” said Burleson, at last, after hearing the much she had to say, after listening to several poems of her writing, with, in every sense of the word, the most painful attention, “how do you manage, my dear Madam, to compose? I don’t understand—”

“Blank verse, you mean?” asked his hostess, unhinged additionally in mind by excess of delight, and whose whole heart was open to the tempter. “Why, I take a quire of foolscap—foolscap for blank verse always—begin at the top of the page, and write straight on till my fingers get too tired, or till the General just up an’ *insists* on my comin’ to bed. You see I only write at night.”

“And how about the rhyme?”

“I take letter-paper to that. You would think to find words to rhyme together would make hard work. But it don’t. Besides, in finding the word to rhyme, it brings its own idea with it, and so helps amazin’ly. Here’s this poem I’ve just read to you about that Ishmael Spang’s to-do up here at our church. I took this quire of letter-paper that night, set down after the General was in bed, dipped my pen in the ink, an’ wrote, without stoppin’ a moment to think, this first line:

“‘For pious folks to fight an’ quarrel’—

Now for something to rhyme to quarrel. Here’s the way I always do: begin at the first of the alphabet an’ run down—borral, corral, dorrall, forral, gorral, horral, jorral, korral, moral—Stop, I says, moral? Let me see; yes, an’ *immoral*; that rhymes pat. Now see how the rhymin’ word brings its own idea with it. Immoral! yes:

“‘For pious folks to fight an’ quarrel,
It is exceedin’ly immoral.’

See?”

Burleson nods his head in dumb assent. He does not dare to raise his eyes or open his lips.

“Now next,” continues the beloved of the Muses, with almost Sapphic frenzy, “I write down this next line without stopping a minute to think what is to come after it—rises like water in a well:

“‘With staff he has to guide his tread’—

What is to rhyme to tread? When I wrote it I had no more notion than you have this minute. It *comes* to me!” adds the pythoiness, touching her finger to her brow with awful meaning. “Tread? tread? Now you’d sup-

pose I’d begin at top of the alphabet as I did before—bred, cred, dred, and so on down. No; you see I must have variety. It’s that gives a sparkle like to poetry. I’ll tell you: every other time I begin at the *bottom* of the alphabet an’ go up. Now here I’ve got to find a rhyme to Tread. Tread? Lemme see—zed, yed, wed, ved, ted, sted—sted? Ah yes! there it is—instead, instead! An’ see how the word brings its own help with it—its own particular idea—an’ I write it under the other in a flash. Then both lines read:

“‘With staff he has to guide his tread
Each knocks his neighbor down instead.’

See?”

In the fullness of her soul there is no imagining when the poetess will stop. Burleson has already made repeated efforts to this end: they were but straws tossed instantly aside in the rush of the waters of Helicon. Like the magician in the story, he has raised the demon—how to lay it is altogether beyond his might. He is becoming alarmed. The exertion is beyond his strength. Glad sounds to his ear—the wheels of a vehicle approaching! Mrs. General Likens hears them too. Instantly the poetic fire pales on her brow, stern common-sense is about to resume its inexorable sway.

“I see we are goin’ to be interrupted,” she says, with profoundest regret, as she gathers the precious MS. together. “It’s *always* so! Never mind—we’ve had a few pleasant minutes anyhow”—two hours nearly by Burleson’s watch. “We won’t let you off till Monday any way. I’ve got ever so many pieces are entirely suitable for the Sabbath. I’ll read them all to you some time to-morrow!”

“If you do it will be because my horse founders to-night, or whirlwinds wreck my buggy,” thinks Burleson, while he utters only his ardent thanks, and, as Mrs. General Likens proceeds to replace her treasures in the dark closet under the stairs, Burleson stands in the doorway of the piazza to greet the arrival. The General assists his fair passenger from out the Jersey wagon. There is no step, and the General has almost to take her out in his sturdy arms. Burleson hastens to his aid. It is many weeks since he has seen her; he wonders. The young lady takes off her sun-bonnet as she enters the gate. Lawyer as he is, he can not conceal his astonishment at the change wrought in her even during that short time. She is dressed somewhat more plainly than he has ever seen her before. But her face, her whole person, in fact—Burleson forgets that she was when he last saw her just at the critical turning-point from girlhood to maidenhood. She is now a lovely woman, the loveliest *he* has ever seen. Her life for the last few weeks has brought determination to her lip and purpose to her eye. There is a deeper flush of health upon her cheek, more ease and grace in her step. Burleson forgets that Mrs. General Likens has hurried away her papers and has returned expressly to watch how he will note the

change in her charge. The old lady feels amply repaid for her deception practiced upon him as she observes the expression of his face.

But Miss John does not color at all as much as that lady expected when she recognizes Burleson. Mrs. General Likens understands the female heart as much as any one can understand that complex mystery, and she is perplexed at John's whole manner, so calm, so self-possessed toward her "Hoppleton beau," as Mrs. General Likens designated him to herself, and to a great many besides in the neighborhood. John is truly glad to see him. Seems too much so, frankly and unaffectedly, Burleson fears, for any other and deeper feeling. Yes, she is glad to see him, sits down immediately, bonnet in hand, and questions him about Mr. Wall's family, about Bug and Anna and all the rest. Her clear, guileless eyes are never averted, there is no confusion, no little tremor of manner, not the least, or only the least, hurry or nervousness. Mrs. General Likens is Burleson's devoted friend and ally, and she does not like it, is almost angry with John.

The General returns from the stable soon, is glad to see Burleson, adds his entreaties to those of his wife—and of John, too—Burleson does not like that at all—that he will remain all night. Burleson has come all the way from Hoppleton for that sole and express purpose, and, therefore, he requires a great deal more persuasion. He consents at last.

Supper arrives in due time, family prayers afterward. At this last the General asks Burleson to lead in prayer—the General invariably reads the Bible at family worship himself, it is his inalienable prerogative as the patriarch of the household, whoever else may be there. Burleson declines.

"Not a religious man?" asks the General, gravely. Burleson is compelled to reply in the negative. "I am truly sorry to know it," says the General, in slow, serious tones, and himself leads in prayer, in the course of which he makes special supplication for his young guest.

"You notice? I don't like it, child," says his wife to John, whom she accompanies to her chamber at the hour of retirement. The two hours between supper and bed having been utterly wasted—in Burleson's opinion—in such conversation with John as the presence of the old people allowed. "The General is changin', getting so much more serious like, just the way James did before he died!" She had come into the room with John to say something for Burleson, but this new and painful idea has taken possession of her. "That dreadful chest complaint, child. The Lord forbid! You must pray for us, child, it would kill me—dead," and she kisses John on the cheek, and goes down stairs with a slow, heavy step.

She is as cheerful as ever the next morning at breakfast. It is one of John's special Sabbath mornings; bright and clear as if Nature, too, remembered the event it commemorated and smiled with gladness in the recollection.

And John looks lovelier than the day before. In fact, she always does on Sabbath. And it is not in the Sabbath toilet either. Nothing can be plainer than that. It is the subdued gladness of eye and lip, the softened modulation of tone and motion, the repose of manner of a soul enjoying the holy rest. The very trials of her new occupation—and they have been very near as dark as Mrs. General Likens painted them—have only brought her piety into more active exercise. She has been driven only so much the nearer to her Saviour, and is grateful, unconsciously though it be, for all that has driven her there. And who does not know that all intimate friends come to resemble each other, and in proportion to their intimacy? Her entire religion being simply a personal friendship with One—if Mr. Josiah Evers can excuse her—whom she regards as her wisest, ablest, nearest, dearest friend!

To Burleson it is Sunday; exactly that much—no more. He drives John to church in his buggy. He has been treasuring up his interview with their hostess; he details it to John with glee. It is not in human nature not to be amused; but Mrs. General Likens is their friend, of whose unsuspecting hospitality he is freely partaking. It was a deception, too, he had practiced upon her, which has to John an unpleasant aspect. If her companion is so adroit and prompt in this, may he not be as prompt, as adroit, as successful, too, in other deceptions—many other deceptions in other matters—any other—all other, when an end is to be gained? All this she feels rather than actually thinks, and he seems so utterly destitute of suspicion that he has done any thing to which the least objection can be made. Is it the Sabbath atmosphere around and within her which causes his conversation in some way to jar a little on her ear? She is no ascetic Puritan—no sourness in her simple piety; she does not stop to reason much on the matter as she rides and listens, but she does not *feel* with him.

And, on the return ride, she can not but agree that Mr. Merkes is open to severe criticism. She can not refrain from laughing at Burleson's criticisms. But Mr. Merkes is a preacher of the Gospel, too; it was the worship of God he was conducting; it is the Sabbath afternoon through whose lengthening shades they are driving home. Burleson is a frank and handsome and genial gentleman as ever lady desired to see. He has driven, as she well knows, all the way from Hoppleton to enjoy her society a few hours to-day; a companion more talented, brilliant in conversation—so handsome, too—she has never known. Nor any stain upon his character—and yet? What is his lack? Something very great, but what? And the very trees through which they ride not more indifferent to, absolutely unconscious of, those things which interest her most. No deception in him here; he seems unaware of the existence, even, of all things or persons except those in grasp or sight or hearing! Unconsciously

she is losing interest in him as she knows him better, and he is sensible of this. Yet it has effect the reverse of offending him. It wakens in him a sense vague yet bitter of something wrong, rather of some great lack in himself, accompanied by increased sense of her elevation above him, substantial value over him, with ever deepening love for her from that very account. His love for her begets, too, a strange contempt for himself. Both emotions on the increase, becoming only the more reckless as they grow.

"Reckless!" His father is repeating it to himself that very hour seated by himself, religious paper lying unread on his knee, as he thinks it over, his head in his bosom. "Yes, reckless—I know of no other word—and it lies in the heart; more so than when he came home; more so every day. No purpose, no conception of a purpose in life! Even Nan, here, has—poor thing!—a set purpose in life: to get married. Even if it was money only, or distinction at the bar. I would be willing, even, to see him go into politics—dirty puddle! He might, at least, have the purpose of gratifying his mother and myself!"

And the banker puzzles painfully over the matter, as the most complex by far of all the business affairs which have ever come before him as yet.

II.

Hoppleton remarks one day: "So that young Mr. Wall has got back from the city."

"Oh yes, of course!" poor Issells growls to his wife in comment thereon, as he disrobes himself for bed. "Common people like me must stay at home and slave. No visiting about among cities for them. Of course! Working their fingers to the bone, hardly making a miserable living at that. But preachers? Of course! They are the lords of the land, ten-dollar-a-yard broadcloth, traveling to cities, eat fine dinners, get tremendous salaries of thousands of dollars and all. Religion? Yes, a blessed thing, as they call it, to them, no doubt! Of course!"

Fifty times a day come the words from Issells's mouth, "Of course!" Very much like poor Mr. Merkes, he has established it as the law of things that he is to be wronged, while all the rest of men are to be favored. If his iron burns him, his shears grow dull, a customer grumbles, a shutter creaks, his wife complains, his stove smokes, rule or chalk are not at hand when wanted, whatever wrong he endures, forever being wronged, it comes to his lips instantly, "Of course!" To injure him is the natural and invariable order of the universe! If lightning were to strike through his window, and harm him only to the extent of melting his lump of wax, he would have said, "Of course!" To be cruelly injured in some way all the time is Nature's first law in reference to *him*!

Almost before Mr. Ramsey knows that he is back from the city Charles is down at the old gentleman's shoe store to see him. He has learned—an easy lesson—to love the good old

man, to take deep sympathy in his labors for drunken Isham, the livery-stable keeper, and in his persistent assaults upon the unbelief, with the hardening of nigh two thousand years in it, of Josephs the Jew. And so he fairly glows with enthusiasm as he tells Mr. Ramsey his city experiences, the old gentleman as interested as he.

As to Edward Burleson, so intimate for years, they have, somehow, drifted apart of late—drifting farther apart every day. Their aims in life are so unlike. Rather, while Wall is entering with enthusiasm upon his profession, Burleson seems caught in an eddy of the current at the outset, not a particle of enthusiasm, sneering at all idea of it, circling passively round and round, as he himself languidly acknowledges it, a bubble, a straw—neither making, nor having the least intention, or even desire, to make any effort in any direction. Nor is it of any use to attempt arousing any ambition in him.

"Edward, I have set my heart upon your becoming a thoroughly competent lawyer," his father had said to him one day in the bank. "I have large tracts of lands in the West. The titles to some of these are in a complicated condition—some of the lands are actually in litigation. Besides, the bank has continual matter outstanding needing the attention of a lawyer, and of a good lawyer at that. I can throw a large practice, too, from others into your hands. If you wish to gratify me you will go to work with a will."

It was a great deal for the bank president to say. A man of few words, he meant every syllable of it. The relation between them was rather that between two gentlemen of the same standing in society than of father and son. Any thing like tenderness of feeling—any manifestation of it, at least—was foreign to the nature of either. A good deal of cast iron and cold steel is essential to the constitution of a first-class business-man. And the father had grown, in conducting his affairs, sternly accurate in his very emotions. There is something in numerals, in the process of calculation, extremely frosty and petrifying to a man. The faculty of a college always give the first honor of a graduating class to the best mathematician. Very wisely; he is the man, in most colleges, who delivers the Latin or Greek salutatory on Commencement-day; he attains the first honor, but the process thereto freezes him from the very centre of his heart till his color has fled, his eyes become glassy, his lips blue—a dead language is the only one for *him* to express himself in. It is Mr. Burleson's piety which keeps his heart warm. He is deeply and sincerely, because understandingly, pious; and it is just this piety, burning an unextinguished and inextinguishable fire at the centre of the man, which arrests and keeps back the process of congealment. Hence the importance he justly attaches to his accurate family worship, morning and night; to his exact attendance on the

Wednesday night prayer-meeting, which he prizes as a sort of Sabbath hour in the centre of the week; to the Sabbath-day itself. These he prizes as the Arctic traveler does the seasons of food and fire by which alone life is maintained amidst the atmosphere and the icebergs of the pole, for their calculable, practical use. Now Edward has all the business faculty of his father, and more. He has actual talent. And he has naturally a larger heart, too, than his father. Who does not know that it is therein that the mainspring of a man is coiled? And just in his *heart* is the defect, the lack, which ruins the whole man.

While his father speaks to him now, standing at his desk, his back to his son, and pausing not a moment, apparently, from writing as he speaks, that son is sitting idly before the fire, smoking languidly, a newspaper upon his knee. A cigar his father abhorred as something altogether unbusiness-like. Edward Burleson smoked none the less—rather the more—on this account. Not that he was particularly fond of smoking. He smoked listlessly, just when it came to hand—has no settled thought or feeling even in regard to that. He would not even dislike Josiah Evers as he does if it required any exertion to do so. He now considers his father's remark very much as if Bug had made it instead.

"I never knew a lawyer in my life," he replies at last, speaking as much to himself as to his father, "who was not a scoundrel. The better lawyer he is, so much the more desperate a villain. To sell one's intellect and reading to the highest bidder—one's power to make people laugh and to make people cry to the scamp that can pay most money for it! Dirty work! Humph! one's power of sarcasm, one's ability to quote the poets, for sale at so much! To keep one's conscience, too, on hire, as that drunken Isham down there at the livery-stable does a horse—any man, gentleman or black-leg, so he has the money, can mount and ride through dust or mire in whatever direction he pleases. Thank you, not if I can help it; at least not till I *must*!"

"You do not mean what you say. We will speak about it again," is all the reply the elder Burleson, after quite a pause, makes to this, and writes steadily on, his son resuming as coolly cigar and newspaper.

And so it was when he conversed with his old college friend instead. Whatever was the topic, it was becoming the habit of his life to indulge only in disparagement, caviling, contempt. "Although I don't care a cent how it is, or, in fact, *what* it is," was his usual conclusion. And the young minister *did* care decidedly in regard to every thing—was full of plan and purpose—hopeful and active: would not have died for a great deal.

"You can never do me a greater kindness, one for which I will be more thankful, than to tell me of any defect I have as a minister or as a man," he said, being so young, to Burleson

one night during a long conversation. "My heart is set upon succeeding in my profession. I am eager to know how to do so—what to correct. I'll tell you," he continued, warmly, to Burleson. "We'll make a bargain. Only tell me frankly every thing you see wrong in me—even in the least—and I will do the same for you. It will be like the wrestlers and boxers in the Olympian games: don't spare me, and I won't spare you; and so we will mutually develop each other into larger men."

"Many thanks, I believe not," replied Burleson, coldly. "I know my faults already a great deal better than you do. But then I have no intention of correcting them. Succeed? I don't want to succeed. Why should I?"

And so it was; the friends seemed changing their identity. The removal of Wall from the Seminary was as the bringing a plant out of a close room into the sunshine and the open air. He had risen into a newer and larger, a more genial and healthful life from the first. He had increased in stature and weight, in color and cheerfulness and energy. He was, under the influence of a powerful motive within, steadily assimilating himself and adapting himself to the living, breathing world in which lay his life's work. A very unfinished man yet, very!

We humbly entreat you, dear reader, do not regard Mr. Ramsey, to whom we return for a moment, as a bore. His species on earth are too few to be esteemed such—interesting rarities rather. Besides, the angels hovering over him may have looked at each other occasionally with a smile at some of his ways; but that they are far more interested in just such than over many a king or queen, to say nothing of blood and thunder hero roaring over the stage of life, I have no more doubt than I have of my own existence or of theirs.

"Ah! back again? Glad to see you!" says Mr. Ramsey to Charles, as he enters his store that afternoon. "How you have improved during your trip! If you go on you'll soon be your uncle over again. You had such a squinched-up look when you first came home from the Seminary I almost despaired of you."

"You must not say any thing against the Seminary, Mr. Ramsey," says Wall, radiant with health and high spirits. "It has been the training school of thousands, who owe all they have done in the world, under God, to it. Suppose the students occasionally overstudy themselves there, get into monastic habits, have a touch of the dyspepsia—these are small evils to the immense advantages they derive. Even these they soon rub off in mingling afterward with the world. And, besides, these objections to seminary life are being removed by new arrangements—gymnasiums and the like."

"I don't know," says old Mr. Ramsey, shaking his head as he leans with his back against the counter. "I am old-fashioned in my notions, I dare say; but the good old plan of having the candidates study under actual pastors,

engaging actively in labor under them, such as visiting the sick, holding prayer-meetings around—things of that kind. With the exception of your uncle, if there's a minister of our denomination that isn't more or less an invalid, I don't know him. However, I won't insist. They are even getting to wear their beards now! Ah, well! It may be right. But tell me something about the city and all you saw."

"I am letting *mine* grow," said Wall, coloring a little at the allusion to his bearded face, "to secure my throat from bronchitis. It is God that planted it, you know, Mr. Ramsey." In fact, any one of his old professors in the Seminary would have been obliged to bring down his spectacles from forehead to nose, and to have looked long and carefully through them even at that, to have recognized their thin, pale-faced, closely-shaven graduate in the bronzed, bearded, and—getting to be—burly youth who now stands full of life and ardor before Mr. Ramsey. "I thought you would like to hear about the city," says Wall, seating himself on the low sofa upon which customers sat to try on shoes, "and I came down as soon as I could get away from home. And now I hardly know where to begin."

"Well," says Mr. Ramsey, "how did you like the members of the church?"

"I hardly know how to answer," says his companion. "To see them—the men, I mean—in their offices and stores, along the wharves and streets, ordering their clerks and porters about, they seem to a stranger—the officers of the church and all—to be as worldly-minded, as shrewd in a trade, as eager and as earthly, as furious in the race for riches as any body. No time for religious talk, or even thought, among bales and boxes, hogsheads and drays, steamers coming in and going out. It had a depressing influence on me at first. How is it possible, I thought, for a man to keep the flame of religion alive in his heart amidst this deluge of worldliness! How can an Enoch, even, really walk with God, mingled so all the week in this crowd and crush and hurly-burly of men?"

"No, you are wrong!" said the elder Christian, gravely. "Piety is not as weakly a thing as that. It isn't a taper flame liable to be puffed out by any chance breeze. It is a living principle—when it exists at all—ininitely stronger than any thing else. It is put by God in a man's bosom a real thing, a hearty thing, a strong thing—a vast deal stronger than any thing else it meets along the streets or any where else! Provided a man is in his duty," says Mr. Ramsey, with warmth, standing up from the counter as he speaks. "In the morning let him realize all the perils of the day before him, with hearty distrust of himself; let him then ask the Good Spirit to be in him in all His power all day; and then let him go along the path God has given him with a bold front and a firm foot, whether it leads through the thick of a crowd or of a battle. Watch and pray always, of course; but for a man to creep

out of his house fearfully in the morning, and go timidly, as if walking on eggs, all day, slow and trembling, hardly daring to look around, or to open his mouth, or to lift his hand, or to raise his foot—what is it?" says Mr. Ramsey, warmly. "It isn't distrust of himself so much as it's distrust of God's Spirit in a man to help him. A man can't distrust himself too much, but he can't trust God in him too much, so that he clings to God—sees that he does nothing to offend Him. I am an old man myself—a poor, feeble one—but I do like to see a manly piety, a healthful, fearless piety, going on its great errand like the sunshine every where—into ships and steamboats, grog-shops, gambling-houses, highways, hedges—every where after people. General Likens and I had a long talk over it once. Bob Long was there too, and gave us *his* views. Somehow preachers, some of the best Christians too, ain't *manly* enough! Bob said: 'Too womanish, creeping, fearful like! We ain't ashamed of George Washington. Them Meggar boys are bold as brass for Andrew Jackson. If we were only as open and bold every where for Christ, now! He's a living man, you know, our *real* President, now and forever!' I never thought of it so till then. We Christians live too much inside our own little circle, afraid almost to peep over our church-pale: we must go out more—go out—abroad—every where! I don't care if it's up to the highest place among men; if a heart beats there, there we must climb to carry that heart the Gospel! And I don't care if it is the deepest and dirtiest ditch in the world, down at the bottom, under the mud and filth, if there's a soul there to be saved, there's our business to be. I don't mean ministers, I mean laymen too—all of us!"

And faithfully did Mr. Ramsey practice what he preached. Did angels smile or did they weep to see the persistent way in which he argued, for instance, and pled and wept even for and with Josephs, the Jew clothes-seller next door? To the Hebrew it was less than the buzzing of a fly. Were it possible, Josephs would have unhesitatingly sold the Saviour over again; not a fibre in him conscious of any sensation beyond that involved in selling his very inferior goods at his very superior prices! And Mr. Ramsey knew it all, but clung to Josephs still. The Saviour was of Josephs's very race; he could not forget that.

Young Mr. Wall had often conversed with Mr. Ramsey. He well knew Mr. Ramsey's favorite theme; he had led the conversation expressly to draw him out. In fact, the new healthfulness and compass and energy of his religious ideas were owing only less to Mr. Ramsey, John, and the rest on the one side, than to Mr. Merkes on the other.

Now here is a man, said Wall to himself, as he sat on the sofa, looking up at his friend, who is really nothing but a weakly, aged keeper of a little shoe store in a village. But see how his religion elevates and expands and ani-

mates him! What a glorious religion it is which gives, even to the humblest, such powerful motives and lofty aims and sublime views! Even in this frail old man one can detect the folded wings and the infinite ardor of the future angel. And Burleson, naturally so far grander than he in body, intellect, heart, this moment, in comparison with him, wiggles a tadpole in a mud-pond an inch across!

But Mr. Ramsey gives his young friend no time for reverie; he wants to know more about the city.

"Only," he says, "never think there's any thing in business necessarily hostile, at least certainly ruinous, to a man's religion. You understand me: every thing in this world is dead set against that, of course. What I am trying to say is that the religion in a man may be, can be, must be, an overmatch for the whole world, our own wicked hearts, the evil one himself! Our wicked heart? the Spirit lives in it constantly to keep it down. Satan? 'Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet,' says Scripture. The world? 'Whosoever is born of God overcometh the world!' No," continued Mr. Ramsey, warmly. "In these last days, when all the world is to be saved by Christian people, there's no earthly use for feeble, creeping, whimpering Christians, everlastingly limping along, talking about, thinking about, working after, praying about nothing else but their own miserable ailments, body and soul. That might do in old times. What is wanted now is large, strong men, forgetting themselves and working for God—Luthers, Knoxes, Wesleys, and the like!"

But good Mr. Ramsey is a little ashamed of having so engrossed the conversation. On every other theme he is as mute as a mouse. And he has no more to say except to draw out Charles in regard to the city.

It seems to me, that gentleman pauses long enough to say to himself, General Likens, even his wife too, Mr. Long, John—all sound upon much the same key. My uncle? Yes, therein lies the explanation.

And so Charles proceeds to tell of the teas he assisted to drink while in the city, of the dinners he was invited to, of the luxury and wealth and all that. And then he tells of the Parsonage. In passing that stately structure one day with Mr. Jacob Langdon that gentleman had, in a purely incidental way, proposed that they should look in a moment. By a singular coincidence, too, Mr. Langdon happened to have all the keys of the edifice in his pockets. So they ascended the steps of brown granite, entered the front-door into the hall paved with encaustic tiles, and furnished with a hat-stand which was itself a wonder of art. From thence they visited the basement, with its kitchen so admirably furnished, and servants' chambers considerably larger and finer than Wall's room in the Seminary. All the little arrangements, too, for wood and water and laundry, were kind-

ly explained by Mr. Langdon. Then they must visit the neat brick stable. "Ah! yes, that is the pastor's carriage," Mr. Langdon explains of an exceedingly neat vehicle therein. "The horses are at the livery-stable while we have no pastor. Splendid animals they are, too, fine as fiddles, gentle as kittens." And so they pass into the back-yard, with its latticed summer-house and child's swing and grounds well stocked with all shrubbery, among which wound gravel-walks. Thence into the house again. Dining-room handsomely furnished, side-board. "Plate in bank," Mr. Langdon explains; "china, you see," he adds, opening the door of the china-closet on one side. Yes; chairs, extension-table, carpet, paintings on the wall—all in keeping. Then up stairs into the second-story. "Only bedrooms," says Mr. Langdon, opening the door of each wide enough for his companion to see how noble and complete are all the furnishings thereof. "Linen-closet," explains the guide, touching the porcelain knob of that apartment in passing. "Bath-room. Now, Mr. Wall, you must look in here a moment. You see marble bath, faucets for hot water and cold; hooks for clothes; shelves for towels; mirror; stand for soaps, perfumes, and such things." And so they pass on.

"Ah, now, this may interest you," says Mr. Langdon, opening a door of a room off from the rest. "Hold on till I open the shutters; pastor's study and library, you see. Yes, several thousand dollars' worth of books there. That writing-table and chair—nice, isn't it?—was got up by the ladies. The inkstand is very costly—inlaid with gold; it's at somebody's house for safer keeping just now. Burke presented that; he picked it up somewhere on one of his trips to Europe. Fine painting that; handsome engravings there—some of Burke's gatherings abroad. The fact is, we ought not to leave these things here, only we hope to get a pastor before very long. It's hardly worth while going up to the attic," says Mr. Langdon, as he passes the stairway leading thereto, after leaving the pastor's study. "It is only fitted up as a play-room for the children when the weather is bad—large enough for a dozen youngsters." And so they came down the ample stairs again. "Ah, the parlors!" says Mr. Langdon, as they reach the hall again. "Carpets are up now for safe-keeping—finest tapestry we could get; those mirrors we are afraid to move, too costly to risk breaking. Parlor organ, you see, and all the rest!"

Mr. Wall had been in many city parlors by this time; but these, even in their denuded condition, rather eclipsed any thing he had ever before seen, and he said so, having main reference to the size of the rooms, the mouldings of the ceiling, the fresco of the walls.

"Yes," said Mr. Langdon, standing in the centre of the wide doorway between the parlors, his hands clasped together beneath his coat-tail, "we take a pride in it, of course. This is a large city, and there are a good

many of us to take part in it, some rather wealthy than not. Each wishes to contribute the tastiest mite to the general object. We are continually making some improvements. Our plan is to obtain as pastor a first-class man in every sense of the word—we will have no other; when we get such we consider that we can not show him too much respect and affection."

Although the young minister did not say so there and then, he certainly thought just this about it all: Poor Mr. Merkes is ruined by his experiences so extremely the reverse of all this. Only another sort of ruin all *this* will work to a man, unless he have, indeed, strong brain, stronger heart, strongest piety.

"And a fine, roomy church they have, I suppose?" asks Mr. Ramsey, at last.

Mr. Wall describes the church in full, its vast width, breadth, height from marble floor to paneled dome. He tells of the pulpit and organ and gorgeous pews. He is enthusiastic on the way the building is perfectly ventilated and brilliantly lighted from above. "No portentous shadow of the minister thrown on the wall behind him," explains Mr. Wall; "every gesture exaggerated and caricatured thereupon for the amusement of the younger portion of the audience!" In fact, he rebuilds the church from foundation to steeple-top before Mr. Ramsey's eyes in a very substantial and vivid manner. There is no one alive but Mr. Ramsey with whom he would care to enter upon such a description. Besides, it has come on to rain since he entered the store. There are no customers coming in, and Mr. Ramsey is interested. A better listener the old gentleman is than Mr. Wall himself would have been, had the narration been made to him instead. The same thing told by us is so much more interesting than when narrated, you see, by any other. The elder Christian is gratified, but not satisfied so far—rather dissatisfied. Therefore the young minister proceeds to tell him of the large Sabbath-school, its circular seats, its maps, library, order, singing. Mr. Ramsey brightens up.

"But how about the week-night prayer-meeting?" he asks. Mr. Wall is compelled to say that it is not attended at all as could be expected.

"I feared so!" says Mr. Ramsey, with a sigh. "And how about the members going to the theatre and balls and the like?" he asks, and is compelled to shake his head even more sadly over the reply.

"And does not this rather contradict what you said in regard to the necessary influence of business in the city upon piety?" asks his companion.

"It is what Christians *might* be, *will* be, as we draw nearer the Millennium, I was speaking of," he explains. "Josiah Evers was in here the other day—pity he tries to be a skeptic, on the same principle that he wears tight boots—to get me to make a pair of shoes he could

wear; his boots had almost killed his feet—a size too small from the start. And he was speaking of the advance of the world in science, art, commerce, civilization," says Mr. Ramsey. "And he was right," Mr. Ramsey adds. "Men have more to do of the kind, grander business of the sort to occupy them every day. And what I think is this: Just when locomotives are most numerous and travel fastest; just when all sorts of manufactories are on the grandest scale; when crops of all kinds are most plentiful; when all kinds of labor-saving machinery are in fullest operation; when ships and steamships are swiftest and biggest; when printing-presses are turning out papers and books in most abundance—oh, you know what I mean," says Mr. Ramsey, with a gesture—"when the business of the globe—worldly business, I mean now—is at its largest and most pressing, it is just then that the men in whose hands it will be, will be all *Christian* men too, as being the *largest* of all men—in their notions, I mean—bodies, too, I hope. In Millennial times men will be *so* Christian, their piety'll be of so ingrained and strong a kind, they'll be able with their left hand like to hold and manage all the vast worldly business of the day, while with the right they turn it all for God. I have the idea but can't express it. Only don't believe I know any thing," he added, hastily, "as to *when* the Millennium is to come and how. I've no patience for any such visionary notions. I'm only saying what piety will be then—ought to be now—what is its *nature* to be!"

"It is almost time for me to go," says Wall, rising; "and I haven't told you yet any thing about Mr. Jones there in the city, and his enterprise."

"And what is that?" asks Mr. Ramsey, with instinctive interest. So the young minister has to tell him at length of white-haired, ruddy-faced, indomitable Mr. Jones, Mr. Langdon's clerk. Of how he went out with a colony a year ago from the grand church; of their Sabbath-school in the engine-house in the outer district of the city; of the preaching therein morning and night on Sabbaths; of their prayer-meeting and tract visitation. It is a long story, and Mr. Wall tells the whole of it with zest. Had he not been with Mr. Jones as much as possible while in the city? Had he not managed to get off from the parent church often enough to attend Sabbath-school and prayer-meeting—in fact, to preach for them once or twice? Truth to say, it was to him by far the most interesting part of his visit to the city—Mr. Jones and the new enterprise. And Mr. Ramsey is more interested in this than in all Mr. Wall has told him yet—much more!

It is almost dark before he can get away from Mr. Ramsey. So dark that, as he passes Mr. Mack's cabinet-shop on his way home, he would never have recognized that gentleman, seated upon the door-step in his shirt-sleeves, notwithstanding the drizzle, if he had not made

it the new rule of his life never to pass any one without recognizing and saluting that individual, if in the bounds of possibility. Mr. Merkes is his impulse in the direction that is away from that gentleman's example, when he now salutes Mr. Mack with a smile—stops, in fact, to shake hands, if it is only for a moment. Mr. Mack has done a good day's work—if his work would only stay together when he has finished it—but he is, if possible, rather fuller of fun than when he had, early in the morning, inquired of Issells, opposite, the exact hour at which he would prefer he should have a coffin ready for his—Issell's—immediate use. "Needn't trouble yourself to give me your measure," he had remarked to the gloomy man. "I know my own measure to an inch, and it takes just one-ninth, you know, for you." Nor has Mr. Mack cooled himself in the drizzle to such a degree but a spark remains for Mr. Wall. He has the instinct of a monkey for fun, whoever and whatever turns up. He knows exactly where a joke will hit surest and penetrate deepest. He now fits his ready shaft to the string:

"And so Miss John and young Burleson are going to make a match of it, I am told, Mr. Wall!"

It strikes as unexpectedly and as deeply as Mr. Mack can possibly wish! Far more so than he dreams!

THE BISHOPS OF ROME.

IN her faded magnificence Rome still possesses the most imposing of earthly empires. She rules over nearly two hundred millions of the human race. Her well-ordered army of priests, both regular and secular, arrayed almost with the precision of a Roman legion, and governed by a single will, carry the standard of St. Peter to the farthest bounds of civilization, and cover the whole earth with a chain of influences radiating from the central city. The Pope is still powerful in Europe and America, Africa and the East. He disturbs the policy of England, and sometimes governs that of France; his influence is felt in the revolutions of Mexico and the elections of New York. Hemmed in by the Greek Church on the eastward, engaged in a constant struggle with the Protestantism of the north, and trembling for his ancestral dominions in the heart of Italy itself, the supreme Pontiff still gallantly summons around him his countless priestly legions, and thunders from the Vatican the sentiments of the Middle Ages.

As if to maintain before the eyes of mankind a semblance of supernatural splendor, the Popes have invented and perfected at Rome a ritual more magnificent than was ever known before. In the Basilica of St. Peter, the largest and most costly building ever erected by man, the annual pomp of the Romish ceremonies exceeds the powers of description. The gorgeous robes, the plaintive music, the assembled throng of

princes, cardinals, and priests, the various rites designed to paint in living colors the touching memorials of the Saviour's life and death, delight or impress the inquisitive and the devout. And when at length the Holy Father, parent of all the faithful, appears upon the balcony of St. Peter's and bestows his blessing upon mankind, few turn away unaffected by the splendid spectacle, untouched by the peculiar fascination of the magnificent Church of Rome.

Very different, however, in character and appearance was that early church which the Popes claim to represent. The Jewish Christians entered pagan Rome probably about the middle of the first century. That city was then the capital of the Roman Empire and of the world. Its population was more than a million; its temples, baths, and public buildings were still complete in their magnificence; its streets were filled with a splendid throng of senators, priests, and nobles; its palaces were scenes of unexampled luxury; and literature and the fine arts still flourished, although with diminished lustre. But the moral condition of Rome during the reigns of Claudius and Nero shocked even the unrefined consciences of Juvenal and Persius. A cold, dull sensuality pervaded all ranks of the people; the intellect was enchained by spells more gross and foul than the enchantments of Comus; crime kept pace with sensuality, and the palaces of emperors and senators were stained with horrible deeds that terrified even the hardened sentiment of Rome. At length Nero became a raging madman. He murdered his mother, his friends, and his kinsmen. Seneca and Lucan, the literary glories of the age, died at his command. To forget his fearful deeds, Nero plunged into wild excesses. He roamed like a bacchanal through the streets of the city; he sang upon the stage amidst the dissolute throng of mimics and actors, and his horrible debauchery was mingled with a cruelty that almost surpasses belief.

The people of Rome were little less corrupt than their emperor. Honor, integrity, and moral purity were mocked at and contemned by the degraded descendants of Cicero and Cato, and the keen satire of Juvenal has thrown a shameful immortality upon the vicious and criminal of his contemporaries. Gain was the only aim of the Romans. The husband sold his honor, the parent his child, friend betrayed friend, wives denounced their husbands to win the means of a luxurious subsistence. The amusements of the people, too, were well fitted to instruct them in licentiousness and crime. Thousands of wretched gladiators died in the arena to satisfy the Roman thirst for blood; gross and licentious pantomimes had supplanted on the stage the tragedies of Accius and the comedies of Terence; the witty but indecent epigrams of Martial were beginning to excite the interest of the cultivated, and even the philosophic Seneca, plunged in the luxury of his palaces and villas, wrote in vain his defense of the matricide of Nero.

It was into such a city that the obscure missionaries from Jerusalem made their way, about the middle of the first century, bearing to unhappy Rome the earliest tidings of the gospel of peace. St. Peter is said to have become Bishop of Rome in the year 42. Amidst the splendid throng of consulars, knights, and nobles, he wandered an obscure and unknown stranger. The first Bishop of Rome, clothed in coarse and foreign garb and mingling with the lowest classes of the people, was scarcely noticed by the dissolute courtiers of Nero or that literary opposition which was inspired by the vigorous honesty of the satirists and poets. Yet Christianity seems to have made swift though silent progress. Within thirty years from the death of its author a church had already been gathered at Rome, and the simple worship of the early Christians was celebrated under the shadow of the Capitol. Their meetings were held in rooms and private houses in obscure portions of the city; the exhortations of the Apostles were heard with eager interest by the lower orders of the Romans; a new hope dawned upon the oppressed and the obscure, and it is said that a large number of the earlier converts were slaves. Little is known of the condition of the Church at this period, yet we may properly infer that its congregations were numerous, and that the voice of praise and prayer was heard issuing from many an humble dwelling of the crowded and dissolute city. Amidst the shouts and groans of the blood-stained arena, and the wild revels of the streets and the palaces, the Jewish teachers inculcated to eager assemblies lessons of gentleness and love.

Suddenly, however, a terrible light is thrown upon the condition of the early Church of Rome. Nero began his famous persecution, and the severe pen of the historian Tacitus bears witness to the wide and rapid growth of the obscure faith. "The founder of the sect, Christ," says the pagan writer, "was executed in the reign of Tiberius, by the procurator, Pontius Pilate. The pernicious superstition, repressed for a time, burst forth again; not only through Judea, the birth-place of the evil, but at Rome also, where every thing atrocious and base centres and is in repute." Rome had lately been desolated by a great fire, which Nero was believed to have ordered to be kindled in one of his moments of insane merriment; and to remove suspicion from himself the Emperor charged the Christians with an attempt to burn the city. Those first arrested, says Tacitus, confessed their guilt; vast numbers were put to death; some were clad in the skins of wild beasts and were torn to pieces by dogs; others were affixed to crosses, and, being covered with some inflammable material, were burned at night, in the place of torches, to dispel the darkness. Nero lent his gardens for the hideous spectacle, the populace of Rome crowded to the novel entertainment, and the Emperor, driving his own chariot, rode amidst the throng clad in the garb of a charioteer. In the last year of

the reign of this monster St. Peter and St. Paul are believed to have suffered martyrdom at Rome, and to have been buried in the spots now marked by the two noble Basilicas that bear their names.

From this period (67) the new and powerful sect became a constant object of imperial persecution. The Christians were denounced as the common enemies of mankind. The grossest crimes, the foulest superstitions, were charged against them. The learned Romans looked upon them with contempt as a vulgar throng of deluded enthusiasts. Pliny speaks of them with gentle scorn; the wise Trajan and the philosophic Aurelius united in persecuting them; and Decius and Diocletian sought to extirpate every vestige of the hated creed. Six great persecutions are noticed by the historians, from that of Nero to that of Maximin and Diocletian, during which the whole civilized world every where witnessed the constancy and resignation of the Christian martyrs.

It was the age of martyrdom. An infinite number of novel tortures were devised by the infuriated pagans to rack the bodies of their unresisting victims. Some were affixed to crosses and left to starve; some were suspended by the feet, and hung with their heads downward until they died; some were crushed beneath heavy weights; some beaten to death with iron rods; some were cast into caldrons of blazing oil; some were thrown, bound, into dungeons to be eaten by mice; some were pierced with sharp knives; and thousands died in the arena, contending with wild beasts, to amuse the populace of Rome. The mildest punishment awarded to the Christians was to labor in the sand-pits, or to dig in the distant mines of Sardinia and Spain. Men, women, and children, the noble convert or the faithful slave, suffered a common doom, and were exposed to tortures scarcely equaled by the poetic horrors of Dante's terrible Inferno. Yet the honors paid to these early martyrs in a later age were almost as extravagant as their sufferings had been severe. The city which had been consecrated by their tortures deemed itself hallowed by their doom. The sepulchre of eighteen martyrs, sang Prudentius, has made holy the fair city of Saragossa. Splendid churches were built over the graves of obscure victims; the bones of the martyrs were looked upon as the most precious relics; they were encased in gold and covered with jewels; they wrought miracles, healed the sick, and brought prosperity and good fortune; and the humblest Christian who had been racked with sharp knives or hung with his head downward, in the days of pagan persecution, was now deified, worshiped, and almost adored.

It was during the reign of the early persecution that the bishops and the Church of Rome sought, and perhaps found, a refuge in that singular hiding-place—the Catacombs. Beneath the Campagna, immediately around the city, the earth is penetrated by a great number of galleries or tunnels, running for many miles

under the surface, and difficult of access even to those most familiar with them. These narrow passages are now known as the Catacombs, and are usually four or six feet wide, and ten feet high. They were formed by the Romans in getting out sand for cement; and as many of the Christians were laborers or slaves, they were probably well acquainted with the opportunity for concealment offered by these *arenariæ*, or sand-pits, where they had often labored at their humble toil. When persecution grew fierce, and the life of every Christian was in danger, the Church of Rome hid itself in the Catacombs. Here, in these dismal passages, may still be seen a thousand traces of the sufferings and sorrows of the early Christians. Here are small chapels cut in the sides of the wall of sand, and provided with altars, fonts, and episcopal chairs, while above the chapel a narrow opening is often excavated to the surface of the earth in order to admit a little light or air to the hidden congregation below. Other portions of the Catacombs were used as cemeteries for the burial of the Christian dead. Countless tombs are seen rudely excavated in the earth, and usually distinguished by an inscription indicating the position and character of the deceased. These inscriptions, indeed, form one of the most interesting traits of the Catacombs, and have been eagerly studied and copied by many ardent explorers. They bring into clear light the simplicity and fervor of the ancient faith. Here are no prayers for the dead, no address to the Virgin or the saints. Upon one tomb is written, "He sleeps in Christ;" over another, "May she live in the Lord Jesus!" Most of the inscriptions dwell upon the hope of a better life, and are full of resignation and faith. One, however, shows in what gloom and terror the Church maintained its existence. "Oh, mournful time," it reads, "in which prayer and sacred rites, even in caverns, afford no protection!"

The bishops of Rome, with their terrified followers, were now the tenants of a subterranean home. They lived among tombs, in darkness and confinement, fed upon the scanty food brought them by stealth by faithful slaves or devoted women. Yet, if we may believe the common tradition, but few of the early bishops escaped martyrdom. They were pursued into the Catacombs, and were often murdered in the midst of their congregations. Stephen I., Bishop of Rome, lived many years, it is said, in these dismal retreats. Food was furnished him from above, and wells and springs are found in the Catacombs. At length, however, the pagan soldiers traced him to his chapel, while he was performing service, and, when he had done, threw him back in his episcopal chair and cut off his head at a blow. The pagan emperors in vain issued decrees forbidding the Christians from taking refuge in the Catacombs, and, although death was decreed to every one who was found there, these endless labyrinths were always thickly peopled. Ladies of rank hid in

the sand-pits and were fed by their faithful maids; the rich and the poor found a common safety in the recesses of the earth. When the heathen soldiers approached the Christians would sometimes block up the passages with sand, and then escape to some distant part of the labyrinth where the persecutors did not venture to follow them.

Long afterward, when all necessity for using them had forever passed away, the Catacombs were still looked upon with singular veneration by the Roman Christians as the scene of many a martyrdom and the home of the persecuted Church. Here they would often assemble to celebrate their holiest rites, surrounded by the tombs of bishops and presbyters, and shut out from the world in the gloom of a subterranean darkness. St. Jerome relates that it was his custom when a young student at Rome to wander on Sundays to the Catacombs, accompanied by his pious friends, descend into a deep cavern amidst the cultivated fields near the city, and enter by a path of winding steps the hallowed abode of the martyrs. His pious pilgrimage represents, no doubt, the common practice of the Christians of his time. But as centuries passed away the ancient usage was neglected, until at length even the very existence of the Catacombs was forgotten. It was only remembered that in the early ages the Christians had hidden in their cemeteries, and that the living had once been forced to seek shelter among the dead. In the year 1578 Rome was startled by the intelligence that an ancient Christian cemetery had been discovered, extending like a subterranean city around and beneath the Salarian Way. The Roman antiquarians and artists crowded to the spot, explored with earnest devotion the crumbling labyrinth, copied the numerous inscriptions, traced the mouldering sculptures or the faded pictures upon the walls, and revived the memory of the forgotten Church of the Catacombs.

During this period of persecution and contempt the bishops of Rome gave little promise of that spiritual and temporal grandeur to which they afterward attained. They are nearly lost to history; a barren list of names is almost all that we possess. Yet the discovery of the writings of Hyppolytus has lately thrown some new light upon the characters of several of the early bishops, and serves to show that the rulers of the Church were not always selected with discretion. Bishop Victor was stern, haughty, and overbearing; his successor, Zephyrinus, feeble, ignorant, avaricious, and venal. But the next bishop, who ruled from 219 to 223, was even less reputable than his predecessors. Callistus, in early life, had been a slave in the family of Carpophorus, a wealthy Christian who was employed in the Emperor's household. His master established Callistus as a banker in a business quarter of the city, and his bank was soon filled with the savings of prudent Christians and the property of widows and orphans. Callistus made away with the funds intrusted

to his care, and, being called to account, fled from Rome. He was seized, brought back to the city, and condemned to hard labor in the public work-house. His master, however, obtained his release, forgave his offense, and employed him in collecting moneys which Callistus pretended were due him. Soon after the defaulting banker was arrested for some new offense, and was condemned to be scourged and transported to the mines of Sardinia. He was again relieved from his sentence through the influence of powerful friends, returned to Rome, and became the favorite and counselor of the feeble Bishop Zephyrinus. When the latter died Callistus succeeded him in the episcopal chair, and thus a public defaulter, snatched from the work-house and the mines, became the head of the Roman Church.

In the last great persecution under Diocletian the bishops of Rome probably fled once more to the Catacombs. Their churches were torn down, their property confiscated, their sacred writings destroyed, and a vigorous effort was made to extirpate the powerful sect. But the effort was vain. Constantine soon afterward became Emperor, and the Bishop of Rome emerged from the Catacombs to become one of the ruling powers of the world. This sudden change was followed by an almost total loss of the simplicity and purity of the days of persecution. Magnificent churches were erected by the Emperor in Rome, adorned with images and pictures, where the Bishop sat on a lofty throne, encircled by inferior priests, and performing rites borrowed from the splendid ceremonial of the pagan temple. The Bishop of Rome became a prince of the empire, and lived in a style of luxury and pomp that awakened the envy or the just indignation of the heathen writer, Marcellinus. The Church was now enriched by the gifts and bequests of the pious and the timid; the Bishop drew great revenues from his farms in the Campagna and his rich plantations in Sicily; he rode through the streets of Rome in a stately chariot and clothed in gorgeous attire; his table was supplied with a profusion more than imperial; the proudest women of Rome loaded him with lavish donations, and followed him with their flatteries and attentions; and his haughty bearing and profuse luxury were remarked upon by both pagans and Christians as strangely inconsistent with the humility and simplicity enjoined by the faith which he professed.

The bishopric of Rome now became a splendid prize, for which the ambitious and unprincipled contended by force or fraud. The Bishop was elected by the clergy and the populace of the city, and this was the only elective office at Rome. Long deprived of all the rights of freemen, and obliged to accept the senators and consuls nominated by the emperors, the Romans seemed once more to have regained a new liberty in their privilege of choosing their bishops. They exercised this right with a violence and a factious spirit that showed them to

be unworthy of possessing it. On an election day the streets of Rome were often filled with bloodshed and riot. The rival factions assailed each other with blows and weapons. Churches were garrisoned, stormed, sacked, and burned; and the opposing candidates, at the head of their respective parties, more than once asserted their spiritual claims by force of arms.

About the middle of the fourth century the famous Trinitarian controversy swept over the world, and lent new ardor and bitterness to the internal contests of the Church of Rome. The Emperor Constantius was an Arian, and had filled all the eastern sees with the prelates of his own faith. His adversary, the rigorous Athanasius, fled to Rome, and had there thrown the spell of his master-mind over pope and people. But Constantius was resolved to crush the last stronghold of Trinitarianism. Pope Liberius, won by the favors or terrified at the threats of the Emperor, at first consented to a condemnation of the doctrine of Athanasius. But soon the mental influence of the great Alexandrian proved more powerful than the material impulse of Constantius. Liberius recanted, proclaimed the independence of the Roman see, and launched the anathemas of the Church against all who held Arian opinions, and even against the Emperor himself. All Rome rose in revolt in defense of its bishop and its creed; but the unhappy Liberius was seized at night, by the orders of the enraged Constantius, and carried away in exile to the shores of cold and inhospitable Thrace. He refused with contempt the money sent him by the Emperor to pay the expenses of his journey. "Let him keep it," said he to the messengers, "to pay his soldiers. Do you presume to offer me alms as if I were a criminal?" he exclaimed. "Away! first become a Christian!"

Two years of exile in barbarous Thrace, and the dread of a worse doom, seem to have shaken the resolution of the Pope. The Emperor, too, had taken a still more effectual means of assailing the authority of his rebellious subject. Felix, an anti-pope, had been appointed at Rome, elected by three eunuchs, and Liberius now consented to renounce his communion with Athanasius. His people, and particularly the rich and noble women of Rome, had remained faithful to their exiled bishop, and as he entered the city a splendid throng came forth to meet him, and welcomed him with a triumphal procession. Felix, the anti-pope, fled before him, but soon afterward returned, and it is said that the streets, the baths, and the churches were the scenes of a fierce struggle between the rival factions. Rome was filled with bloodshed and violence, until at last Liberius triumphed, and closed his life in peace upon the throne of St. Peter.

His death was the signal for new disorders, and two opposing candidates, Damasus and Ursicinus, contended for the papal chair. The latter having occupied, with his adherents, the Julian Basilica, Damasus, at the head of a mob

of charioteers, the hackmen of Rome, and a wild throng of the lowest of the people, broke into the sacred edifice and encouraged a general massacre of its defenders. On another occasion Damasus assembled a force composed of gladiators, charioteers, and laborers, armed with clubs, swords, and axes, and stormed the church of S. Maria Maggiore, where a party of the rival faction had intrenched themselves, and massacred one hundred and sixty persons of both sexes. The contest raged for a long time. Another frightful massacre took place in the church of St. Agnes; the civil powers in vain interfered to check the violence of the pious factions, and at length the Emperor was obliged to appoint a heathen prefect for the city, who, by his severe impartiality, reduced the Christians to concord. Damasus, stained with bloodshed and raging with evil passions, was firmly seated on the episcopal throne, and seems to have obtained the admiration and the support of his contemporary, the impetuous St. Jerome.

In the mean time the magnificent city was still divided between the pagans and the Christians. A large part of the population still clung to the ancient faith. Many of the wealthiest citizens and most of the old aristocracy still sacrificed to Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, and looked with scorn upon the fierce enthusiasts who had filled Rome with violence and disorder. In one street the pagan temple, rising in severe majesty, was filled with its pious worshippers, performing rites and ceremonies as ancient as Numa; in the next the Christian Basilica resounded with the praises of the trine God. On one side the white-robed priest led the willing victim to the altar, and inspected the palpitating entrails; on the other the Christian preacher denounced in vigorous sermons the follies of the ancient superstition. The contest, however, did not continue long. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, enforced the condemnation of paganism, and the last marks of respect were withdrawn from those tutelary deities who had so long presided over the destinies of Rome.

The fourth century brought important changes in the condition of the bishops of Rome. It is a singular trait of the corrupt Christianity of this period that the chief characteristic of the eminent prelates was a fierce and ungovernable pride. Humility had long ceased to be numbered among the Christian virtues. The four great rulers of the Church, the Bishop of Rome, and the Patriarchs of Constantinople, Antioch, and Alexandria, were engaged in a constant struggle for supremacy. Even the inferior bishops assumed a princely state, and surrounded themselves with their sacred courts. The vices of pride and arrogance descended to the lower orders of the clergy; the Emperor himself was declared to be inferior in dignity to the simple presbyter, and in all public entertainments and ceremonious assemblies the proudest layman was expected to take his place below the haughty churchman. As learning

declined and the world sank into a new barbarism, the clergy elevated themselves into a ruling caste, and were looked upon as half divine by the rude Goths and the degraded Romans. It is even said that the pagan nations of the West transferred to the priest and monk the same awe-struck reverence which they had been accustomed to pay to their Druid teachers. The Pope took the place of their Chief Druid, and was worshiped with idolatrous devotion; the meanest presbyter, however vicious and degraded, seemed, to the ignorant savages, a true messenger from the skies.

At Rome, the splendid capital, still untouched by the Goth, the luxury and pride of the priestly caste had risen to a kind of madness. Instead of healing the wounded conscience or ministering to the sick and the poor, the fashionable presbyter or deacon passed his time in visiting wealthy widows and extracting rich gifts and legacies from his superstitious admirers. A clerical fop of the period of Pope Damasus is thus described by the priestly Juvenal, St. Jerome: "His chief care is to see that his dress is well perfumed, that his sandals fit close to his feet; his hair is crisped with a curling-pin; his fingers glitter with rings; he walks on tip-toe through the streets lest he may splash himself with the wet soil, and when you see him abroad you would think him a bridegroom rather than a priest." "Both deacons and presbyters," exclaims the monastic Jerome, "strive for the favor of women;" and were, no doubt, in search of wealthy and high-born wives among the greatest families of Rome. The first era of successful Christianity, indeed, was more luxurious and corrupt than had been that of Augustus or Tiberius. The bishop lived in imperial pomp, the lower orders of the clergy imitated his license and his example; the people were sunk in superstition and vice; when suddenly a terrible purification—a baptism of fire and blood—came upon the guilty city.

This was no less than the total destruction of that costly fabric of civilization, the Roman Empire, which had been erected by the labors and sufferings of so many statesmen, warriors, philosophers, and had seemed destined to control forever the future of Europe and mankind. The northern races now descended upon the southern and gained an easy victory. Knowledge ceased to be power, the intellectual sunk before the material, and the cultivated Romans showed themselves to have wholly lost the faculty of self-defense—an example of national decay so often repeated in history that one can scarcely assert with confidence that any people is to remain exempted from it forever. A few thousand Goths or Huns were now more than a match for countless hosts of Romans; they swept away the feeble defenders of Greece, Italy, and Gaul with the same ease that has since marked the progress of the British in Hindostan and Pizarro in Peru. The savages blotted great cities from existence, restored vast tracts of cultivated country to its

early wildness, and forced European intellect to begin anew its slow progress toward supremacy.

No part of the civilized world suffered more severely than its capital. Alaric entered Rome lighted by the flames of its finest quarters; Genseric swept away almost its entire population. Famine, pestilence, and war fell upon the Eternal City. The numbers of its people decreased from one million to less than fifty thousand! A few plague-stricken and impoverished citizens wandered amidst its vast and still splendid ruins; the elegant and licentious priest, the high-born women, the men of letters, the luxurious nobles, and the factious people had been carried away into slavery, or had died of plague or famine; and the Christian fathers, when they would convey to their auditors a clear conception of the Judgment-day, the final dissolution of all things earthly, would compare it to the fate of Rome.

The bishops of Rome, during this eventful period, became the protectors and preservers of the city. Their sacred office was still respected by the Arian Goths and Vandals; the large revenues of the Church were applied to providing food for the starving people; and it is possible that suffering and humiliation had once more awakened something of the purity of early Christianity in the minds of both priest and laity. The bishops, too, were sometimes the victims of wars or civil convulsions. Pope John, imprisoned as a traitor by the Ostrogothic King Theodoric, languished and died in confinement. Silverius was deposed, exiled, and perhaps murdered, by that meekest of heroes, Belisarius, to gratify his imperious wife Antonina. The successor of St. Peter was rudely summoned to the Pincian Palace, the military quarters of Belisarius. In the chamber of the conqueror sat Antonina on the bed with her patient husband at her feet. "What have we done to you, Pope Silverius," exclaimed the imperious woman, "that you should betray us to the Goths?" In an instant the pall was rent from the shoulders of the unhappy Pope, he was hurried into another room, stripped of his dress and clothed in the garb of a simple monk, and his deposition was proclaimed to the clergy of Rome. He was afterward given up to the power of his rival and successor, Vigilius, who banished him to the island of Pandataria, and is supposed to have finally procured his death.

Stained with crime, a false witness and a murderer, Vigilius had obtained his holy office through the power of two profligate women who now ruled the Roman world. Theodora, the dissolute wife of Justinian, and Antonina, her devoted servant, assumed to determine the faith and the destinies of the Christian Church. Vigilius failed to satisfy the exacting demands of his casuistical mistresses; he even ventured to differ from them upon some obscure points of doctrine. His punishment soon followed, and the Bishop of Rome is said to have been dragged through the streets of Constantinople with a

rope around his neck, to have been imprisoned in a common dungeon and fed on bread and water. The papal chair, filled by such unworthy occupants, must have sunk low in the popular esteem, had not Gregory the Great, toward the close of the sixth century, revived the dignity of the office.

Gregory was a Roman, of a wealthy and illustrious family, the grandson of Pope Felix II. Learned, accomplished, a fine speaker, a sincere Christian, in his youth he eclipsed all his contemporaries, was distinguished in the debates of the Senate, and finally became the governor of Rome. The Emperor, when he visited Constantinople, treated him with marked confidence, and honors and emoluments seemed to have been showered upon the young Roman with no stinted hand. He was equally the favorite of the court and of the people, and all that the world could give lay at his command. But suddenly a startling change came over his active intellect; the world grew cold and repulsive; he stopped in his career of success and became a monk. He expended his wealth in founding monasteries; he sold his gold and jewels, his silken robes and tasteful furniture, and lavished the proceeds upon the poor. He resigned his high offices, and having entered a monastery which he had founded at Rome, performed the menial duties for his fellow-monks. His body was emaciated by terrible fastings and vigils, his health gave way, and his life hung by a single thread. The prayers of a pious companion alone snatched him from an early grave.

From this severe discipline Gregory rose up a half-maddened enthusiast. Angels seemed to float around him wherever he moved; demons fled at his approach. His monastery of St. Andrew, over which he became the abbot, was the scene of perpetual miracles. He cast out devils, and angels clustered around his holy seat. One of the monks who had passed his whole time in singing psalms, when he died was covered with white flowers by invisible hands, and the fragrance of flowers for many years afterward arose from his tomb. Yet, like many enthusiasts, Gregory was capable of acts of excessive cruelty, and his convent was ruled with unsparing severity. Justus, the monk, who was also a physician, had watched over Gregory during a long sickness with affectionate tenderness. He was himself seized with a mortal illness, and when he was dying confessed with bitter contrition that, contrary to the rules of the monastery, he had hoarded up three pieces of gold. The money was found, and the guilty monk was punished with singular cruelty. Gregory would suffer no one to approach the bed of the dying man; no sacred rites, no holy consolation, soothed the accursed spirit as it passed away. The body was cast out upon a dunghill, together with the three pieces of gold, while all the monks who had assembled around it cried out, "Thy money perish with thee!" After Justus had lain in

torment for thirty days Gregory relented; a mass was said for the afflicted soul, which returned to the earth to inform its companions that it had escaped from its fearful tortures. Such were the fancies of this superstitious age.

Gregory was chosen Pöpe (590) by the united voice of the clergy, the senate, and the people of Rome, and the Emperor Maurice confirmed the election. But Gregory shrank from assuming the holy office with real alarm. He even fled in disguise into the forest, but a pillar of fire hovering over his head betrayed him. He was seized and carried by force to the church of St. Peter, and was there consecrated supreme Pontiff.

He might well have trembled at the thought of being intrusted with the destiny of Christianity in those dark and hopeless days; he might well have believed, as he ever did, that the end of all things was at hand. The world was full of anarchy and desolation, and a universal horror rested upon the minds of men. From his insecure eminence at Rome Gregory saw every where around him the wreck of nations and the misery of the human race. Germany was overrun by hordes of savages; France, half-barbarian, groaned beneath the Merovingian rule; Britain had relapsed into paganism under the Saxons; Spain was held by the Arian Visigoths; Africa was fast becoming a desert; while the feeble Emperor at Constantinople was scarcely known or heard of in the dominions over which he held a nominal rule. Italy had become the prey of the fierce Lombards, and these ruthless savages plundered and desolated the peninsula from the Po to the Straits of Sicily. They massacred or sold into slavery the whole population of great cities, and made them so desolate that hermits chose their ruins as a fitting abode; they destroyed convents, monasteries, churches, and spared neither monks nor nuns; the very air was tainted with carnage, and the Lombards seemed never sated with bloodshed. At length, in the earlier period of Gregory's pontificate, the Lombard hordes approached to destroy Rome. In the midst of one of his most effective sermons the Pope was startled by the news that the enemy were at the gates; he broke off suddenly, exclaiming, "I am weary of life;" but he at once gave himself to the defense of the city; the gates were closed, the crumbling walls were manned by trembling citizens, and the savage assailants retreated before the apparent vigor of the monk. Yet the environs and suburbs of the holy city were involved in a general desolation. The people were swept away into captivity, the villas, the monasteries, and the churches sank into smouldering ruins, and Gregory wept in vain over the woes of his unhappy people.

From his ruined city Gregory began now to spread his intellectual influence over Europe. Never was there a more busy mind. He was the finest preacher of his age, and his sermons, tinged with the fierce gloom of a monastic

spirit, awoke the zeal of prelates and monks. His numerous letters, which still exist, show with what keen attention he watched and guided the conduct of his contemporaries. He wrote in tones of persuasive gentleness to Bertha, the fair Saxon Queen of Kent, of bold exhortation to his nominal master, the Emperor Maurice of Constantinople; he corresponded with the bishops and kings of France and the Visigothic rulers of Spain; he addressed his laborious but fanciful "Dialogues" to Theodelinda, Queen of the Lombards; he watched over the decaying churches of Africa and the feeble bishoprics of Greece; he urged forward the conversion of England, and drove the timid Augustine to his missionary labors among the savage Saxons; and his wonderful mental activity was finally rewarded by the complete triumph of the Romish Church. Spain, England, France, and even the wild Lombards and Arian Goths yielded to his vigorous assertion of the authority of the see of St. Peter.

Gregory laid the foundation of that splendid ritual which to-day governs the services of Romish chapels and cathedrals from Vienna to Mexico, from Dublin to St. Louis. He knew the advantages of order, and his *Ordo Romanus*, his minute array of rites and ceremonies, drew together the Franks and Goths in a unison of religious observances. The world was to Gregory a vast monastery, in which perfect discipline was to be observed, and he every where enforced a strict unity of forms and conduct throughout all his great army of presbyters and monks.

But it was chiefly upon the power of music that Gregory relied for softening the cruel natures of Goth and Hun. His whole ritual was one of song and melody. He was born a musician, and he impressed upon the services of the Roman Church that high excellence in musical intonation which has ever been its distinguishing trait. His own choristers were renowned for their sweet voices and artistic skill, and tradition represents the austere Pope, the master intellect of his age, as sitting among his singing-boys with a rod in his hand, chastising the careless and encouraging the gifted musician. The Gregorian chants indeed proved to have a singular charm for the savage races of the North. A band of trained singers accompanied St. Augustine in his missionary labors in England, and sometimes, it is related, proved more attractive than the most eloquent divines; the Roman singing-masters, carefully instructed in Gregory's antiphonal, became the teachers of Europe; Charlemagne at a later period founded singing-schools in Germany upon the Gregorian system, and was himself fond of chanting matins in his husky voice—for nature, so liberal to him in all other respects, had never designed him for a singer; and thus music became every where the handmaid of religion, and a powerful agent in advancing the Church of Rome.

A faint trace of modesty and humility still characterized the Roman bishops, and they ex-

pressly disclaimed any right to the supremacy of the Christian world. The Patriarch of Constantinople, who seems to have looked with a polished contempt upon his Western brother, the tenant of fallen Rome and the bishop of the barbarians, now declared himself the Universal Bishop and the head of the subject Church. But Gregory repelled his usurpation with vigor. "Whoever calls himself Universal Bishop is Antichrist," he exclaimed; and he compares the Patriarch to Satan, who in his pride had aspired to be higher than the angels. Yet, reasonable as Gregory was upon many points, his boundless superstition filled the age with terrible fancies. On every side he saw countless demons threatening destruction to the elect. Hell was let loose, and the earth swarmed with its treacherous occupants. But, fortunately for the Church, it possessed a spiritual armory which no demon could resist. The relics of the saints and the bones of the martyrs were talismans insuring the perfect safety of their possessor; and one of St. Peter's hairs, or a filing from the chains of St. Paul, were thought gifts worthy of kings and queens. Gregory, too, had conversed with persons who had visited the realm of spirits and had been permitted to return to the earth. A soldier described such an adventure in language almost Virgilian. He passed by a bridge over a dark and noisome river, and came to an Elysian plain, filled with happy spirits clothed in white, and dwelling in radiant mansions. Above all a golden palace towered to the skies. Upon the bridge the visitor recognized one of his friends who had lately died, and who, as he attempted to pass, slipped, and was immediately seized by frightful demons, who strove to drag him beneath the stream; but at the same moment angelic beings caught him in their arms, and a struggle began for the possession of the trembling soul. The result was never told.

Gregory the Great died in 604, having established the power of the Roman bishopric, and his successors assumed the title of Pope. Under Gregory the Roman see became the acknowledged head of the Western Church. The next important period in its history is the acquisition of its temporal dominions by an unscrupulous intrigue with the usurping kings of France. Various circumstances had concurred to produce this change. The Roman Church had become the representative and the chief defense of all the corruptions of the ancient faith. It adopted the worship of the Virgin and the invocation of saints, the doctrine of purgatory, and the wildest legends and traditions of the monkish writers; it advocated the celibacy of the clergy; its churches were filled with images and relics, and its superstitious laity surpassed in blind idolatry the follies of their heathen ancestors. In the mean time the followers of Mohammed, issuing from their deserts, had conquered the East, Africa, and Spain, threatened Italy itself with subjugation, and preached every where a single deity and an iconoclastic creed. While Christendom was

filled with idolatry the cultivated Arabs aspired to the purest conception of the Divine nature. The contrast became so startling as to awaken a sense of shame in the breast of Leo, the Isaurian, Emperor of the East. He began in 727-30 the famous iconoclastic reform; he ordered the images to be broken to pieces, the walls of the churches to be whitewashed, and prosecuted with honest but imprudent vigor his design of extirpating idolatry. But a fierce dissension at once raged throughout all Christendom, the monks and the people rose in defense of their images and pictures, and the Emperor, even in his own capital, was denounced as a heretic and a tyrant. There was an image of the Saviour, renowned for its miraculous powers, over the gate of the imperial palace called the Brazen Gate, from the rich tiles of gilt bronze that covered its magnificent vestibule; the Emperor ordered the sacred figure to be taken down and broken to pieces. But the people from all parts of the city flew to the defense of their favorite idol, fell upon the officers, and put many of them to death. The women were even more violent than the men; like furies they rushed to the spot, and finding one of the soldiers engaged in his unhallowed labor at the top of a ladder, they pulled it down and tore him to pieces as he lay bruised upon the ground. "Thus," exclaims the pious annalist, "did the minister of the Emperor's injustice fall at once from the top of a ladder to the bottom of hell." The women next flew to the great church, and finding the iconoclastic Patriarch officiating at the altar, overwhelmed him with a shower of stones, and a thousand opprobrious names; he escaped bruised and fainting from the building. The guards were now called out and the female insurrection suppressed, but not until several of the women had perished in the fray.

The Pope, Gregory II., assumed the defense of image-worship; the Italian provinces of the Greek Emperor known as the Exarchate threw off the imperial authority rather than part with their images, and it was these provinces that finally became the patrimony of St. Peter and formed the chief part of the papal domain. A long struggle, however, arose for the possessions of the Greeks. The Lombard kings, always hostile to the Popes, sought to appropriate the Exarchate, and the acute Popes appealed for aid to the rising power of France. But it was not to the feeble Merovingian kings that they addressed themselves, but to Charles Martel and his ambitious descendants. To gratify their own craving for temporal power the Popes founded the new dynasty of the Carolingians. By the sanction and perhaps the suggestion of Pope Zacharias, the last of the phantom kings ceased to reign in France, and Pepin, the founder of the Carolingians, ascended the throne of Clovis. The powerful Franks now became the protectors of the papacy; Pepin, liberal to his spiritual benefactor, gave to the Popes the Exarchate and protected them from the Lombards; and thus France, always catholic and always

orthodox, founded the temporal power of Rome. The Lombards, however, did not yield without a struggle. On one occasion they threatened Rome itself with destruction, and the Pope, Stephen III., in an agony of terror, wrote two letters to Pepin claiming his protection. When the Frank neglected his appeals the Pope ventured upon the most remarkable and the most successful of all the pious frauds. Pepin received a third letter, addressed to him by the Apostle Peter himself, in his own handwriting. St. Peter and the Holy Virgin, in this curious epistle, adjure the Frankish king to save their beloved city from the impious Lombards, and Paradise and perpetual victory and prosperity are promised him as his rewards. Pepin obeyed the divine summons, entered Italy as the champion of St. Peter, and in 755 bestowed upon the bishops of Rome the authority and the dominions of a temporal prince. The gift was afterward enlarged and confirmed by Charlemagne. This eminent man, who ruled over France, Germany, Italy, and a part of Spain, altogether destroyed the Lombard kingdom, and placed Leo III. securely on the papal throne. In return the grateful Pope crowned the half-barbarous Karl, Augustus and Emperor of the West. It was on Christmas of the last year of the eighth century. Charles and his magnificent court were assembled at the celebration of the Nativity at Rome; the Roman nobles and clergy looked on in a splendid throng; the Pope himself chanted mass; at its close he advanced to Charles, placed a splendid crown upon his head, and saluted him as Cæsar Augustus. The assembly broke into loud acclamations, and Charles, with feigned or real reluctance, consented to be anointed by the hands of the Pope.

From this time the Roman bishops began to take part in the politics of Europe. They made war or peace, formed leagues and unholy alliances, intrigued, plotted, plundered their neighbors, oppressed their subjects, and filled Italy and Europe with bloodshed and crime. The possession of temporal power, that "fatal gift," denounced by Dante and Milton, his translator, corrupted the sources of Western Christianity until it became the chief aim of the later Popes to enlarge their possessions by force or fraud, and add to those rich territories which they had won from the superstition of Pepin and the policy of Charlemagne.

The great Emperor died, Europe fell into the anarchy of Feudalism, and the bishops of Rome rose into new grandeur and importance. As the successors of St. Peter they asserted their supremacy over kings and emperors, and claimed the right of disposing of crowns and kingdoms at will. St. Peter no longer wrote humble letters asking aid from the barbarous Frank; he thundered from dismantled Rome in the menacing tone of command. The representative Pope of this new era was the illustrious or the infamous Hildebrand, the Cæsar of the papacy. Hildebrand was the son of a carpenter, but he

was destined to rule over kings and nobles. His youth was marked by intense austerity, and he was a monk from his boyhood. He early entered upon the monastic life, but his leisure hours were passed in acquiring knowledge, and his bold and vigorous intellect was soon filled with schemes for advancing the power and grandeur of the Church. Small, delicate, and unimposing in appearance, his wonderful eyes often terrified the beholder. He came up to Rome, became the real master of the Church, and was long content to rule in a subordinate position. Pope after Pope died, but Hildebrand still remained immovable, the guide and oracle of Rome. He revolved in secret his favorite principles, the celibacy of the clergy, the supremacy of the Popes, the purification of the Church. At length, in 1073, on the death of Alexander II., the clergy with one voice named Hildebrand the successor of St. Peter. He was at once arrayed in the scarlet robe, the tiara placed upon his head, and Gregory VII. was enthroned, weeping and reluctant, in the papal chair.

His elevation was the signal for the most wonderful change in the character and purposes of the Church. The Pope aspired to rule mankind. He claimed an absolute power over the conduct of kings, priests, and nations, and he enforced his decrees by the terrible weapons of anathema and excommunication. He denounced the marriages of the clergy as impious, and at once there arose all over Europe a fearful struggle between the ties of natural affection and the iron will of Gregory. Heretofore the secular priests and bishops had married, raised families, and lived blamelessly as husbands or fathers, in the enjoyment of marital and filial love. But suddenly all this was changed. The married priests were declared polluted and degraded, and were branded with ignominy and shame. Wives were torn from their devoted husbands, children were declared bastards, and the ruthless monk, in the face of the fiercest opposition, made celibacy the rule of the Church. The most painful consequences followed. The wretched women, thus degraded and accursed, were often driven to suicide in their despair. Some threw themselves into the flames; others were found dead in their beds, the victims of grief or of their own resolution not to survive their shame, while the monkish chroniclers exult over their misfortunes, and triumphantly consign them to eternal woe.

Thus the clergy under Gregory's guidance became a monastic order, wholly separated from all temporal interests, and bound in a perfect obedience to the Church. He next forbade all lay investitures or appointments to bishoprics or other clerical offices, and declared himself the supreme ruler of the ecclesiastical affairs of nations. No temporal sovereign could fill the great European sees, or claim any dominion over the extensive territories held by eminent churchmen in right of their spiritual power. It was against this claim that the Emperor of Germany, Hen-

ry IV., rebelled. The great bishoprics of his empire, Cologne, Bremen, Treves, and many others, were his most important feudatories, and should he suffer the imperious Pope to govern them at will his own dominion would be reduced to a shadow. And now began the famous contest between Hildebrand and Henry, between the carpenter's son and the successor of Charlemagne, between the Emperor of Germany and the Head of the Church. It opened with an adventure that marks well the wild and lawless nature of the time. On Christmas-eve, 1075, the rain poured down in torrents at Rome, confining the people to their houses, while the Pope with a few ecclesiastics was keeping a holy vigil in the distant church of Santa Maria Maggiore. The wild night and the favorable opportunity were seized upon by Cencius, a Roman baron, to wreak his vengeance upon Gregory for some former offense. His soldiers broke into the church while the Pope was celebrating mass, rushed to the altar, and seized the sacred person of the pontiff. He was even wounded in the forehead, and being stripped of his holy vestments, was dragged away bleeding and faint, but patient and unresisting, and was imprisoned in a strong tower. Two of the worshipers, a noble matron and a faithful friend, followed him to his prison. The man covered him with furs, and warmed his chilled feet in his own bosom; the woman stanching the blood, bound up the wound, and sat weeping at his side. But the city was now aroused, the bells tolled, the trumpets pealed, and the clergy who were officiating in the different churches broke off from their services, and summoned the people to the rescue of the Pope. As the morning dawned a great throng of his deliverers assembled around the place of Gregory's imprisonment, uncertain whether he were alive or dead. Engines were brought and planted against the tower, its walls began to tremble, and the fierce Cencius, now terrified and despairing, threw himself at the Pope's feet, begging his forgiveness. The patient Pope consented, and only imposed upon Cencius the penance of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. In the mean time the people broke into the tower, and carried Gregory in triumph to the church from whence he had been taken, where he finished the sacred rites which had been so rudely interrupted. The assassin Cencius and his kindred were driven from the city, and their houses and strong towers were razed to the ground.

It was plain to all that no physical danger could shake the iron resolution of Gregory: he next determined to humble the self-willed Emperor. Henry, flushed with victory, surrounded by faithful bishops and nobles, attended by mighty armies, had refused with petulant contempt to obey the decrees of Rome. Hildebrand summoned him to appear before his tribunal, and if he should refuse to come, appointed the day on which sentence of excommunication should be pronounced against him. The Emperor replied by assembling a council

of his German nobles and priests, who proclaimed the deposition of the Pope. All Christendom seemed united to crush the Bishop of Rome; the married clergy, the Simonists, and all who had received their investiture from temporal sovereigns joined in a fierce denunciation of his usurpation. But Gregory called together a third council in the Lateran, and a miracle or an omen inspired the superstitious assembly. An egg was produced with much awe and solemnity, on which a serpent was traced in bold relief, recoiling in mortal agony from a shield against which it had vainly struck its fangs. The bishops gazed upon the prodigy with consternation, but Gregory interpreted it with the skill of a Roman augur. The serpent was the dragon of the Apocalypse, its mortal agony foretold the triumph of the Church. A wild enthusiasm filled the assembly, the anathema of Rome was hurled against Henry, his subjects were absolved from their allegiance, and the king was declared excommunicated. The effect of this spiritual weapon was wonderful: the power of the great Emperor melted away like mist before the wind. His priests shrank from him as a lost soul, his nobles abandoned him, his people looked upon him with abhorrence, and Henry was left with a few armed followers and a few faithful bishops in a lonely castle on the Rhine.

Henry, with abject submission, now resolved to seek the forgiveness of the Pope in Rome. In mid-winter, accompanied by his wife, his infant son, and one faithful attendant, having scarcely sufficient money to pay the expenses of his travel, he set out to cross the Alps and throw himself at Gregory's feet. Never was there a more miserable journey. The winter was unusually severe, and great quantities of snow filled up the Alpine passes. The slippery surface was not hard enough to bear the weight of the travelers, and even the most experienced mountaineers trembled at the dangers of the passage. Yet the imperial party pressed on; the king must reach Italy or his crown was lost forever. When, after much toil and suffering, they reached the summit of the pass the danger was increased. A vast precipice of ice spread before them so slippery and smooth that he who entered upon it could scarcely avoid being hurled into the depths below. Yet there was no leisure for hesitation. The queen and her infant son were wrapped in the skins of oxen and drawn down as if in a sled; the king, creeping on his hands and knees, clung to the shoulders of the guides, and thus, half-sliding, and sometimes rolling down the steeper declivities, they reached the plain unharmed.

Gregory, meanwhile, doubtful at first of Henry's real design, had taken refuge in the castle of Canosa, the mountain strong-hold of his unchanging friend and ally, the great Countess Matilda. The praises of this eminent woman have been sung by poets and repeated by historians, but the crowning trait of her singular life was her untiring devotion to Gregory. For

him she labored and lived; on him her treasures were lavished; her mountain castles were his refuge in moments of danger; her armies fought in his defense; she was never satisfied unless the Pope was at her side; and she made a will by which at her death all her rich possessions should revert to Gregory and the Church. Matilda was the daughter of Boniface, Margrave of Tuscany, and his only heir. A celibate although wedded, she had been married against her will to the Duke of Lorraine, and had parted forever from her unwelcome husband on her wedding-day. Hildebrand alone, the low-born and unattractive monk, had won the affections of the high-bred and self-willed woman; they were inseparable companions in adversity or success, and the Pope owed his life, his safety, and his most important achievements to a member of that sex which he had so bitterly persecuted and contemned.

To Canosa came Henry, the fallen Emperor, seeking permission to cast himself at his enemy's feet. On a bitter winter morning, when the ground was covered deep with snow, he approached the castle gate and was admitted within the first of the three walls that sheltered Gregory and Matilda. Clothed in a thin white linen dress, the garb of a penitent, his feet bare, his head uncovered, the king awaited all day, in the outer court, the opening of the gate which should admit him to the presence of Gregory. But the relentless Pope left him to shiver in the cold. A second and a third day Henry stood as a suppliant before the castle gate, and hungry, chilled, disheartened, besought admission, but in vain. The spectators who witnessed his humiliation were touched with compassion, and every heart but that of Gregory softened toward the penitent king. At length Henry was admitted to the presence of the compassionate Matilda, fell on his knees before her, and besought her merciful interference. Gregory yielded to her prayers, and the Pope and his rightful lord, whom he had subjugated, met at a remarkable interview. Tall, majestic in figure, his feet bare and still clad in a penitential garb, the haughty Henry bowed in terror and contrition before the small and feeble gray-haired old man who had made kings the servants of the Church.

Henry subscribed to every condition the Pope imposed; obedience to ecclesiastical law, perfect submission to the Pope, even the abandonment of his kingdom should such be Gregory's will. On these terms he was absolved, and with downcast eyes and broken spirit returned to meet the almost contemptuous glances of his German or Lombard chiefs. Yet no man at that moment was so bitterly hated by hosts of foes as the triumphant Gregory. Christendom, which had yielded to his severe reforms, abhorred the reformer; Italy shrank from his monastic rigor; even Rome was unquiet, and Hildebrand's only friends were his faithful Countess and the Norman conquerors of Naples.

No sooner had Henry left Canosa than he seemed suddenly to recover from that strange moral and mental prostration into which his adversary's spiritual arts had thrown him. He was once more a king. He inveighed in bitter terms against the harshness and pride of Gregory; his Lombard chiefs gathered around him and stimulated him to vengeance, while Matilda hurried the Pope back again, fearful for his life, to the impregnable walls of Canosa. But the dangerous condition of his German dominions for a while delayed his plans of vengeance. The German and Saxon princes and bishops who had abandoned him in his moment of humiliation, now fearful of his power, met in a solemn diet at Forchheim, deposed Henry, and elected Rudolph of Swabia in his place. A terrible civil war, nourished by the arts of Gregory, desolated all Germany; the Pope once more excommunicated Henry, and declared his rival king, and he even ventured to prophesy that, unless Henry made his submission by the 29th of June, the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, he would either be deposed or dead. The fierce priest, assuming to speak by inspiration, was willing to be judged by the failure or the success of his vaticination. But the result was far different from his hopes. Henry met his adversary, Rudolph, on the field of Elster; the Saxons conquered, but Rudolph was slain. His death allowed Henry to turn his arms against his spiritual foe at Rome. He crossed the Alps into Italy, but not as he had crossed them four years before, a heart-broken and trembling suppliant weighed down by superstitious dread. Excommunication had lost its terrors; Gregory had been proved a false prophet and a deceiver, and Matilda's forces, defeated and disheartened, had fled to their strong-holds in the Apennines. Henry advanced unchecked to the walls of Rome and laid siege to the holy city. Gregory, whom no dangers could move, firm in his spiritual superiority, made a bold defense; his people were united in his cause, the Countess supplied him with considerable sums of money, and for three years the massive walls repelled the invader, and the Italians saw with natural exultation the host of abhorred Germans and Lombards decimated by malarias, disease, and perpetual fevers. At length, however, the city fell, Gregory retreated into the castle of St. Angelo—a temporary refuge from the vengeance he had invoked—and Henry caused a rival Pope, under the name of Clement III., to be consecrated in St. Peter's, and received from his hands the imperial crown.

Gregory's end seemed now drawing near. Famine and the sword must soon drive him from his retreat, and he well knew that he would receive short shrift from his enraged German lord. But at this moment news came that Robert Guiscard, at the head of a powerful force, was advancing from Southern Italy to his rescue. Henry retreated, and the Norman soon became master of Rome. Gregory was released, and respectfully conducted to the

Lateran Palace; but a fatal event made his return to power the source of incalculable woes to his faithful people. The army that had conquered Rome was composed of half-savage Normans and infidel Saracens—the peculiar objects of hatred to the Roman populace—and they had marked their entry into the city by a general pillage and license. The Romans resolved upon revenge. While the Normans were feasting in riotous security they rose in revolt, and began a terrible carnage of their conquerors. The Normans, surprised, but well-disciplined, soon swept the streets with their cavalry, while the citizens fought boldly from their houses, and seemed for a moment to gain the superiority. Guiscard then gave orders to set fire to the houses. The city was soon in flames; convents, churches, palaces, and private dwellings fed the conflagration; the people rushed wildly through the streets, no longer thinking of defense, but only the safety of their wives and children; while the fierce Normans and Saracens, maddened by their treachery, perpetrated all those horrible deeds that mark the sack of cities. Rome suffered more in this terrible moment than in all the invasions of the Goths and Vandals. Thousands of its citizens were sold into slavery or carried prisoners to Calabria, and its miserable ruin was only repaired when a new city was gradually built in a different site on the ancient Campus Martius.

Gregory, it is said, looked calmly on the sack of his faithful city. For its destroyers he had no word of reproof. The ferocious Guiscard was still his ally and his protector. He retired, however, to Salerno, being afraid to trust himself in Rome, and from thence issued anew an excommunication against Henry and the usurping pontiff, Clement III. As death approached no consciousness of the great woes he had occasioned, of the fierce wars he had stirred up, of the ruin he had brought upon Germany, of the desolation he had spread over Italy, of the miserable fate of Rome, seems to have disturbed his sublime serenity. At one moment he had believed himself a prophet, at another an infallible guide; he was always the vicegerent of Heaven; and just before his death he gave a general absolution to the human race, excepting only Henry and his rival Pope. He died May 25, 1085, having bequeathed to his successors the principle that the Bishop of Rome was the supreme power of the earth. This was the conception which Gregory plainly represents.

The idea was never lost to his successors. It animated the Popes of the eleventh century in their long struggle against the Emperors of Germany; it stimulated the ardor of the Guelphic faction, whose vigor gave liberty to Italy; but its full development is chiefly to be traced in the character of Innocent III. Of all the Bishops of Rome Innocent approached nearest to the completion of Gregory's grand idea. He was the true Universal Bishop, deposing kings, trampling upon nations, crushing

out heresy with fire and the sword, relentless to his enemies, terrible to his friends—the incarnation of spiritual despotism and pride. In the year 1198, at the age of thirty-seven, in the full strength of manhood, Innocent ascended the papal throne. His learning was profound, his morals pure; he was descended from a noble Italian family; he had already written a work on "Contempt of the World, and the Misery of Human Life," and his haughty and self-reliant intellect was well fitted to subdue that miserable world which he so pitied and condemned. Yet his ruthless policy filled Europe with bloodshed and woe. He interfered in the affairs of Germany, and for ten years, with but short intervals of truce, that unhappy land was rent with civil discord. He deposed his enemy, the Emperor Otho, and placed Frederick II., half infidel, half Saracen, the last of the Hohenstaufens, on the German throne. He ruled over Rome and Italy with an iron hand. But it was in France and England that the despotic power of the Church was felt in its utmost rigor, and both those mighty kingdoms were reduced to abject submission to the will of the astute Italian. France, in the year 1200, was ruled by the firm hand of the licentious, self-willed, but vigorous Philip Augustus. Philip, after the death of his first wife, Isabella of Hainault, had resolved upon a second marriage. He had heard of the rare beauty, the long bright hair, the gentle manners of Ingeburga, sister to the King of Denmark, and he sent to demand her hand. The Dane consented, and the fair princess set sail for France, unconscious of the long succession of sorrows that awaited her in that southern land. The nuptials were celebrated, the queen was crowned, but from that moment Philip shrank from his bride with shuddering horror. No one could tell the cause, nor did the king ever reveal it. Some said that he was under the influence of a demon, some that he was bewitched. Yet certain it is that he turned pale and shuddered at the very sight of the gentle and beautiful Ingeburga, that he hated her with intense vigor, and that he sacrificed the peace of his kingdom, the welfare of his people, and very nearly his crown itself, rather than acknowledge as his wife one who was to him all gentleness and love. At all hazards he resolved to obtain a divorce, and the obsequious clergy of France soon gratified his wishes in this respect, upon the pretense that the ill-assorted pair were within the degree of consanguinity limited by the Church. The marriage was declared dissolved. When the news of her humiliation was brought to the unhappy stranger-queen, she cried out, in her broken language, "Wicked, wicked France! Rome, Rome!" She refused to return to Denmark to betray her disgrace to her countrymen, but shut herself up in a convent, where her gentleness and her piety won the sympathy of the nation.

Philip, having thus relieved himself forever, as he no doubt supposed, of his Danish wife,

began to look round for her successor. Three noble ladies of France, however, refused his offers, distrustful of his fickle affections; a fourth, Agnes, daughter of the Duke of Meran, was more courageous, and was rewarded by a most unusual constancy. To the fair Agnes Philip gave his heart, his hand, his kingdom. His love for her rose almost to madness. For her he bore the anathemas of the Church, the hatred of his people, the murmurs of his nobles, the triumph of his foes. Beautiful, young, intelligent, graceful, Agnes seems to have well deserved the devotion of the king. Her gentle manners and various accomplishments won the hearts of the gallant chivalry of France, and even touched and softened her enemies—the austere clergy. She bore the king three children, and his affection for her never ceased but with her death. Miserable, however, was the fate of the rival queen. Ingeburga, in her distress, had appealed to Rome; her brother, the King of Denmark, pressed her claims upon the Pope; while Philip, enraged at her obstinacy, treated her with singular cruelty. She was dragged from convent to convent, from castle to castle, to induce her to abandon her appeal; her prayers and her entreaties were received with cold neglect, and she who was entitled to be Queen of France was the most ill-used woman in the land.

She was now at last to find a champion and a protector. Innocent, soon after his accession, resolved to interfere in the affair, and to build up the grandeur of his see upon the misfortunes of two unhappy wives and the violent king. Ingeburga, however gentle and resigned, had never ceased to assert openly her marital claims; she pursued her recreant husband with a persistency only equaled by his own obstinate aversion to her person, and she now joined with Innocent in a last effort to reclaim him. The Pope sent a legate into France with a command to Philip to put away the beautiful Agnes, and receive back the hated Dane. If he did not comply with the orders of his spiritual father within thirty days France was to be laid under an interdict, and the sin of the sovereign was to be visited upon his unoffending people. Philip, enraged rather than intimidated, treated Innocent's message with contempt; the thirty days expired, and the fatal sentence was pronounced. For the first time in the annals of Rome it ventured to inflict a spiritual censure upon a whole nation; for the effect of an interdict was to close the gates of heaven to mankind. All over gay and prosperous France rested a sudden gloom. The churches were closed, and the worshipers driven from their doors; the rites of religion ceased; marriages were celebrated in the church-yards; the bodies of the dead were refused burial in consecrated ground, and flung out to perish in the corrupted air; baptism and the last unction were the only services allowed; the voice of prayer and praise ceased throughout the land; and the French with astonishment found themselves condemned to eternal

woe for the sin of Philip and fair Agnes of Meran.

The punishment seemed no doubt irrational and extravagant even to the clouded intellect of that half-savage age; but it was no less effectual. Philip sought to prevent the enforcement of the interdict by punishing the clergy who obeyed it; and he swore that he would lose half his kingdom rather than part with Agnes. But Innocent enforced the obedience of the priests, France grew mutinous under its spiritual sufferings, and the king was forced to submit. "I will turn Mohammedan," he cried in his rage. "Happy Saladin, who has no Pope above him!" Agnes, too, wrote a touching letter to the Pope, in which she said "she cared not for the crown; it was on the husband that she had set her love. Part me not from him." But Innocent never relented. Agnes was torn from her husband and her love, and was confined in a lonely castle in Normandy, where she was seen at times wandering upon the battlements with wild gestures and disheveled hair, her face wan and pale, her eyes streaming with tears, and then was seen no more. Nor was Ingeburga more happy. She was conducted, indeed, by a train of Italian priests to the arms of her loathing husband, and, whether witch or woman, Philip was forced to receive her publicly as his wife. France rejoiced, for the interdict was removed; a clang of bells announced the return of spiritual peace; the curtains were withdrawn from crucifixes and images; the doors of churches flew open; and a glad throng of worshipers poured into the holy buildings, from which for seven months they had been rigidly excluded. Yet the change brought little joy to the Queen of France. For the remainder of her life her husband treated her sometimes with harshness, always with neglect and contempt, and her plaintive appeals against his cruelty sometimes reached the ears of Innocent at Rome, who would then remonstrate with Philip upon his unworthy conduct toward the daughter, the sister, and the wife of a king.

The Pope next turned his spiritual arms against England, and soon reduced that powerful and independent kingdom to the condition of a vassal of the Roman see. John, the wickedest and the basest of English kings, now sat on the throne. His life had been stained by almost every form of licentiousness and crime; he had murdered his nephew, Arthur, and usurped his crown; he had shrank from no enormity, and his subjects looked upon him with horror and disgust; Philip had torn from him all his continental possessions; and his cowardice had been as conspicuous as his vices. Yet John had ever remained the favorite son of the Church, and Innocent would still have continued his ally and his friend had not a sudden quarrel made them, for the moment, the bitterest of foes. It would be impossible for us to review the full particulars of this memorable affair. It is sufficient to say that Innocent claimed the right of controlling the election of

the Archbishop of Canterbury, and that John resisted his pretension. The Pope employed the instrument which had been so effective against France: in 1208 England was laid under an interdict, and for four years beheld its churches closed, its dead cast out into unconsecrated ground, and its whole religious life crushed beneath a fatal malediction. Yet John resisted the clerical assailant with more pertinacity than Philip, and even endured the final penalty of excommunication, and it was not until Innocent had bestowed England upon Philip, and that king had prepared a considerable army to invade his new dominions, that John's courage sank. Full of hatred for the Pope and for religion, it is said that he had resolved to become a Mohammedan, and sent ambassadors to the Caliph of Spain and Africa offering to embrace the faith of the Koran in return for material aid; and it is further related that the cultivated Mohammedan rejected with contempt the advances of the Christian renegade. So low, indeed, was sunk the moral dignity of Christianity under the papal rule, so oppressive was that power, that of the three great potentates of Christendom at this period Frederick II. was suspected of preferring the Koran to the Bible, and both Philip Augustus and John are believed to have entertained the desire of adopting the tenets of the Arabian impostor; and all three were no doubt objects of polished scorn to the cultivated Arabs of Bagdad and Cordova.

John was soon reduced to submission, and his conduct was so base and dastardly as to awaken the scorn of his own subjects and of Europe. He gave up his independent kingdom to be held as a fief of the Roman see, took the oath of fealty to Innocent, and bound himself and his successors to become the vassals of an Italian lord. But his shame was probably lightened by a sense of the bitter disappointment which he was thus enabled to inflict upon his enemy, Philip Augustus. The Pope, with his usual indifference to the claims of honor and of faith, now prohibited the King of France from prosecuting his designs against England, and Philip, who at a great expense had assembled all the chivalry of his kingdom, was forced to obey. The barons of England soon after wrested from their dastard king the Magna Charta, and Innocent in vain endeavored to weaken the force of that instrument which laid the foundation of the liberties of England and of America.

But it is chiefly as the first of the great persecutors that Innocent III. has deserved the execration of posterity. He was the destroyer of the Albigenses and the troubadours, and the first buds and flowers of European literature were crushed by the ruthless hand of the impassive Bishop of Rome. Languedoc and Provence, the southern provinces of modern France, were at this period the most civilized and cultivated portions of Europe. Amidst their graceful scenery, their rich fields, and

magnificent cities, the troubadours had first sung to the lute those plaintive love-songs, borrowed from the intellectual Arabs, which seemed to the rude but impassioned barons of the south almost inspired. The Gay Science found its fitting birth-place along the soft shores of the Mediterranean Sea, the Courts of Love were held oftenest at Montpellier, Toulouse, or Marseilles. The princes and nobles of that southern clime were allowed to be the models of their age in chivalry, good-breeding, and a taste for poetry and song; and the people of Languedoc and Provence lived in a luxurious ease, rich, happy, and secure. Upon this Eden Innocent chanced to turn his eyes and discover that it was infested by a most fatal form of heresy. The troubadours—gay, witty, and indiscreet—had long been accustomed to aim sharp satires at the vices or the superstitions of monks and bishops; the people had learned to look with pity and contempt upon the ignorance of their spiritual guides; the authority of the Church was shaken, the priest was despised, and the Waldensian and Albigensian doctrines made rapid progress and found an almost universal acceptance in the sunny lands of the south of France. Raymond VI., Count of Toulouse, now reigned with an easy sway over this delightful territory. He was believed to be a heretic, yet he was evidently no Puritan. Gay, licentious, generous, affable, the Count had three wives living at the same time, and might well have merited, by his easy morals, the confidence of the Church of Rome. But, unhappily for Raymond, his humanity surpassed his faith, and drove him to his ruin. Innocent was resolved to extirpate heresy by fire and sword, and Raymond was required to execute the papal commands upon his own people. He was to bring desolation to the fair fields of Languedoc, to banish or destroy the heretics, to lay waste his own happy dominions, depopulate his cities, cut off the wisest and best of his subjects, for the sake of a corrupt and cruel Church, which he must now more than ever have abhorred. Life meanwhile had flowed on for the happy people of Languedoc in mirth and perpetual joy. They sang, they danced; the mistress was more honored than the saint, and churches and cathedrals were abandoned for the Courts of Love. In the fair city of Toulouse a perfect tolerance prevailed. The "good men" of Lyons, the Cathari or Puritans, made converts undisturbed, and even the despised and rejected Jews were received with signal favor by the good-humored Provençals. Nothing was hated but the bigotry and pride of priestcraft, and when Arnold, Abbot of Cîteaux, a severe and stern missionary of Rome, came to preach against heresy and reclaim the erring to the orthodox faith, his most vigorous sermons were received with shouts of ridicule. "The more he preached," says the Provençal chronicler, "the more the people laughed and held him for a fool." But a terrible doom was now impending over the merry land of song, for Innocent had resolved

to call in the aid of the temporal power, and involve both Raymond and his subjects in a common ruin. A fatal event urged him to immediate action. The papal legate was assassinated as he was crossing the Rhone, and the Pope charged the crime upon Raymond, who, however, was wholly guiltless. The blood of the martyr called for instant vengeance, and Innocent summoned the king, the nobles, and the bishops of France to a crusade against the devoted land. "Up, most Christian king," he wrote to Philip Augustus; "up, and aid us in our work of vengeance." His vengeful cries were answered by a general uprising of the chivalry and the bishops of the north of France, who, led by Simon de Montfort, hastened to the plunder of their brethren of the south. An immense army suddenly invaded Languedoc; the war was carried on with a barbarity unfamiliar even to that cruel age, and the Albigenses and the troubadours were almost blotted from existence. No quarter was given, no mercy shown, and the battle-cry of the invading army was, "Slay all, God will know his own." At the capture of Beziers it is estimated that fifty thousand persons perished in the massacre. Harmless men, wailing women, and even babes at the breast fell equally before the monkish rage of Innocent, and the beautiful city was left a smouldering ruin. At the fall of Minerve, a strong-hold in the Cévennes, one hundred and forty women, rather than change their faith, leaped into a blazing pyre and were consumed. When Lavaur, a noted seat of heresy, was taken, a general massacre was allowed, and men, women, and children were cut to pieces, until there was nothing left to kill, except four hundred of the garrison, who were burned in a single pile, which, to the great joy of the victorious Catholics, made a wonderful blaze. After a long and brave resistance the Albigensian armies were destroyed, and the desolate land, once so beautiful, fell wholly into the power of the Catholics. The song of the troubadour was hushed forever, the gay people sank into melancholy under the monkish rule, their very language was proscribed, and a terrible inquisition was established to crush more perfectly the lingering seeds of heresy. Every priest and every lord was appointed an inquisitor, and whoever harbored a heretic was made a slave. Even the house in which a heretic was found was to be razed to the ground; no layman was permitted to possess a Bible; a reward of a mark was set for the head of a heretic; and all caves and hiding-places where the Albigenses might take refuge were to be carefully closed up by the lord of the estate.

Two agents of rare vigor had suddenly appeared to aid Innocent in his conquest of mankind; two men of singular moral and mental strength placed themselves at his command. St. Dominic and St. Francis of Assissi founded, under his supervision, the two great orders of mendicant monks. Dominic was a Spaniard of high birth, fierce, dark, gloomy, unsparing,

the author of the Inquisition. His history is lost in a cloud of miracles, in which it has been enveloped by his devout disciples; he cast out Satan, who ran from him in the form of a great black cat with glittering eyes; he raised the dead, healed the sick, and more than equalled the miracles of the Gospel. Yet the real achievements of Dominic are sufficiently wonderful. He founded the order of preaching friars, who, living upon alms and bound to a perfect self-denial, knew no master but Dominic and the Pope, and before he died he saw a countless host of his disciples spread over every part of Europe. Dominic is chiefly known as the persecutor of the heretics. He infused into the Roman Church that fierce thirst for blood which was exemplified in Philip II. and Alva; he hovered around the armies that blasted and desolated Languedoc, and his miraculous eloquence was aimed with fatal effect against the polished free-thinkers of that unhappy land. His admirers unite in ascribing to him the founding of the Inquisition. "What glory, splendor, and dignity," exclaims one of them, "belongs to the Order of Preachers, words can not express! for the Holy Inquisition owes its origin to St. Dominic, and was propagated by his faithful followers."

St. Francis of Assissi, a gentler madman, was equally successful with Dominic in founding a new order of ascetics. Born of a wealthy parentage, Francis passed his youth in song and revel until a violent fever won him from the world. His mild and generous nature now turned to universal benevolence; he threw aside his rich dress and joined a troop of beggars; he clothed himself in rags and gave all that he had to the poor. His bride he declared was Poverty, and he would only live by mendicancy; he resolved to abase himself below the meanest of his species, and he devoted himself to the care of lepers—the outcasts of mankind; he tended them with affectionate assiduity, washed their feet, and sometimes healed them miraculously with a kiss. This strange and fervent piety, joined to his touching eloquence and poetic fancy, soon won for St. Francis a throng of followers, who imitated his humility and took the vow of perpetual poverty. He now resolved to convert the world; but he must first gain the sanction of the Pope. Innocent III. was walking on the terrace of the splendid Lateran when a mendicant of mean appearance presented himself and proposed to convert mankind through poverty and humility. It was St. Francis. The Pope at first dismissed him with contempt; but a vision warned him not to neglect the pious appeal. The Order of St. Francis was founded, and countless hosts soon took the vow of chastity, poverty, and obedience. The Franciscans were the gentlest of mankind: they lived on alms; if stricken on one cheek they offered the other; if robbed of a part of their dress they gave the whole. Love was to be the binding element of the brotherhood, and the sweet effluence of universal chari-

ty, the poetic dream of the gentle Francis, was to be spread over all mankind.

How rapidly the Franciscans and Dominicans declined from the rigid purity of their founders need scarcely be told. In a few years their monasteries grew splendid, their possessions were vast, their vows of poverty and purity were neglected or forgotten, and the two orders, filled with emulation and spiritual pride, contended with each other for the control of Christendom. Innocent, meantime, died in 1216, in the full strength of manhood, yet having accomplished every object for which his towering spirit had labored so unceasingly. He had crushed and mortified the pride of every European monarch, had exalted the Church upon the wreck of nations, had seemingly extirpated heresy, and was become that Universal Bishop which, to the modest Gregory the Great, had seemed the symbol of Antichrist and the invention of Satanic pride.

The next phase in which the Papacy exhibits itself is the natural result of the possession of absolute temporal and spiritual power; the next representative Pope is a Borgia. In no other place than Rome could a Borgia have arisen; in no other position than that of Pope could so frightful a monster have maintained his power. Alexander VI., or Roderic Borgia, a Spaniard of noble family and nephew to Pope Calixtus III., was early brought to Rome by his uncle, and made a cardinal in spite of his vices and his love of ease. He became Pope in 1492 by the grossest simony. Alexander's only object was the gratification of his own desires and the exaltation of his natural children. Of these, whom he called his nephews, there were five—one son being Cæsar Borgia, and one daughter the infamous Lucrezia. Alexander is represented to have been a poisoner, a robber, a hypocrite, a treacherous friend. His children in all these traits of wickedness surpassed their father. Cæsar Borgia, beautiful in person, and so strong that in a bull-fight he struck off the head of the animal at a single blow—a majestic monster ruled by unbridled passions and stained with blood, now governed Rome and his father by the terror of his crimes. Every night, in the streets of the city, were found the corpses of persons whom he had murdered either for their money or for revenge, yet no one dared to name the assassin. Those whom he could not reach by violence he took off by poison. His first victim was his own elder brother, Francis, Duke of Gandia, whom Alexander loved most of all his children, and whose rapid rise in wealth and station excited the hatred of the fearful Cæsar. Francis had just been appointed Duke of Benevento, and before he set out for Naples there was a family party of the Borgias one evening at the papal palace, where no doubt a strange kind of mirth and hilarity prevailed. The two brothers left together and parted with a pleasant farewell, Cæsar having meantime provided four assassins to waylay his victim that very night. The next morning

the duke was missing; several days passed but he did not return. It was believed that he was murdered; and Alexander, full of grief, ordered the Tiber to be dragged for the body of his favorite child. An enemy, he thought, had made away with him. He little suspected who that enemy was. At length a Slavonian waterman came to the palace with a startling story. He said that on the night when the prince disappeared, while he was watching some timber on the river, he saw two men approach the bank and look cautiously around to see if they were observed. Seeing no one they made a signal to two others, one of whom was on horseback, and who carried a dead body swung carelessly across his horse. He advanced to the river, flung the corpse far into the water, and then rode away. Upon being asked why he had not mentioned this before the waterman replied that it was a common occurrence, and that he had seen more than a hundred bodies thrown into the Tiber in a similar manner. The search was now renewed, and the body of the ill-fated Francis was found pierced by nine mortal wounds. Alexander buried his son with great pomp, and offered large rewards for the discovery of his murderers. At last the terrible secret was revealed to him; he hid himself in his palace, refused food, and abandoned himself to grief. Here he was visited by the mother of his children, who still lived at Rome. What passed at their interview was never known; but all inquiry into the murder ceased, and Alexander was soon again immersed in his pleasures and his ambitious designs.

Cæsar Borgia now ruled unrestrained, and preyed upon the Romans like some fabulous monster of Greek mythology. He would suffer no rival to live, and he made no secret of his murderous designs. His brother-in-law was stabbed by his orders on the steps of the palace. The wounded man was nursed by his wife and his sister, the latter preparing his food lest he might be carried off by poison, while the Pope set a guard around the house to protect his son-in-law from his son. Cæsar laughed at these precautions. "What can not be done in the noonday," he said, "may be brought about in the evening." He broke into the chamber of his brother-in-law, drove out the wife and sister, and had him strangled by the common executioner. He stabbed his father's favorite, Perotto, while he clung to his patron for protection, and the blood of the victim flowed over the face and robes of the Pope. Lucrezia Borgia rivaled, or surpassed, the crimes of her brother; while Alexander himself performed the holy rites of the Church with singular exactness, and in his leisure moments poisoned wealthy cardinals and seized upon their estates. He is said to have been singularly engaging in his manners, and most agreeable in the society of those whom he had resolved to destroy. At length Alexander perished by his own arts. He gave a grand entertainment, at which one or more wealthy cardinals were invited for the purpose

of being poisoned, and Cæsar Borgia was to provide the means. He sent several flasks of poisoned wine to the table, with strict orders not to use them except by his directions. Alexander came early to the banquet, heated with exercise, and called for some refreshment; the servants brought him the poisoned wine, supposing it to be of rare excellence; he drank of it freely, and was soon in the pangs of death. His blackened body was buried with all the pomp of the Roman ritual.

Scarcely is the story of the Borgias to be believed: such a father, such children, have never been known before or since. Yet the accurate historians of Italy, and the careful Ranke, unite in the general outline of their crimes. On no other throne save the temporal empire of Rome has sat such a criminal as Alexander; in no other city but Rome could a Cæsar Borgia have pursued his horrible career; in none other was a Lucrezia Borgia ever known. The Pope was the absolute master of the lives and fortunes of his subjects; he was also the absolute master of their souls; and the union of these two despotisms produced at Rome a form of human wickedness which romance has never imagined, and which history shudders to describe.

We may pause at this era in our review of the representative bishops of Rome, since the Reformation was soon to throw a softening and refining light upon the progress of the papacy. There were to be no more Borgias, no second Innocent; the fresh blasts from the north were to purify in some measure the malarious atmosphere of the Holy City. Yet I trust this brief series of pictures of the early bishops will not have been without interest to the candid reader, and that he will observe that it was only as the Roman Church abandoned the primeval laws of gentleness, humility, and humanity that it ceased to be the benefactor of the barbarous races it had subdued. As the splendid panorama passes before us, and we survey the meek and holy Stephen perishing a sainted martyr in the Catacombs; the modest Gregory, the first singing-master of Europe, soothing the savage world to obedience and order by the sweet influence of his holy songs; the cunning Zacharias winning a temporal crown from the grateful Frank; Hildebrand rising in haughty intellectual pre-eminence above kings and princes; Innocent III. trampling upon the rights of nations, and lifting over Europe his persecuting arm red with the guiltless blood of the troubadours and the Albigenses; or a Borgia, the incarnation of sin—we shall have little difficulty in discovering why it is that the bishops of Rome have faded into a magnificent pageant before the rise of a purer knowledge, and why it is that the Pope of to-day, surrounded by the most splendid of earthly rituals, and pronouncing from the Vatican the anathemas of the Middle Ages, is heard with mingled pity and derision by the vigorous intellect of the nations over which his predecessors once held an undisputed sway.

THE MURDER OF ESCOVEDO.

OF the many eminent men who perished under the jealous suspicions of Philip II., one of the foremost was his brother, Don John of Austria. Between his twenty-first and twenty-sixth years this prince had figured repeatedly as the leader of victorious hosts. Not that he was more than a nominal chief, since the ablest warriors of the day—men like Doria and the Marquis of Santa Cruz—directed his operations, in the guise of lieutenants and advisers. But few people cared to look so deeply; and handsome, valiant, and generous as he was, the renown sat admirably upon him. From the fight of Lepanto to the day of his death he was the idol of the Spaniards, and to a great extent their hope; for the king had then small prospect of male heirs; indeed, Philip III. was not born until 1578, the year of Don John's death. Under these circumstances it would have argued an extraordinary lack of ambition had the prince entertained no hope of the succession. But Don John was one of the most aspiring men of the time: indeed, from his first victory forward, he led the Spanish forces far less in the service of his brother than to carve out a kingdom for himself; and wherever there appeared a prospect of winning a crown, by sword or marriage, thither he turned his attention—intriguing with the Pope, the Guises, the malcontents of England and Flanders—with every one, in fact, who could pretend to further his designs; and in the midst of all he betrayed a still deeper and far more dangerous purpose by hankering after legitimation and the state of an Infant. Philip had long been weary of his brother's foreign intrigues, but he was thoroughly and deeply alarmed so soon as he caught a glimpse of his domestic pretensions. He did not, indeed, cease to employ the prince—that would have been to have given free rein to his ambition—and therefore he ventured to send him to Flanders at a very critical period; but he took good care to place brilliant exploits quite beyond his reach, choosing rather that his own interests should suffer than that Don John should increase his already too great reputation. He surrounded him with spies, instructed his coadjutors to hamper and obstruct him, and starved his means to the last degree. Chafing under such difficulties, the prince lost his temper, and what little prudence he ever had, venting the bitterest complaints against the court and the king, and conceiving the wildest schemes. All this was duly reported to Philip, who in return redoubled his precautions, especially in the matter of espionage. His principal agent in this base business was the Secretary of State, Antonio Perez. Don John and his faithful secretary and counselor, Juan Escovedo, regarded this man as their truest friend. But devoted body and soul to the king, or rather to the crown, he volunteered his services as spy upon them, and for several years he filled the disgraceful office like one to the

manner born—so skillfully, indeed, that to the very last he retained the confidence of his dupes. The better to draw them out, as the phrase goes, he entered warmly into their projects; he sympathized with their difficulties; he even penned boldly those harsh opinions of the King which they scarcely ventured to hint, leaving not one nefarious stratagem in the whole art of treachery untried. Every letter he dispatched was submitted to his master's eye, and so was every one he received. And he took good care that the monarch's interest in his proceedings should not relax through any subsidence of suspicion, dwelling on every imprudence of prince and secretary, until Philip fully believed that they aimed at no less than his life and crown. And the precious pair justified and encouraged one another in their perfidy—the Minister representing his behavior as the perfection of duty and conscientious scruple, and the monarch declaring that he should have considered the Minister wanting in duty to his God, no less than to his sovereign, had he acted otherwise. Finding his position altogether insupportable, Don John dispatched Escovedo to Spain in July, 1577, to further his interests in any way, but if possible to procure his recall. This visit Philip regarded with the gravest suspicion, and even fear, inscribing the first letter he received from Escovedo with the following remark: "The avant-courier has arrived. We must be quick and dispatch him before he can murder us."

So far Perez had no personal animus against Escovedo. Nor had Escovedo any overt reason to distrust Perez. The contrary, indeed, was the fact. They had been brought up together in the house of Ruy Gomez, the most favored and fortunate Minister Philip ever had; they had been introduced together to public life; they belonged to the same political faction—a thing which then bound Spaniards together like brotherhood—and, finally, Escovedo owed his present honorable post to the recommendation of Perez. But matters soon occurred which rendered the destruction of the former indispensable to the safety of the latter.

There was then at the Spanish court one of those dames who appeared with something of heroism and a good deal of romance during the earlier centuries of the Middle Ages, but who degenerated into the mere creatures of show and sense and selfishness during the Renaissance. This lady—the Duchess of Pastrana and Princess of Eboli—was a worthy sister of those "fair and honest" frailties, Diana de Poitiers and Gabrielle d'Estrées. Married at the age of thirteen to Ruy Gomez, then a man of thirty, she was now a widow, the mistress of vast wealth, and her thirty-eight years had merely ripened her singular loveliness. Nor were her charms a whit impaired by a slight defect (*tuerta*) in one of her eyes. Indeed, a good judge of these matters, Henri Quatre, considered it an additional attraction; "for," said he, "the fitful looks and drooping lids, and all the other pretty little stratagems to which

such beauties have recourse, look bewitchingly like modesty." But even gay and gallant princes like Francis I. had failed to secure the fidelity of this particular institution, and it was not likely that better fortune would attend a man like Philip, whose mean and gloomy spirit was incased in a body which a Venetian ambassador of the day describes as "*peloso e calvo, e ha le gambe sottili, ed è piccolo di statura meno che di mezzana, e ha la voce grossa*"*—precisely the terms in which one would sketch a veteran monkey. Accordingly, at the time of Escovedo's reappearance in Spain, the whole court was full of whispers concerning the gay doings of the princess; and the scandal-mongers dwelt with especial unction on her intimacy with Philip's favorite Secretary of State. So far had this been carried that the haughty relatives of the dame—Silvas, Guzmans, and Mendozas, the noblest houses in Spain—seriously meditated the murder of the gallant. And the fondness of the princess was too conspicuous not to give them, in Spanish eyes at least, a reasonable excuse. Mules from her various estates, heavily laden with presents, including money, plate, furniture, and rich stuffs, were continually arriving at the gates of the fortunate Perez. He was her constant attendant at theatre, bull-fight, and auto-da-fé. And in her own palace he was a visitor so frequent and favored that her very servants—folk not too sensitive in these matters—were, or pretended to be, exceedingly scandalized. "One day," said an indignant cousin, the Marquis of Fabrara, "I was stopped at the door and kept waiting among her women because, forsooth, this fellow Perez was with her. My valet, too, has repeatedly seen him leave her palace by stealth at unseasonable hours. Even worse things have been witnessed by myself and others, her relatives. And such effect has all this had upon me, that I have more than once been compelled to retire to the nearest church to beseech God to deliver me from the strong temptation to slay the villain with which the sight of him possessed me." Escovedo, an élève of Ruy Gomez, was devoted with all the enthusiasm of a vassal and a Spaniard to the house of his chief. He was deeply interested in its fortunes, and keenly alive to every thing that touched its honor. One of his first acts was to pay his respects to the princess, and, as his duty required, he was a daily visitor. Of course he soon heard all the gossip, and in a short time he obtained the very strongest confirmation of it. Full of indignation, the worthy secretary hastened to speak his mind to the princess. And, altogether regardless of the presence of a third party—the squire of Antonio Perez, who heard and long remembered every word that passed—he indulged the astonished and indignant lady with a very pretty homily, winding up by declaring that he felt himself obliged to recount the whole affair to the king.

* "Bald and hairy, with attenuated limbs, stunted figure, and harsh voice."

Unacquainted with the relations that subsisted between Philip and the princess, he could not suspect the apprehension which such a threat from a man so blunt, so outspoken, and in all respects so exceedingly likely to carry it out, was certain to excite. Bursting with various passions, the princess replied, in a strain of the coarsest defiance, "Off with you to the king! quick! hide nothing! tell him all! And be sure you add this: *mas quiero el trasero de Antonio Perez que al rey.*" From that time forth Escovedo was doomed. The pair knew the character of Philip well. They could not guess how long their secret would be kept, nor when the vengeance might fall; and a hundred small annoyances were ever recurring to keep their apprehension awake. The princess saw Escovedo in every sneering lip, and heard him in every slighting remark. Nay, even when the preacher happened to inveigh against certain sins in her presence, she returned home full of fury to anathematize "that slanderer of noble ladies, Escovedo, who had incited the monks of St. Mary's to interlard their sermons with spiteful things on purpose to annoy her." But of the two Perez had by far the stronger reasons for arriving at a fell resolve. Her rank, her relatives, and—least consideration with Philip, but still a consideration—her sex, forbade the latter to inflict any severe punishment on the princess. But Perez was altogether a creature of his own. Born in 1640, the natural son of one of Charles's Ministers, and legitimated by a diploma of that Emperor's, Antonio Perez was a man of no fortune, and, apart from his office, of little weight. Introduced early to public life, he had gradually worked his way up to the foremost place. Such men, and under such a government, are sure to make numerous enemies, whatever be their character—and the secretary's was of a kind to make him unusually hated. He was handsome, eloquent, and clever; but, the King aside, he was altogether faithless. And he was, besides, profuse, licentious, insolent, and greedy in no common degree. Many of his coadjutors detested him—among them the Iron Duke of Alva. Perez knew this; he knew the slender tenure of his power, and he knew the terrible advantage which his rivals would derive from such a story as that Escovedo had to tell. For him there was no alternative—the man must die. Nor was the adroit statesman at a loss for most excellent means of effecting his atrocious intent. It was only necessary that Escovedo should be silent a few days longer. And he was sufficiently so for the purpose. He did not hesitate, indeed, to blurt out pretty freely in a good many places all that he had seen; but some lingering respect for the wife of his old master, friendship perhaps for Perez, and, unquestionably, regard for the interests of his master, restrained him from executing his threat. Meanwhile Perez exerted all his keen intellect on the sinister materials at his command to exasperate the King and Council against the unfortunate agent, and with all the effect that even he could de-

sire: for it was solemnly decided by a Cabinet Council, called especially for the purpose, that, as a matter imperatively called for by the welfare of the state, Escovedo must be put to death. And with such malignant skill had Perez manipulated the evidence submitted to the Council that its President, the Marqués de los Velos, affirmed himself ready to pronounce for execution with the host between his lips, so deeply was he impressed with the dangerous character of the man Escovedo, and the necessity for his destruction. But the affairs of state that called thus remorselessly for death were equally urgent in demanding a secret execution—that is to say, an assassination. Philip therefore submitted the decision of his counselors to his excellent confessor the monk Diego Chaves, and that admirable casuist soon removed whatever small scruples might have lain concealed in the narrow heart of his penitent: "For," said he, "the prince who can justly punish his subjects by law may justly punish them without law, since he is above all law. One subject, therefore, may slay another at the command of his prince without any sin."

Perez was pitched upon to execute the sentence, and the moment he received his commission he proceeded to take his measures. Now these measures were very characteristic of the period. Scarce one of those singular crimes was perpetrated without numerous confidants and assistants. Thus a whole troop was employed to murder the Duke of Orleans in 1407, and a still larger number were associated to massacre the Duke of Burgundy some twelve years later. A host of nobles, with one hundred and sixty attendants, assembled to slay Rizzio. The murder of Darnley was confided to half the great men of Scotland. And the whole family of the Hamiltons was privy to the slaughter of the Regent Murray. Certainly Perez did not go quite so far as this, but still he went far enough. His major-duomo Diego Martinez, his squire Rodrigo de Morgado, and that, in those days, inevitable official in the establishment of the ambitious—his astrologer Pedro de la Exa, were his more immediate confidants. With them he discussed the projected murder, and by their aid he selected suitable instruments—not paltry scoundrels these, but bravoos of good birth (*personas de mas partes*), and therefore thoroughly worthy of the respectable office of stabbing a gentleman. It was first resolved to take Escovedo off by poison, and for this they had opportunities in plenty, since the intended victim was a frequent guest of Perez. Nor was the attempt made in the bungling fashion that has become so common of late. It was undertaken as deliberately and elaborately as any other important business. A professional toxicologist—one of a fraternity then very numerous and largely patronized—was fetched all the way from Aragon: an apothecary the witnesses call him—not exactly such a wretch as figures in *Romeo and Juliet*, but a respectable villain. And

neither expense nor trouble was spared to give ample scope and verge enough to his skill. Men were dispatched in all directions to seek out noxious herbs and potent drugs. And by the time he took his departure well rewarded, he had provided his employer with matters poisonous, in the shape of liquid and powder, sufficient to destroy half Madrid. Out of this infernal arsenal a liquid "fit to be given to drink," as the narrator quaintly phrases it, was selected for the first essay. But the page, Antonio Enriquez, who was designated to administer it, was not altogether destitute of conscience. "No," said this good youth, indignantly, "I will not be a murderer. I abhor the idea of dipping my hands in blood, and, so help me Heaven, will have no hand in poisoning any body unless my master give me the order." And give him the order Perez did, accompanied with many promises, sundry politic but very unnecessary reasons, and, what was more to the purpose, "something in hand the whiles." So the conscientious page went away, "much contented," to set about his part of the business. Accordingly, at dinner that very same day he was remarkably assiduous in waiting on Escovedo, and found means to pour a nutshellful of the liquid twice over into the secretary's glass. Dinner over, Escovedo took his leave, and the rest of the company sat down to play—a practice that was indulged in to a scandalous extent by the statesman and his friends. But before Perez could shuffle the cards with any gusto, he had first to be satisfied concerning the administration of the "water fit to be given to drink." This liquid, however, was by no means equal to the *aqua tofana*, afterward so renowned, or, as seems probable, Escovedo had one of those organizations which resist the assaults of poison, for he appeared to sustain no injury. A few days after he dined again with Perez, and this time they mixed him up a certain white powder like flour with a dish of cream, in addition to his quantum of the "water." He fell ill without guessing the reason, and while he kept his bed another respectable emissary, employed by his excellent friend—the son of Captain Juan Rubio, Governor of Malfi—wormed himself into the confidence of his cook, obtained the run of the kitchen, and managed very cleverly to deposit a thimbleful of the powder in Escovedo's broth. On this occasion the poison was detected before the sick man had tasted more than a mouthful of the food; but so cleverly had Perez managed that nobody entertained the slightest suspicion of his share in the work, and a female slave who had been employed to prepare the pottage was arrested and hung up directly—so quick and decided could the law be at times, even in Spain.

Poison having failed, it was now determined to try steel. So the conscientious page was dispatched into his native country, Catalonia, to find "a stiletto with a very thin blade—a weapon far superior to a pistol for murdering a man"—and a sure hand to wield it. And he

discharged the mission with great judgment, re-entering Madrid the very day of the slave's execution with the aforesaid delicate tool and his brother Miguel Bosque. Meanwhile Diego Martinez on his side had procured two determined Aragonese, Gil de Mesa, a devoted adherent of the Secretary's, and another ruffian named Insausti. To these were added the scullion, Juan Rubio, already mentioned, and the band was complete. The very next day, being the 24th of March, 1578, the major-duomo mustered his troop of rascals outside of Madrid, and armed them all with pistol and dagger. In addition to these weapons, Martinez, who seems to have had a decided taste for the artistic in matters murderous, presented them with an interesting instrument in the shape of a sword, broad-bladed and fluted on both sides up to the point. The tragedy was then planned out, and the parts duly apportioned. It was arranged that the whole of the bravos should assemble every evening in the little square of St. Jacobo: from thence they were to go and watch Escovedo's house, and whenever a favorable opportunity offered, do the deed. Insausti, Rubio, and Miguel Bosque were fixed on to strike the stroke, while the other three remained in reserve.

At last, after watching for a week, they met Escovedo, and slew him within twenty yards of his own house, on Easter-Monday evening—Insausti dealing the fatal stab with the aforesaid fluted sword. In less than an hour the murder was known from one end of the city to the other. The assassins escaped much as fugitives from the field of battle, several of them losing their weapons, and two their cloaks. The instrument of death, however, had been carried safely off, and was forthwith flung down a deep well. A messenger was dispatched to apprise Perez, who had gone to spend the holy-week at Alcala. He, when he heard of their success, and especially that nobody had been arrested, rejoiced exceedingly. The next step was to get the murderers out of the way, and that was taken at once. Well supplied with money or the means of obtaining it—Miguel Bosque, for instance, receiving 100 gold crowns, and Gil de Mesa a gold chain, a silver cup, and 400 gold crowns—all but the trusty major-duomo were hurried off to Aragon. There such of them as were not already provided for otherwise received each an ensign's commission and departed, Juan Rubio to Milan, Antonio Enriquez to Naples, and Insausti to Sicily. Nor was the prudence of Perez satisfied even then. Time after time nearly every one upon whom he could not place the thoroughest reliance was put out of the way. The astrologer died suddenly, and very opportunely, and so did the squire. Much about the same time Miguel Bosque gave up the ghost in Aragon, and Insausti in Sicily. In three or four years from the date of the crime but four of those who were immediately privy to it survived. Of these, three were as stanch as blood-hounds; as for the fourth, the conscientious page, he conceived such a terror of the

ubiquitous Perez that he found no rest until he gave himself up in 1584 as an informer.

Escovedo was no more, and Don John did not long survive him, breathing his last exactly six months after, in the centre of his camp, near Namur. He died of plague, said one party; of purple-fever, averred another; worn out with difficulties, disappointment, and vexation, declared a third; of poison, whispered a fourth. And the last opinion is our own. There remain, indeed, to confirm it, no confessions wrung out by torture or remorse, no damning secret instructions, no shameless declarations of defiant wickedness. But there is the character of Philip; there is the good cause which he had to fear and hate his brother; and there is the fact that by the victim's side stood that man of guarded tongue and iron heart, that merciless employer of political assassins, the terrible Duke of Parma. Nor was it merely among the vulgar herd that these dark suspicions flew about. We find them in all the best historians of the day. Bentivoglio mentions the current belief that the prince's death was more speedy than natural: "E quindi nacque l'opinione dispersa allora, ch'egli mancasse di morte aiutata più tosto che naturale." Cabrera details sundry ugly symptoms noticed during the post-mortem examination. And Herrera says, plainly: "Acabo su vida con gran sospecho de veneno"—("he lost his life with great suspicion of poison"). And if it be objected that these writers expressed themselves too obscurely to justify a decided opinion, we reply with an old anecdote: When that queer character, the Abbé Choisy, was writing the life of Charles VI., the Duke of Burgundy, who took some interest in his labors, asked him how he would contrive to express the madness of the king—"Sir, I will just say he was mad," replied the abbé; and his audacity in scorning the euphuisms in which matters like this were usually shrouded, out of respect to royalty, gained him no small credit. Now, if it was a ticklish thing to write a dead king down mad in the days of Louis le Grand, it must have been much more ticklish to write one down a poisoner sixty or seventy years earlier.

Escovedo was dead, but never did blood call for vengeance so pertinaciously as his. Thanks to the indiscretion of all the parties concerned, suspicion was at no loss to fix on the murderers. Every body said at once, Antonio Perez and the Princess of Eboli have done this thing. True, the latter made energetic efforts to turn attention from themselves. They circulated reports to the disadvantage of the slain man. They accused him of low vices, of insulting the wives and daughters of the populace, of indulging in all those propensities that tend to whet the knife of the Spanish plebeian. But to no purpose. Don John's secretary was one of those blunt, straightforward individuals that defy slander. These devices, then, were instantly seen through, and merely tended to strengthen universal opinion. The numerous enemies of the favorites—especially the fellow-Minister of Pe-

rez—were delighted with the affair, and they took good care that it should not be forgotten. Incited and supported by powerful personages—people who as yet kept in the back-ground—the widow and children of Escovedo openly accused Perez and the princess of the murder. They did more. They demanded and obtained an audience of the King, and besought vengeance on the favorites. Callous as was the age, and prolific of sanguinary characters, there were not many who could have acted like Philip. The trial of Bothwell, a few years before, was a very pretty farce in its way; but for consummate hypocrisy there is nothing in history to be compared to the conduct of the Spanish monarch on this occasion. Such a position would have been torture to a generous spirit; but, far from being annoyed, Philip actually appeared to enjoy it. So long as public opinion flowed on like this, he ran no risk of suspicion. That was a great consideration. And another as great lay in the fact that he could use the charge as a sort of mental rack and wheel to lacerate the feelings and break the spirit of these two envied favorites. Obeying the impulses of his mean and cruel nature, he made no attempt to silence the accusers, but listened with deep attention to their complaints, received their memorials, and promised them all that they could fairly demand—the amplest inquiry. For, bold and daring as they were in accusation, as yet they had no other evidence than that suggested by Machiavelli: If you would discover the author of a crime, inquire who was to profit by it.

No greater punishment could well have been inflicted on the pair than the sixteen months which elapsed between their crime and their disgrace. What had they not to bear in that time? Disappointment of every kind; remorse, and fear, and outraged feeling within; odium, and scorn, and degradation without. In vain they struggled to break away from their fate, in vain assailed the throne—the one confident in her rank and her attractions, the other in his precautions, and both in the monarch's complicity. At first they besieged the King for vengeance, then they besought peace; and finally entreated for leave to fly the court—no matter whither. But to every demand their master replied, with his equivocal pledge, "*I will never forsake you.*" Hour by hour their assailants grew bolder—to Philip as well as to themselves; expanding their hints into revelations, and venting their enmity in coarsest insult—like those of Matteo Vasquez, for instance, who scrawled the documents that passed between the offices with denunciations of Perez. And even for this the miserable tool could obtain no redress. He had to bear every thing. He dared not strike, he must not reply; he had not even the power of flight; and the bull was baited not a whit the less because forbidden to use his horns. Truly he must have envied Escovedo in his bloody grave.

At length the whole treacherous story was

unfolded to the royal ear, and what then? What then, when, after days of study, the perfidy of his favorites and the tool they had made him dawned upon the slow understanding of this "king of men?" With most monarchs of the period a short shrift and a sharp axe would have been the secretary's portion. But this one was incapable of manly vengeance. He delighted to kill indeed, but it must be by installments. Besides, policy recommended that the comedy should be played yet a little longer—at least until he had sure intelligence that Don John was no more; and as policy never found any difficulty in controlling those lukewarm passions, so the King went on dissembling to both sides, occasionally interfering to restrain the eagerness of the assailants with hypocritical censure, and to support the assailed with equally hypocritical comfort. The desired intelligence came at last; but even then he was not ready to strike. He could not punish the princess and spare the paramour; and before he could disgrace the latter it was necessary to provide a successor. Nor was this quite so easy as might be supposed. For, though there were many men in Spain fully qualified by ability for the post, there was not one who could adapt himself similarly to the disposition of the King. Therefore, in January, 1579, Cardinal Granville was summoned from Italy; but though he set out at once, he was delayed by various accidents until full six months went by before he set foot in Spain. Meanwhile Philip, with his usual duplicity, set himself to manufacture an excuse sufficiently plausible to account to those not behind the scenes for the disgrace of the favorites when the proper time should come; so, pretending to be wearied out with the everlasting complaints of the contending parties, he commanded them all to be reconciled. This was precisely what Vasquez and his friends did not want. Yet they dared not openly resist the King, who was as much an enigma to them as he was to their opponents. But though they appeared to acquiesce, they abated not one jot of their studied insolence and aggression. As for Perez and the princess, they obstinately refused all reconciliation, as, doubtless, it was intended they should. Indeed, the irritating conduct of their antagonists rendered any other course too humiliating to be thought of, unless in the very last extremity; and, considering that this model king was still in all outward respects the same to both as he had been for years before—still the apparently confiding, caressing master of the secretary, and still—yes, still, astonishing as it may appear—the lover of the princess!—that extremity appeared sufficiently distant. At length some unusual whiff of spite lifted for one short moment the heavy folds of dissimulation that enveloped this strange spirit, and gave the guilty ones a glimpse of the purpose that crouched in its gloomy recesses, and they consented, with much reluctance and many a bitter pang, "to swear a peace." The 29th of July was fixed

upon for this ceremony; and, now that they had subdued their pride so far, the harassed pair felt a relief that must have been something like happiness. But one short step divided them from security, and their feet were lifted to make it, when the ground that looked so firm melted like a mist, and down they went. Granville arrived on the 28th, and at eleven o'clock that night Philip issued his orders for the instant arrest of the princess and the secretary. The latter was at once taken into custody by the court *alcalde*, and the former was seized at the same instant and conveyed to the fortress of Pinto. The King himself, hidden under the porch of a neighboring church, witnessed the capture of his mistress; and when she was borne out of his sight, when the darkness swallowed up the guarded coach, and the trample of the horses died away from his ear, he retired in frowning silence to the palace, and spent the remainder of the night in pacing his cabinet—a demonstration of feeling never observed in him before or after.

From this time forward the princess disappears from the scene, and Perez occupies the whole width of the stage. For no less than twelve years we see him sinking lower and lower under the pertinacious assault of a revenge that loved to linger on its blows, and shrank from striking home. The slow progress of the law in those days, especially when put in motion against the rich and strong, the great events that occurred during the time, and the habits of Philip, who regularly spent twelve hours a day at the desk, reading every dispatch and every petition, and obstructing the multitudinous affairs of his wide dominions by attempting to direct them every one—these may be credited with a portion of this extraordinary delay. But by far the larger part must be ascribed to the skill with which the secretary had entangled his master in their mutual crime, and to the powers of defense, as unexpected as they were formidable, which adversity developed in him. For a long time Philip could not kill without seriously wounding himself; and, when at last his hand was free to stab, the object was no longer within reach. Philip was an inveterate scribe, who discussed *every* subject with his pen, and heaps of documents which committed him in a thousand things, notably in this affair of Escovedo's, were in the possession of Perez. The latter, therefore, was not to be dealt with seriously until they had deprived him of his armor of proof, and that was not the work of a moment. Not knowing well what to do with him, after a confinement of four months in the house of the *alcalde*, they allowed him to return home, and there he remained for the next six years under the very mildest form of arrest; frequenting every place of amusement, receiving visitors, indulging to the top of his bent in all his old profusion, and doing his utmost to work his way back into power. It was at last suggested that the ex-secretary might fairly be prosecuted for malversation: and such an in-

quiry was at once set on foot. It opened in May, 1582, and lasted until January, 1585. During its course it was clearly proved that Perez had been in the pay of most of the petty princes of Italy, that he had sold offices—captaincies, governments, and commissions—innumerable, and that he had received bribes from all sorts of suitors, until he, a man absolutely without any hereditary fortune, came to outshine in all respects—jewels, house, and retinue—the most magnificent of the Spanish nobility. Nor did the commissioners confine their inquiries to matters like these. A great portion of their time was occupied in prying into his connection with the Princess of Eboli; and their labors were concluded by sentencing the ex-Minister to reimburse the Eboli family to the amount of £7000 or £8000, for the presents which he had received from the princess; to pay a fine of equal amount to the King; to be imprisoned for two years in a fortress; and to be banished for ten years from the court. Most people fancied that this was the end of the dreary affair; but it proved to be merely the beginning. The moment the gates of Toruegano closed behind him his foes set to work to secure his papers. These were demanded from his wife; she refused to give them up. They imprisoned her, and as she still refused threatened her with the harshest treatment; but she remained inflexible. Her liberty, however, was indispensable to Perez, for she was his principal agent, and a most enthusiastic and faithful one she remained to the last. So he consented to ransom her by surrendering the coveted documents. Accordingly he obtained a safe-conduct for the trusty Diego Martinez, who had vanished on his master's disgrace; and this man delivered two trunks locked and sealed into the hands of the King's confessor. Great was Philip's triumph. He felt that his vengeance had now at last full scope—not knowing that Martinez had carefully sifted the papers and abstracted the most valuable. He had ruined Perez, but that was nothing to what he meditated. The ex-secretary had served his own purpose in the matter of Escovedo, and now the King would very similarly serve his in this same matter by bringing Perez to the gibbet for it. Never was there a better verification of the text, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you again." So it was determined to prosecute Perez at once for the murder. His business done, the major-domo prepared to return to his refuge. But the court had no notion of parting with him so easily. Two years had worn away in this struggle for the documents, and 1587 was drawing to a close. Vasquez and his confederates had already got hold of one formidable witness, the conscientious page. But a second was indispensable to secure conviction, and they had long been in search of one. They knew that the poison-vendor and the scullion were somewhere in Aragon, and they had made many vigorous efforts—some of them not very honor-

able—to get possession of one or other. But the trusty Gil de Meza took good care to frustrate every attempt. Another—and if he would but speak, the most valuable of all—was now within their grasp; and, in spite of the safe-conduct, it closed tightly upon him. But Martinez was a very different sort of man to Enriquez; and when the two were confronted, he assailed the ex-page with such a torrent of invective as absolutely struck him dumb. Threaten, cajole, or torture as they would, they could get nothing out of this faithful man, and so they were again at a stand-still. But neither Philip nor his creatures would accept defeat; and since they could not obtain the requisite testimony by other means, it was determined to extract it by fraud or force from Perez himself. And fraud, as the more congenial engine, was the first to be employed. Accordingly the ever-ready confessor, Chaves, came forward and penned long letters to Perez, full of equivocation, casuistry, every kind of negative falsehood, and all base arguments, as inducements to confession. But Perez was too old a bird to be caught with chaff like that. So another and a deeper scheme was devised to train the unhappy statesman to his ruin. Meanwhile all honorable men revolted at these long and perfidious proceedings. They loved not Perez indeed, but, on the other hand, they hated the means that were being used for his destruction. So, having remonstrated in vain with the King, they put themselves in communication with the Escovedos, and soon induced these people to come to terms with the ex-secretary, the more easily as the former clearly saw that however the case went, it was not likely to benefit them. In consideration, then, of receiving 20,000 ducats they retired from the prosecution, October 2, 1589; and, so far as the principals were concerned, the proceedings were at an end. This event, however, did not influence Philip or his advisers for a moment. Still intent on tempting Perez to criminate himself, they drew up a document to the following effect: "That Antonio Perez acted by the will and consent of his Majesty in the murder of Juan Escovedo; that it was necessary that this consent should be declared and its causes explained *in order to aid the discharge of the prisoner*; and that his Majesty permitted Antonio Perez to declare and explain these things accordingly." This document, signed by the King, and fortified by all the arguments they could devise, was placed before Perez no less than seven different times in January and February, 1590. But he still refused to commit himself. Fraud had failed utterly, and now nothing remained but force. On the 22d of February, therefore, Perez was put to the torture, and that so mercilessly that it was evident they meant to rend him limb from limb should he still refuse to confess. At last, after unusual endurance, he consented to open his stubborn lips and acknowledge the murder; but to the last he represented the deed as a pure affair of state, and himself the docile instrument of the King.

The disgrace of Perez, his ruin, his imprisonment, and finally his torture, might all have been witnessed, not merely without sympathy but even with general approval, had they followed hard upon the heels of his crime. But thus studiously prolonged through half a generation, they begat a general revulsion of feeling which the last act brought to a climax. "What!" said the courtiers, "a noble, a minister of state, an intimate of the King's, tortured like a common thief! and wherefore?" Henceforth no one felt safe. And so boldly were the murmurs uttered that they were heard even from the pulpit of the royal chapel. Indeed from that 22d of February forward, Perez had no enemies in Spain but the King and a few of his Majesty's familiars. Under these circumstances it would have been imprudent to have hurried to the last act of the tragedy. Besides, Perez was prostrated with fever brought on by bodily and mental anguish: and partly in deference to public opinion, partly to preserve him for the gibbet, his wife and friends were allowed access to his cell. Hovering between life and death, as he seemed to be for weeks, the vigilance of his jailers relaxed, and on the night of the 20th of April he managed to escape, like the Earl of Nithsdale and Lavalette, in the dress of his wife. The devoted Gil de Meza was waiting close at hand with horses, and, mounting along with him, Perez never drew bridle until he reached Aragon, after a ride of thirty Spanish leagues. There, thanks to the peculiar laws of the country, he was safe. But he did not rely implicitly upon them, and took sanctuary at Calatayud, in the convent of St. Peter the Martyr. All rejoiced but the King, and he, for once in his life, was furious. He cast the whole of the Perez family into prison, not sparing even the infants, nor did they come out again for many a long year. He dispatched an order into Aragon commanding his officers to seize the fugitive alive or dead. And he hurried on the proceedings of the court at Madrid, which, in the astonishingly short period of three months, published its sentence, condemning Perez to be hanged, his head to be fixed on a spike, and his whole property to be confiscated.

Meanwhile a terrible drama was going on in Aragon. The officers of the King attempted to drag Perez from his asylum; and the officers of the kingdom—a very different body of men—roused by the indefatigable Gil de Meza, marched in hot haste from Saragossa to protect him. Backed by the people, who knew how to value their laws, the latter prevailed, and carrying Perez with them to the capital, immured him, as one charged with high crimes and misdemeanors, but really for his safety, in the public prison. There Philip commenced proceedings against him according to the forms of the country, charging him with murdering Escovedo, betraying state secrets, and breaking out of prison. But Philip soon became aware of two extremely disagreeable things: in the first place, that nobody could be condemned in Ar-

agon without a really fair trial, in open court, and before an independent tribunal; and in the second place, that Perez had withheld a number of terribly significant documents: consequently these charges were soon abandoned. But not so the trial. He was next arraigned for poisoning his squire and his astrologer; and when this charge broke down, as it did speedily for lack of evidence, he was immediately accused of malversation in his office, and application was made to have the trial transferred to the King's court. But Perez had no difficulty in proving that the law under which this application was made applied only to such officers as had been employed at the period of their offense in Aragon, and so this last attempt failed even more signally than the others. But one resort was now left to the vindictive King, and that was to bring Perez under the terrible jurisdiction of the Inquisition. Now Perez, like most men of the South, was accustomed to speak strongly under excitement, dealing with sacred things in a way that is common enough in Spain and Italy, but which bears to us Englishmen a most uncomfortable seeming of blasphemy. And selections from his conversation of this stamp were committed to writing, and transmitted to that master casuist, Chaves, who soon managed to distill from them the rankest heresy, after the form and manner following: Antonio Perez being requested not to speak ill of Don John of Austria, made this reply: "Since the King has accused me of betraying his secrets and garbling his letters, I must justify myself without reference to other people, and if God the Father obstructed me in my way I would cut off his nose." Remarks like this might have been heard a hundred times a day in Madrid, without exciting any sensation. But Chaves cared nothing for that; it was a part of his business to find heresy any where at a moment's notice, and it must be confessed that he was master of his craft. "This proposition," wrote he, "inasmuch as it says, If God the Father was a hindrance he would have his nose cut off, savors of the heresy of the Vaudois, who pretend that God is human and has corporeal members. Nor can it be urged in excuse that Christ has a body and members, since the question here is not concerning Christ, but the first person of the Holy Trinity." In this way Chaves, with the help of some reading, a great want of scruple, and a little ingenuity, soon made out Perez, as he would have made out any one else, a heretic of the very deepest dye. Fortified by this precious opinion the inquisitors of Saragossa decided that Perez should be committed to their private prison; but this was far more easily said than done. The Aragonese had little love for the Inquisition; they were jealous of their boasted *fueros* (laws), and at that particular juncture Perez was everywhere regarded as representing these *fueros* in all their power and purity. Besides, Perez had several old friends in Saragossa, and since his arrival he had made a good many new ones;

and these were always on the watch to rouse the mob on the first indication of treachery or violence on the part of the royal agents. Nor was their care at all superfluous; for Philip had many adroit agents in the city, notably the Marquis of Almenara. Indeed, from the moment Perez set foot in the kingdom the Marquis, as in duty bound, had been busy intriguing against him, and had managed at last to gain over some of the principal magistrates, at least so far as to agree that the fugitive should be handed over to the officers of the Inquisition. They would not, indeed, allow Perez to be spirited away at night, or without the forms of law. But they made the matter nearly as safe. The alguacils came before them at an unusually early hour, got possession of the prisoner, and were in the very act of carrying him off when they were noticed by three gentlemen devoted to Perez. These, however, were not prepared to stay them, and so in a very short time the much-hunted prisoner was secure in the strong fortress of the Aljaferia. The Inquisition had him fast, but it did not keep him long. Meantime Saragossa was all astir as it had not been for many a day before. "Contra fuero," "Liberty," "To the rescue"—well-known signals all of riot and rebellion—rang in every direction, and, with the loud clang of the tocsin, soon roused up the city and filled the market-place in front of the prison with a mighty mob. A few words from one of the adherents of Perez divided this mob into two. The one streamed rapidly out of the city toward the Aljaferia, and the other hurried off to the palace of the Marquis of Almenara, who was rightly credited with the mischief. The Marquis shut his gates, and well he might, for the crowd was about as ugly a one as ever threatened an unpopular gentleman. Great stones, sledge-hammers, and arquebus-shots were hurled in plenty at his doors; but these, constructed in the stormy days of the Beaumonts and Agramonts, resisted the onset well. The mob, however, got in at last by stratagem and seized their prey. With the view of saving his life—not worth many days' purchase just then—somebody proposed that he should be led to prison, and the multitude, as usual, agreed with the last speaker. But the leading rioters did not mean that he should escape, and before they had got a furlong on the way a terrible cry was raised and taken up by nearly every voice: "Body of God, kill him, kill him!" ("*Muera, cuerpo de Dios!*") And no sooner said than done: he was struck and trampled on in an instant, and would have been slain outright but for the gallant interference of a few gentlemen, who charged through the tumult and dragged the Marquis by main force from under the heels of his assailants, all battered and bloody, to die a fortnight after of his wounds. As in all similar cases, the taste of blood rendered the rioters altogether ungovernable. Fortunately for themselves Philip's creatures were soon close in hiding, and, having no one else upon whom to vent their wrath, the mob surrounded the palace

of justice, and, yelling, threatening, brandishing pike and arquebus, and frequently discharging shots in alarming proximity to the ears of those pale and learned pundits, they kept the magistrates in mortal terror for three or four long hours. As for the other division, it had failed to storm the Aljaferia. And there it remained, surging against the massy walls and yelling furiously. But, confident in their strong-hold, the inquisitors within paid them little attention. The leaders of the crowd, indeed, had sent for cart-loads of wood to burn down the gates, but before this expedient could be tried the prisoner was free. Messenger after messenger, each more pressing than the other, galloped from the city and besought his release as the only means of averting a general massacre. And the inquisitors, unwilling to make themselves responsible for such a catastrophe, at last, but very reluctantly and with many anathemas, consented. Perez was borne back to the city in triumph, and deposited in his old quarters, and the mob dispersed without doing further mischief. The magisterial costume, however, stood in sad need of repairs after that day's work.

Philip never did any thing in a hurry, and besides, he had just then quite enough upon his hands—including three great wars, half a dozen little ones, and several rebellions. Neither would it have been wise to have thrown such a people as the Aragonese into the hands of Henry IV., as he might have done very easily had he ventured on strong measures while their blood was up. For he knew right well that Perez—this man whom he himself had rendered so desperate and dangerous—had formed a large party among the younger nobles; that he was plotting to sever Aragon from the Spanish crown—as a republic, a kingdom, any thing so that it should no longer obey the rule of the hated Philip; and that he had already begun to take measures for securing such support as France could give. He resolved, therefore, to compromise matters, and the Aragonese were disposed to meet him at least half-way. The wiser among them were alarmed by the projects of Perez; they knew that during three long, and so far constitutional reigns, the people had lost their warlike habits; and they were perfectly aware of the overwhelming force which Philip could direct against them. But though inclined to overlook the riot, the latter was now more than ever determined to get Perez into his hands, or what was much the same thing, into the claws of the Inquisition. And the Aragonian lawyers, eager to conciliate the monarch, soon found out a way of evading the *fueros*. In vain Perez scattered inflammatory pamphlets and broadsheets by thousands among the people, for he was a ready and trenchant writer; in vain he protested against the legal decision, and appealed to the generous feelings of the people. Fierce feelings had by this time cooled down, and while many of his own adherents fell away altogether, and more became lukewarm, a strong party among the upper

classes declared dead against him. So, paying little attention to his petitions and his pamphlets, the authorities went on with their preparations for transferring him quietly to the Inquisition. Hopeless of all other means, Perez then attempted to break out of prison. He procured a file and worked for three nights at the grating of his cell; but he was betrayed in the very moment of success, and removed to a stronger dungeon. Then, at last, his hitherto irrepressible spirit sank, and for the next few days he sat cowering in a corner, begirt by threatening phantoms. His surrender was fixed for the 24th of September, 1591, and on the 20th one of the inquisitors wrote, exulting, "that there was no longer any danger to be dreaded, since the nobles were mostly gained and the common people would be too busy with the vintage to interfere." At eleven o'clock on the day appointed the authorities, attended by a troop of arquebusiers and the governor at the head of his guards, set out for the prison. At the palace of the viceroy they were joined by a great many lords and gentlemen, with their vassals at their backs, all completely armed. On they went to the market-place, which, as well as the principal streets, had been lined with troops ever since daybreak. As yet all had gone well; the spectators looked calmly on, and neither sign nor sound betokened an outbreak. Perez was being fettered previous to his removal to the carriage that was to carry him off, and the authorities were in the act of congratulating one another on their easy success, when a roar as of many waters burst upon their ears. It grew louder and nearer, and in a twinkling the troops that had guarded the streets were hurled into the square, followed close by a furious mob in full rebellion. The indefatigable Gil de Meza and a few more steady friends were at its head. Without a moment's hesitation they charged the squadrons drawn up before the prison door, and these, Aragonese all, with little heart for the business in hand, took to their heels. Noble and vassal followed their excellent example, some flying through the narrow streets, some over the house-tops, and in ten minutes more Perez was on horseback, riding at top speed for the Pyrenees. He made no attempt, however, to cross, for this last event had given new life to his dark schemes, and so in a day or two he went back to hiding in Saragossa.

The last act of the tragedy began. The authorities hastened to exculpate themselves, enlarging on their devotion to the royal cause and on the risks they had encountered. Philip listened quietly to these excuses. A deputation came to sue for a pardon. He received it without anger and dismissed it without a threat. But he gathered rapidly a powerful force on the frontiers of Aragon, under the command of a thoroughly trusty chief, Don Alonzo de Vargas. Much alarmed, the Cortes met in haste, and if words could avail to avert the perils that threatened, Aragon would have been

safe, for, so far as words could go, the Cortes took every possible precaution. They remonstrated with and threatened the King; preached union and patriotism to the people; and condemned Vargas and his men to death should they dare to enter the kingdom. Philip did not attach much value to all this bluster. But he dissembled and prevaricated, as usual, to the last. The army, he said, was intended for France; their privileges ran no risk; he always meant to maintain their *fueros* strictly inviolate, and so forth. But still the troops marched on. Perez, though in hiding, was not idle, and the Aragonese were not all demented: so the irresolute legislature was at last induced to take some positive measures for defense. But these were precisely such as might have been expected. As Vargas approached Saragossa a small and untrained force under timorous chiefs marched out with faltering steps and slow to oppose him; but as soon as this precious band came in sight of the royal army the captains turned their backs and ran away without ceremony, and as a matter of course the rank and file dispersed in disorder. Vargas occupied the city without opposition on the 12th of November, and Perez, flying over the Pyrenees this time, reached Bearn the same day in company with all those who were not stricken with judicial blindness.

For more than a month every thing apparently went on smoothly. Negotiators passed to and fro, the Aragonese addressing and Philip replying after the old fashion. Meanwhile, not a single arrest was made, though the city was occupied by 15,000 veterans. At last the pent-up torrent of vengeance was let loose. On the 18th of December Don Gomez Vasques, the Royal Commissioner, and his worthy coadjutor Dr. Lanzi, the Jeffries of Aragon, reached Saragossa, and before the day was over every prison in the place was filled to overflowing. And they were emptied just as fast. The commander of the army that did not fight was the first to die, being beheaded without trial within six hours of his arrest, and for days the headsman's axe was never for an instant at rest. Every one, high or low, who could by any quibble be brought within his reach, Lanzi sent to death; the very executioner was hung by his assistant. Royal vengeance was sated at last. And then that of the Inquisition had its turn. But so many of its destined victims had already fallen, that with all their industry its emissaries could condemn no more than a paltry group numbering seventy-nine.

As for the *fueros*, we hear of them no more; they were blotted out with blood. And Antonio Perez? Distrusted wherever he went, pining for his family, loathing exile, hankering to the last after power and always disappointed, never out of penury, sometimes in absolute want, he wandered restlessly to and fro on the face of the earth for another twenty years, dying at last, an utterly broken man, in the arms of the faithful Gil de Meza.

MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER I.

RETROSPECT; AND MIST.

IT is a wet Sunday evening in the leaden heart of London. I am now in the Bloomsbury region; and perhaps I need hardly say that nothing on earth could be more dull, dingy, and unpicturesque in itself than the prospect from my windows. Yet just now, in the deepening gloom of a rainy dusk, I seem to look on something not unlike one of the most picturesque and romantic scenes whereon my eyes have ever rested. "Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten;" but the ridges of the houses opposite begin to show through the steaming mist fantastically like the outlines of the hills I used to see every day years ago, and the broad blank lying between me and over the way may easily enough seem filled by the stretch of bay I have watched when it lay wild and drear on the wet evenings of late autumn like this. The kindly, loving, artistic fog and rain, which now hide all but the faint and softened outlines of our street, have done this for me; and lo! in Bloomsbury I am looking upon sea and hill once more. The very sounds of London city-life come to help out the illusion. That cry of the oysterman below is a good deal more like the scream of some sea-bird than most theatrical imitations are like the reality. The church-bells clinking and tolling for evening service are to me now the bell of the church to which I used to be conducted when a boy on Sundays, and with which so many of the associations of my after-life inevitably connect themselves. It used to be a dreadful ceremonial, that service, to us boys, on the fine Sundays of summer. It was bad enough in winter; but in summer it became unspeakably more torturing. There was a window in the church close to where we used to sit—poor little weary, yawning martyrs—and the branches of an elm flapped unceasingly on the panes. Tantalus-torture was it to watch the tender, lucent leaves, free in the glorious air of May or June, as they flickered across the window, and seemed to whisper of the blue sky and the shingly strand and the waves of transparent emerald which they could see and we could not; while the organ pealed and the clergyman preached the long sermon to which we never listened. I do not know how it is, that when I thus sit alone of nights and do not feel inclined to read, or steadily to go to work at something, every object I see, flame, cloud, or even chimney-pot, reminds me in an indescribable, irresistible way, of some object belonging to the dear, dull little sea-port town where I, Emanuel Temple Banks, was born some five-and-thirty years ago.

I have now written my full name, but it is long since I have been known otherwise than as Emanuel Temple. I pruned my name down to its present brevity for reasons which shall be

explained in due time. I was called "Emanuel Temple" because my mother had a proper womanly objection to commonplace or vulgar names, and since we could call ourselves nothing better than Banks, resolved that we should at least have euphonious and elegant Christian names. Therefore, instead of becoming, as was suggested, John Banks and Peter Banks, my brother and I became Emanuel Temple Banks and Theodore Eustace Banks respectively. I scarcely know by what process Theodore Eustace and myself were brought up. We were the only children—I the elder by a year—and my father died when I was six years old. He had owned fishing-boats, and was doing well, until, at the instigation of my mother, he unfortunately took to immature building speculations, and failed accordingly, fishing-boats and all going down in the land-wreck. Indeed, my poor father did not remain long after the ruin of his venture, and my mother had to live by making gloves and trying to let lodgings. She had been a genteel woman of her class at one time; and being engaged in one of the few pretentious millinery shops in our little town, was regarded by her friends as having made quite a sort of *mésalliance* when she married my father, who was then only a good-looking young boat-builder, with a fine voice for singing. She was very sentimental then, was poor mother—so she has often told me—and those were the days when the heart of sentimental womanhood was divided between the *Corsair* and the *Lady of the Lake*. My mother loved both, but leaned to the *Corsair*; and found a resemblance between that hero and my father. To her latest days she was fond of repeating whole strings of "My own Medora," and Ellen and James Fitzjames—and I doubt much whether *Locksley Hall* and *Maud* are often recited and raved about and glorified in the shops of provincial milliners just now. Poetry and romance seem to have taken a terrible grip of the female heart at that time, and to have released the squeeze in our days.

Besides being romantic, my mother was likewise religious—a combination which also does not seem to flourish in our time. Heaven only knows how painfully she labored and strove to give and get us some education in religion and poetry. She loved her sons dearly, weakly, and her most passionate prayer of nights was that they might never, never leave her. The dearest wish and ambition of her heart would have been that one of the two might become a gentle clergyman, and the other, whatever his ordinary pursuits, a church-warden. If she had lived until now, oh! what a Ritualist she would have been! Her prayers for the future of her sons were not even half granted. One of the sons went, very young, to America, and became a Rationalist. The other came up to London and turned opera-singer.

As soon as I could write a decent hand some good-natured person got me a situation in the office of an attorney and land-agent. I began as the youngest and lowest of clerks—a sort of cross between a messenger and a scrivener's apprentice—never, of course, intended to develop into that pretentious grub the articulated clerk, who in his time develops into the attorney. I had five shillings a week to begin with, and I think the head clerk had a hundred and fifty pounds a year. Perhaps, but for subsequent events, I might have worked up to hold that position, and receive that emolument, in my turn. Indeed, I mounted very steadily up to thirty shillings a week, but there I stopped and got off the ladder. Before I had attained that eminence, however, my brother, who had tried one or two situations unsuccessfully, and was always alarming my mother with his longing and projects for going to sea, compromised matters by resolving to seek his fortune in America. My mother had to consent at last—indeed, hard times allowed her no choice—and some poor outfit was scraped together. It was arranged that I must stay at home and work for mother until her sons should become wealthy men, when we were to live in one country and one home, and she was to keep house for both. We had much crying and feeble keeping-up of each other's spirits, and we parted full of grief, but not without hope. Theodore Eustace took with him the latch-key of our door, with which he used to let himself in of nights, promising himself and us that he would return before long, laden, doubtless, with wealth, arrive unexpectedly, and opening the door softly, steal in upon my mother and me as we sat some evening by the fire and talked of him.

He wrote to us when he got a situation in a dry-goods store, Broadway, New York, and very soon after, when he lost it; when he went out next and became successively a hawker, a railway-clerk, a photographer, an electro-biologist, a newspaper correspondent, and a farmer. In each successive calling he was most positively to succeed, and to make up for all the time—never very much, that was one comfort—which he had lost in the vocation just abandoned. He never remitted any thing except a sketch of a forest clearing, and a dried mosquito as a specimen of the animal life of the New World. I think my mother placed the mosquito's corpse tenderly in her bosom. He has sown all his wild oats long since. He was lately married for the third time, and I believe got money, or property of some sort, with each of the wives. He was just the sort of bright, exuberant, reckless, blundering, soft-hearted fellow whom a certain kind of women, and all dogs, and all animals of tender natures indeed, instinctively take to. He has many children, and is well-to-do now and steady. He still writes, although at long intervals. He says he has the latch-key still, which I doubt—Theodore Eustace was seldom very literal in his statements. But even if he has, it will never open the door for which he

meant to use it. Were he to return to our old street, so sunny and pleasant in summer, with its glimpse of the sea through every lane, he would find no creature there whom once he knew; and the place itself would know him no more. The little row of houses in which we lived has been pulled down long since to make way for more pretentious habitations—marine residences, semi-detached villas, sea-side boarding-houses, and the like. In my own season of success I often contemplated a tour through America as a "star." I thought of setting New York wild with admiration, filling my brother's heart with ecstasy, and cramming his house with presents. Something, however, always intervened to postpone the journey, and before I had finally made up my mind the best of my voice had gone, and my reputation was pulled down, like our old house, to make way for a new erection upon a more secure basis.

From my father I had inherited a good voice, *et præterea nil*. There are families through which a good voice appears to move in order of primogeniture; and I have observed that a fine tenor, thus bequeathed, rarely seems an inheritance which brings much worldly providence or prosperity. My father was always under the impression that he only wanted a lucky chance to have made him another Incledon, who was of course his hero, and whose rolling, quavering, florid style, unknown to this generation, he did his best to imitate. I can not help thinking the fishing-boats and the building speculations would have fared a good deal better if my father had had no more voice than a grasshopper, and had therefore found no admiring idlers to persuade him that he was another Incledon. However, it is quite certain that at an early age my voice became remarkable; and some of my father's whilom admiring idlers did generously take me in hand and provide me with not very inadequate training. My mother's dread of my developing power was turned into confidence and pride when I began to sing in the choir of our church on Sundays. I paused not in my progress until I had actually been promoted to the post of *primo tenore* there, at a remuneration of twenty pounds a year.

This seemed to us what sea-coast people call "the third wave" of promise, on which we were to be safely lifted into prosperity. But it came a little too late. My mother's life had long been on the wane. Grief, anxiety, poverty, late long sewing, had been doing for years their combined best with her, and at last she utterly broke down. I was nineteen-years old when I found myself watching, in the gray of a cold spring morning, with our clergyman and one or two kindly old women, by the side of the bed in which my mother recovered at last from all sickness and all sorrow. A pale, wan ray of the rising sun gleamed upon the cold face whereon so little of the sunshine of happiness had rested. A quaint little burial-ground clings and straggles along the side of one of the hills which rises over the bay. You may count ev-

ery tombstone and grave-hillock from the deck of any of the fishing-boats that toss in the surf beneath. Many a monument is erected there by the widow of some lost skipper or mate in memory of the husband whose bones have been tossed ashore on some Pacific island, or have been gnawed and mumbled by the Arctic bear. There we laid my mother, disturbing for the purpose some of the ashes which had been confined when my father was buried. I came away from the grave alone. The scene I saw as I turned away is before me now. I see it clearly—as clearly as then. The hills—we used to think them mountains—that embraced the long, narrow stretch of bay in their arms; the far line of the horizon; the straggling white town just under my feet; the strand whereon lay the hauled-up fishing-boats; the merchant-brigs and the coal-schooners anchored; the one war-sloop; the tree-tufted summit of one hill, conspicuous among its bare and bald companions; and over all the gray sky breaking faintly into sunlight—as over my own life the mist of sadness and loneliness just breaking a little with the purple light of youth.

I am not going to write of my grief and loneliness. I suffered bitterly and heavily, but the passing away of a year or so softened the grief into a gentle memory. At twenty I was full of hope and spirits again, secretly perhaps even proud of my desolate independence, and believing myself a personage of rare endowments, destined to some special and wonderful career. But because of my mother's death, and other and earlier associations too, the gray days of spring have always worn for me the most melancholy and dispiriting aspect. I see the early spring, not in budding brightness, and beauty, and hope, as poetical people tell me they see it, but dim, dreary, boding, suggestive of loneliness, associated with partings, graves, and death.

CHAPTER II.

CHRISTINA BRAUN.

I WAS, then, an attorney's clerk all the weekdays up to five or six o'clock, and a singer of sacred music every Sunday—a singer in that same little church the sermons and the bough-shaded windows of which used to distract me so when a boy.

I was growing a sort of little celebrity in our small town because of my voice and my supposed musical genius. I mean that I was getting to be known among all that small middle class whose highest reach toward society was the patronage of the clergyman's wife or the attorney and his family. Our town was divided morally, and indeed one might say geographically, into three sections. There were "the townspeople"—ourselves—who lived in the streets on what I may call the middle terrace of the ascent on which chance had placed us. We were all traders, shop-keepers, clerks, mas-

ter carpenters, a few engineers, two or three teachers of French and music, a good many principals of small English schools, a good many civil servants of the unpretending class. Beneath us stretched, reaching to the water's edge, and straggling away rather toward the rising sun, a lower plateau of population, consisting of public house keepers, rope-makers, block-makers, fishermen, sailors, and nondescript poor people of all kinds—poor people avowing and indeed going in for pauperism. Above us, and stretching away westward, were the villas and mansions of the gentry, the swells who only came into the town to buy at the shops, or to reach the sea. Of these it is enough to say—for this story has little to do with the aristocracy of the earth—that a nobleman who owned nearly all the country round and half the town was the apex of the pyramid, and the base was formed by the fashionable doctor of our district, the attorney in whose office I worked, two or three clergymen, the collectors of customs and excise, and a few retired naval officers. Now these three sections were each a world to itself. Nobody on the higher plateau knew any thing about us except as people who made things or had things to sell; we knew little of the lower plateau except in an equally general sort of way. Therefore when I say that I was becoming a sort of small celebrity, I mean of course only in my own middle sphere. The gentlemen and ladies above knew and cared just as much about me and my like as the tarry lads of the lower town did, or indeed as the crabs and star-fish on the beach might have done. If any grand personage or grand personage's wife had been attracted by my singing at church some day, and had been good enough to ask the clergyman who the singer was, the answer would have been, "Only a young man from the town," and that would have settled the matter. That was enough to know; that was all any body could want to know.

But I was getting to be talked about among people of my own world. I used to be invited out to small evening parties, where, lonely as I was—and at this period having reached the cynical stage, and being professedly scornful of earth's joys—I went very delightedly. I bought kid gloves, and wore my collar turned down. Those were not days when even a musical aspirant could venture upon a mustache in a town like ours, or I doubt not that I would have wrestled with Nature to extract by unknown philters and essences the precious ornament from her gift. Of course I was a good deal vain of my voice and my personal appearance. Kind Heaven, which had taken from me so much that was dear, had left me youth's delicious consolation—vanity. Had I not been such a self-conceited ass just then, I must needs have been very unhappy.

We used to practice—we did not call it "rehearsing"—three or four times a week in the choir of the church, the organist being intrusted

with the keys for the purpose. "We" were generally four. First was Miss Griffin, the organist, who could sometimes pipe a flat and feeble note of her own. Miss Griffin was a spinster fast falling into years—nay, it seemed to me then quite stricken in years, although I know now that she could not have been far past thirty. But she was very old-maidenish in appearance, with dull hair done into old-fashioned spiral ringlets; a sharp-nosed and perhaps frosty, but withal very kindly, little dowdy. Next in years—but with such an interval!—came our bass, a stout young fellow, son of a master carpenter. Then came the tenor, Emanuel Temple Banks; and last came the soprano, a girl of German parentage and birth, Christina Braun.

Christina, I should think, was then just a little younger than myself. She was the daughter of a German toy-maker, who—half mechanist, half artist, whole dreamer—had striven to make and sell playthings of a new kind, with a scientific, philosophical, and moral purpose about them, for the æsthetical entertainment and culture of children. The philosophical toy-maker did not succeed in winning much of the sympathy of our town for his refined and lofty purpose. He failed altogether, became bankrupt, gave up all struggle thenceforward, and resigned the conduct of existence into the hands of his daughter, who sang in churches and chapels and elsewhere for the means of living.

I used to think Christina a wonderful young person because she had been born in Germany and could speak German. She had at this time been many years in England, and must have been quite a child when she left her native country. We used to pronounce her name as if it were similar in sound with the name of the familiar substance sold in pork-shops. Being at this time of my life still rather shy so far as girls were concerned, I knew little or nothing of Miss Braun for months and months, but that she had a strong voice and fine eyes, and that she had a happy capacity for talking freely enough when any one chose to speak, and remaining contentedly silent when no one did so choose. She was a remarkable girl to look at. She had a great fleece of fair hair thrown back off her forehead, and only kept up in some way or other from falling about her shoulders and waist, which, indeed, it did more than once in the choir, to the great annoyance and scandal of Miss Griffin, who, I think, by the look that came into her eyes, always regarded this little mischance as a pure piece of coquetry. Christina had beautiful, deep-shining eyes, dark gray in color—much darker, indeed, than the tinge of her hair would have led one to expect. She had a bright complexion and a rather large mouth, from which issued when she sang a strange and almost startling voice: we used to consider it somewhat coarse. I don't think I thought her a handsome girl; I rather fancy she seemed to me all hair and eyes. But I have hardly any distinct impression of our earliest meetings, and I positively can not by any

effort of memory recall my first sight of one who afterward exercised such an influence over my life, and whom I once so deeply loved. There is no mystery about the story I purpose to tell, and I make known at once that every thing in my existence which is worth recording is in some way associated with the memory of Christina Braun.

We four, then—Miss Griffin, our basso, Christina, and I—used to foregather in the church choir of evenings; and after having practiced as we considered long enough, would very often conclude by going to Miss Griffin's to tea, and there compensating ourselves with the newest operatic pieces for our enforced devotion to sacred music. Miss Griffin and her mamma taught music, and some of their pupils used to help us out occasionally with duets, trios, choruses, and the like. I remember nothing particular about the mamma, except that she was an odd, vivacious, flighty little old personage, who could speak French. I don't know why she considered it proper always to address Christina Braun in French, or why she assumed that a German girl must necessarily be able to understand that language. But she always did so. "*Eh bien, Christina, chère petite,*" was her usual greeting; and during the course of any conversation, if she had occasion to address a word to the tall and plump *chère petite*, Mrs. Griffin always lapsed into French, and Christina, with perfect docility and gravity, as regularly replied in the same tongue, which she seemed to speak with fluency.

Sometimes I was the only gentleman among all these ladies; and this, perhaps, may partly account for the slight attention I used to bestow upon Christina Braun. Our bass singer did not always come with us to Miss Griffin's, and even when he did he was not much of a squire of dames or demoiselles. On entering the little drawing-room—first-floor front, over a bonnet-shop—he usually laid his hat somewhere on the ground, sat on the edge of a chair, swallowed his tea, bending far over the table for the purpose, and generally said nothing more than "Yes, miss," or "No, miss," in answer to any question addressed to him. He was a fine-looking young fellow, tall, robust, manly; and, although scarcely older than myself, he had his face already fringed with a luxuriant, soft, black beard, the possession of which I secretly envied him. Silent as he was in general, I could notice that when he got side by side with Christina Braun he could talk well enough to her; and almost always when he came to Miss Griffin's I observed that he took charge of Christina to see her to her home on our early breaking up. I think I was somewhat amused at the time by observing this fact and founding conjectures on it. The polite reader need hardly be told that a much loftier position in society is asserted by a lawyer's clerk than could possibly be claimed even by the most presumptuous carpenter; and I therefore felt myself warranted in taking quite a lordly and patronizing interest in the love-making of my humble acquaintance; for I felt

convinced that our stout basso was in love, and I envied him that privilege. Yes, more even than his beard did I envy him his state of mind and heart. At this season of my life I had begun to long to fall in love. I envied every young man whom I saw on Sunday evening with some girl hanging on his arm or walking with downcast eyes by his side. I trolled out to myself of nights the words of "Sally in our Alley;" and I envied the hero of the ballad, for all his harsh master and his jeering neighbors. If some woman would only love me, walk thus of Sundays with me, lean on my arm, blush when I spoke! Nay, if some woman would even reject my love, blight my young hopes, crush me in the bud, reduce me to despair! At the stage of mental and moral development I had then reached despair and ruin seemed on the whole a finer and more enviable destiny than success and joy. To live in love would be happy; but to die for love would be the lordliest fate.

My life seemed safe enough so far as love's despair could threaten it. I had no one to love. I could not, no, I could not love Miss Griffin, strove I never so wildly. I feel well assured she would have accepted gladly the poorest tribute of homage, even if it lasted but a few short weeks, to cheat her into the belief that she had not quite passed out of date, and could yet move at least one heart. All our literature and our moral lessons now ring the changes upon the nobleness of self-sacrifice. What finer self-sacrifice could any one make than to persuade a kind and true-hearted old maid of a certain age that he had really fallen in love with her, and brighten her life by giving up his own to sustain the beatifying delusion? A more pious fraud could not be accomplished than to practice such a generous piece of cheating on such a woman as poor, elderly, warm-hearted, loving, unloved Miss Griffin. I commend the idea to some novelist. Why not make a story out of it? But I own that, even had the idea occurred to me at the right time, I should not have dreamed of putting it into practice; and even if I had dreamed of it, I should never have done it.

There was none of Miss Griffin's pupils who could have served as an object for my adoration. They were all in trowsers and short frocks; and at that time of my life girls in trowsers were my abhorrence.

When haply my thoughts sometimes turned to Christina Braun, she seemed too calm and silent, and too fond of music. In those days I did not much care for any singing but my own. There are only too many people who, if they would but confess it, are in just the same state of mind—people who have, of course, none of the true artist's love of music, as, honestly, I never had. People like us in that way often delight in our own singing, if we can sing, not out of mere self-conceit and egotism, but because to us that music which our own voices give out is the fullest expression, the strongest invoca-

tion, of feeling and association. Many tenors of the richest tone, and sopranos thrilling up to the ceiling, have I heard without feeling one throb of the emotion which used to swell within me long ago as I sang old church-hymns or new sentimental ballads of love, longing, and despair for my own delight, and quite alone. But it was easy enough even for me then to see that Christina Braun loved music for its own sake, and, like most persons who do thus appreciate and love it, she seemed, to ordinary observers, to care about little else.

Apart from all this, however, I had arranged in my own mind that Christina Braun and the carpenter's son were what we used to call "sweet-hearts."

After some time I began to observe that Christina ceased to make one in our mild gatherings in Miss Griffin's drawing-room. Indeed the latter lady and I sometimes had tea *tête-à-tête*—or nearly so, her mother only flitting lightly in and out—and it was dull entertainment for both parties. I would gladly have evaded all such *soirées*, but that I was ashamed or unwilling to desert poor Miss Griffin, and perhaps did not always know what to do with myself or where else to go. The time for sitting alone in contented gloom, and smoking a pipe long evenings through, had not nearly come as yet.

Sometimes a fearful thought crossed my mind. Could it be possible that Christina imagined Miss Griffin and I were lovers, and liked to be left alone? I tried to shut out this alarming idea. I vowed not to go any more to a *tête-à-tête* tea; I even attempted awkwardly to pay a mild attention to Christina herself in the hope of thus repelling suspicion. I invited her to come with me to a concert somewhere—we had not the rules of Belgravia or even Bloomsbury to govern our social relationships there—but Christina refused in so decided a tone as to make my doubts a dead certainty. I began to feel convinced that I had guessed but too well. Christina must suppose me deeply in love with Miss Griffin—perhaps solemnly engaged to her—to Miss Griffin, whose age was so undeniable, and who carried the stigma of old maid branded on her very skirts and ankles!

One evening we three—we three!—walked home together, as usual, but were unusually dull and silent. Christina declined entering when we arrived at Miss Griffin's door—this time indeed the invitation being very faintly pressed. I was plucking up heart of grace to make my excuses too, when Miss Griffin cut me short by a look of portentous mystery, and the words, "You really must come in, Mr. Banks; I want to speak to you"—words which, however, were not spoken until just after Christina had nodded her head to us and gone on her way.

I followed Miss Griffin up stairs in perhaps something like an agitated condition of mind. I did not quite know whether under certain circumstances strong-minded ladies not young did not think it allowable to interrogate young men touching the nature of their intentions.

Miss Griffin was any thing but a strong-minded woman, and just now did not seem to have been thinking about me at all. She burst out with her communication all at once.

"Oh, Mr. Banks, I must send Christina Braun" (pronounced, as I have said before, "Brawn") "out of the choir. She must not sing with us any more."

Did I feel relieved to hear that the question was of Christina's rejection, and not of my acceptance? Perhaps so. But I certainly felt much surprised.

"What on earth has she been doing?"

"I am so sorry to hear it; indeed, it's quite put me out; you can't think how much."

"Yes; but what is it?"

"I am afraid she is not a good girl. She sings every night at a singing-house!"

"At a singing-house?"

"Yes; a common low singing-house, Mr. Banks—and I don't see what there is to laugh at—a horrid place, where soldiers and sailors and I don't know what—all sorts of low people, in fact—go in and drink and listen to her. It's been all found out; and Mr. Thirlwall (the clergyman) says he can't have a girl in the choir who sings for soldiers and sailors in a common drinking-house. I don't know what to do about it; and I declare it has put me in such a way, you can't think. Perhaps she is not so bad; and then it's all very well for Mr. Thirlwall to talk, but, my goodness! who is to fill her place, with such a voice as she has, and such an ear for music? But I can't keep her unless she promises never to go there any more."

"Then you have not spoken to her yet about it?"

"No, not yet. I thought I would ask you something about it first. I thought perhaps you could advise me; you, who are a man of business and know something about the world."

"Well, I am sure I don't see much harm in the whole affair, and I think Mr. Thirlwall is a venerable goose. Miss Braun seems a very quiet, respectable sort of girl" (I thought of the carpenter's love-suit, and felt quite a lordly spirit of patronizing pity), "and then what can she do if she's very poor and has no other way of living? The reverend man does not expect her to live on fifteen pounds a year, paid in rather irregular installments?"

"Yes, that is all quite true; and indeed it is just what I said myself to Mr. Thirlwall—only of course I put it more politely—and *he* says it is true too; for he's a just man, Mr. Banks, though you always seem inclined to laugh at him. But what can he do? He has been preaching from the pulpit time after time against those very singing-houses, and how can he have people looking up from their seats in the church, and perhaps some of them recognizing a singer from such a place among the faces in our choir? You know yourself that would never do."

It occurred to me at the moment that perhaps the worshiper who visited the wicked

singing-house, and was thereby enabled to recognize one of its performers, would have scarcely a clear right to object to the chorister who sang there. But I saw no use in urging this point to a logical conclusion, and merely suggested that perhaps the place was not so dreadfully bad after all.

"That is what I was just thinking of. I should really like to know something of it. It would never do to give up the poor girl without knowing whether there is any harm in what she is doing. I actually thought of going there myself; I did, really."

"Oh, you can't go, that is quite out of the question; but if you like I'll go, and bring you a faithful report."

"That is what I should like of all things. I can depend upon your judgment. And at all events one ought to know something about the right and wrong of the affair. I believe in law, Mr. Banks, a person is innocent until you can prove her guilty."

"That is considered one of the great principles of British law, Miss Griffin."

"Yes; and I think it's very proper too; and I only wish people would do the same in every thing else as well as law."

It was settled, then, that I was to visit and report on the obnoxious singing-place. I had heard of it once or twice before; and of sundry of its predecessors which had all in succession withered and disappeared. Up to this time I had never been out of my native town, and of course had never been in a singing-saloon. Our town was an unspeakably dull spot. At this time it was not even visited by a railway, and it depended for its sole excitement upon the changing of a regiment in the barracks or the occasional visit of a war-frigate to the harbor. Owing to the social and topographical peculiarities I have already mentioned which divided us, like all Gaul in Cæsar's day, into three parts, any sort of amusement which might be devised for the gratification of the floating population in the lower plateau, was not likely to excite either interest or alarm in the higher regions. Our middle class were little given to revelry. Every window in their quarter was duly shuttered and barred by eleven o'clock, and their warmest stimulant was a controversial sermon. But of late there had unquestionably been some stir created by the successful establishment, after many failures, of a famous singing-saloon, modeled after the fashion of metropolitan dissipation. Not a noisy, harmless "free-and-easy," where Snug the joiner and Quince the carpenter might smoke their pipes and be knocked down in turn for their favorite and special song; where Bottom the weaver might deliver his choicest sentiment, and Starveling the tailor might have the formal permission of his wife to remain half an hour later on the Saturday night. This was not the sort of thing that now invaded us. It was a place where professional singers—women too, look you, nearly as bad as dancers, not to say

actresses—came and sat on a platform and sang for money. This was then a dreadful innovation. The singing-saloon itself is now well-nigh obsolete. The rising generation hardly knows what it was like. The music-hall with its plate-glass, its paintings, its private boxes, its concerted music, and its Champagne, has banished it; and the audacious novelty of my young days is a forgotten, foggy old institution now. But this particular place of which I speak was really creating something like a stir among our quiet and respectable burgesses just then. It was established immediately inside the frontier line of our Alsatia; and it is certain that some of our fathers of families had been to visit it, and had talked with quite a dangerous slyness of its attractions, and had made up parties with some of their friends to go and see it again. All this created naturally a considerable fluttering of angry petticoats in domestic circles, and brought severe and direct condemnation from offended pulpits. And so I had heard of the place in question, and had even been making up my mind to visit it before chance sent me there as the special commissioner of Miss Griffin.

The following night I went alone, and had no difficulty in finding the place. Indeed, when you began to descend from the old square, which was the last strong-hold of respectability and middle class, down a steep street with steps breaking its precipitate fall, a street that was the main artery of the lower town, you came almost at once upon the obnoxious saloon. It was in a large public house, occupying a corner where a cross-street ran off, and showing, like Janus, a double front. The place looked cheery enough from the outside. The night was chill and wet; and the bright crimson curtains draping the windows of the upper room where the musical performances were going on, tempted one with visions of ineffable comfort and warmth out of the wintry plash and drizzle of the sodden streets. I went up stairs. There was no payment at the doors, the musical entertainment being supported in the recognized style by indirect taxation levied upon the "orders." I entered the Circean bower. It was but a small and poor imitation of a Strand or Covent Garden Cave of Harmony, but as it had looking-glasses, crimson curtains, velvet cushions, a platform with foot-lights, and an orchestra, it seemed splendid enough in my confused provincial eyes. I gave an order for something in a rather ineffectual attempt at a careless tone, and dropped into the first available seat. There was rather a numerous audience—including, however, only one or two sailors and no soldiers. Most of the company seemed to me to be smart young artisans, mingled with elderly tradesmen of the unpretentious class; and there were a few young assistants from shops, who looked quite swellish in their well-made clothes and gloves. No ladies were there; Miss Griffin would have presented herself in vain. Most of the company were smoking, by which I was

innocently surprised to find that the singers were not in the least disconcerted. Of the "audience" a very few were actually listening to the music; the greater number were chatting unconcernedly round their little tables; one or two were asleep. I had, however, listened with the gravest appearance of interest to a sentimental and a comic song before I came to myself sufficiently to observe even this much of the aspect of the place.

When I said there were no women present I meant, of course, among the audience. For when I began to look collectedly around me I saw that there were girls on the platform, and that among them was Christina Braun. She was dressed in white—poor white muslin only; but she seemed to my eyes to be wearing a magnificent costume. Her arms and shoulders were bare, and were both white and plump, and her fleece of light hair fell around her. She presently came on to sing, and she seemed to be a favorite, for she was welcomed by a burst of applause, and most of the company stopped their talk, while some demanded silence by tapping their pipe-bowls on the table. Christina sang in clear and strong tones some ballad—not at all a Circean strain, but some good moral-purpose song about universal brotherhood and being kind to our neighbors. She sang it with sweetness and force, but with hardly any indication of feeling, certainly with no gleam of emotion perceptible in her eyes. Being, however, vehemently encored, she chose, as seemed to be expected, a totally different kind of song. It was what we used to call a "nigger melody"—a sort of novelty then, with a refrain about courting down in Tennessee, or Alabama, or some other such place.

I scarcely knew what it was all about; but I soon knew that I had never heard such spirit, such archness, such wild wayward humor, such occasional ebullitions of tender thrilling emotion conveyed in song before. No, never! Night after night had I heard this girl sing her devotional hymns in the clearest tones, vacant of any emotion whatever; but now, as she sang some trumpery little serio-comic love-song, her dark gray eyes gleamed and filled with light; under her shadowy long lashes the eyes sometimes looked so dark and deep as to seem in startling contrast with her bright fair hair; her voice swelled, soared, sank, shaded itself away into an infinite variety of expression; she gave life and speech to the very rattle of her banjo; she made the ballad utter a thousand emotions which were no more in the words she sang than in the instrument she struck, or the smoky, beery crowd, whose glasses jingled with their noisy and honest acclamations. What a soul of feeling, what a capacity—deep, boundless, daring—a capacity for love and triumph, and passion and sorrow—spoke in the tones of that voice and the flash of that eye! For me, I felt partly as I used to feel when sitting alone and singing, only with how much of a difference! With what a change from dreamy, vague, and fluctu-

ating emotions, idly rolling in like the waves on the windless shore, and the warm, tumultuous, passionate rush of the new tide of love and youth and manhood breaking in upon my life at last! I began life, I began love, with the hearing of that song! I dare say it was poor, coarse, untutored singing; untrained, and even in some sense uncouth, it must have been; commonplace it certainly was not. I know that I heard the singer unnumbered times in the prime of her years and her triumph; and I do not believe I ever recognized her genius more clearly than when I heard her sing that poor little ballad in the public house of the old sea-port. My rapture must upon that occasion find some outlet, and I therefore made instant acquaintance with a dull and elderly man near me: he seemed to me, I don't know why, to look like a saddler.

"Splendid!" I exclaimed, addressing him.

"Yes, pretty tidy," rejoined the dull man; and he looked round for the waiter and knocked his empty glass against the table—a signal for a refilling.

"I know her," I added, confidentially.

"Know who?" asked the dull man.

"Her—the singer."

"Ah!" He did not seem to care whether I knew her or not.

"She's a foreigner," I added, especially proud of knowing a foreigner.

"Ah! I never liked the French—I don't believe in 'em. By what I can make out they ain't good for much."

"But she's not French—she's German."

"Don't like Germans, they're a dirty set. They eat candles, I'm told."

This irrelevant and detestable observation so utterly disgusted me that I withdrew at once from the conversation.

I should much have liked to wait for the close of the entertainment and to speak to Christina; but I feared she might suppose I had come as a spy or tell-tale, so I slunk very much indeed as if I were a spy or tell-tale from my seat, which was near the door, and went down stairs. I did not gain much by my caution and my flight, for, descending rapidly, I ran against some one coming as rapidly up, and I recognized my friend the basso, the bearded young carpenter. We saluted each other, but he did not seem particularly glad to see me, and he ran past without staying to speak a word. I wished I had not met him, for I feared that in the too-probable event of poor Christina's dismissal he might regard me and report me as a spy, and I had an instinctive knowledge that he had come to see her home; and I envied him—nay, already I almost hated him.

Drizzling and dismal as the black skies were, sloppy and slushy as the streets were, I did not hurry home. On the contrary, I turned deliberately away from home, and straggled, like the town, down hill to the water. From the door I had just quitted I could hear the creaking of the spars of ships that tossed and dragged at their

anchors, the whistling of the sullen wind through their cordage, the heavy surge of the waves along their sides. A few strides down an oozy lane and I could see the lights at mast-heads, and even discern through the mist and darkness the white tops of the rushing waves. I made my way, stumbling among upturned boats and anchors and chains, down to the very edge of the water. The town was not well-lighted any where; toward the harbor its darkness grew Cimmerian. The inhabitants had all that mysterious objection to seeing their seaward way at night which used to be so common a characteristic of people living in sea-port towns in the years when French treaties were not. Indeed, many of our people would have abolished moonlight if they could, although these very same persons were strangely given to lurking about the shore and staring seaward at extraordinary hours of the night. This night, however, no stealthy figure peered from the strand: I had it all to myself, and I exulted in being alone.

Born as I was within sound of the waves, it has always seemed to me that in any hour of deep emotion I ought to rush to the sea-side and make the noisy water my confidant. This night I felt that I must find the shore, and relieve my new-born passion by mingling its utterances with the roar of the waters. Alone on that strand what strange fooleries I enacted! I stamped up and down the shore, I sang wild snatches of Christina's song, I shouted mad fragments of incoherent melody and semi-articulate words of passion and love. I was mad, and I was happy; this at last was living! All the delight that an explorer may find when he first breaks into a new sea—that a Bedouin may feel when he first mounts an untamed horse—I felt, now that I knew myself to be tossing at last on the waves of passionate love.

Lucky for me that I was alone, and that the night was so dark. Any one seeing my gestures, hearing my cries, must have taken me for a lunatic. I waited on the strand until my emotions had worked off their first vehemence; perhaps I waited too until I thought the entertainment at the singing-saloon must be nearly over. Then I went back to the street whence I had come, and watched the people coming out. After the last of the audience had melted away came out a cluster of the performers; among them I could clearly enough distinguish the figure of Christina—I had keen eyes for her form now—and my friend the basso was escorting her home. A strange, fierce pang shot through me. I had learned to feel two new passions in a few short hours—love and jealousy.

CHAPTER III.

A SEA-FIGHT.

I DID not go near Miss Griffin next day. I postponed making any report of my previous night's visitation. What report could I make but that I had been present at a very dull and

harmless entertainment? unless I chose to add the truth—that I had come away madly in love with the eyes and the voice of a girl whom I had been in the habit of seeing three or four times a week for months and months, and about whom I never before cared a straw. Mine was certainly not love at first sight, but it had all the suddenness and unreasoning fierceness of that romantic form of the passion. I have not read in books much about such a love as mine, which neither flamed out at the first glimpse of the object, nor grew up with the gradual development of intimacy and appreciation. I was as one who walks in the sun of some tropical climate uninjured and unheeding for days, and whom suddenly, in some unexpected moment, a flash, sharp as the cleave of a sabre, strikes and cuts down. Yes, my love was like a sun-stroke. I do not know how to describe it better.

Of course I went again to the music-house; I went the next night. The company was of the same general character; the singers were the same. The moment I entered I saw that Christina's eyes turned on me, and I blushed like a great girl. Some male singer came on with his dreary comic song, and she disappeared from the platform. Had she gone for the night? What a cruel disappointment! I stared disconsolate and confounded into my beer-glass, and was positively pitying myself for my privation, when one of the waiters, who were perpetually buzzing about the tables to remind any laggard guests of the necessity of renewing their orders, came up to me, and leaning over my shoulder, said,

"Lady wants to speak to you, Sir."

I started.

"Lady!—what lady?"

"Profesh'nal lady, Sir. Behind the platform, Sir. This way, please."

I followed him. I was crimson all over, and did not venture to look up, fearing that the eyes of a whole curious company must be fixed on me. As a matter of fact, I don't suppose any body in the room took the slightest notice. I was trembling with anxiety, hope, fear, surprise, excitement of the most complicated kind. The waiter drew aside a curtain for me, and I entered a small sanded room, or rather a mere space, behind the platform; and I saw Christina there alone. She had her head turned away when I came in; at the sound of my entrance she looked quickly round, and there was an angry light in her deep gray eyes.

Her first words utterly abashed me.

"Why do you come here?" she said, in a voice purposely kept low, and with the foreign accent more strongly perceptible than usual, owing to the kind of excitement under which she spoke. "Why do you come here to watch me and tell bad of me? Have I ever done you any harm?"

"Oh, Christina—Miss Braun, I mean—how can you say such a thing?" and I broke down in mere stammering.

"Have you not come here to watch me—to spy on me?"

"No. I have not, indeed."

"It's a lie!" she exclaimed, so loudly that I involuntarily glanced in the direction of the audience, fearing the words must have been heard. "It's an untruth. I know you were sent here."

"I was not sent here. Miss Griffin asked me to come here; and—"

"And you came!"

She made a triumphant gesture expressive of conviction and scorn. I certainly felt not unlike a detected spy; and I looked, no doubt, very foolish.

"Yes, I came; but I did not come to—to find out any thing bad, or to do you harm. I came to do you good; and Miss Griffin only wanted to do you good."

"Thank you both." She laid a malicious emphasis on the word "both." "I am much obliged to you both. Heart-felt thanks to you both. But I don't want any one to try to do me good."

"I wished to be your friend."

"I have not many friends—I am poor and miserable; and I have an old man to support whom I love and whom I would die for; and you come and find out that I am trying to make a living, and without wrong to any one, or myself, or God, and you tell of me at the church. Go away; it is not like a man. It is not like an Englishman."

"But I swear to you, Miss Braun, that you are wrong and unjust. You don't know me, or you never would speak as you have done. I am utterly incapable of the wretched meanness you think me guilty of. I wish I could say all I feel, but I can't—I can't; and I dare say I look to you like a convicted spy, or an idiot, or something equally abominable."

"You came last night to see if I was here?"

"I did."

"So! You saw that I was here?"

"I did."

"Then was that not enough? Why did you come again to night?"

"I came to hear you sing! Heaven knows I came for that and nothing else. It—it delights me. I could not stay away. I will come again and again, unless you bid me not. But do not bid me not to come, for I would rather be dead than not hear you sing."

"Hush," she said, in a low and gentle tone, "they outside may hear us." As I found courage to look up, I saw that her lips were trembling and that her cheeks were crimsoned. Had my burst of sudden eloquence not been interrupted, it would infallibly have ended with a fervent declaration of love then and there. She imposed silence on me by a gesture which had, I thought, as much entreaty as command in it, and then said, "I must go; it is my time to sing. But I believe you; and I was wrong and angry. You don't know what it is to be a poor girl, trying to live honestly, and watched and

suspected. I beg you for pardon. Good-night."

She disappeared; and I heard her voice in a moment thrilling from the platform. I, too, came in front again, and found my way back to the seat I had left.

I would have sat the whole entertainment out, but that I hated the idea of meeting the young carpenter and seeing him give his arm to Christina. I waited and waited, every moment dreading to see him make his appearance. Often as I turned toward the platform, her eyes never met mine. At last I made up my mind and left the room. Luck was against me; at the door below I met my rival. This time he did not pass me with a salute. He looked fiercely at me, and his lips quivered with excitement.

"What d'ye come here for?" he asked.

"What's that to you?" was my school-boyish reply. I was not in years much beyond the school-boy age.

"It's this to me—look here, it's this: you come here to watch that girl, and spy upon her, and fetch and carry stories about her, to get her dismissed from the choir; I dare say that's why you come here."

"You are a liar!" was my fierce reply—"an impertinent liar!"

He turned pale; but not at all with fear.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, "that you've not been sent here as a spy on her?"

"I mean to say nothing to you, or any fellow like you, except just what I have said."

"Yes, you can talk in that way *here*," he said, significantly; "but would you say so any where else?"

"Any where you like; and the sooner the better." My pent-up feelings sought any manner of outburst as a relief.

"Come this way, then."

My rival led the way down the oozy, plashy lane I have already described to the strand. It was nearly as dark as the night before: it was quite as lonely. The few twinkling lights at the far mast-heads of anchored vessels alone broke the gloom. Unless we stood pretty close together we could hardly see each other, and my foe strode on so impatiently that I sometimes lost sight of him altogether for a moment, and I was once or twice almost under the necessity of having to raise an undignified halloo. How he managed to get on without stumbling I can not imagine; every other moment my feet were tripping over huge stones or coils of chain, and once I literally fell forward right over an upturned boat. I began to think the whole proceeding rather an absurd one; but I had been grievously insulted, and although now a minion of the law, professionally bound, one would think, to abstain from deeds of violence, yet it must be remembered that I was the son of a boat-builder who had been a sailor in his day, and that not many months ago I was a school-boy. Yet I much wished the duel to come off quickly, and while my blood was up;

for I felt the ridiculous features of the business becoming every moment more impressive, and I began to think that an attorney's clerk boxing with a carpenter—a poetic and musical young lover fighting a vulgar rival with fists—would be outrageously absurd, unpicturesque, and unheroic.

At last my pertinacious and thrice-accursed tormentor came to a pause on a clear spot, or what seemed clear.

"Now then," he said, "there's nobody here. What have you got to say? Are you not a spy and a sneak?"

This was too much; and as I had given my answer in words before, I thought a repetition of it would be mere tautology. I was glad, too, to bring my scruples and hesitations to a violent end. I simply hit out, and caught my antagonist fairly on the left eyebrow.

Then began the fight. It was hearty, vigorous, and funny. I don't know whether many of my readers have fought a battle on the seashore at an advanced hour of a dark winter night. The sensations it produces are decidedly odd, tantalizing, and bewildering; but it has its peculiar enjoyment too. At least this battle of mine seemed a positively delightful relief from my previous frame of mind. I very soon found that my antagonist was far stronger than I. He had indeed arms of iron; and he took his punishment with unruffled countenance. The punishment was pretty hard, for he had no gleam whatever of scientific knowledge, and exposed himself constantly to a smart blow on the face. But he seemed to care no more for the blows than if they had been the pepperings of a hail-shower, although, dark as it was, I could see that his face was bleeding in many places. His mode of fighting was an odd and self-acquired process altogether. He never hit straight out, but leveled huge, tremendous, swinging blows at the side of the head, literally leaping off his feet at each stroke, so as to lend it a more furious momentum. I was inclined to laugh at first, but I soon found it was no laughing matter, for the first touch I got of one of these odd blows—and I only got a touch, for I sprang aside in time—nearly knocked all my senses clear away. If he had been prompt to follow up his victory, the combat was over there and then! As it was, I felt pretty sure that should I be unlucky enough to come in for the full force and swing of one of those swashing blows, it would be enough for me; and I tried with desperate energy all such resources of science and strength as I had to bring the fight to a conclusion. He bore my hammering as coolly as if he were of iron; and alas! I think he acquired at last a sort of rude notion of stratagem wholly his own. He threw himself quite open in the most tempting fashion to one of my straightforward blows, took it without even shaking his head, and while I was in the very act of giving it, suddenly leaped upright, swung his huge flail of an arm, and crash across the side of my head came all the full fury of his



"SHAME TO YOU—SO STRONG AND HUGE—TO FIGHT WITH HIM!"

blow. Meteors in a moment danced and sparkled all around me; stars, comets, flashes of lightning blazed upon my eyes; thunders indescribable rattled round my ears and brain; the earth heaved beneath me; the dark sky came crashing down upon me. I seemed as if

I were cast loose from all gravitating principle and whirling through space, now head up, now heels up—and at last I came with a cruel bang down to earth again—and then I felt for half a second a soft, sweet, melting sensation of languid rest, like that produced to a bruised man

by the bleeding of a vein, and I just heard something like a shriek, and then I was asleep.

The plain practical English of all my sensations was that I had been fairly knocked off my feet by a stunning blow, had fallen with my head crashing against a stone, and had then and there fainted.

When I opened my eyes I saw at first nothing but the stars. I remained feebly contemplating them a moment, as if that were all I had to do in existence. Then I saw some dark object interpose itself between me and the constellation of Orion, and I recognized the face of my conqueror, and I think I endeavored to frown defiance; but the face was in a moment withdrawn. Then I somehow became conscious that a soft hand was passing along my forehead, that a handkerchief, or something of the kind, was pressed gently but firmly on the place where the stone had cut me; and at last I came to understand that I was lying on the beach with my head in a woman's lap.

Unconsciously I spoke half aloud the word "Christina!"

"Oh, thank God!" said Christina's own voice, "he's alive."

"Yes, thank God!" muttered the deep voice of the poor basso. "I didn't mean to do it, Christina—I didn't indeed. I wish he had done it to me."

"For shame!" replied Christina, still in a sort of whisper. "Shame to you—so strong and huge—to fight with him!"

I began now to see things a little clearer; and I scrambled to my feet, still somewhat staggering, perhaps, but quite able to speak up for myself.

"It's no fault of his," I said; "and I'm quite well able to fight him. Look at his face, Miss Braun, and see if he hasn't got the worst of it. And it was all my fault, too."

Christina rose to her feet. "Now, shake hands," she said, "and don't be fools any more."

My antagonist advanced sheepishly, and held out the brawny fist which had proved such a rough play-fellow.

"I—I hope you'll forgive me," he said, with one glance at me and another at Christina. "I was quite wrong altogether; and I know it now, and I'm sorry. I'm sure I don't bear any malice, if you don't; and—and—how do you feel now?"

I assured him, in all sincerity, that I bore no malice whatever; and I likewise affirmed, perhaps not quite so sincerely, that I felt perfectly well—never better in my life. Indeed, I was recovering fast. I had only had a stunning blow and a cut head. At twenty years one soon gets over such trifles as these.

I then learned that when Christina was leaving the singing-room she inquired for her regular escort, and was told that he had gone down toward the strand with me. Something led her to suspect that we had quarreled, and she followed us, but arrived only in time to witness the ignominious fall and utter defeat of one

combatant. I ought to have been delighted at my defeat, for it brought such tender interest and anxiety about me; but I was not delighted. The one thing present to my mind all through was that I had been "licked," and that *she* saw it. "Earl Percy sees my fall," is the reflection that lends most bitterness to the fate of the old hero in the ballad. What is the humiliation of a chief before any foe compared with that of a youth who is beaten under the very eyes of the girl he loves? The pity and kindness of Christina were bitter to me.

On the other hand, my rival's victory did not seem to have crowned him with joy. He had a crest-fallen, humbled, spaniel-like demeanor. We both walked home with Christina, who insisted on giving me her arm instead of taking mine, on the ground that I must be far too weak not to need support.

When we reached her door I heard my conqueror say to her in a low tone,

"You are not angry with me any more?"

"No," was the answer, given, I am bound to say, in any thing but a forgiving tone. "Why should I be angry? Good-night."

"Ah, but you are angry. Don't, Christina!"

"Good-night."

He was going away, depressed and silent, when she called him back and held out her hand.

"No, Edward, I am not angry. I was, but I am not any more."

"And may I come for you to-morrow night?"

"If you like."

"If I like!"

He turned away rejoicing.

She held out her hand to me without saying a word. But her eyes met mine: and somehow I went away rejoicing too.

Next day I called upon Miss Griffin. I hardly knew what to say to the good spinster, and was much in hope, as I passed up through the bonnet-shop, that the organist might be not at home. She was in. I went up stairs and knocked at the little drawing-room door. Just then I heard voices inside, and I would have retreated; but it was too late. Miss Griffin's shrill tones were heard:

"Is that Mr. Banks?"

"Yes, Miss Griffin."

"Come in, Mr. Banks, please."

I entered. Miss Griffin was standing up near her piano, on which she rested one hand, the fingers of which were excitedly playing an imaginary and rapid tune on the walnut. Christina Braun stood in the middle of the room, and looked flushed and angry. My face flushed more deeply than hers at the mere sight of her. Miss Griffin's mamma was playing with a parrot in a corner. Seeing that Christina and Miss Griffin had evidently been engaged in excited colloquy, I made for the mamma, and would have at once pretended to bury myself in conversation with her, but she waved me off with the back of her hand, and with a warning gesture directed toward the two principal per-

sonages in the room, as one who should say, "Forbear, young man; something highly important is going forward. Disturb it not by idle words." So I stood transfixed and said nothing, and no one said a word to me.

"There's no use in talking, Christina Braun," Miss Griffin went on; "I can't have you singing any longer in my choir unless you give up that horrid, odious, abominable place. Mr. Thirlwall won't have it; he would not allow me to have any one who sings there."

"What harm is that place?" Christina asked, in a tone half pleading, half angry; "I would not go there if I could help it. I go there, believe it, not for my pleasure. I go there because I must live, and my father must live. You have not a father, Miss Griffin."

Mamma pursed her mouth, raised her eyebrows, lifted her hands, and silently appealed, first to me and then to the parrot, against the boldness of this remark. It seemed positively to insinuate a comparison between Christina's father and the late Mr. Griffin.

"And," added Christina, "they pay me more money than the church can give."

"Oh, Christina!"

"I speak to no one there."

"But you must know it is not a proper place for a girl."

"I do not know that it is not a proper place. Did we not often sing songs—yes, well, and also play waltzes, in the choir when there were not people praying below?"

"Christina, it isn't the singing of the songs, as you know very well; it's the people—the kind of people who go there."

"I do not speak to the people, they do not speak to me, except they who sing as myself."

"Really, Miss Griffin," said I, striking in, "there is no harm whatever in the place, and I think it's quite absurd and ridiculous of Mr. Thirlwall to go on in such a way. He's a regular old idiot, I think, and an ancient humbug too."

"Thank you, Mr. Banks; I am much obliged to you for your kind and respectful way of speaking of our clergyman, and the considerate manner in which you assist me in keeping up the discipline of the choir. For you, Christina, you do not know what may become of you."

"Nothing will become of me, God helping—nothing of harm. And I may as well begin, Miss Griffin. Once I shall go upon the theatre and sing there—"

At this point Miss Griffin seemed to think the discussion had gone quite far enough. She ceased to beat her silent tune upon the piano; but she came round to the front of the instrument, deliberately took off the music-book which stood on the little frame, shut the book up, put down the frame, and then closed the piano with a solemn bang. There was no obvious occasion for this performance. I interpreted it to be a sort of formal and ceremonial act of excommunication.

It seemed, however, to have relieved Miss

Griffin's mind of some of its anger. She turned to Christina now with an expression of face rather grieved than severe. The excommunication once fairly done, she seemed stricken with pity for the outcast.

"Well, Christina," she said, "if I am to understand that you will not give up that place—"

"Will not give it up? I can not give it up."

"Then I am very, very sorry; and I would keep you if I could—indeed I would, although perhaps you don't think it now; but I must not do it, for you see, Christina, if you have a father to support, I have a mother, and I can't battle against what people say; and so we must part. I hope you will do well, Christina, wherever you go; only I do hope you will never be tempted to sing in any of those Romanist places, whatever they may offer you; and remember to be a good girl, and never to give up your church."

"The church," said Christina, with a flash of something like scorn crossing her face, "has given me up, I think. But I blame you not at all, Miss Griffin; you were very kind to me always—always."

Poor Miss Griffin was quite dissolved in tears. The very kindest of mortals, she was in anguish at the part she had to play in the transaction, and still more, I fully believe, at the thought of the awful ruin of all heavenly prospects which she clearly saw impending over one who refused to follow the behests of her clergyman, and who sang nigger-melodies for sailors.

Christina bade Miss Griffin good-by; and both were in tears. Then the outcast walked toward Miss Griffin's mamma and held out her hand. But the mamma's dignity was hurt at the disobedience and disrespect, and she drew back, executed the most formal of bows, and said, "Adieu, Mademoiselle."

Then came my turn. Christina held out her hand to me, and her eyes met mine. I took her hand and pressed it to my lips. A slight shriek from mamma testified to her sense of my scandalous conduct. Miss Griffin was absorbed in tears and did not see it.

Christina left the room, and I hurried after her.

"Mr. Banks," I heard Miss Griffin call out, "please don't go yet. I want to speak to you particularly—about the choir."

"In five minutes, two minutes, Miss Griffin," was my retreating answer; and I relieved myself by adding, in a lower tone, "the choir may go to the devil."

I overtook Christina at the door.

She abandoned the choir, then and there, never reappearing within its precincts.

And I went that night, and many nights successively, to the condemned and fatal singing-saloon.

In little more than a week a considerable change was brought about in the relations of the personages of this story. There was first a sort of break-down in the arrangements of the choir, and one Sunday the audience had to be

content with merely an instrumental performance. Soon a new bass, a new tenor, and a new soprano gladdened the pious ears and hearts of the congregation. For immediately on Christina's abandoning the choir Ned Lambert did what I had felt sure he would do—he gave up his post and sang bass for that congregation no more. I had made up my mind never to go near the place again, once Christina abandoned it; and I was only sorry the sacrifice was not a far greater one (really it was not quite insignificant), that I might have had the proud consciousness of voluntary martyrdom.

The affair created quite a little stir in our microcosm. It was talked of for fully three weeks—at least, three Sundays. I attended church the first Sunday, as unprofessional worshiper, in the hope that Mr. Thirlwall might make some allusion to us in his sermon. But he did not, and I was disappointed. Many eyes were turned on me, however; and people coming out of church and passing me whispered and shrugged their shoulders, and I felt rather proud. The general conclusion of the congregation was that we three—Christina Braun, Edward Lambert, and myself—were simply going to the devil.

CHAPTER IV.

“FAR ABOVE SINGING.”

MR. BRAUN and his daughter still occupied the house in which the former had endeavored in vain to win the childhood of our town to philosophy and science by the royal road of amusement. Our childhood absolutely refused even toys, if any manner of instruction and moral purpose were to come with them; and therefore, while Mr. Braun still technically occupied the house, his actual occupancy was confined to three small rooms on the second-floor. He had been driven back in this way from stage to stage, his domain growing gradually smaller and smaller, like the Pope's, until even the little Leonine City now left him seemed itself only the final halting-place before absolute surrender of all temporal endowment. The shop was let to a watch-maker; the first-floor was occupied by a hair-dresser; and as one of the plates on the street-door bore the name of “Miss Muncey, milliner,” and I sometimes did meet lank and lymphatic young women on the stairs, I had to infer that the third-floor—the garrets, in fact—constituted the work-rooms and show-rooms of Miss Muncey.

The little sitting-room occupied by the Brauns was perhaps as poorly furnished an apartment as any could well be which did not proclaim actual destitution. A few of the poorest cane-chairs, and not more than a few; an arm-chair, covered with the cheapest flowered calico; a central table of deal, with a faded, over-washed cover; these and an infirm sofa made up the principal part of the stock of furniture. There was, however, a piano of good

tone—a relic of better days—with which Christina would not part, and which, indeed, was her sole capital and “plant” as a musician. There were always flowers in the room, and botanical specimens carefully pressed and tastefully displayed; there were two or three pretty vases of Bohemian glass; there was Mr. Braun's flute, really a handsome article, with old-fashioned silver keys; there was his pipe, huge, and likewise silver-mounted. These and other stray properties gave an appearance to the room which at least suggested refinement, and something like ornament. And I should not surely omit to mention a beautifully carved and polished book-case, small, but of genuine oak and admirable workmanship; and I knew the moment I saw it whose hand had wrought it, and whose gift it was. “It was given to my father,” said Christina to me afterward, “not to me. I would not have taken it, though I know poor Ned would have been vexed by a refusal; and so I am glad he didn't offer it to me.”

It was easy to understand, after an evening spent in this little room, why the burden of life had fallen so heavily and so early upon my poor Christina. Her father had entirely given up all idea of struggling any longer with the world, although he was far from being too old for stout and stiff exertion. He was the gentlest and the feeblest being I ever met. He was a small, very small man, with a pale, thin, clearly-marked, handsome face; a benevolent, mild, and placid expression; soft, silky, scanty gray hair; and large, dark, gray-blue eyes. His eyes were precisely like his daughter's, much darker than his complexion would have led you to expect; but there the resemblance ceased. Mr. Braun spoke English admirably; he played the piano and the flute well; he was an accomplished botanist, and knew a good deal about chemistry and astronomy. He talked much of flowers, of stars, of the poetry of nature, of shadows and sunrises, of beautiful and gentle things generally; and of the poets and writers who sang and discoursed of such things. When he was not playing his flute he commonly sat and smoked his pipe, the bowl of which rested on the ground, all the evening through. He always rose early, and walked on the hills or by the sea; rose none the less early though he had been out on the strand watching some planet or constellation till long past midnight; and while Christina provided him with the means of living, he repaid her with fresh flowers, and observations on the heavens, and the beauty of life, and the divine purpose in every thing. He was, indeed, a thoroughly impracticable, well-meaning, good-for-nothing, lovable old man. He would have provoked me terribly, I think, if I were his son; but he did not seem to provoke Christina. She appeared to take it as quite a matter of course that her father should smoke his pipe, or botanize, while she toiled to get money and provide dinner, and make the two ends meet. He was always sweet, mild, and happy. He had been blessed, or

cursed, with that calm, light nature which can put away trouble or responsibility in a moment, and find enjoyment any where. He had lost wife and children—six children—all of whom he dearly loved; but he lived on tranquil, and spoke of them as having been happily transferred to amaranthine bowers, where they had only to await his coming. What he had himself done to merit that sure translation to immortal bliss I never could learn; but it was clear that his mind was quite made up on that point. So, too, of his daughter. She revered in him, as pure and lofty religious feeling, that which I always regarded merely as the physical placidity of a temperament not susceptible of any strong or keen emotion. An innocently selfish, mildly egotistic man, you could not help loving him, and I at least could not help sometimes despising him. While the stars shone, while the flowers bloomed, when the snow covered the ground and the frost made the brambles look like sprays and spars of crystal, he was happy, and could not be otherwise. He could forget hunger in the contemplation of a flower; all humanity in the polishing of a stone. He cared as little for active thought as for active pursuits; and knew less of politics than an American infant generally does. The political agitations, struggles, sufferings, aspirations of his own countrymen, inspired him only with a tranquil scorn. He often asked, with utter contempt in his tone, what it mattered who owned the Rhine, so long as men could see its waters shining as brightly as ever in the sun, and darkening as before in the shadows of the everlasting hills.

"German unity!" he would say, scornfully. "Germany has unity. Has she not Goethe and Novalis and Jean Paul? has she not Fichte? Hapsburg owns not less Kant than Brandenburg; Bavaria can sing the songs of Uhland and Arndt, as well as Suabia. Our unity is in our soul, and our language, and our worship of the beautiful and divine. The rest is nothing—no, nothing at all, or mere smoke and cloud veiling the glow of the heaven, as Faust himself has said."

Mr. Braun never looked one moment beyond the present, and was angry in his mild way with any one who did. He was displeased with Christina for singing of nights in the Cave of Harmony, not because he had any objection to the place, or the company, or the kind of life to which it introduced her; not because it overtasked her, or threatened to wear out her voice, or endangered her in any way; but because she had to leave him for some hours every evening, and he was lonely without her. So he was vexed with her, and chafed in his own small way, and was jealous, as if her leaving him was a willful act of neglect, or indifference to his happiness. He did not concern himself to think who would pay the rent if poor Christina had not always had spirit and sense enough to act for herself. A sort of philosopher, he was perhaps wise in his own conceit of life's theory

and purpose; but philosophers of that school ought never to have any children. I have often thought that when Morality blames Rousseau for having abandoned his children to a foundling hospital, it blames him for one of the only wise things he ever did. Better to confide them to the care of any institution, managed by any sane and human creatures, than to keep them under his own melancholy and imbecile charge.

I took lessons in German from Mr. Braun. I really wanted to learn the language, partly for its own sake, and more because it was Christina's native tongue. But of course my chief reason was to have a plausible excuse for coming often to the house. After the lapse of a quarter I paid him some money. He took it passively, and laid it beside him. Christina coming in soon after found the money, made inquiry about it, and gave it back to me. I would have resisted, but she flushed so angrily that I pocketed it without further objection.

"My father knows nothing about money," she said, "and never did. I arrange all that; it is good enough task for women. He was made for something much better, and we always liked to spare him. I know he never meant to take any money from you; *you* have lost enough by us already."

For she would insist upon regarding my withdrawal from the choir as a high, mighty, and chivalrous sacrifice.

"You took this in mistake, father?" she said, appealing to him; "you were not thinking; you took it, not observing?"

"*Versteht sich*," he placidly replied, waving away with his hand a cloud of smoke, and solemnly indifferent to the whole business. I said no more, and what future lessons I received were accepted without talk of payment.

I do not know what was the special charm which made me so suddenly fall in love with Christina Braun. Falling in love is indeed the most exact description of what befell me. From a smooth level of calm indifference I literally fell into a glowing deep of love. Nor did this condition seem likely to change. It was impossible for me not to continue loving her. To begin with, she was intensely, exuberantly, and above all things, feminine. In every glance and movement she now seemed to my opened eyes to diffuse some vague sense of womanhood all around her. As one is conscious of the presence of flowers which he does not see, as one feels the air surcharged with electricity before the thunder-storm, so I always felt the influence, the sensuous influence if you will, of idealized womanhood when Christina was near. I do not know whether this sort of feeling can be made intelligible in any words of mine, but I can not better describe the sensation of delight, refinement, and romantic love which her mere presence awakened in my soul. As I look back now, all the purple light of youth, all the glamour of poetry, all the bewitching illusions of music, seem to glorify that time when first

Christina's presence grew a familiar influence to me.

There was an extraordinary quality of quiet energy in her which amazed me when I came to appreciate it. It was not the energy which fusses and bustles—to most young men a terribly disenchanting and disagreeable quality. It was an energy which made itself silently felt: a great self-sufficing quality. The early necessity of thinking and acting for two, the impossibility of consulting with one who was as useless for consultation as a baby, had doubtless forced this quality into regular action. Christina seemed to be of that class of women who can make something almost out of nothing. For easy and prompt adornment of her graceful figure she had a positive genius. I have often wondered and admired to see what a splendid simulation of imposing concert-cos-tume she could confer upon herself with a little white muslin and a few scraps of ribbon and roses; and she could put on an old shawl in a style that Lady Hamilton might have envied.

I grew into the habit of spending every disengaged hour—and nearly the whole of every Sunday—in the familiar little room over the watch-maker's and under the milliner's. We sang, we played, we read, we recited, we talked German, we had very, very humble and modest suppers; we were immensely sociable, unconstrained, full of sentiment, full of laughter, and happy. Edward Lambert came sometimes and took lessons on the flute from Mr. Braun, for which I know he contrived delicately to make some return in one way or another. A patient, manly creature, he sometimes spent his whole evening at his flute-lesson, while Christina and I talked or sang duets on the nights when she was free. I knew that he loved her, dearly and disinterestedly, without selfishness and without hope. I knew that she regarded him as one might regard a fond and faithful Newfoundland dog. After a while he ceased to come very often, and when he did come he talked chiefly to Mr. Braun.

These were pleasant times, and free. They gave a sort of mild foretaste or breath of the Bohemian life which awaited some of us. Whatever of intellectual culture I have ever had I owe its development to these days and evenings, to that mild old man, to that girl. I learned to read French and Italian and German, and to speak these languages fluently enough, if not always very gracefully and grammatically. Years and years after a Frenchwoman told me I spoke French like a German and not like an Englishman. A more happy, harmless life no youth could well have spent.

Was I very much grieved when Ned Lambert left our little circle and went away to London? This happened when the kind of life,

blended of Arcadia and Bohemia, which I have been describing, had lasted nearly a year. Well, I parted from the good fellow with a pang; but I must assuredly have felt relieved when he went away. He was an ambitious young fellow enough; and his ambition was to become something like an artist. Therefore he made up his mind to be an organ-builder; and a chance opened for him through some friends in London, of which he willingly availed himself. I happened just to come in to Mr. Braun's on the day when Lambert was taking his final leave. He was holding in his hand a little purse, a parting keepsake from Christina, and twisting it awkwardly between his fingers.

"When shall we three meet again?" I began, endeavoring to say something pleasant.

"We three?—we four!" interjected Mr. Braun. "I am not to be left out of the prospect. I hope to be at the next meeting too."

"It must be in London, then," murmured poor Ned, disconsolately. "I sha'n't come back here ever again—ever again."

The last time I saw Lambert—not long since—he told me that through all the intervening years he never did return to the old town, and never would.

"In London, then," said I; "for London we are all bound. We are not going to stop in this old place all our lives, while Ned Lambert becomes a great man, and makes a fortune in London."

"I'm not likely to come to much," said Lambert; "and I don't want to make a fortune—now."

I saw tears sparkle in Christina's eyes.

"Good-by, Edward," she said; "but not forever! Oh no, not forever! You have been kinder and better than a brother to me for ever so long; and I shall never, never forget you."

She put her arm over his shoulder, drew him down toward her, and kissed him twice. Then she turned and went abruptly into her own room. Ned Lambert tossed his hand in the air as a kind of silent parting salute to us, and in a moment we heard his rapid steps descending the stairs.

"He is a good lad, Edward Lambert," said Mr. Braun; "a kind, true-hearted boy. He does remind me of some of our German youth, with his large grave face, and his strong hands, and his soft heart. He is fond of Christina; and he did ask her to marry him—ach, Gott, yes! and last night again. But she could not love him in that way, Emanuel. She could not love him to marry him, as *you* know." And the kind old man looked at me with beaming, gentle eyes.

Yes; I did know it by this time. I must have been stupidly undeserving of any woman's regard if I had not felt before now that Christina Braun loved me.

ABBAS PACHA OF EGYPT.

NOTHING indicates character more strongly and unmistakably than the choice of a residence. "Show me a man's home, and I will tell you what he is!" said an acute judge of human nature; and the test is generally a correct one. Mehemet Ali, that grim old warrior, chose as his favorite resort the gardens of Shoubra, and solaced his hours of leisure in the midst of that fairy scene, lulled by the music of splashing fountains, the songs of birds, and the perfume of flowers; nor were earthly hours wanting to gladden his terrestrial paradise. His garden contained not one but many Eves. His grandson and successor, Abbas Pacha, built himself palaces in the dreary desert which separates Cairo from Suez, where no tree or shrub or blade of grass relieves the barren monotony of the bare, arid soil; where neither flying nor creeping thing is to be found, save the soaring vulture or prowling jackal, lost to sight of man almost as quickly as seen. Here, shrouded from the view of man, and uncheered by the smile of woman, surrounding his dwelling with barracks filled by the most faithful of his soldiery—his Nubian guards—Abbas Pacha passed his joyless hours, suspicious of all mankind. In spite of the many stains on his character, Mehemet Ali had a heart and much native humanity. He loved nature too, and enjoyed it, as most Easterns do; and in life attracted and drew around him many friends of all nationalities, who mourned his loss and cherished his memory. Abbas was as solitary in life as in death; lived unloved and died unmourned; not dissimilar to Nero in his life—unlike him, he found no unknown hand to strew flowers over his grave.

The dreary desolation of the Suez Desert can not be imagined by those who have never seen it. It can only be fitly described in the stern language of the Scripture, as "the abomination of desolation"—a living tomb, over whose dismal wastes of gritty sand the desert wind seems ever sighing a requiem. That a monarch in the prime of life, in the full vigor of health, fabulously rich, and squandering his wealth as though it were water, should voluntarily select such a site for his chosen retreat, and there reside alone, shows a strange perversity of nature, which stamps the person either as a misanthrope or the victim of suspicious fears. Abbas Pacha was both; he loved and trusted no human being, and none loved or trusted him. Solitary in his life, he was as neglected after death, and probably the only creatures which missed or mourned him after death were the beautiful Syrian greyhounds he collected around him in those retreats as pets or playthings. His desert palaces were deserted and allowed to go to ruin after his death, after being pillaged by the domestics, who left his dogs to perish of hunger; and, visiting those palaces, I have often seen those gaunt, half-starved, yet still graceful greyhounds prowling around, with a kind of

dumb entreaty and almost human regret shining out of their sad eyes, as though they missed their master, kind to them alone.

Although Ibrahim Pacha acted for a short time as Regent during the lifetime of his father, owing to the insanity which darkened the last days of Mehemet Ali, yet, dying before him, he never succeeded to the throne of Egypt. Abbas Pacha was therefore the second actual Viceroy of Egypt, being the eldest male of the blood, and a few years older than Said Pacha, his uncle and successor. On my first arrival in Egypt, in 1853, Abbas was reigning Viceroy, and as both his life and death were full of strange romance, I propose briefly to sketch them. Abbas was the son of Toosoom, who was burned alive by the Wahabees while commanding an expedition against that warlike tribe in the Soudan; and, tragic as was the fate of the father, the son's was destined to be more tragic still. More strange still, the hand which was reputed to have given the potion which deprived Mehemet Ali of his reason and his throne was said also to have removed the grandson by a quicker fate. That hand was a kinswoman's. Nezc Khanum, eldest daughter of Mehemet Ali, was an Eastern Lady Macbeth in character and in crime, with the voluptuousness of a Messalina superadded. Wedded to the savage Deftardar, a human Tiger, whose cruelties made his name a terror throughout Egypt, and of whom the tale is told of having ripped open a soldier to see if he had stolen milk from a woman on the march. She proved more than a match for her savage mate, who was believed to have drunk coffee prepared by her hand. All the successive Viceroys of Egypt succumbed to the energy of her will—consulted, hated, and feared her—yet she died quietly in her bed at last, a natural death!

The whole line of Mehemet Ali seems to have been as fated as that of the old classic house of Pelops; and their worst enemies were ever to be found in their own households. Boundless power, and wealth equally boundless, brought nothing but unhappiness and early death to this fated family, once so numerous, now so few; and few of those who perished were believed to have died natural deaths. In the case of Abbas there was no doubt, for the incidents accompanying his death were generally known, though seldom spoken of above a whisper. He always had a presentiment or a fear of a violent end, and took his precautions accordingly, only to secure more surely the realization of his fears.

I saw him for the first time at the presentation of a foreign Consul-General—a ceremonial he could not avoid; and although he was then on his best behavior, the impression he produced was not favorable or agreeable. Richly clad in Oriental dress, with a jewel-hilted cimeter by his side, and a brilliant of price shining like a star in front of his *tarboosh* or fez cap, in imitation of the Sultan, he looked a thorough Turk of the old school,

and, unlike the rest of his family, could never have been mistaken for a European.

His complexion was much darker than that of the majority of Turks, who are generally fair, red-bearded men, our early notions of Blue-beard to the contrary notwithstanding. Abbas was very swarthy, with but little beard, short and stout in figure, with a bloated sensual face, and dull cruel eyes. Yet his manners, like those of all high Turks, were bland and polished; for in courtesy, ease of manner, and all that constitutes good-breeding, the Eastern certainly excels the Western man. My first unfavorable impressions were confirmed on further acquaintance. Utterly destitute of all culture, a bigoted Mussulman, he was fanatical without being religious, and hated all foreigners and all foreign habits. Had he dared to do so, he would have expelled all Europeans from the country; and the improvements in Egypt, during his time, were forced upon him by foreign influences he was afraid to thwart or offend. In his treatment of his own people he was arbitrary, rapacious, and cruel to the last degree. Neither the life nor the property of any of his subjects was held by any surer tenure than his caprice, and as his avarice equaled his cruelty it fared ill with those who awakened either. The possession of wealth, in many instances, was the passport for its owner to banishment to Fazough, in Central Africa (which was certain death), or for its confiscation for some pretended crime against the state. His will was the only law for his unhappy people. Foreigners were protected in their rights by their own representatives. With them he could not meddle; but the cry of the widow and the orphan whom he wronged rose up to heaven against him. With Constantinople he kept his peace by heavy bribes, and worked his wicked will as he listed with his people, who curse his name to this day. In truth, he was a kind of Eastern Tiberius, in his public crimes as in his unnatural private vices—shunning mankind and shrouding himself from the public eye, as that tyrant did—and died the death of a dog at last, in the midst of all his pomp, power, and splendor. It was during his reign that the Crimean war took place, which indirectly exercised considerable influence on Egypt, and paved the way for the independence finally achieved by the reigning Viceroy, Ismail Pacha, for which his predecessors intrigued in vain. The Sultan, sore pressed by his old enemy, temporal and spiritual, the Czar of Russia, and distrusting his European allies, whom he feared and hated only a little less than the Russians, called on his own vassals for aid in men and money. To this appeal Abbas promptly and efficiently responded. He sent both men and money to Constantinople—the former to perish amidst the snowy wastes of the Crimea without winning any military renown, which was monopolized by the French and English; the latter to be absorbed for the private uses of the Sublime Porte, always in need of money for its lavish

expenditures and costly vices. Egyptian blood and treasure were as idly poured out as water on the sands.

At the same time an order came from Constantinople for the expulsion of all the Greeks from Egypt, as sympathizers and allies of the Russians, their co-religionists, and therefore enemies of the Sublime Porte and of Islam. This edict of expulsion fell with crushing and ruinous severity on the heads of the Greek colony in Egypt, numbering many thousands, most of whom had been born and bred in Egypt, amassed wealth, owned property, and controlled the commerce of Alexandria and Cairo. This order of expulsion to them was not only expatriation, but ruin and beggary also, so they refused to leave, and protested against its justice. But Eastern governments use scant ceremony in such cases, and immediately resort to the strong hand. The Greek Consul-General was notified to quit Egypt in twenty-four hours, under penalty of being treated as an alien enemy and a spy, and, in terror for his life, fled away immediately. The unfortunate Greeks, deprived of his protection, were left like so many sheep under the teeth of ravening wolves, stubbornly persisted in remaining, under the piteous plea that they had or could find no other home on earth for themselves and families, and appealed to the representatives of the Christian powers to protect them from the wrongs and outrages to which they were subjected by the fanatical Arabs, now that they were known to be without protection. From motives of policy the representatives of the European Powers in Egypt declined to interfere, and the painful spectacle was witnessed at Alexandria of the forcible expulsion of unoffending people, forced on board of sailing vessels or barks with their families, without money or comforts, under compulsion of bayonets in the hands of ruffianly soldiers, who did not spare blows or violence to compel obedience from the reluctant victims.

License was accorded to pillage and abuse these helpless Greeks, and even their houses afforded no protection, and a carnival of crime was threatened, for the obstinacy of the outlaws was unshaken. They would die of violence, they said, sooner than take their children and wives into exile and starvation, for they were strangers in Greece, whither alone they could go, and the poverty of their compatriots forbade the hope of aid from them.

The American Consul-General came to their rescue. After vainly seeking the co-operation of his colleagues, he took the responsibility of protecting the Greeks under the American flag, which Commodore Ingraham's action in the Koszta case at Smyrna had made a well-known symbol in the East, but a few months before. By a *coup de main* he converted the Greeks into American protégés, gave them papers of protection, and notified the Egyptian Government of the fact, at the same time guaranteeing their good behavior and strict avoidance of any act which could give "aid or comfort" to the ene-

mies of Turkey or the Porte. After much correspondence, and some active intervention to prevent outrage or deportation of this class of people, the Viceroy tacitly gave up the struggle, and the protection accorded, though never formally acknowledged, was substantially, and the Greeks left in peace.

Mr. Marcy, then Secretary of State, some months after informed his representative that the Department approved of his action; and the affair tended greatly to enhance the popularity of the American Government with this impressive population.

In recognition of this intervention King Otho of Greece, after the war was over, tendered the grand cross of the order of Saureur to the Consul-General, who declined accepting it on republican grounds, which the King declared he understood and appreciated.

Hon. Carroll Spence, of Maryland, then United States Minister at Constantinople, also intervened actively in favor of the Greeks there, and secured a mitigation of their treatment. Abbas did not act badly in this affair, at least openly. It is true he told the American agent that the Greeks were pigs, very mischievous fellows, who would be a happy riddance, and that they must go; but, after some rather angry conferences, finally permitted the matter to go by default, after formally notifying the French and English agents of his taking no responsibility for the violation of the orders of the Sublime Porte and the Allies. And having done this, wearied out by the pertinacity of his adversary, he dismissed the subject from his thoughts, and, unlike his predecessor Pharaoh, did not push the persecution to expulsion.

Abbas availed himself of the troubles of his sovereign to intrigue for independence, or a change of the succession in favor of his son El Hami, whom he sent to Constantinople with costly presents or bribes; but the bait, though dangled before his eyes, he never seized. The greatest of the internal improvements of Egypt, before the Suez Canal, was commenced during his reign; for the first railway constructed in the Turkish dominions was the line running from Alexandria to Cairo, now extending to Suez—a distance of two hundred and twenty miles.

To this day the Egyptian railroads are the only ones existing in the East, with the exception of the short line from Smyrna to Aidin, recently constructed—the improvements at Constantinople beginning and ending—on paper.

For large promises and small performances—grand programmes followed by greater fiascos—commend us to your Turk! If civilization could only be propagated by protocols or firmans the East would have outstripped the West long ago. But in this matter of the railways a stronger and more persistent will than that of Abbas Pacha was at work—that of the British Government, whose Indian transit, daily growing more important and more valuable, both in a political and commercial point of view, required this improvement.

The British Government then wrung a reluctant adhesion to its wishes from Abbas, who hated the French, because his predecessor had loved them and leaned on their protection at Constantinople to further his own ambitious projects for himself and his son.

The famous Robert Stephenson, son of the more famous George, the first practical worker of the railway in England—was sent to Egypt with a large staff of English engineers—commenced the work, and the railway from Alexandria was open half-way to Cairo before Abbas died. Before that time the transit had been by steamers up the Nile—a tedious and uncertain transit, dependent on the state of the water. The conveyance by steam adapted itself peculiarly to the lethargic habits and lazy nature of the Oriental, who loves, of all things, to avoid too much exertion of mind or body; and therefore relished immensely the novelty of being transported with the rapidity of his Arab charger, and sleeping, coiled up in the corner of a carriage, all the time. To Abbas it also presented a new advantage. It gave him a means of escaping troublesome interviews with the foreign consuls, who were in chase of him all the time. His movements became as uncertain and erratic as those of a comet, and in proportion to the progress of the railway the difficulty of catching sight of him increased, when he left his desert solitude for the cities. This aversion on the part of Abbas to see the Europeans, and especially the Consul-General, grew upon him and became a kind of mania. When he did see them he was as polite and plausible as ever, but seldom kept the promises he made. He secluded himself from the sight even of his own people, and the rumors in circulation grew worse and worse, while tales of his caprices and cruelties were whispered in the coffee-houses—exaggerated doubtless, yet probably not without foundation in fact. Strange stories were told of his debaucheries in those desert palaces, where no Europeans were admitted—orgies reputed to be worse than those of Caprea, or of Rome in her rottenness. He was accused of those nameless crimes against humanity which have ever had their homes in the East, from the days of Sodom and Gomorrah down to the present. But the hate and terror this man inspired may have breathed in those rumors, whose truth or falsity it were hard to prove.

All this time the administration of his government was intrusted to incompetent and improper hands. The products of Egypt decreased, the receipts dwindled and diminished, the taxation increased, and, from high to low, peculation and extortion characterized the officials. No subject who had the misfortune to be rich felt safe in person or property; for mysterious disappearances or the chances of being spirited away at midnight increased; and the safeguards of the tribunals became nominal. Shrouded in his seclusion, like the Veiled Prophet, Abbas, invisible to the eyes of his

people, was seen and felt only in these outrages, justly or unjustly imputed to him; and, to add to the terror he inspired, the superstitious Arabs declared he possessed the fatal gift of the "Evil-eye"—a power in which every Eastern man believes, and most devoutly dreads.

On the very rare occasions when he was seen in public during his latter days his face and form looked more bloated, his eye duller and more vulture-like, than before. His corpulence increased, until he grew too unwieldy for much locomotion; but he did not "laugh and grow fat," for a smile was never on his lips, and there dwelt no mirth in that shrouded and sullen soul. He trusted but one human being—his mother—a very old woman, who was devoted to him, and was a good son to her. This was his single virtue. His son, El Hami, trembled in his presence. For women he cared little, seldom having his harems in the desert, but the Ghanajee, or dancing-girls, the most depraved of the daughters of night and Venus, were said to have been frequently summoned there, while other stories were whispered unfit to be repeated, or more than hinted at, referring to violations of the laws of God and man.

His way of life was most peculiar, even for the East, where what we call social life is unknown, and a man's house is a private place. Surrounded only by obsequious courtiers and obedient slaves in those desert palaces, into which no European entered, his life was a mystery, and whether he really indulged in the dreadful orgies and sensual license attributed to him will never be fully known. Tales have been told me by natives, who professed to know their truth, which were too horrible to be credited, too loathsome to be repeated or credited.

But his people believed these stories, and regarding him as a kind of "Sheitan," or devil, feared as much as they abhorred him. Yet no hand was ever raised by any of them against his life, and domestic treachery wrought the deed at last. The fear of poison haunted him so strongly that he never ate, when he could avoid it, any food not prepared under the supervision of his old mother, of whom I have already spoken. Yet these presentiments were not prophetic, for it was not his doom thus to die—the danger menaced him from quite another quarter. His aunt, Neze Khanum, then at Constantinople, sent him, as a present, two handsome boys as pipe-bearers, termed "Mamelukes." He was greatly pleased with the gift, and so far relaxed his habitual suspicious caution as to place them near his person to guard his afternoon slumbers. A gross, corpulent man, addicted to excesses of all kinds, his slumbers were heavy, and one afternoon, while he slept, the Mamelukes proceeded to execute their real mission. They suffocated him with the silken pillows of his own divan—so that he passed from the sleep of drunkenness into that of death; and then they fled away—no man could tell whither—for all trace of them was utterly lost. When his death was discovered

by his confidential attendants they were stupefied by terror, but kept the secret.

They shut up the room, and on fleet dromedaries repaired to Cairo, the Governor of which was one of the most trusted adherents of Abbas, and pledged to support the succession of El Hami to the Viceroyalty. The Governor, Elfy Bey, proved equal to the occasion. He did not divulge the tidings, but swiftly repairing to the palace, where the deed had been done, passed into the presence of what had been his master, pretending to have been summoned from Cairo for an interview. Those who knew the truth, and had brought him the intelligence, he left securely guarded at the citadel. He passed from his pretended audience with orders for the preparation of the state carriages, as the Viceroy would accompany him back to Cairo, and placing the dead body in the closed carriage, seated himself beside it, and took a long and ghastly ride of several hours in that strange company.

It required no common nerve and coolness, no small amount of stoicism, to play out successfully so audacious a drama; but it succeeded, and he reached the citadel at Cairo with his precious freight without exciting suspicion. Here, on the very scene of Mehemet Ali's great crime—the massacre of the Mamelukes—was now lying the corpse of his grandson, slain, if not by the hand, at least by the orders of the daughter of the same "man of destiny"—a strange and impressive instance of retribution. Elfy Bey summoned the chief adherents of the murdered man, and announcing the fact to them, at the same time declared his intention of announcing El Hami as his successor, in defiance of the claims of Said Pacha, who was legitimate heir under the law and the treaties. He caused the guns in the citadel to be loaded, and pointed on the town which they commanded, strongly reinforced the garrison, and was ready to act.

It so happened that Sir Frederick Bruce, the British, and his colleague the American Consul-General, were at Cairo at the time (the midsummer of 1854), and immediately were notified of the events transpiring by the terrified residents in a whisper. They immediately took counsel together, for the foreigners in Cairo feared that a general massacre of the Christians would inaugurate the civil war which seemed impending—the character of Said Pacha being such as to satisfy them he would not resign his rights without a struggle. In fact, Said, as soon as he heard the news, set out for Cairo with a large retinue, and the collision seemed imminent. The Consuls-General, after their conference, sent a formal warning to the Governor, that the thing he proposed doing was unwise; that he was needlessly risking his own head in the attempt to set aside the regular succession, and had better abandon it before his intention was publicly known. They advised him at once to notify Said Pacha, and give in his adhesion to the new Viceroy. Reluctantly

persuaded of the force of this warning, Elfy Bey renounced his original purpose, and invited Said Pacha to Cairo to assume the government, and rode out of the city gates to escort him in on his arrival.

Elfy Bey was a very handsome man, and I remember well his brilliant figure, as he sat his Arab steed, whose housings and bridle-rein glittered with cloth of gold and precious stones. Said Pacha, too, was a large, stately man, and they rode in together, side by side, in the most amicable manner. Said Pacha treated the Governor with the most distinguished consideration that evening, placed him at his right hand at table, praised highly his fidelity to his former master and to his son, jested with him over the idea of El Hami's succession, and sent him away rejoicing.

But Elfy Bey did not long survive either his terror or his newly-awakened hopes. By a most remarkable coincidence, though in high health at the time, he died suddenly, within forty-eight hours—of apoplexy it was said—and was honored by a most imposing funeral. El Hami, the innocent cause of his death, was generously treated by Said Pacha, who allow-

ed him to retain the bulk of his father's enormous fortune, much of which was found packed up in boxes in sterling coin at his different palaces. At the palace where he died there was said to be stored away in gold half a million of English sovereigns.

The death of Elfy Bey was never attributed to Said himself, who was of too bold, frank a nature to command or connive at assassination. It was supposed some superserviceable friend or courtier contrived the deed; for the subsequent reign of Said showed him incapable of treachery.

The young Prince El Hami, who inherited none of his father's evil nature, but was amiable to a fault, and rather dull in intellect, went to Constantinople, where his great wealth secured him the doubtful benefit of the hand of one of the Sultan's daughters in marriage. For the rest of his life he was a kind of state prisoner to his royal spouse and father-in-law, and died early from over-indulgence in every species of excess.

With him ended the race of Abbas Pacha, of whose ill-gotten wealth nothing now remains. His life was like a foul exhalation—his death a domestic tragedy—and his memory hateful in Egypt to this day.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IN his preface to the "Marble Faun," as before in that to the "Blithedale Romance," Hawthorne complained that there was no romantic element in American life; or, as he expressed it: "There is as yet no such Faery-Land so like the real world that, in a suitable remoteness, one can not well tell the difference, but with an atmosphere of strange enchantment, beheld through which the inhabitants have a propriety of their own." This he says in the "Blithedale" preface, and then adds that, to obviate this difficulty and supply a proper scene for his figures, "the author has ventured to make free with his old and affectionately remembered home at Brook Farm as being certainly the most romantic episode of his own life—essentially a day-dream, and yet a fact—and thus offering an available foothold between fiction and reality." Probably a genuine Brook Farmer doubts whether Hawthorne remembered the place and his life there very affectionately, in the usual sense of that word; and although in sending the book to one of them, at least, he said that it was not to be considered a picture of actual life or character—"Do not read it as if it had any thing to do with Brook Farm (which essentially it has not), but merely for its own story and characters"—yet it is plain that it is a very faithful picture of the kind of impression that the enterprise made upon him.

Strangely enough, Hawthorne is likely to be the chief future authority upon "the romantic episode" of Brook Farm. Those who had it at heart more than he, whose faith and hope and energy were all devoted to its development, and many of whom have every ability to make a permanent record, have never done so, and it is already so much a thing of the past that it will probably never be done. But the memory of the place

and of the time has been recently pleasantly refreshed by the lecture of Mr. Emerson and the "Note-Book" of Hawthorne. Mr. Emerson, whose mind and heart are ever hospitable, was one of the chief, indeed the chiefest figure in this country of the famous intellectual *Renaissance* of twenty-five years ago, which, as is generally the case, is historically known by its nickname of Transcendentalism—a spiritual fermentation from which some of the best modern influences in this country have proceeded.

In his late lecture upon the general subject Mr. Emerson says that the mental excitement began to take practical form nearly thirty years ago, when Dr. Channing counseled with George Ripley upon the practicability of bringing thoughtful and cultivated people together and forming a society that should be satisfactory. That good attempt, says Emerson, with a sly smile, ended in an oyster supper with excellent wines. But a little later it was revived under better auspices, and as Brook Farm made a name which will not be forgotten. Mr. Emerson was never a resident, but he was sometimes a visitor and guest, and the more ardent minds of the romantic colony were always much under his influence. With his sensitively humorous eye he seizes upon some of the ludicrous aspects of the scene, and reports them with arch gravity. "The ladies again," he says, "took cold on washing-days, and it was ordained that the gentlemen shepherds should hang out the clothes, which they punctually did; but a great anachronism followed in the evening, for when they began to dance the clothes-pins dropped plentifully from their pockets." And again: "One hears the frequent statement of the country members that one man was plowing all day and another was looking out of the win-

dow all day—perhaps drawing his picture—and they both received the same wages.”

In Hawthorne's just-published “Note-Book” he records a great deal of his daily experience at Brook Farm. But he was never truly at home there. Hawthorne lived in the very centre of the Transcendental revival, and he was the friend of many of its leaders, but he was never touched by its spirit. He seems to have been as little affected by the great intellectual influences of his time as Charles Lamb in England. The custom-house had become intolerable to him. He was obliged to do something. The enterprise at Brook Farm seemed to him to promise Arcadia. But he forgot that the kingdom of heaven is within you, and when he went to the tranquil banks of the Charles he found himself in a barn-yard shoveling manure, and not at all in Arcadia. “Before breakfast I went out to the barn and began to chop hay for the cattle, and with such ‘righteous vehemence,’ as Mr. Ripley says, did I labor, that in the space of ten minutes I broke the machine. Then I brought wood and replenished the fires; and finally went down to breakfast and ate up a huge mound of buckwheat cakes. After breakfast Mr. Ripley put a four-pronged instrument into my hands, which he gave me to understand was called a pitchfork, and he and Mr. Farley being armed with similar weapons, we all three commenced a gallant attack upon a heap of manure.”

Hawthorne was a sturdy and resolute man, and any heap of manure that he attacked must yield; but he had not come to Arcadia to sweat and blister his hands, and his blank and amused disappointment is evident. He had a subtle and pervasive humor, but no spirits. He sees the pleasantness of the place and the beauty of the crops, having knowledge of them and a new interest in them; and he has a quiet conscience because he feels that he is really doing some of the manual work of the world; but he is always a spectator, a critic. He went to Brook Farm as he might have gone to an anchorite's cell; but the fervor that warms and adorns the cold, bare rock he does not have, and the mere consciousness of well-doing is a chilly abstraction. “I do not believe that I should be patient here if I were not engaged in a righteous and heaven-blessed way of life.....I fear it is time for me—sod-compelling as I am—to take the field again.Even my custom-house experience was not such a thralldom and weariness; my mind and heart were free. Oh, labor is the curse of the world, and nobody can meddle with it without becoming proportionally brutified!” Very soon, of course, the pilgrim to Arcadia escapes from the manure-yard, and declares as he runs that it was not he, it was a spectre of him, who milked and raked and hoed and toiled in the sun. Hawthorne remained at Brook Farm but a few months, and after he left never returned thither, even for a visit.

The “Blithedale Romance” shows that he was not unmindful of its poetic aspect; but his genius was stirring in him, and he felt that he could not work hard with his hands and write also. So he went off, and never came back; and although he may have remembered certain persons kindly, his memory of the place and of his life there could not have been very affectionate. Probably there

were other diaries kept at Brook Farm; certainly there were many and many letters written thence, in which still lie, and will forever lie, buried the material for its history. But it is likely to become a tradition only, and upon its finer side more and more unreal, because of such sketches as those of Hawthorne. The most comical part of the whole was its impression—that is, such impression as it made, and without exaggerating its extent or importance—upon the steady old conservatism of Boston, which was of the most inflexible and antediluvian type. The enterprise was the more appalling because it seemed somehow to be a natural product of the spirit of society there. The hen of the tri-mountain had herself hatched this inexpressible duckling. Dr. Channing, indeed, was the honored intellectual chief; the culture of Boston had owed much to the liberal theology; old Dr. Beecher had battered that theology in vain; but the liberality of Boston was like the British Whiggery of the last century. It was more intelligent and more patrician than Toryism itself.

Mr. Emerson, as we said, was practically the head, or at least the accepted representative, of the new movement. His discourses before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard College, his address to the divinity students, and his noble Dartmouth oration, followed by his lectures in Boston and his “Nature,” had set the barn-yard—not offensively to retain the metaphor of the hen—into the most resonant cackle. In the midst came Theodore Parker's South Boston sermon, and there was universal thunder. The pulpits which Dr. Beecher had assaulted, and which had watched him serenely, when they heard Parker thought that the very foundations of things were going. The most distinguished chancicleers went to Mr. Emerson's lectures, and when asked if they understood him, shook their stately combs and replied, with caustic superiority, “No; but our daughters do.” And when the experiment began at Brook Farm there was no doubt in conservative circles that for their sins this offshoot of Bedlam was permitted in the neighborhood. What it was, what it was meant to be, were equally inexplicable. Are they fools, knaves, madmen, or mere sentimentalists? Is this Coleridge and Southey again, with their Pantisocracy and Susquehanna Paradise? Is it a vast nursery of infidelity; and is it true that “the abbé or religieux” sacrifices white oxen to Jupiter in the back parlor? What may not be true, since it is within Theodore Parker's parish, and his house, crammed with books and modest under the singing pines, is only a mile away?

These extraordinary and vague and hostile impressions were not relieved by the appearance of such votaries of the new shrine as appeared in the staid streets and halls of the city. There is always a certain amount of oddity latent in society which rushes to such an enterprise as a natural vent; and in youth itself there is a similar latent and boundless protest against the friction and apparent unreason of the existing order. At the time of the Brook Farm enterprise this was every where observable. The freedom of the anti-slavery reform and its discussions had developed the “come-outers,” who bore testimony in all times and places against church and state. Mr. Emerson mentions an apostle of the gospel of love and no money, who preached zeal-

ously but never gathered a large church of believers. Then there were the protestants against the sin of flesh-eating, refining into curious metaphysics upon milk, eggs, and oysters. To purloin milk from the udder was to injure the maternal affections of the cow; to eat eggs was Feejee cannibalism, and the destruction of the tender germ of life; to swallow an oyster was to mask murder. A still selecter circle denounced the chains that shackled the tongue, and the false delicacy that clothed the body. Profanity, they said, is not the use of forcible and picturesque words; it is the abuse of such to express base passions and emotions. So indecency can not be affirmed of the model of all grace, the human body. The fig-leaf is the sign of the fall. Man returning to Paradise will leave it behind. The priests of this faith, therefore, felt themselves called upon to rebuke true profanity and indecency by sitting at their front-doors upon Sunday mornings with no other clothing than that of the pre-fig-leaf period, tranquilly but loudly conversing in the most stupendous oaths, by way of conversational chiar-oscuro, while a deluded world went shuddering by to church.

These were harmless freaks and individual fantasies. But the time was like the time of witchcraft. The air magnified and multiplied every appearance, and exceptions and idiosyncracies and ludicrous follies were regarded as the rule, and as the logical masquerade of this foul fiend Transcendentalism, which was evidently unappeasable, and was about to devour manners, morals, religion, and common-sense. If Father Lamson or Abby Folsom were borne by main force from an anti-slavery meeting, and the non-resistants pleaded that those protestants had as good right to speak as any body, and that what was called their senseless babble was probably inspired wisdom, if people were only heavenly-minded enough to understand it, it was but another sign of the impending anarchy. And what was to be said—for you could not call them old dotards—when the younger protestants of the time came walking through the sober streets of Boston and seated themselves in concert-halls and lecture-rooms with hair parted in the middle and falling upon their shoulders, and clad in garments such as no known human being ever wore before—garments which seemed to be a compromise between the blouse of the Paris workmen and the *peignoir* of a possible sister? For tailoring underwent the same revision to which the whole philosophy of life was subjected, and one ardent youth, asserting that the human form itself suggested the proper shape of its garments, caused trowsers to be constructed that closely fitted the leg, and bore his testimony to the truth in coarse crash breeches.

These were the ludicrous aspects of the intellectual and moral fermentation or agitation that was called Transcendentalism. And these were foolishly accepted by many as its chief and only signs. It was supposed that the folly was complete at Brook Farm, and it was indescribably ludicrous to observe reverend Doctors and other Dons coming out to gaze upon the extraordinary spectacle, and going about as dainty ladies hold their skirts and daintily step from stone to stone in a muddy street, lest they be soiled. The Dons seemed to doubt whether the mere contact had not smirched them. But droll in itself, it was

a thousandfold droller when Theodore Parker came through the woods and described it. With his head set low upon his gladiatorial shoulders, and his nasal voice in subtle and exquisite mimicry reproducing what was truly laughable, yet all with infinite bonhomie and with a genuine superiority to small malice, he was as humorous as he was learned, and as excellent a mime as he was noble and fervent and humane a preacher. On Sundays a party always went from the Farm to Mr. Parker's little country church. He was there exactly what he was afterward when he preached to thousands of eager people in the Boston Music Hall; the same plain, simple, rustic, racy man. His congregation were his personal friends. They loved him and admired him and were proud of him; and his geniality and tender sympathy, his ample knowledge of things as well as of books, his jovial manliness and sturdy independence, drew to him all ages and sexes and conditions.

The society at Brook Farm was composed of every kind of person. There were the ripest scholars, men and women of the most æsthetic culture and accomplishment, young farmers, seamstresses, mechanics, preachers—the industrious, the lazy, the conceited, the sentimental. But they were associated in such a spirit and under such conditions that, with some extravagance, the best of every body appeared, and there was a kind of high *esprit de corps*—at least in the earlier or golden age of the colony. There was plenty of steady, essential, hard work, for the founding of an earthly Paradise upon a rough New England farm is no pastime. But with the best intention, and much practical knowledge and industry and devotion, there was in the nature of the case an inevitable lack of method, and the economical failure was almost a foregone conclusion. But there were never such witty potato patches and such sparkling corn-fields before or since. The weeds were scratched out of the ground to the music of Tennyson or Browning, and the nooning was an hour as gay and bright as any brilliant midnight at Ambrose's. But in the midst of all was one figure, the practical farmer, an honest neighbor who was not drawn to the enterprise by any spiritual attraction, but was hired at good wages to superintend the work, and who always seemed to be regarding the whole affair with the most good-natured wonder as a prodigious masquerade. Indeed, the description which Hawthorne gives of him at a real masquerade of the farmers in the woods depicts his attitude toward Brook Farm itself: "And apart, with a shrewd Yankee observation of the scene, stands our friend Orange, a thick-set, sturdy figure, enjoying the fun well enough, yet rather laughing with a perception of its nonsensicalness than at all entering into the spirit of the thing." That, indeed, was very much the attitude of Hawthorne himself toward Brook Farm and many other aspects of human life.

But beneath all the glancing colors, the lights and shadows of its surface, it was a simple, honest, practical effort for wiser forms of life than those in which we find ourselves. The criticism of science, the sneer of literature, the complaint of experience, is that man is a miserably half-developed being, the proof of which is the condition of human society, in which the few en-

joy and the many toil. But the enjoyment cloyed and disappoints, and the very want of labor poisons the enjoyment. Man is made body and soul. The health of each requires reasonable exercise. If every man did his share of the muscular work of the world no other man would be overwhelmed by it. The man who does not work imposes the necessity of harder toil upon him who does. Thereby the first steals from the last the opportunity of mental culture—and at last we reach a world of pariahs and patricians, with all the inconceivable sorrow and suffering that surround us. Bound fast by the brazen age, we can see that the way back to the age of gold lies through justice, which will substitute co-operation for competition.

That some such generous and noble thought inspired this effort at practical Christianity is most probable. The Brook Farmers did not interpret the words "the poor ye have always with ye" to mean "ye must always keep some of you poor." They found the practical Christian in him who said to his neighbor, "Friend, come up higher." But apart from any precise and defined intention, it was certainly a very alluring prospect—that of life in a pleasant country, taking exercise in useful toil, and surrounded with the most interesting and accomplished people. Compared with other efforts upon which time and money and industry are lavished, measured by Colorado and Nevada speculations, by California gold-washing, by oil-boring, and by the stock exchange, Brook Farm was certainly a very reasonable and practical enterprise, worthy of the hope and aid of generous men and women. The friendships that were formed there were enduring. The devotion to noble endeavor, the sympathy with all that is most useful to men, the kind patience and constant charity that were fostered there, have been no more lost than grain dropped upon the field. It is to the Transcendentalism that seemed to so many good souls both wicked and absurd that some of the best influences of American life to-day are due. The spirit that was concentrated at Brook Farm is diffused, but it is not lost. As an organized effort, after many downward changes, it failed; but those who remember the Hive, the Eyrie, the Cottage; when Margaret Fuller came and talked, radiant with bright humor; when Emerson and Parker and Hedge joined the circle for a night or a day; when those who may not be publicly named brought beauty and wit and social sympathy to the feast; when the practical possibilities of life seemed fairer, and life and character were touched ineffaceably with good influence, cherish a pleasant vision which no fate can harm, and remember with ceaseless gratitude the blithe days at Brook Farm.

MR. LONGFELLOW'S new poems, "The New England Tragedies," have not satisfied the critics, and have probably disappointed the great multitude of readers. The complaints are various, and sometimes a little unreasonable. Thus it is rather foolish to say that they are not dramas nor tragedies at all. The subjects, not the poems, are the New England Tragedies, namely, Quaker persecution and witch murder; and the poems upon those tragedies are dramatic poems rather than dramas. They do certainly refresh and emphasize the sadness of those tragedies,

and enforce their lesson. They lack, indeed, that moralizing, musing sweetness which is so familiar and so beautiful in Longfellow's poetry; and the dramatic form forbids that vivid narrative which is so delightful in the "Courtship of Miles Standish." Besides, Hawthorne's stories and the "Scarlet Letter" have so marvelously revealed the form and feeling of the earlier New England life that every reader was ready to compare; and Longfellow's poems have not even a charm of story to befriend them, the interest being in the tragedy itself, and that well known. Yet an Easy Chair must confess that any touch of a beloved artist is welcome and pleasant, although every line be not of the finest and best. Even the sculptured bust that tradition attributes to Raphael can not be spared, although it is not a Transfiguration. Can the lover of Thackeray spare *Philip*? In reading these poems who is not aware of the deep human sympathy, the forbearing charity, the tender reflection which belong to the poet's genius, even if, as we said, they are not so fully disclosed as we are used to having them and wish to have them? Every rose upon the bush is not as full and fragrant as every other, but still it is a rose, and from the sweetest tree.

There is one striking criticism and censure upon these poems, which appeared in the *Chicago Tribune*, and is evidently written by one who is wholly, and apparently traditionally, familiar with the subject. He justly says that the point has not been elsewhere suggested. In the first of the poems—"John Endicott"—the scene is laid in Boston, and the preacher who inspires the persecuting Governor is John Norton. Now, says our Chicago critic, unless we are very much mistaken, John Norton was never settled in Boston, and at the time of the poem was a very young man or a boy, and did not die until half a century later, in Hingham, where he long labored, and where his grave-stone still stands. He was not a conspicuous person, but was a liberal and gentle soul, and there is no proof that he even felt unkindly for the Quakers, while the probability is that he did not. If the poet knew of so inconsiderable a person he must have known that he neither lived nor died in the place nor at the time mentioned in the poem, and that neither his age nor his character would have suffered him to take part in the Quaker persecution. It seems unkind, therefore, to the critic, to have cast a stigma upon a blameless man. Nor does he think that such an offense—if so it be—is barred by the poet's plea:

"Nor let the Historian blame the Poet here,
If he perchance misdate the day or year,
And group events together, by his art,
That in the Chronicles lie far apart."

The critic further objects to the poet's picture of the well-known Boston minister, Cotton Mather, the very head and front of the witchcraft persecution. "He was not merely a zealot on this subject, he was a fierce fanatic.....No martyr, no hermit, no devotee whom the Church has ever canonized for works of devotion, of zeal, of self-abnegation done in the flesh, was more earnest, more absorbed, more fanatical than Mather was in fighting the Powers of Darkness in the dark days of New England witchcraft." This man the poet has represented as meek, mild, forgiving, and long-suffering, which he was not;

while poor John Norton, who was all that, is portrayed as a harsh and repulsive persecutor.

It is very possible, however, that Longfellow chose the name John Norton wholly disregarding the actual personality of some obscure person who may have borne it, somewhat as Hawthorne used the name of Miles Coverdale, merely as a name. But however it be, we are very sure that the good John Norton, surveying from his rest the humane genius of the poet who has used his name, gladly acquits him of malevolence, celestially sure that a singer who never spake ill of living man would not malign the dead.

It was a beautiful evening, full of warmth and moonlight and that indescribable tenderness of romance which invests foreign towns in the mind of youth and health and hope, when, not two horsemen, but a single Easy Chair might have been seen entering the ancient city of Antwerp. It was an indescribable number of years ago, but the Cathedral was already built, and the bells were hung in it, and as the traveler passed through the quiet streets they began to ring a delightful chime, which seemed graciously to welcome him to the freedom and hospitalities of the city, and which filled his soul with that delicious reverie in which the soul of the fond artist passed away who sat rocking in a boat upon the Shannon at twilight and heard the chimes ring out from the old Cathedral. The traveler alighted at the hotel, and went to his room, preceded by that celebrated pair of wax-candles which ushers every arriving guest to his chamber in every great hotel in Europe, and which is not forgotten in the bill. There, opening his *malle-post*, and leaning out of the window and watching the ever-fascinating life of every fresh and foreign street, and loitering about the room and listening to the evening bells, he dallied until it was really late, and then descended to the *kalbsbraten* and the festive but solitary wine-cup of the country.

How pleasant those evenings, those arrivals, so often repeated in the years of travel, are! What a good world it seems at those moments, and how romantic the most ordinary events of life! That cigar smoked upon the garden terraces of the *Trois Couronnes* at Vevay, with the Lake of Geneva, "fair, placid Leman," lapping below, and the snowy Alps gleaming spectral through the soft Swiss twilight; that last foaming, gushing bottle of *Asti* upon the Col de Balme, as Mont Blanc unrolled its calm and awful splendor, from the shining dome to the base muffled among the shadows of the valley—what permanent parts of life they are—specks caught in amber! As an Easy Chair writes their names and renews the memory, a hundred days and nights and unimportant scenes and insignificant events return, and the ancient heart is stirred as Sir Philip Sydney's was by the music of Chevy Chase.

But your traveler is a shockingly diffusive preacher. The Easy Chair has a certain text in mind, but its beloved readers will probably not suspect it until it is mentioned. Let us return, therefore, to our *kalbsbraten*. There was the repose of the Continental dining-room, and the exemplary waiter—*kellner* he was called in German—was at his placid post—placid but prompt.

And that name again recalls the fondness for titles which characterizes our excellent German brethren, and which Thackeray so amusingly satirizes. One day, perhaps it was in Berlin, the Easy Chair heard an earnest expostulation just outside the dining-room, and one earnest, pleading, pathetic voice (it was a question of sauces) culminated in the adjuration, "Ach! liebe Herr Ober Kellner!" "Ah, dear Mr. Upper Waiter!" as if the appeal to the majesty of the whole title might be equivalent to an appeal to the full bench of a higher court. The placid *kellner* presided behind the Easy Chair as the *kalbsbraten* was slowly consumed and the pleasant wine-cup drained, and suddenly, in the contemplative moment of tooth-picking and of *schwarz café*, a full military band in the street below the windows broke into the magnificent overture of *Semiramide*. The Easy Chair had easily explained the chimes. They could have intended no especial honor, because although they did most suggestively ring as it was entering the city, yet it was probably a regular evening office. But this late visit of a band, and a marvelous band, bursting out with full clash into *Semiramide*—that could be fairly viewed in no other light than that of a serenade. It was certainly a great compliment, a high honor. But as the Easy Chair was aware of no friend or acquaintance in Antwerp of any degree whatever, certainly of no station, it was fair to suppose that, if a serenade, it was for another guest. And so it proved; for Major-General Van Something, but a very imposing Something, in resplendent epaulets and heavy ringing boots and spurs, just then entered the dining-room, and the *Semiramide* was explained.

Just now that evening and that music are recalled with peculiar vividness as the telegraph says that Rossini is dead. Or that other evening in Florence, at the little, dingy, smelly theatre in the street whose name has slipped into oblivion, and where the gay *Barber* was sung upon such a shabby stage by such poor singers, but with such unction and to such enjoyment of all of us vagabonds in the parquette. It was as much better than the elaborate performance of Verdi's *Macbetto* at the great opera-house, with the ridiculous Italian Highlanders, and the dry and dreary music, as a dinner of herbs with contentment surpasses the enjoyment of the stalled ox without it. What endless fun we had with the "*buona sera*!" How we made the absurd notary, with his conventional comic shovel-hat, come on again and again and say his good-night! and how our blood danced and our eyes sparkled as the merry music bubbled out! and how we all went trilling and rollicking homeward, and sat late at the Doné, and awoke each other the next morning with a musical "Good-night."

But what thousands and thousands, for so many, many years, has not that same music delighted; and what crowds of people all over the world has it not periodically sent humming and smiling to their homes! How the gayety of a young, exuberant, susceptible nature is evident in all of Rossini's music! You fancy the lazy, brilliant good-for-nothing lying horribly late in bed, sleeping off the Champagne and the ortolans—the supper of the nymphs and the gallants—and mindless of the new opera that he has promised, and for which the town and all Europe is agape.

You can see the indignant directors and managers thundering at his door, bursting into his bedroom, rousing him from those warm and necessary slumbers, "And you, Maestro, you have no mercy! You are willing to doom us to disgrace, to the pulling down of our theatres, to the barbarity of a rabble infuriate for more music—*Cospetto!* You have no bowels! We are ruined, we are lost, we are massacred! *Dio mio!*" And sitting up in bed—why not?—and smiling and laughing, the blithe maestro scribbles, scribbles, and *La Gazza Ladra*, *Cenerentola*, *Il Barbiere* come rippling from his pen.

The Rossini music is unique. The excellent Germans, despite the Antwerp serenade, laugh at it, or rather are morally indignant with it. Such frivolity! Such lightness! Such thinness! Such foam! It is shameful! It is unpardonable! *Ach, lieber Gott!* And the ever-smiling youth, who may live to be seventy-seven, but will be a jovial boy on the last day, waves his wand again, and the *Semiramide* and the *William Tell* touch the sympathy of the world. Such sparkle, such smiling grace and gayety, are in no other music. Rossini's fancy is so profuse, so felicitous, so irresistible that we sneer in vain. Rossini undertake to treat *Semiramide*—where is the fitness of things? Sure enough. The fitness of things is going to the dogs; but what delicious strains, and what exquisite effects! The hold which Rossini's *Tancredi* took of the popular heart in 1812 has never been relaxed. It was confirmed by an extraordinary series of works, produced with as extraordinary rapidity.

He was born to music—the son of a strolling horn-player and his singing wife. At seventeen he wanted to begin to compose. Parents do not like children who compose. The parental mind seems to be profoundly depressed by the apprehension that it may have produced a genius. How many of the great painters, of the great poets, or of the lesser ones, were warmly encouraged by the parental influence, especially by the paternal? "If my boy were a Michael Angelo, a Beethoven, a Shakespeare, very well; but I don't want any daubers and rhymsters in my family." Of course, good Paterfamilias, Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet* when he was in clouts. The elder Rossini would hear of no nonsense of composing. Let my Gioacchino blow a horn, and he shall have my blessing. *Per Bacco!* he can become the first horn-blower in Italy! But the father's foot came down about the composing—and the boy's about the horn-blowing. He disobeyed his father. He might have been the first horn-blower in Italy, and he persisted in being—Rossini.

He composed *Tancredi* when he was twenty years old, and it made his fame and his fortune.

Since Mozart there had been no such melody, no such charm. It rang through Europe and bewitched it. Every body hummed, sang, played, whistled, thrummed, and tooted *Tancredi*. It was a universal fame, reaching every class of the people. The street-organs, the hurdy-gurdies, the café bands, the strollers, carried the charm every where. The Pesaro boy was a pied piper, and the whole world followed him merrily dancing. This triumph was the beginning of successes as splendid. There is, indeed, but one first time, but to hit the bull's-eye ten times running is more marvelous than to strike it once. Henry Thoreau wisely says that a man is measured by his average power, not by an extraordinary performance; just as the meadow flowers bloom in that part which is yearly overflowed, and not in the remote points which an exceptional high tide reaches. Rossini showed only his average power in *Tancredi*. He went from year to year writing operas, with a rapidity and an excellence that were amazing. In 1812 he wrote *Tancredi*; in 1816, the *Barber of Seville*; in 1823, the *Semiramide*; and in 1830, the *William Tell*. These are of a uniform, if not of a cumulative excellence; and between them all were composed the other not less memorable and popular operas, such as *L'Italiani in Algieri*, *La Cenerentola*, *La Gazza Ladra*, *Otello*, *La Donna del Lago*, *Mose in Egitto*, and the rest. They were all the works of youth. Rossini is to be added to the list of the young men of the world. At twenty he was as famous as a composer as Alexander Farnese was as a soldier at the same age. And at the age at which Raphael died, a young man, Rossini had done his work. After he was forty he wrote nothing of importance but the *Stabat Mater*, which, although it has none of the solemn grandeur of the older Italian masters of sacred music, was wonderfully popular, and is among the most familiar of modern compositions.

His employments, beside the great work of his life, were directing the operas at Naples, London, and Paris, and his fortune was rapidly and early made. When he withdrew into retirement he was about forty years old, and he lived nearly as many years more in Sybaris; for the famous composer was surrounded by all that was most brilliant and beautiful in Paris; and eating and drinking, and receiving all the young artists, and snuffing up pleasant praise, and genial and sympathetic, the years went by. The details of his last years are yet to come, but they will doubtless show a happy and kindly old Epicurean whom every body was glad to see, and who still retained the freshness of his prime, and to his latest day never regretted that he had not become the greatest horn-blower in Italy.

Editor's Book Table.

IT is never too late to wish our friends a Happy New-Year, and even a Merry Christmas serves as a pleasant reminder, though it be not uttered exactly in the season. So, though our imprint bears date the 1st of January, we can not think it out of season to utter our heartiest wishes for both a Merry Christmas and a Happy New-

Year. And as many of our readers at the time when they open these pages will be beginning to rack their brain with the question, "What shall I give for holiday presents?" we shall hope to serve them usefully by introducing them to some books appropriate for that purpose. If there are some gifts that make Christmas merrier, there

are none that make the New-Year happier than good books rightly used. And though the supply is not so abundant this season as in some others, yet there is enough to give the buyer who possesses a purse less illimitable than that of Fortunatus a good deal of perplexity in his choice.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

FIRST of all, by right which none will dispute, on the list of holiday books comes DICKENS'S *Christmas Carol*.* A good friend of ours, an orthodox deacon—and would that all orthodox deacons were possessed of as genial a Christianity as his!—declares that he considers it a matter of conscientious duty to read this most inspiring of stories through every fall, a little while before Christmas, as a sort of preparation for the sacred season. We suspect that he finds a good many duties much harder to fulfill, and we are certain that he might find a great many books more religious and less Christian. Hard, indeed, must be the heart that can resist its benign influences, that can breathe in its atmosphere of warmth and love and not say with Tiny Tim at the end, in a real and fervent prayer, “God bless us every one!” Doubly indurated must be the heart that can resist this old favorite in this new attire. If, then, Madame, you are so unfortunate as to have a husband who, through defective education or a surly temper, has no faith in Christmas, who never appreciates its church chimes, who is oblivious of its evergreen, who never trudges home about Christmas-eve laden with mysterious parcels, to be slipped quietly in at the back-door unbeknown to the too-curious children, who never has planted in his parlor that most fruitful of all specimens of vegetation, the Christmas-tree, whose children have never been inducted into the mysteries of stockings, and never made acquaintance with their patron saint—Santa Claus—by all means buy *Christmas Carol*; and cozily ensconced by your blazing fire, the children sharing the evening circle with you, get him to read to you and them the lesson which the spirits read to Scrooge; and if his voice does not grow husky and his eyes dim with tears, and he arise a converted man, to welcome as a Christian should all the joyous festivities of this most festive season of the year, then he must have a harder heart than Scrooge himself, which is saying a great deal, and may well be abandoned as a hopeless and incorrigible sinner.

WHOEVER goes to Europe keeps a journal and writes long letters home to his friends, describing what he sees. As nearly all travelers go over substantially the same course, read the same guide-books, ride in the same diligences, put up at the same hotels, climb the same mountains, visit the same cathedrals, view with reverence, indifference, or ridicule the same relics, and ask the same questions of the same vergers and monks, their narratives are very much of the same pattern, and differ only as the writer infuses something of his own personality into his account. It is rare, therefore, that a book of European travels possesses any considerable interest outside the circle of the author's friends. MR. DARLEY† has not

transfused his letters with any remarkable degree of personality. And so far as the story which he tells with his pen is concerned, it is very much the same story which we have read from scores of his predecessors. His instrument is his pencil. And with this he speaks with his own peculiar power; always making a few brief, nervous lines tell a wonderful story.

MR. HOLLAND is a genuine poet.* More perhaps than any other American writer he grapples with the deepest problems of our interior life. The secret battles of the soul he depicts always graphically. He is sometimes morbid, but he is rarely, if ever, weak. Whether it is desirable to tell the story of such a life as he has undertaken to describe in *Kathrina* we seriously doubt. But no one can doubt that it is powerfully done. Such a poet is exceedingly difficult to illustrate. He is, in truth, a metaphysician, and metaphysics defy the pencil. Yet real genius characterizes many of the designs. In some of them there is a weird and positively ghostly power, as in that of the haunted husband; in others quiet beauty of rare quality, as in the children at play, or the mother and her son. MR. GRISWOLD'S sketches of the scenery of the Connecticut are as true as they are beautiful; and the little symbolical designs of the head and tail pieces are exquisite both in conception and execution.

Is nature nothing more than a vast philosophical apparatus invented and constructed for the special benefit of the savant? Can we do nothing better with our mother than lay her lifeless form on the dissecting-table and study her anatomy? Does he know all the lessons the flower has to teach him who has picked it to pieces and given to its every part its horrid Greek or Latin name? Has he learned all the birds can teach him who has studied their origin and is able to classify them according to their species? Ah no! Nature is more than natural history. She possesses a heart which defies analysis. She must be studied, not always with cold and critical eyes and the cruel scalpel, but with warm, loving, appreciative hearts. A friend of ours, city bound, has made acquaintance with a dove. What was his letter of introduction no one knows. But he comes very regularly to the chamber-window, knocks respectfully for admission, and, if there be no company, hops boldly in; or, if there be, watches them somewhat narrowly before further venturing. This friend has learned more of the domestic pigeon by this familiar acquaintance than Darwin could tell him; as one learns more of father and mother in the home-circle than in any erudite work on moral philosophy. It is in this spirit MONS. MICHELET† writes of the Bird: “to reveal the bird as a soul, to show that it is a person.” He loves the bird enthusiastically. And he writes to impart his enthusiasm to others. The artist has entered with full spirit into the thought and feeling of his author. To both, this book must have been a labor of love. Two hundred and ten illustrations; nearly all portraits of birds; yet no sameness. Like a symphony of an old

* A Christmas Carol in Prose. Being a Ghost Story of Christmas. By CHARLES DICKENS. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

† Sketches Abroad with Pen and Pencil. By FELIX O. C. DARLEY. New York: Hard and Houghton.

* *Kathrina—Her Life and Mine; In a Poem.* By J. G. HOLLAND. With Illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner and Co. 1869.

† *The Bird.* By JULES MICHELET. With Illustrations. London: T. Nelson and Sons.

master, that repeats in endless variety of form the same substantial theme, through unending variations the same portraiture is presented. Birds on the nest, birds on the wing, birds in the water, birds breasting the dark storm, birds resting quietly in poise in summer air, birds filling the grove with their melodies, big birds, little birds, birds of prey and birds of song, birds of day and birds of night, birds northern and birds tropical; birds in every conceivable circumstance; birds on almost every page, and birds finally escaping from the book and lighted on the cover; all portrayed with the airiness of touch and the exquisiteness of engraving which belong only to the best French school.

IN *Wood-side and Sea-side** are collected some old friends, both in poetry and picture, and introduced with them some new faces. The book is a quarto of a hundred pages, containing a well-assorted selection of familiar poems from familiar authors on nature. The illustrations, most of them borrowed from English artists, are beautiful of their kind, being altogether portraits of wood and water scenes. As in all such collections, there are some good and some not so good, but there are none mediocre, and many very fine; and the volume, which is admirably printed on tinted paper, will make a popular book of poetry, not only for this but for future seasons. Intermixed with English designs are some very fine original drawings by Hows, so well known as the illustrator of the "Forest Hymn," and other books.

AMONG the gift books which lie upon our table are some advance-sheets from LYMAN ABBOTT's forthcoming *Life of Christ*, from the press of the Harpers. Of the book we shall speak hereafter, but we have already seen enough to warrant the assertion that it will take honorable rank among the illustrated works of the year. The designs are mainly selected from foreign sources. Among them we recognize half a dozen of Doré's best designs. Many of the pictures are admirable. Delaroche's Going to Calvary, the Two Marys at the Tomb, and the Mount Sinai, are admirable specimens of wood-engraving, and the two former are pictures of unusual power.

THREE hundred years have passed away since the death of ALBERT DURER.† His home in Nuremberg is still preserved with religious care, and a monument to his memory is among the objects of interest which are shown to the traveler there. A better monument to his name is the singular folio which Mr. W. C. Prime has introduced to the American public. By a photographic process the original designs are transferred to wood. By careful engravers every line is followed, even such as indicate defects in the original plates—and the reader has thus before him an exact duplicate of Durer's original designs, line for line. *The Little Passion* consists of thirty-seven designs of incidents from the life of Christ, mainly from the last days. It is not necessary to share Mr. Prime's enthusiasm for

his master in order to commend very heartily this republication of his works; nor need we agree that Albert Durer carried the art of engraving to "a perfection never since surpassed," in order to do full honor to his unquestioned genius. He is, indeed, the father of designs on wood. He sustains to that art the same relation that Gutenberg and Faust do to printing, or Stephenson to the steam-carriage. We honor these pioneers. We recognize their genius. But we are not so indifferent to the improvements of later hands and minds as to desire to obliterate from civilization all that the world has learned since. Tried by modern standards the engravings of Durer are often fantastic in design and false in anatomy, and always coarse in execution. We neither desire to ride in Stephenson's carriages, to supplant modern literature with the unwieldy folios of Faust, nor to exalt the first pencillings of a rude and childish age above those of a developed art. And we welcome the "Little Passion" less as a positive contribution to art than as a most valuable contribution to its history, a most worthy memorial of a true genius, and a striking witness to the truth that in art, as in every thing else, the Golden Age is in the future, not in the past.

OF the volumes that are now before us these will be likely to take a leading position, though there are others that are, perhaps, no less beautiful. Ticknor and Fields give us an exquisitely illustrated edition of TENNYSON'S *Locksley Hall*—a gem in its way that any lover of Tennyson will warmly welcome; and a revised edition of the *Poetry of Compliment and Courtship*, with steel plates by the National Bank-Note Company. Bank-notes can not be engraved in haste, and the effect of long years of painstaking work is plainly visible in this very fine, almost microscopic, work. The Appletons announce *The Poet and the Painter*, and *The Schiller Gallery*.

MINISTERIAL PRESENTS.

IN making up your book parcels for Christmas do not forget your pastor. Seed thus sown on the waters will return unto you in fresh thoughts on the Sabbath, not after many days. Without attempting to give a list for your selection, we modestly suggest that you do *not* give him a Bible. The book is, indeed, immeasurably valuable, but there is always a strong presumption that a minister has access to one or more copies. LANGE'S *Commentaries* will not come amiss; nor M'CLINTOCK and STRONG'S *Dictionary*, if you insure payment for the remaining volumes; nor—for a smaller gift—HENRY WARD BEECHER'S *Sermons*; nor *Studies in the Gospels* and *Studies in the Old Testament*, by GEORGE M. JONES; nor SMITH'S *Old Testament History* and *New Testament History*; nor, for that matter, any of the books we have already mentioned above. For, in truth, the ministerial mind—we trust the profession will excuse us—tends too much to professional literature; and we are by no means sure that you will not do better to leave your pastor to select his own tools, and give him something quite distinct from his usual course of studies; or, best of all, give him at the book-store credit for fifty or a hundred dollars, and let him do his own selecting.

* *Wood-side and Sea-side*. Illustrated by Pen and Pencil. New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1869.

† *The Little Passion of Albert Durer*. Reproduced in Fac-simile. Edited by W. C. PRIME. New York: J. M. Bouton.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

It is a pity we had not borrowed our celebration of Christmas from Germany. Who knows or cares for Santa Claus or his day, except as he is mysteriously, and no one knows why, associated with our Christmas celebration? But it is a beautiful imagination, that of the Germans, that every year the Christ-child returns to earth again laden with presents for his little brothers and sisters after the flesh. This year he brings his arms full of beautiful books, bewildering in variety; in prose and poetry; pictorial and plain; real and romantic; useful and imaginative; from the midst of which accumulated treasures we can barely select a few samples and types for fathers and mothers, uncles and aunts, studying the wants of their little ones.

Sheldon and Co. announce, besides a quantity of story-books, *Pictures and Stories of Animals for the Little Ones at Home*, in six volumes, by Mrs. SANBORN TANEY. A sample page gives promise of admirable illustration, and if the promise is fulfilled these volumes will be just the thing to set your boy hunting insects or gathering a collection of sea-shells. The collection may not be of the highest scientific value, but the collecting will be. Ticknor and Fields—it will take some time for the public to learn the new name, Fields, Osgood, and Co.—offer some story-books, of which the most notable are *Cast Away in the Cold*, in which Captain Hardy (Dr. ISAAC I. HAYES) takes his young crew through a series of exciting adventures in the Arctic regions, from which they can hardly return without learning, before they are aware of it, more of Greenland and the Northern Sea than they will be apt ever to acquire from their school geographies; and the *Flower and the Star*, in which Mr. LINTON, the famous engraver, wields both pen and pencil in weaving a charming little story for the little folks. *Appleton's Juvenile Annual*, composed of short stories and shorter poems, serious and comic, and ornamented with illustrations of an average merit, will prove a very acceptable gift, especially to those children who, not overfond of reading, are afraid to undertake at once a full volume. The same may be said for the bound volume of *Our Young Folks*, to which our own particular young folks have taken with great zest, and which serves an excellent purpose as a juvenile annual. Some of the illustrations are truly admirable. J. P. Skelly and Co. issue three or four "Juveniles," "with a moral," in which the writers seem to have succeeded in blending excellent moral instruction with pleasant and attractive stories.

TRAVELS.

PAUL DU CHAILLU, who has already introduced himself to the children in the *Gorilla Country*, renews his acquaintance with them in *Wild Life under the Equator*.* It is written for children. It is quite as readable for their parents. There is a charming naïveté in the style; and we can almost fancy we hear the author's broken English, as we have often heard it, as he tells these stories with sparkling eye and

French enthusiasm to a gathered group of friends. It is a book of wild and romantic adventure, that makes a boy's pulse beat quicker, and his eye kindle, and the blood mount to his head as he reads; a book to inspire all the resolute purpose and true courage of the young heart; a book that takes him, too, through an almost unknown wild, from which he can hardly fail to return with a new appreciation of the comforts of his own home; a book quite as interesting and more valuable than any fairy story.

SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICA has always been a *terra incognita* to the American public. We have known less of our near neighbor than of more distant ones, and have done less to make her acquaintance than has England, France, or Germany. Even Russia—snow and ice bound Russia—has done as much, if not more, to explore the tropical forests of her cis-Atlantic friend than has her North American companion, mated to her not more by geographical than by political considerations. Of this country, whose mountains are the grandest, whose rivers the largest, whose vegetation the most luxuriant, whose mineral resources the most boundless, and whose earthquakes are the most tremendous of perhaps any continent, the people at large know scarcely any thing more in the nineteenth century than they did in the sixteenth. But now at length public attention is tardily turning to this land, at once the richest and the most poverty-stricken in the world. Agassiz has laid it under contribution, and has compelled it to witness for science. Church has carried thousands of admiring Americans to the very heart of the Andes, and introduced them to the most magnificent mountain and valley scenery in the world. Thanks to the labors of Rev. Mr. Fletcher, Brazil is being brought into commercial relations with its natural ally the United States. And an American company is now in process of organization, to which has already been secured the sole right of steamboat navigation in the Madeira River and its tributaries; a right which may open to the world the now inaccessible wealth of Bolivia.

Harpers by their republication of HELPS's *History of the Spanish Conquest*, Hurd and Houghton in their translation of SARMIENTO's *Life in the Argentine Republic*, Scribner by his new edition for an American market of DON RAMON PAEZ's *Travels and Adventures in South and Central America*, and Lee and Shepard by their publication of BISHOP's *Journal of his Thousand Miles Walk across South America*, are bringing this unknown land before the American public. Of these books of travel we have read with peculiar interest that of Nathaniel H. Bishop. A lad of seventeen years of age, an enthusiast in Natural Science, he starts from Boston to pursue his investigations in South America, his entire capital being forty-five dollars; lands at Buenos Ayres, pushes his way across the plains, winters at the foot of the Andes, crosses this back-bone of the continent, reshops from Valparaiso, and returns to the place of his departure five dollars richer than when he set out. All this he accomplished with no other friends than he secured upon the way, and no previous acquaintance with the country or its language. The story of such a jaunt can scarcely fail to be interesting and instructive; and it is simply and graphically told.

* *Wild Life under the Equator*. Narrated for Young People by PAUL DU CHAILLU. With numerous Engravings. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 30th of November. The issue of the Presidential election held on the 3d was so clearly indicated by the State elections of the few previous weeks that, however much doubt there might be in regard to a few States, there was none as to the general result. It was tacitly assumed that General Grant, for President, would have a very large electoral majority, and a very considerable popular majority, over Mr. Seymour. The efforts of the Democratic party were accordingly mainly directed to gaining what could be done in regard to local candidates, and especially in members of the Forty-first Congress, which will assemble on the 4th of March, 1869.

Mississippi, Texas, and Virginia having failed to comply with the conditions prescribed by law, only 34 States took part in the election. Of these 26 States, casting 209 electoral votes, went for General Grant; and 8 States, casting 85 electoral votes, for Mr. Seymour. The entire electoral vote being 294, 148 constitutes a majority. The Republican party thus carried nearly three-quarters of the States and of the electoral vote. The popular majority of this party was, however, much less. The definite result has been officially announced in only a little more than half of the States. Putting together the official count as far as declared, and the most reliable estimates from the other States, it appears that the entire vote cast was about 4,000,000, and the excess of the majorities of the Republican candidates over those of the Democratic party was about 300,000, or not far from seven per cent. of the whole vote. Before this Record will be read the precise figures will have been officially announced. We therefore postpone to the next Number a table showing the vote at this election. The following is a list of the States voting, and the number of electoral votes cast by each:

For Grant and Colfax.—Arkansas, 5; California, 5; Connecticut, 6; Florida, 3; Illinois, 16; Indiana, 13; Iowa, 8; Kansas, 3; Maine, 7; Massachusetts, 12; Michigan, 8; Minnesota, 4; Missouri, 11; Nebraska, 3; Nevada, 3; New Hampshire, 5; North Carolina, 9; Ohio, 21; Oregon, 3; Pennsylvania, 26; Rhode Island, 4; South Carolina, 6; Tennessee, 10; Vermont, 5; West Virginia, 5; Wisconsin, 8.—In all, 26 States, having 209 electoral votes.

For Seymour and Blair.—Alabama, 8; Delaware, 3; Georgia, 9; Kentucky, 11; Louisiana, 7; Maryland, 7; New Jersey, 7; New York, 33.—In all, 8 States, having 85 electoral votes.

It will be seen that, with the exception of New York and New Jersey, all of the States formerly designated as "Free," in distinction from those known as "Slave," voted for Grant. To these should be added Missouri, which, though nominally a "Slave" State, had practically become "Free," together with Arkansas, Florida, North Carolina, and South Carolina, where, owing to the exclusion from the polls of the whites who had voluntarily aided in the rebellion, the colored vote was largely in the preponderance.

There can be no doubt that had the votes of Texas and Virginia been allowed to be given they would have been cast for Seymour, adding about 23 to his electoral vote. In respect to Missis-

sipi there is some room for doubt. That State was excluded on the ground that a majority of the registered voters failed to vote upon the question of calling a convention to ratify the Reconstruction Acts of Congress. But it is now affirmed that a majority of the lawfully registered electors did vote on this question, and that the action of Congress was sustained by them. But as no election for President was held in this State, this will not affect the result. The election for members of the next Congress is yet to be held in several States. Thus far the Democrats have gained largely in members of the House; their net increase will be about 30. The next House will consist of 226 members, of whom probably 140 may be set down as Republicans, and 76 Democrats, so that the dominant party will lack considerably of a two-thirds majority. The Senate will remain nearly as at present, the Democrats, however, gaining one or two members.

In *New York* it was evident that the canvass would be very close. It was taken for granted that in the cities, and especially in New York and Brooklyn, the Democratic majority would be large, while in the country the Republicans would have a decided preponderance. It came to be assumed that the issue would be determined by the votes of persons to be naturalized before this election, it being acknowledged that an immense majority of these new voters would cast their ballots in favor of the Democratic candidates. There were several circumstances which rendered the number of naturalizations at this period large beyond precedent. During the four years' war many foreigners refrained from "declaring their intentions," in order to escape the liability of being drafted. Many thousands of these had declared their intentions toward the close of the war, and were now entitled to naturalization. The result was that, within the few weeks immediately preceding the election, there were 40,000 persons naturalized in New York and Brooklyn. That great frauds were committed is beyond question; but it is hardly probable that these were in number sufficient to have changed the result. In the cities of New York and Brooklyn the majorities for Mr. Seymour were nearly 75,000 in a vote of about 160,000. In the remainder of the State the aggregate majorities for General Grant were about 65,000. The general issue was that in the State there were cast 849,751 votes, of which 429,857 were for Seymour and 419,894 for Grant, giving Mr. Seymour a majority of 9963. In round numbers, out of 850,000 votes the Democratic majority was 10,000, only a little more than one per cent. of the whole.—In this State a Governor, Representatives in Congress, and Members of the State Assembly were chosen. For Governor there were local considerations which affected the issue. Mr. Hoffman, the Democratic candidate, was known to be strongly opposed to the present Excise law, and many Republicans voted for him on this account in opposition to Mr. Griswold, his competitor. In New York city and Brooklyn Mr. Hoffman ran quite 15,000

ahead of Mr. Seymour. In the whole State his majority amounted to 28,000.—The Democratic party had thus, upon national questions, a majority of 10,000; but this was comprised in comparatively few districts, while the Republican majorities were more widely diffused. The one party had large majorities in comparatively few districts; the other party had smaller majorities, but in more districts. From this it resulted that of the thirty-one representatives in Congress the Republicans will probably have nineteen. This party also have a majority in both branches of the State Legislature, which will insure to them a United States Senator, to take the place of Mr. Morgan, whose term is about to expire.

Pennsylvania was also considered a somewhat doubtful State. Both parties averred that the October election, in which there was declared a Republican majority of less than 10,000, was no criterion of the result in November. The Democrats affirmed that at least 15,000 Republican votes were fraudulently imported from New York and elsewhere, and that but for these the State would have gone Democratic then, and would in November go that way. The Republicans declared that just about as many similar fraudulent votes were cast on the Democratic side; that this could not be repeated in November, and that in consequence the Republican majority would be more than doubled. The State gave Grant a majority of 29,000.

Connecticut and *New Jersey* were also considered as doubtful States. The former went Republican, the latter Democratic, by small majorities. *California*, *Nevada*, and *Oregon* were likewise claimed by both parties. The small majorities which these States gave to Grant show that these conflicting claims were not without reason.

With the foregoing exceptions there was no reasonable room to doubt as to the votes of any except the Southern States. That all New England and the great States of the West and Northwest would go for Grant was sure. In *Tennessee* so many Democrats were disfranchised for voluntary complicity in the rebellion, that there could be no question that the vote of the State would be Republican. There was just as little doubt that the Border States, *Maryland*, *Kentucky*, and *Delaware* would go Democratic, although probably the majorities were larger than were expected by either party.

In the strictly Southern States there was really room for doubt. A great part of the whites, whose votes would have been cast for Seymour, were excluded from the exercise of the franchise because of their inability to take the oath that they had not voluntarily aided the rebellion. It was assumed by the Republicans that the colored voters would go for them in a mass, and thus give them an overwhelming majority in each of the Southern States. But, on the other hand, it was held that the whites, holding as they did the whole of the wealth of the country, and from their long association with the blacks, would be able to control enough of the colored vote to secure a Democratic majority in most of the Southern States. The Republicans carried *North* and *South Carolina*, *Florida*, and *Arkansas* by majorities much smaller than they had expected. The Democrats carried *Georgia* and *Louisiana* by majorities unexpectedly large.

The initial blow in the Southern political campaign was struck in Georgia, when the Legislature decided that men of color, however eligible they might have been declared as voters, were yet ineligible to hold office, and therefore ousted from their seats all colored men who had been elected as members. This strong measure, followed as it was by armed opposition to political meetings of colored men, convinced these that they were not able to cope with the whites, better armed and more expert in the use of weapons. So it came to pass that only a small part of the colored vote, upon which the Republicans had relied, was cast, and the State of Georgia gave to Mr. Seymour a majority of more than 40,000.

In *Louisiana* the case was still more notable. Every thing there seemed to promise a large Republican majority. We have heretofore given in brief accounts of the political conflicts in and about New Orleans. As a general result, the blacks came off the worse. What followed, immediately preceding the election, is set forth by General Rousseau, Commander of the Department, in his official report to General Grant. General Rousseau says that upon assuming the command of this Department he had to encounter grave difficulties. The Presidential campaign had resolved itself into a contest of races rather than of political parties. The majority of the whites were on one side; the majority of the colored population on the other. Both formed themselves into clubs of a semi-military character; the colored clubs habitually drilled; the white clubs did not, because with a majority of them drill was unnecessary. There was, moreover, a police imbroglio in New Orleans. The control of the police had been taken from the hands of the Mayor and Corporation and given to a Board of Six, of whom three were white and three colored. The police force appointed by this Board numbered 373, of whom 243 were negroes and 130 whites, all, with some exceptions, of wholly unworthy material. The great body of the community refused to recognize the authority of the force thus composed. The authority of the Board was disputed, the Mayor and Corporation insisting upon their right to appoint the police. Finally, at the suggestion of General Rousseau, the question was left to the courts, and in the mean while it was agreed that General Steedman should act as Chief of Police. The real force to be relied upon to keep the peace in and about New Orleans consisted of the military of the United States. When General Rousseau took the command of the Department these numbered 463 men; subsequently a small reinforcement came from Mississippi. With these General Rousseau had but 550 men available for service to keep peace in the city. About this time, in the last days of October, Rousseau consulted with the Republican leaders, and the general opinion, as stated by him, was that "if the excitement continued up to the day of the election there would be fierce fighting at the polls and a general row all over the city." So it was agreed upon all hands that "the better course would be to advise the colored people not to vote." This advice was concurred in, and hence, as stated by General Rousseau, was "the small Republican vote cast in New Orleans and in many parishes of the State. This," says General Rousseau, "was a matter

over which I could exercise no possible control. The leaders of the Republican party having advised the negroes to stay away from the polls, they staid away." The result was a peaceable election. In New Orleans and the parishes closely adjacent the vote for Seymour was more than 20,000, while that for Grant was merely nominal, a few scores at most. In the whole State Seymour's majority amounted to about 40,000. General Rousseau takes occasion to speak strongly in favor of the people of New Orleans. "The great majority are," he says, "law-abiding and entirely friendly to the Government of the United States." This friendly feeling is "evinced in many ways; in none more marked than in the respect shown to the military on all occasions." The "Democratic clubs of the city," says General Rousseau, "numbering, it is said, over 16,000 voters, formally tendered to me their services in aid of the military to preserve the peace."

REPORTS FROM MILITARY DEPARTMENTS.

From the Department of the *Cumberland* General Thomas reports that the necessity for the presence of the military yet continues as the state of society has not improved, and in some parts is much worse. A full account of the "Ku-Klux Klan" is given. "Very great difficulty exists throughout the Department in obtaining justice for Union men even in the United States courts." General Thomas asserts that—

It is mortifying to acknowledge that the State and local laws and the more powerful force of public opinion do not protect the citizens of the Department from violence. In fact, crime is committed because public opinion favors it. A criminal who is popular with the mob can set the law at defiance; but if a man is only suspected of crime, who is inimical to the community, he is likely to be hung to the nearest tree or shot down at his own door. . . . In Tennessee, where a majority of late rebels are disfranchised, they and sympathizers with them have a hatred for State authorities which is unconcealed and aggressive. In localities where the disfranchised element is strong a spirit of persecution toward those in sympathy with the authorities—those who recognize the political rights of the enfranchised negroes and the negroes themselves—especially shows itself in utter contempt of the law, and violence is openly talked of. The editorial articles of the public press are such as to create the most intense hatred in the breasts of ex-rebels and their sympathizers. The effect of this is to cause disturbance throughout the State, by inciting the ruffianly portion of this class of citizens to murder and maltreat white Unionists and colored people in localities where no United States troops are stationed. The local authorities have not the will, and more often have not the power, to suppress or prevent these disturbances. In Kentucky disfranchisement can not be alleged as a reason for these disturbances. There the mass of people are in sympathy with the State authorities, and make no attempt to resist them. The colored people are quiet and peaceable. They have no political rights, not being enfranchised. Yet ruffians are permitted to tyrannize over them without fear of punishment. The testimony of negroes is refused in the State courts, and the United States courts are difficult of access to an ignorant people without friends or influence. In some districts some ex-Union soldiers are persecuted by their more numerous rebel neighbors until they are forced into a resistance, which sometimes ends with the loss of their lives, or they are compelled, in self-defense, to emigrate. An appeal to the courts affords but little hope of redress, as the magistrates and juries too often decide in accordance with their prejudices and without regard to justice. . . . The impoverishment of the South, resulting from war and its concomitants; the emancipation of slaves and consequent loss of substance; the ambiguity and uncertainty of political rights and financial values, as well as personal rivalries, have all combined to strengthen the efforts of pernicious teachers. The evil done has been great, and it is not discernible that an immediate improvement may be expected.

In the Military District of *Virginia*, General Stoneman reports the general condition of affairs to be favorable. He had pursued the general policy inaugurated by General Schofield, his predecessor. It having been held by some that the Fourteenth Article of the Constitution vacated all offices held by persons who come within its provisions. He says that it is found

Impacticable to carry on the government of the State upon the assumption that the thousands of officers in the district, embracing State officers, judges, sheriffs, commissioners, commonwealth attorneys, magistrates, etc., not to speak of the large number of town or municipal officers, such as mayors, councilmen, aldermen, constables, overseers of the poor and others, should suddenly cease in performance of their functions, with no possibility of filling their places under the provisions of the reconstruction laws. In some instances it has been found absolutely impossible to find any person upon whom an appointment could be conferred.

He recommends the repeal of the 9th Section of the law of July 19, 1867, which prescribes that in the States formerly in insurrection, all persons elected or appointed to office shall be required to take the oath prescribed for officers of the United States. Chief-Justice Chase, who is now holding court at Richmond, has decided that this provision does not apply to jurors except when specially directed by the court; he therefore ordered that the regular oath in use before the rebellion should be administered to jurors, upon the ground that it would be impossible to find a sufficient number of jurors otherwise qualified who could take the test oath. General Stoneman says, in conclusion, that—

The affairs connected with the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands in Virginia have been managed with ability and discretion. The officials have performed their thankless duties to the general satisfaction of those concerned, and have sought, as far as in their power, to see that justice was done and the rights of the negroes protected. In doing this, they had on one hand ignorance and on the other prejudice to contend against and overcome. Instances, though rare, have been brought to his attention where violence has been used toward them; but those cases have been confined to individuals, and were not chargeable to communities. The abuses practiced toward negroes which have been reported by the Bureau agents have, in all instances, been investigated by military commissions, and the civil authorities have been required to see that justice was administered. As the law now stands, and in accordance with its requirements, many of the functions of the Bureau will cease on the 1st of January. In consideration of the unreconstructed condition of the State—with no Legislature to make laws or regulations, or appropriations of money; with an exhausted treasury and an apathetic people—its further continuance, in some modified form, became an important matter, worthy of the early attention of Congress. The officers, both civil and military, have, in general, performed their duties with willingness worthy of commendation; and to this, together with the respect for law and justice manifested by the people, white and black, is due the quiet and good order that reign throughout the Commonwealth.

General Meade reports at length on the condition of the *Department of the South*, embracing the States of Georgia, Alabama, and Florida. He details the occurrences which have taken place there, most of which were noted at the time in this Record. In conclusion, he says:

No army in all previous history was ever called on to discharge such delicate and responsible duties, involving powers that if abused might have led to the most serious consequences; and yet the transition from military to civil power was so imperceptible as to have passed unnoticed, but for the special means by way of proclamation, orders, etc., to make it public. I do not mean to deny but that there were indi-

vidual exceptions, and that in some cases bad judgment, political bias, or personal feelings may have influenced the course of some individual officer or soldier. This is no more than is to be expected from our nature; but I do maintain that, taking the large force extending over such an extent of territory and vested with supreme power, instead of the few instances where, perhaps, criticism might be appropriate, the wonder was—and it is to be said to the credit of the army—that so little abuse was made of a power by those who might very readily be supposed difficult to be restrained and controlled.

For the *Department of Missouri*, Generals Sherman and Sheridan give full details of the Indian War of the past year. Sheridan, in actual command in the field, states that his entire force consisted of 1200 cavalry and 1400 infantry; but after distributing these so as to guard the railroads he had at his disposal for offensive operations only about 800 men. "With this small force it was impossible to accomplish a great deal in so extensive a country. The Indian, mounted on his hardy pony and familiar with the country, was about as hard to find, so long as the grass lasted, as the *Alabama* on the ocean." The details of the various expeditions since August show that in all, of soldiers and scouts, 11 have been killed, and 26 wounded; of the Indians 92 have been killed and an unknown number wounded. No villages have been destroyed, and no large amount of stock captured. Of citizens 75 have been killed and 9 wounded by the Indians. In nearly all cases the most horrible barbarities were perpetrated on the bodies of the victims. These Indian outrages have rendered a large tract of country almost uninhabitable; and, says Sheridan—

Unless the Indians are crushed out, and made to obey the authority of the Government, there will be a total paralysis of some of the best interests of this section of the country. No peace which will give confidence can hereafter be made by paying tribute to these savage bands of cruel marauders. Indian tribes should not be dealt with as independent nations. They are wards of the Government, and should be made to respect the lives and property of citizens. The Indian history of this country for the last three hundred years shows that of all the great nations of Indians only the remnants have been saved. The same fate awaits those now hostile; and the best way for the Government is to now make them poor by the destruction of their stock, and then settle them on the lands allotted to them. There was an error in judgment in making peace with these Indians last fall. They should have been punished, and made to give up the plunder captured, and which they now hold. The present system of dealing with the Indians I think is an error. There are too many fingers in the pie, too many ends to be subserved, and too much money to be made.

General Sheridan recommends that the management of the Indians should be transferred to the War Department, that the Lieutenant-General should have the sole charge of them, and that each Department Commander, under him, should have entire charge of the Indians in his Department. He closes his report, dated November 15, by announcing that

Arrangements are now being made for active operations against their villages and stock. As soon as the failure of the grass and the cold weather forces the scattered bands to come together to winter in the milder latitudes south of the Arkansas, a movement of troops will then take place from Bascon, Lyon, Dodge, and Arbuckle, which I hope will be successful in gaining a permanent peace.

Generals Sherman and Grant both indorse the recommendation of Sheridan that the control of the Indians be vested in the War Department. Sherman says:

It is idle for us longer to attempt to occupy the Plains in common with these Indians, for the country is not susceptible of close settlement with farms like Missouri and Iowa, and is solely adapted to grazing. All of our people are necessarily scattered, and have more or less cattle and horses, which tempt the Indians, hungry, and it may be starving, for the want of his accustomed game, and he will steal rather than starve, and to steal he will not hesitate to kill. Therefore, a joint occupation of that district of the country by these two classes of people with such opposing interests is a simple impossibility, and the Indians must yield. The Peace Commission has assigned them a reservation, which, if held for fifty years, will make their descendants rich, and in the mean time they are promised food while they are learning to cultivate the earth and to rear tame stock. It was for this reason the Peace Commission, at its Chicago session, in October, was forced to the conclusion that the management of Indian affairs should be transferred back to the War Department, where it belonged prior to 1849. That Department of our Government is the only one that can use force promptly without the circumlocution now necessary; and no other Department of our Government can act with promptness and vigor enough to give any hope that the plans and purposes of the Peace Commission will be carried out. Even then, there is doubt that the Indians themselves will make the necessary personal efforts to succeed. And I fear that they will at last fall back upon our hands a mere mass of helpless paupers. I am fully aware that many of our good people, far removed from contact with these Indians, and dwelling with a painful interest on the past events, such as are described to have occurred in Minnesota in 1863, and at the Chivington massacre of 1864, believe that the whites are always in the wrong, and that the Indians have been forced to resort to war in self-defense by actual want or by reason of our selfishness. I am more than convinced that such is not the case in the present instance. I further believe that the only hope of saving any part of these Indians from utter annihilation is by a fair and prompt execution of the scheme suggested by the Peace Commission, which can alone be done by Congress, with the concurrence of the Indians themselves. Even then it will require much patience and hard labor on the part of the officers who execute the plan, which I do not wish to assume myself or impose on other army officers; but it is certain that the only hope to find any end of this eternal Indian war is in the transfer of the entire business to the War Department, and for Congress to enact the laws and provide the necessary money at least a year before it is required to be expended. This is especially necessary in the case of the Sioux, because the Missouri River is only navigable in early summer.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

Insurrections, apparently quite local and speedily suppressed, broke out in *Colombia* and the *Argentine Confederation*.—The war on the River Plata still continues; the Paraguayans have been forced from their strong position at Humaita, and have fallen back into the jungles, and at the latest dates an expedition had been fitted out against them.—A dispute, the full particulars of which have not been published, sprung up between Mr. Washburne, our Minister to Paraguay, and President Lopez.

In *Cuba* an insurrection, apparently of a serious character, has broken out. The Spanish Government having control of all means of information suffers very little to transpire; but from the best accessible reports, the real object is the separation of the island from Spain, with a view to its ultimate annexation to the United States.

EUROPE.

From *Great Britain*, the leading topic of interest is the result of the recent Parliamentary elections. The "Liberal" party, under the lead of Mr. Gladstone, have succeeded in carrying a very large majority in the Commons, sufficient it is assumed not only to overthrow the Disraeli Ministry, but to compel the Lords to accede to

the proposed Reform measures, especially those relating to the Irish Church.—Mr. Reverdy Johnson, our Minister to England, has made a large number of speeches on various occasions. He announces that all causes of dispute are in a fair way of settlement. As reported, the basis is that two commissioners from each nation are to meet at Washington to consider the respective claims advanced by the two Governments. The precise limits of the authority of these commissioners do not appear to have been definitely agreed upon; at all events they have not been made public.

THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

Now that the Queen has been finally expelled, the course of the revolution remains wholly undecided. One party are in favor of a republic, and have made strong public demonstrations in the cities. The Provisional Government, the real head of which is General Prim, are clearly

in favor of a monarchy. It is announced that the question will be decided by the Cortes, members of which are soon to be chosen. An electoral law has been proclaimed, the leading feature of which is, that all male Spaniards of 25 years, not convicted of crime, may be enrolled as voters. It does not appear that Cuba is to participate in this election, although the right is extended to other Spanish dependencies. The main obstacle in the way of a monarchy appears to be the difficulty of fixing upon a sovereign. It is hardly possible that any one of the royal family will be accepted. Among those suggested are the King of Portugal, and the Duke of Montpensier, son of Louis Philippe and husband of a daughter of the late Queen. Prince Alfred of England, second son of Queen Victoria, has been mentioned; but it is hardly possible that any except a Catholic will be chosen King of Spain. It has even been surmised that General Prim is aiming at the Sovereignty.

Editor's Drawer.

CONCERNING New-Year's Charles Lamb begins one of his delightful papers with:

"Every man hath two birthdays; two days, at least, in every year which set him upon revolving the lapse of time as it affects his mortal duration. The one is that which in an especial manner he termeth *his*. In the gradual desuetude of old observances, this custom of solemnizing our proper birthday hath nearly passed away, or is left to children, who reflect nothing at all about the matter, nor understand any thing beyond the cake and orange. But the birthday of a new year is of an interest too wide to be pre-empted by king or cobbler. No one ever regarded the First of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam."

WHEN was it that the custom originated of making visits and presents on New-Year's Day? A gentleman curious in antiquarian matters has traced it to the times of Romulus and Tatius, and that the usual presents were figs and dates, covered with leaf-gold, and sent by clients to patrons, accompanied with a piece of money which was expended to purchase the statues of deities. The custom was continued under the Roman emperors until prohibited by Claudius. Yet in the early ages of the Church the Christian emperors received them; nor did they wholly cease, although condemned by ecclesiastical councils on account of the pagan ceremonies at their presentation. The old Saxons observed the new year as a high festival, and indulged in more than ordinary feasting and jollity. They also made presents.

Thomas Navgeorgus, in "The Popish Kingdom," a Latin poem written in 1553, after remarking on days of the old year, says:

"The next to this is Newe yeares day,
whereon to every frende
They costly presents in do bring,
and Newe yeares giftes do sende.
These giftes the husband gives his wife,
and father eke the childe,
And maister on his men bestowes
the like, with favour milde."

A noted antiquarian, Dr. Drake, has expressed the opinion that the wardrobe and jewelry of Queen Elizabeth were principally supported by these annual contributions on New-Year's Day. He cites lists of the New-Year's gifts presented to her, and from these it appears that the greater part, if not all, the peers and peeresses of the realm, all the bishops, the chief officers of state, and several of the queen's household servants, even down to her apothecaries, master-cook, sergeant of the pastry, etc., gave New-Year's gifts to her majesty—consisting, in general, either of a sum of money, trinkets, wearing apparel, etc. The peeresses gave rich gowns, petticoats, shifts, silk stockings, garters, sweet-bags, doublets, mantles, etc. Although the queen made presents in return, she took sufficient care that the balance should be in her own favor.

An old writer—Bourne—hath an amiable word or two concerning gifts on New-Year's which we commend to the kind-hearted reader: "If I send a New-Year's gift to my friend, it shall be a token of my friendship; if to my benefactor, a token of my gratitude; if to the poor, which at this season must never be forgot, it shall be to make their hearts sing for joy, and give praise and adoration to the Giver of all good gifts."

THIS instance of Biblical criticism comes from Pleasantville, Pennsylvania:

At a Sabbath-school meeting recently held in that town, after the recitations had been concluded, this dialogue occurred:

SUPERINTENDENT. "Well, children, what is the subject of your lesson to-day?"

CHILDREN. "Judas Iscariot, Sir."

SUPERINTENDENT. "What kind of a man do you think he was, children?"

SMALL BOY (*quickly*). "I think he was a dead beat, Sir!"

THERE was a man who lived in Cass County, Georgia, many years ago, who had once been in the State Legislature, and never neglected an opportunity to emphasize the fact. He was a perfect infidel as to new discoveries and new sciences,

being perfectly satisfied that if the world should turn over all the water would spill out of his well; and only giving in to steam cars by slow degrees. But all the vials of his contempt were poured out upon the idea of a telegraph, and he was wont to say that nobody need try to come "the green" over him in that way, for he had been in the Legislature. Finally, the State road was built, and one day workmen began to put up telegraph posts right in front of his house, and to stretch the wire. His exultant neighbors thought they had him on that occasion, and asked: "Well, old fellow! what do you think of telegraphs now?" He was cornered, but died game. Drawing himself up an inch taller, he said: "Gentlemen, when I was in the Legislature I gave this subject my very attentive consideration. And I said then, as I say now, that it may do for letters and small bundles, but it *never will* take a cotton bale, *never!*"

It was from the same county that a man went all the way from Cassville to Atlanta. On his return he looked solemn with the weight of garnered wisdom, and said, "If the world was as big t'other way as it was that, it was a whopper!"

THE rapid increase of "tanneries" during the past season recalls to the memory of a Virginia correspondent a scene that occurred not many months since in the "Mother of States." The proprietor of one of those institutions having erected a building on the main street for the sale of his leather, the purchase of hides, etc., began to consider what kind of sign would be most attractive. At last what he thought a happy idea struck him. He bored an auger-hole through the door-post and stuck a calf's tail into it, with the bushy end flaunting out. After a while he noticed a grave-looking person standing near the door, with spectacles on, gazing intently at the sign. So long did he gaze that finally the tanner stepped out and addressed the individual:

"Good-morning!"

"Morning!" replied the man, without moving his eyes from the sign.

"You want to buy leather?"—"No."

"Want to sell hides?"—"No."

"Are you a farmer?"—"No."

"Are you a merchant?"—"No."

"Lawyer?"—"No."

"Doctor?"—"No."

"What in thunder are you?"—"I'm a philosopher. I've been standing here half an hour trying to decide how that calf got through that auger-hole, and for the life of me I can't make it out!"

A CITIZEN of Essex County, Massachusetts, who evidently reveres the institutions of that State, writes that a few years ago, when Justices of the Peace in Massachusetts were made "sort of spontaneous," it was remarked to him by a friend that "Governor Boutwell came the nearest to the Great Creator of any man living." Asking for an explanation, he said: "God made the world out of nothing; and Governor Boutwell made a Justice of the Peace out of the nearest to nothing possible."

Obviously the remark of an irreverent party.

AN Illinois correspondent, by way of illustrat-

ing the spirit of independence that dwells in the bosom of the "girl of the period" in that State, mentions that two of Illinois's beautiful daughters, driving out on the plank-road near Chicago, were stopped at the toll-gate and asked for toll.

"How much is it?"

"For a man and horse," replied the gate-keeper, "the charge is fifteen cents."

"Well, then, git out of the way, for we are two gals and a mare. Git up, Jenny!"

And those two cheery young females dashed by the man of toll without disbursing the paltry sum which it was his duty to solicit.

THE following is said to have been told by a prominent Southern orator for the benefit of Mr. B. H. H——, of Georgia, during a political canvass. Said the speaker: "The ambition and the uniform bad luck of Mr. H—— remind me of a little incident. A worthy but poor farmer paid a visit to a sister of more means, and somewhat astonished her by his breakfast appetite. When some twenty of the inevitable Georgia biscuit had disappeared without satisfying him, she gently said, 'You seem fond of wheat biscuit, George.' 'Yes,' said he, reaching for another, 'I likes um as well as any body you ever saw, and gets um as seldom!'"

WE have a fresh anecdote of the late Commodore Porter, father of our present Rear-Admiral. At the close of the war he was in the habit of spending much of his time at the hospitable mansion of General Morton, in this city. The General's library was graced with portraits of distinguished naval officers—Decatur, Bainbridge, Perry, Morris, and others. The Commodore expressed his admiration of the fidelity and effect of these, but said they were too large. "Now I intend to add my portrait to your collection shortly, but it shall be done in quite a different style." "Then you do not like these?" said the gentleman. "Not exactly," replied the Commodore; "there's entirely too much canvas." "That's a very singular objection for you to make," said the General, directing the attention of his guest to a small picture representing the engagement of the *Essex* with a frigate and sloop of war off Valparaiso, which hung in one corner of the room—"a very singular objection indeed, when we have before us an evidence that it will require double the usual quantity of canvas to take you!"

DURING the contest between the American and Democratic parties, some years since, Colonel Andrew H. H. Dawson, then a young lawyer, had the nerve to meet the great Georgia orator, Stephens. In reply to the earnest appeal of the great statesman that the South should support Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Dawson said: "My friends, we once had a great Whig party, and in this State Mr. Stephens was its great leader. The Whig party has gone to Hades. We have now the great Democratic party, and in this State Mr. Stephens is its great leader. If he will only lead the Democratic party *where he led* the Whig party I shall be perfectly satisfied!"

LET it not be supposed that the "friend and brother," under the new construction, South, is not disposed to invest the marriage service with all the solemnity which so important a ceremo-

nial commands in more cultivated society. Nothing, "we calculate," could be more edifying to our dusky-hued friends than the remarks made by a sable parson at a negro wedding which took place recently near Montgomery, Alabama. Thus spake he:

"Here is a couple who have walked out to-night, wishing to be jined in, and thro' love, and wishing all dem dat have any ting twixt dem come forward and speak now; if not, let dem hold dar peace now and for evermore. I wants every ear to hear, and every heart to enjoy.

"Mr. Jim Thompson, whomsoever stands fastly by your left side, do you take her for your beloved wife, to wait on her through sickness and through health, safe and be safe, holy and be holy, loving and be loving; do you love her mother, do you love her father, do you love her brothers, do you love her sisters, do you love her master, do you love her mistress, but do you love God de best?"

Answer: "I do."

"Miss Mary Thompson, whomsoever stands fastly by your right side, do you take to be your dear beloved husband, to wait on him through health and through conflation, safe and be safe, holy and be holy; do you love his mother, do you love his father, do you love his brothers, do you love his sisters, do you love God de best?"

Answer: "I will."

"I shall pronounce Mr. Jim to hold Miss Mary fastly by the right hand, and shall pronounce you both to be man and wife, by the commandments of God. We shall hope, and trusting through God, that you may live right, that you may die right, now and for evermore. Now, Mr. Jim, *slew* your bride. Let us sing a hime:

"Plunged in a gulf of dark despair," etc.

ODDLY enough, on the very day in October last on which news came by telegraph of the earthquake in San Francisco (Oct. 21), we received a letter from a San Francisco correspondent, dated October 8, inclosing the following anecdote: This is the anniversary of the great earthquake which occurred in this city October 8, 1865, and reminds me of a remark of our youngest, then a boy of six years. He was playing in the yard at the time, and at the first shock started for the house, much excited. Meeting his mother, he asked: "Mamma, who makes earthquakes?" She answered, "God makes them, my child." "Well, mamma, don't you think He made that a little harder than He meant to?—don't you think it slipped a little?"

A CORRESPONDENT informs us that the *gamin* of Atlanta, Georgia, are sadly in need of reconstruction—both in morals and pantaloons. One of them approached him "edgeways" with the polite question, "Mister, does your bees do well this year?" He replied, "I have no bees, my son; why do you ask?" The boy glanced at his shining beaver, and exclaimed, "Oh, I thort that were a bee-gum!" Another said, in a sympathetic tone, "Mister, your cows is all dead, isn't they?" He remembered the other, and answered, "No, you little rat." "I thort they were," said the boy, "becase you had put your churn in meurnin'!"

THE recent session in this city of the Triennial

General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States brought with it a little crop of clerical anecdotes, some of which may be new to the readers of the Drawer. The Episcopal Convention, however, is not so old an institution as is the Baptist Association of Philadelphia, which held its one hundred and sixty-first annual session in October last. Many ministers come to these gatherings, and, as a matter of course, much poultry is consumed. In one instance this predilection for fowl was charged upon a Methodist brother who stopped with a farmer in Sugar Valley, Clinton County. He was posted on "Gray's Elegy," and especially admired one of its stanzas in which occur the words:

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn."

The good man was dressed before the sun had risen, and realized every thing of which Mr. Gray wrote, the rooster-crowing excepted. As he walked out across the dewy lawn he met the little boy of Mr. Ferguson, his host. He asked the urchin why the roosters on the place differed from others, and did not crow. "Ah!" said the urchin, "they've got to know when ministers come along. They saw you coming up the lane yesterday. They're all gone under the barn, and nary one of 'em 'll come until you're gone. They've lost so many relations on account of ministers' visits that they've got shy. Whenever a preacher comes mother kills chickens, and the roosters always come first!"

OF a little different sort is one from Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where a certain clever divine had been employed to supply the pulpit of a neighboring town for several weeks. At the conclusion of the afternoon service on Sundays he was in the habit of driving back to Pittsfield. This not being exactly in accordance with the notions of the congregation, a delegation was appointed to call on him and remonstrate. Somewhat astonished by the moral light thus gratuitously shed upon him, he said: "Why, my family live in Pittsfield; I have nothing to stay here for, and," continued he, with a twinkle, as if he saw a solution of the difficulty, "it won't do any harm, will it, if I drive s-l-o-w?"

THE latest story in reference to Regeneration was given not long since at a public dinner in Edinburgh, by Professor Blackie:

A boy at a Presbytery examination was asked, "What is the meaning of regeneration?" "Oh, to be born again," he replied. "Quite right, Tommy; you're a very good boy. Would you not like to be born again?" Tommy gave no reply; but on being pressed for an answer, at last said, "No." "Why, Tommy?" Tommy replied, "For fear I might be born a lassie."

A YOUNG gentleman who has doubtless in prospect the higher honors of the bar or senate is laying the foundations therefor at Genesee College, Lima, New York, which he thinks has awakened into fresh life under the new administration of Dr. Steele. The class in Mental Philosophy occasionally find their instructor not so dry as he looks to be. Not long since the Doctor remarked that "The result of study is to find

out that we know nothing. The Delphic oracle declared Socrates to be the wisest man," which he explained by saying that "He knew his own ignorance, while others imagined themselves wise. The more we study, the firmer will be our conviction that we know nothing."

"If that is the case," said a senior, "I think I am prepared to take my diploma now."

The smile was at the Doctor's expense until he replied, "Perhaps you are not so thoroughly convinced as you will be *after* examination."

THE following is told of Judge Cone, of Georgia, and the candidate for door-keeper of the State Senate:

[Enter Candidate, who supposes the Judge to be a member of the Legislature.]

CANDIDATE. "If you please, Sir, I wish to be elected door-keeper of the Senate, and if you will be so good as to vote for me I will try to—"

JUDGE. "Take a seat, Sir, and I will examine you."

CANDIDATE. "Yes, Sir, if you please."

JUDGE (*gravely*). "Have you ever been a door-keeper?"

CANDIDATE. "No, Sir; but I trust, by your vote and—"

JUDGE. "Have you ever been instructed in the responsible and arduous duties of door-keeping?"

CANDIDATE. "No, Sir, but I would seek to be."

JUDGE. "Have you ever attended lectures on door-keeping?"

CANDIDATE. "Why, no; I never heard of any."

JUDGE (*sternly*). "Have you ever read a book on the science of door-keeping?"

CANDIDATE. "I never did, Sir, but I would if—"

JUDGE. "Have you ever conversed with one who has read such a book?"

CANDIDATE. "No, Sir, but I certainly will."

JUDGE (*solemnly*). "Do you not see, Sir, that you have not a single qualification for the office?"

[Exit Candidate, resolved to go home and give it up.]

HARRY M'ARTHY used to tell of an Irishman who was seen at the trenches of Yorktown holding his hand above the earth-work. His Captain asked: "What are you doing that for, Pat?" He replied, with a grin and a working of his fingers: "I am feelin' for a furlough, sure!" Just then a Minié ball struck his arm just below the wrist. Slowly drawing it down, and grasping it with the other hand to restrain the blood, a queer expression of pain and of humor passed over his face as he exclaimed: "An' faith, I think it's a discharge!"

GEORGETOWN, Essex County, Massachusetts, has a memorial church, the gift of Mr. George Peabody, which stands in about the same relation to the people of that town that the great organ does to the people of Boston. The incident that follows, however, relates more to Mr. Peabody himself than it does to his vital piety or his church. A few years ago, when Mr. P. was on a visit to Georgetown, the Essex County Agricultural Fair was held in the neighboring city of Newburyport. The managers of the plowing-match had it so arranged that upon the appear-

ance of Mr. Peabody upon the field the teams should start simultaneously, giving the scene a fine dramatic effect. Owing to the lateness of the train on which Mr. P. was to arrive, the plowmen and spectators became impatient, and sauntered about to kill time. While thus occupied an old gentleman inquired, "John, what are they waiting for?"

To which the intelligent John replied that they were waiting for Mr. Peabody to arrive; for, says he, "*Peabody is going to plow!*"

Whether George arrived in time to gratify the people by putting his hand to that noble implement is not communicated.

A LITTLE incident illustrating the humorous side of politics comes to us from West Virginia:

Colonel Watson, a well-known politician of that State, enjoyed great personal popularity on account of his affable manners, and whenever he was a candidate for office ran ahead of the ticket. He generally spoke to every body he met, professing to know them. On one occasion, during the last Presidential campaign, he met a countryman, whom he shook by the hand, and commenced:

"Why, how do you do, thir? I am very glad to thee you; a fine day, thir; I thee you thtill ride your fine old gray, thir."

"No, Sir; this horse is one I borrowed this morning."

"Oh! ah! well, thir, how are the old gentleman and lady?"

"My parents have been dead about three years, Sir."

"But how ith your wife, thir, and the children?"

"I am an unmarried man, Sir."

"Thure enough. Do you thtill live on the old farm?"

"No, Sir; I have just arrived from Ohio, where I was born."

"Well, thir, I gueth I don't know you, afther all. Good-morning, thir!"

IN Georgetown, Colorado Territory, where silver and silver ore are "the chief end of man," there exists a mining superintendent who mingles digging with divinity—indulging in the latter on the "day of rest." Not long since this worthy person delivered a sermon, in which, exhorting his hearers to prepare for the life to come, he said: "My brethren, Georgetown is a very healthy place. Men don't often die here. Once in a while, however, a rock rolls down from the mountain and kills a fellar. Once in a while, too, a shaft caves in and kills a fellar. My brethren, we have started, down yonder at the forks of the creek, a little grave-yard; and though we had to start it with a man who was hung, and though, as I said before, Georgetown is a healthy place, nevertheless, if you live here *long* enough, my brethren, some of you may live to be *buried thar*: so prepare for the life to come!"

THE recent decease of "Jacob Omnium" (Mr. Matthew James Higgins), who for twenty years was a constant contributor to the *London Times*, and a frequent contributor to the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, recalls to mind one of Thackeray's humorous poems, written over the signature of "Pleacemen X.," on a horse of

Mr. Higgins's, which had been stolen. A verse or two will give an idea of the "chaunt:"

One sees in Viteall Yard,
Vere pleacemen do resort;
A venerable hinstitute,
'Tis called the Pallis Court;
A gent 'as got his i on it;
I think 'twill make some sport.

The judge of this year Court
Is a mellitary beak;
He knows no more of Lor
Than praps he does of Greek,
And provides hisself a deputy,
Because he can not speak.

It is now some monce since,
A gent both good and trew
Possest an ansum oss, with vich
He didn't know what to do;
Peraps he did not like the oss,
Peraps he was a scru.

This gentleman his oss
At Tattersall's did lodge;
There came a wulgar oss-dealer,
This gentleman's name did fodge,
And took the oss from Tattersall's:
Wasn't that a artful dodge?

[The horse is recovered.]

And phansy with what joy
The master did regard
His dearly bludv lost oss again
Trot in the stable yard!

Who was this master good,
Of whomb I make these rhymes?
His name is Jacob Homnium, Exquire;
And if I'd committed crimes,
Good Lord! I wouldn't ave that man
Attack me in the *Times*!

Now shortly after the groomb
His master's oss did take up,
There came a liveryman
This gentleman to wake up;
And he handed in a little bill,
Which hanger'd Mr. Jacob.

For two pound seventeen
This liveryman eplied,
For the keep of Mr. Jacob's oss,
Which the thief had took to ride.
"Do you see any think green in me?"
Mr. Jacob Homnium cried.

"Because a raskle chews
My oss away to robb,
And goes tick at your Mews
For seven-and-fifty bobb,
Shall I be called to pay? It is
A iniquitous Jobb."

Thus Mr. Jacob cut
The conwasation short;
The liveryman went ome
Detummingd to ave sport,
And summingsd Jacob Homnium, Exquire,
Into the Pallis Court.

[The case was taken to court; "the debt was two seventeen;" "the plaintive's costs eleven pound six and two;" Mr. Jacob's costs]

"The lawyers they did fix
At the very moderit figgar
Of ten pound one and six."

I can not settingly tell
If Jacob swaw and cast
At aving for to pay this sumb,
But I should think he must,
And av drawn a check for £24 4s. 8d.
With most igstreme disgust!
Oh, Pallis Court, you move
My pity most profound!
A most emusing sport
You thought it, I'll be bound,
To saddle up a three-pound debt
With two-and-twenty pound.

THE Rev. Dr. W. F. B——, of Virginia, an aged and venerable minister of the Baptist de-

nomination, is one of the few examples that this world affords of a successful compound of the wag and the saint. In his early life he lived and labored in the State of Kentucky, where an incident occurred which runs thus:

It may be necessary to premise that the country churches in the South and West were at that time very feeble bodies, a little inclined to be stingy, and so easily satisfied with sanctuary privileges that four of them generally combined to support one pastor, whose services they were content to enjoy one Sabbath in the month.

Dr. B—— had been unanimously called to preach to one of these societies, and had accepted the call; but, as usual, nothing had yet been said about his salary, or the time of his monthly visit; and to arrange these matters he attended the next business-meeting of the body.

When the meeting had been organized a prominent member of the church arose, and after congratulating the brethren on having secured the valuable services of Dr. B——, proceeded to say that, as his pay would necessarily be small, it ought at least to be paid regularly, and that the church should now pledge to him some definite amount. He acknowledged that it was something of an innovation, but gave several good reasons why it should be done, and resumed his seat.

Another brother then took the floor, who, after surpassing the first in his compliments to Dr. B——, recurred to the subject of salary. For his part, he said, he could not see the necessity nor the propriety of paying the brother's salary in this methodical way. He thought it much better that the whole matter should be left *open*, perfectly open. He thought it would answer to pay the money whenever it should happen to be in the treasury; that it was unnecessary to say now when the payments would be made, or to pay the same amount every time. Some months the brother would be paid much, some little, and some nothing, perhaps; but he thought this way had a less sordid and worldly appearance, and he did not doubt that in the long-run the pastor would receive more by this method than any other.

This talk struck the brethren present so favorably that, after a little vacillation, they adopted the views of the speaker unanimously. The next business in order was the choice of a Sabbath on which to have preaching, and this they agreed to submit entirely to the convenience of their pastor. Dr. B——, who had been an attentive listener to the whole of the debate concerning his salary, now rose to state on what Sabbath in the month he proposed to visit them.

After expressing great love for his new charge, and an ardent desire to be useful to them, he remarked that as to the day on which he should preach to them he deemed it unnecessary to speak very definitely. Some months he would come on the first Sabbath, some on the second, some on a week-day, and some not at all. There was no use in having cast-iron rules about a matter of this kind; it was inconvenient and, he thought, unprofitable. They had proposed to leave the matter *open* as regarded his salary, to which he had no objection; and, for his part, he really thought it best to leave it open at *both ends*—*entirely open*. Having thus amazed and horrified his auditors, he quietly sat down.

This speech wounded the feelings of the brethren

ren beyond measure. They sat still for some time, overcome with pique and mortification. But at last they acknowledged the corn, and agreed to pay the Doctor one hundred dollars per annum, and he agreed to preach every second Sabbath; and good feeling was restored.

MANY of the New York mercantile agents who were in the South at any period from 1856 to 1860 will remember old David Westfield, the rich planter, who had charge of the turnpike leading over the Cohutta Mountains, in Murray County, Georgia. "Once upon a time," as the storytellers say, there was an unusually large assemblage of drummers, hunters, travelers, and the like, before the cavernous fire-place of old Davy—who was not only a great planter but a great hotel-keeper, and had been a famous hunter. After supper there seemed a general disposition to tell marvelous tales, and each one endeavored to surpass the other in the marvelous. They told of perils by shipwreck, by bears, by wild-cats and wolves, by storm and lightning, by rattlesnakes, by revolvers and bowie-knives, until all hands were slightly nervous from horror, and prepared to believe any thing. Old Davy roused up from his great chair in the warm corner, and said: "Did I ever tell any of you of my bear scrape up in these mountains?" Every body knew that the old man was not likely to tell a story unless it surpassed all that had been told, and a dozen voices exclaimed, "No! tell it—tell it!" He slowly filled his pipe and began:

"It was a cold, sharp winter morning, and I took my gun and dogs to go for a deer up the Cohutta. I took my axe along too; not that I expected to find a bear, but just from habit. The snow lay pretty deep on the slope of the mountain, but I wasn't thinkin' about bear, and so I didn't notice for sign. On top of the mountain the sun had melted the snow, and I come to a hollow log—a big one. I set down my gun by a tree, and that was foolish; but you see I didn't expect bear. I took my axe and cut into the old log, just to see what was in it. I cut away for a while, never once thinkin' of them varmints, bears, and I found I had cut too high up, and was above the hollow. Then I cut lower down, still not suspecting that a bear was in it; and I soon had a hole that I could have got into myself. Then I just laid my axe down and turned my back to fill my pipe and rest a minute and smoke—" Here the old man paused, and illustrated by drawing vigorously at the old pipe. The listeners were all excited, and twenty voices began at once—"Go on!" "Don't stop!" "Did you kill it?" "How did you get to your gun?" "Did it hurt you?" "Was it a she with cubs?" "Was it a big one?" "What was it?" etc., etc. Old Davy blew the cloud away from his face, and waiting for all the questions to cease, replied: "*There wasn't a thing there!*"

When the magnitude of the sell dawned on the minds of those present they all laughed, and said it must be bedtime.

OUR boys are furious for practical jokes, and are constantly on the look-out for subjects. One of the latter was recently found in the person of a new teamster, who had charge of six large, shaggy mules. Jehu was discovered to be the proprietor of two bottles of old Bourbon—a con-

traband article in camp—which a wag was determined to possess himself of. Aware that the teamster's presence was the great obstacle to the consummation of his desire, he devised the following plan to get him out of the way. Approaching the man, who was busy currying his mule, he accosted him with:

"I say, what are you doing there?"

"Can't you see?" replied Jehu, gruffly.

"Certainly; but this isn't your business. It's after tattoo now, and there is a fellow right here hired by the Government on purpose to curry all the teams that come in late."

The driver bit at once, and wanted to know where the aforesaid "hair-dresser" kept himself; whereupon he was pointed to General Nelson's tent, with the assurance that there was where "the fellow hung out."

"You can't mistake him," said the wag; "he is a large fellow, and puts on a thundering sight of airs for a man in his business. He will probably refuse to do it, and tell you to go to the devil. (He has been drinking some to-day.) But don't you mind that; make him come out, sure!"

Off went Jehu, and entering the tent where our Napoleon of the Fourth Division sat in a deep reverie, gave him a slap on the back sufficient to annihilate a man of ordinary size. Springing to his feet, the General confronted his uninvited guest in a moment.

"Well, Sir, who the devil are you, and what do you want, Sir?"

"Old chap, I've got a job for you—six mules to be curried, and right away too," said he, nothing daunted by the flashing eye of the General.

"D—— you, Sir, what do you mean? Do you know who I am, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir-ee!" replied Jehu, elevating his voice to a pitch that rendered the words audible a square off; "you are the fellow that Uncle Sam has hired to curry the mules. Come now; I don't want any foolishness about it. Just clean them three mules, and I'll give you a drink of 'bust-head.'"

"You infernal villain!" roared Nelson, now furious. "I am General Nelson, commander of this division!"

Jehu placed the thumb of his right hand against his nose, and, extending his fingers, waved them slowly, in a manner intended to indicate great wisdom. The General's sword leaped from its scabbard, and Jehu put from the tent just in time to save his head. By this time the Bourbon had been duly cared for, and in it the boys drank the "big mule-driver's" health with a gusto.

ON one occasion, when General Nelson was marching through the mountains of Eastern Kentucky, we halted for the night in a narrow valley between two mountains. The roads were very bad, and the trains continued coming in at all hours of the night. The General had gone to bed—not, however, until he had abused things in general, as was his custom when men and movements were not on time. A wagoner who had just got in espied, sitting before a camp-fire, Mr. Sam Owens, a man of talent and infinite fun withal, then serving as volunteer aid on Nelson's staff (and at that moment upon the stool of repentance for having sat down upon the General's hat a little while before). The driver inquired

of him where he should leave his team. "Just beyond you there," pointing to a spot as he spoke; "and when you have taken care of your horses go to that tent yonder, the second one from here, and there you will find a big, fat man sleeping on a lounge. Wake him up, and he will give you some hot coffee. The Quarter-Master thought you drivers would need it, and he has left him here to attend to it. He is hard to wake, though; you'll have to grab him right tight, and give him a good pull, then a push, and then roll him quick and fast, like you would a barrel. He swears a good deal when he is first waked up, and will try to frighten you away; but just you hold on to him till he is fairly awake, and he will give up."

The driver obeyed instructions to the letter. After a firm grab, a decided pull, and a vigorous push, with a "roll like a barrel," "Come, old chap," said he, "I want that coffee. It's no use to swear and bluster; *it's got to come!*"

Hardly were the words uttered when General Nelson sprang from his couch, and the volley of oaths that then ensued so terrified the poor driver that, it is said, his hair turned gray.

THEY have in Dublin a sort of *Police Gazette* called the *Hue-and-Cry*, which, besides containing the style of matter usually to be found in such journals, gives various items of information that are very Irish. Instance:

"Mr. Gregg, of Armah, has lost a horse with a white star on his forehead, which is very heavily shod."

"Wanted to know of Patrick Quinn, which has brown eyes, which lost the toes off his right *foot*: and of John White, whom has gray eyes, which wore a fustian jacket."

The *Hue-and-Cry* copies from other Irish papers, without change of orthography or punctuation, the following notices:

White, a tailor's apprentice, who absconded from his master at Phippsborough Road, taking with him £7 15s., is said to have worn "a cord trowsers, and also a pair of black cloth trowsers, a striped shirt shoes!"

Some of the E division of police found straying at Crumlin "a red cow, with white back and belly."

Annagh.—Mary Macdonald stands charged "with having deserted her male child two months in a potato field." Her "hair cut short behind her hazle eyes."

One of two cows stolen from James Com, of Lislea, is described as "red color, with a white back and flat ribs on the hind quarters."

James Smith, of Dungarvan, lost a cow of a "pale yellow color, having on the back a white stripe and very broad horns!"

Clare.—Edward Torpey, of Cloughsheen, lost a black horse with a white head. The *Hue-and-Cry* states that "the thief will give a reward of £1 on reference to him!"

Cork.—Michael Hounigart, of Munree Abeby, lost a horse with "one hind leg white which had a long switch tail!"

Dublin.—An ass, the property of Isaac Field, Esq., was stolen from Bray; the animal is said to be "very gentle and willing!"

Galway.—John Kilkenny, of Ballynauly, lost a "yellow cow with a black mouth six years old!"

Kildare.—Peter Rafter, of Rathangan, lost "a red cow within five days of giving a calf nine or ten years old!"

If the following description of William Field Simmons, who deserted from the 88th Regiment, at Kilkenny, on the 23d of July, leads not to his apprehension, we can not tell what will: "The belt and bayonet worn by the deserter were found in a field adjoining the Record Buildings. His father resides in Dublin, and is a painter by trade; and his brother-in-law lives at Phippsborough Road."

From Kildare there is a notice relative to a horse, which is described as a black mare! From the same locality was stolen a black horse, described as having a great many white marks.

John Sexton appears to have had particular attention paid to him. He is described as one of the Ballingarry rebels, with "two blue eyes, but blind of one of them," and "by trade a laborer," supposed to be about Kilkenny at present, or gone to England or Scotland to reap the harvest.

Another of the rebels, named Patrick O'Donnell, is described by the following, among other marks and tokens, "by trade a jobber and great politician!"

At an early period of the career of Elliott, the artist, while he was still studying under Trumbull and Quidor, he dwelt at the old Franklin House, at the corner of Broadway and Dey Street. At that time, like most young artists, he was a "picker up of unconsidered trifles," and among other "properties" came in possession of a small but beautiful head, which was attributed by connoisseurs to the pencil of Vandyck, and was coveted by many picture buyers, especially by Daniel Jackson Seward. The young painter, however, would not part with his treasure, and refused many offers of twice its original cost.

In consequence partly of this collecting mania, when spring came round Elliott found himself considerably in debt, and was obliged to put off his good-natured landlords with a "promise to pay" for an amount which they had little hope of ever realizing.

Shortly afterward Addison G. Jerome, who was well known as one of the artist's old chums, happening in at the Franklin House, was accosted by Treadwell with:

"I say, Jerome, don't you want to buy a note?"

"A note—whose?"

"Oh, a friend of yours."

"A friend of mine—who?"

"Why, Charley Elliott."

"Indeed! What's the figure?"

"Three hundred dollars."

"H'm!" ruminated the future banker, remembering the coveted "Vandyck." "What will you take for it?"

"What will you give?"

"Fifty cents on the dollar."

"Done!" was the reply.

The money was paid down, and the note carefully folded away in a capacious pocket-book for future use. Jerome was just starting on a business tour to the West, and arriving at Syracuse hunted up the artist, whom he found hard at work in his studio.

"I say, Charley," began the wily financier, glancing cautiously around the room until his eye

rested on a small, dingy frame, "I was sorry to find a note of yours hawking about the streets the other day; and, as I always like to shield a friend, I paid it for you."

"Did you?" answered Elliott, with an incredulous smile; "that was very kind of you, but I'm afraid it will be a good while before you get your money back."

"Oh, never mind the money! you'll paint me something for it, won't you?"

"Only too glad of the chance."

"Or, let me see. Perhaps you have something already finished! Why, yes; there's that head in the old frame yonder. Give me that, and we'll call it quits!"

"Oh, pshaw! you don't want that old thing!"

"Why, yes I do—come to look at it, I rather fancy it."

"Do you? Well, *so do I*. You'll have to choose something else."

Many arguments were tried, but all in vain; and finally the baffled broker left, with many protestations of friendship, and dropping into a lawyer's office left the note with orders to "*put it through*," and special directions on what particular picture to levy as soon as judgment should be obtained.

A month or two later, he returned, and in a dusty corner of the lawyer's office found a dingy frame and a dingier picture awaiting him. With a satisfied chuckle he seized on the prize, and soon after reaching New York called upon Seward.

"Well, Jackson, old fellow, I've got that picture for you?"

"What picture?"

"Why, that 'Vandyck' of Charley Elliott's."

"Have you indeed!—for how much?"

"Dirt cheap—only three hundred dollars."

"Where is it?"

"Here it is, frame and all!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the connoisseur, looking at the frame, glancing suspiciously at the face of the picture, and smiling as he examined its back.

"Well, after all, I guess I don't want it."

"Don't want it! Why, you were crazy for it a month or two ago!"

"Why, the fact is, Jérôme, you've been taken in."

"Taken in!"

"Yes. This is the original frame, but the picture is only a copy, and a poor one at that."

What became of the picture we do not know; but it is said that the future millionaire ever after fought shy of the "Old Masters."

"TERMS are things," was once said by John Wilkes, and the remark has come down to our day. A new and it seems to us satisfactory definition of the difference between two prominent religious societies of the day, comes from a Buffalo correspondent, who gives it as a dialogue that occurred between two little five-year-old misses:

"Anna, you are a Unitarian."

"Yes; and you are a Presbyterian."

"Now, I should like to know what is the difference."

"Oh, I don't know. All the difference *I* can see is, one is a 'tarian and the other is a 'terian."

Such is the wisdom of children!

Is there, can there be, any thing more grateful to a public speaker than an expression of ap-

proval of his efforts which he knows is prompted by the most perfect sincerity? This gratification was recently experienced by a young gentleman in South Carolina—whether a valise-bearer or not is left unexplained—who had addressed with great fervor a Grant and Colfax ratification meeting in Beaufort, the audience being largely composed of freedmen. After the meeting one of the aged "uncles" approached the speaker and congratulated him upon his effort. "Dat," said he, "was a grand speech, massa; a brave speech; de best speech I ever *did* hear; but I's an old man and ha'n't got no larning, and I *didn't un'stan' a word you said*; but, golly, 'twas a brave speech, Sah, *suah*!"

A CONFEDERATE Captain and A. Q. M. was one day talking to a mixed crowd of officers and privates. To illustrate the depreciation of currency he took out his "Frodsham" watch, and said: "That cost me twenty-five hundred dollars!" A soldier said: "Mister, you uns *didn't* pay twenty-five hundred dollars for that are watch, did you?" "I did that," was the reply. Soldier continued: "Would you uns let us see it?" It was handed over. After a close examination the soldier again asked: "Mister, you is jokin', isn't you?" "Not a bit of it," said the A. Q. M. With an expression of resignation and despair the soldier handed it back, saying: "Well, Mister, you uns must be a darned fool—or a Quarter-Master!"

WE believe that the following is the only case on record where a gentleman was so drunk as to take a *man* for a *town*. Be it known, to begin with, that there is a pretty little village in Georgia, and in sending letters to it, in order that they may not go to the national capital, it is customary to mark them very plainly—"Washington, Wilkes County," etc.

Major M——, of the Ordnance Bureau, was one day at the table of the Pulaski House, in Savannah, and amidst the delights of iced Champagne had lingered until General Jackson and the others of the State Division Staff had left the table. The only person remaining besides the waiters was a stranger, who sat directly opposite Major M——. Raising his eyes the Major beheld him, and at once, with rather a thick utterance, accosted him with: "Sir, I like your looks; I would like to know you, Sir. I will take a glass of wine with you, Sir. I am Major M——, of Georgia; what is your name, Sir?" The stranger replied: "My name is Mr. Washington." "Ah!" ejaculated the Major, "Washington, Wilkes County!"

The joke got out; but the Major says it was all made up.

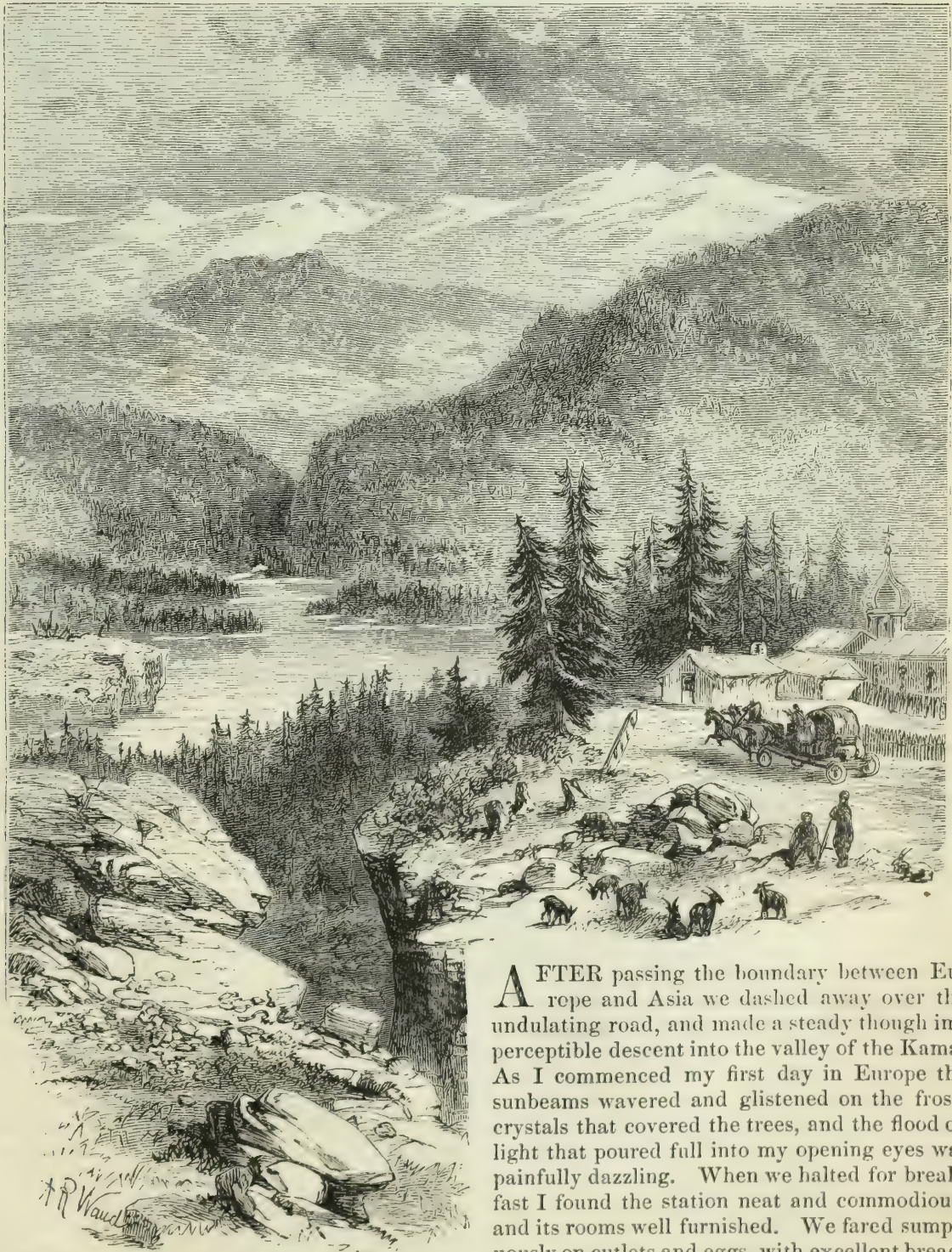
JUDGE THOMAS W. THOMAS, of Georgia, was quite a wit, and one night, in 1857, after a wine party at M'Comb's hotel, in Milledgeville, Georgia, he approached the head waiter (colored) as he left the room, and said: "I donate to you this silver dollar, in token of my appreciation of your services to-night. You are now in a humble position, but the time may soon come for our positions to be reversed, or at least made equal. I give you this to-night, but when thou comest to thy kingdom I pray thee remember me."

Time has passed. The Judge is dead; the waiter-boy is a voter and a juror.

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A SLEIGH-RIDE THROUGH EASTERN RUSSIA.



WESTERN SLOPE OF URAL MOUNTAINS.

AFTER passing the boundary between Europe and Asia we dashed away over the undulating road, and made a steady though imperceptible descent into the valley of the Kama. As I commenced my first day in Europe the sunbeams wavered and glistened on the frost-crystals that covered the trees, and the flood of light that poured full into my opening eyes was painfully dazzling. When we halted for breakfast I found the station neat and commodious, and its rooms well furnished. We fared sumptuously on cutlets and eggs, with excellent bread. Just as we were seated in the sleigh a beggar

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BEGGING FOR ELIAS.

made a touching appeal, as explained by my companion, the doctor, "on behalf of the prophet Elias." The prophet's financial agent was of so unprepossessing appearance that we declined investing. Beggars in Russia frequently ask alms in the interest of particular saints, and this one had attached himself to Elias.

During the day we encountered two merchants on their way to the fair at Minalinsk; they were drinking tea at a station where we changed horses, and I verily believe they swallowed more than a dozen cups apiece. We met many sledges laden with goods *en route* to the fair, which takes place every February at Irbit. This fair is of great importance to Siberia, and frequented by merchants from all the region west of Tomsk. From forty to fifty million rubles' worth of goods are exchanged there during the four weeks devoted to traffic. The commodities from Siberia are chiefly furs and tea; those from Europe comprise a great many articles. Irbit is on the Asiatic side of the Ural Mountains, about two hundred versts northeast of Ekaterinburg; it is a place of little consequence except during the time of the fair.

After entering Europe we relied upon the stations for our meals, carrying no provision with us except tea and sugar. We knew the peasants would be well supplied with edibles during the Christmas holidays, and were quite safe in depending upon them. A traveler in Russia must consult the calendar before starting on a journey if he would ascertain what provi-

sion he may or may not find among the people.

In twenty-four hours after leaving Ekaterinburg we made only a hundred and seventy versts; the worst day's travel since the beginning of the journey. The roads were rough and full of drifts, and the country more undulating than in Siberia.

Congour was the first town of importance that we reached; it has an unenviable reputation for its numerous thieves. They do not molest the post vehicles unless the opportunity is very favorable, their accomplishments being specially exercised upon merchandise trains. Sometimes when the trains pass through Congour at night the natives manage to steal one or more vehicles with their loads. The operation is facilitated by there being only one driver to five or six teams. This town is also famous for its tanneries, the leather from Congour having a high reputation throughout Russia. Peter the Great was at much pains to teach the art of tanning to his subjects; at present they have very little to learn from others on that score. Peter introduced tanning from Holland and Germany, and when the first piece of leather tanned in Russia was brought to him he took it between his teeth and exerted all the strength of his jaws to bite through it. The leather resisted his efforts, and so delighted the monarch that he decreed a pension to the successful tanner. The specimen, with the marks of his teeth upon it, is still preserved at St. Petersburg.

While waiting for dinner at Congour I con-

templated some engravings hanging in the public-room at the station. Four of them represented scenes in "Elizabeth; or, the Exiles of Siberia"—a story which has been translated into most modern languages. These engravings were made in Moscow several years ago, and illustrate the most prominent incidents in the narrative. Artistically they were far behind the steel engravings of Paris, Berlin, or London, and reminded me of English engravings of fifty or sixty years ago. Muscovite art has not yet reached its highest development; a great many of the Russian wood-cuts and steel-plates are sadly deficient in perspective and very rudely done. The Russians, especially the peasant class, are fond of pictures, and the walls of the humblest houses are generally decorated with wood-cuts and cheap lithographs. Battle-scenes appear to be most popular, and next to them are illustrations of leave-takings, courtships, and love matters in general. Portraits of the Emperor and Empress are in almost every house, and the prominent positions they occupy are indicative of the loyalty of the owners.

There were many things to remind me I was no longer in Siberia, and especially on the Baraba Steppe. Snows were deeper, and the sky less clear. The level country was replaced by a broken one. Forests of pine and fir displayed regular clearings and evinced careful attention. Villages were more numerous, larger, and of greater antiquity. Stations were better kept, and had more the air of hotels. Churches appeared more venerable, and, alas! less venerated. Beggars increased in number and importunity. In Asia the driver was the only man at a station who asked "na vodku;" but in Europe the *chelavek* (waiter) or *starost* (chief-hostler) expected to be remembered. In Asia the gratuity was called *na vodku*, or "whisky-money;" in Europe it was *na chi*, "tea-money."

During the second night we reached Perm, and halted long enough to eat a supper that made me dream of tigers and polar bears during my first sleep. In entering we drove along a

lighted street with substantial houses on either side, but without meeting man or beast. This street and the station were all I saw of a city of 25,000 inhabitants. In summer travelers for Siberia usually leave the steamboat at this point and begin their land journey, the Kama being navigable thus far in ordinary water. Perm is an important mining centre, and contains several foundries and manufactories on an extensive scale. The doctor assured me that after the places I had visited in Siberia there was nothing to be seen there—and I saw it.

A deep snow had been trodden into an uneven road in this part of the journey. At times it seemed to me as if the sleigh and all it contained would go to pieces in the terrible thumps we received. We descended hills as if pursued by wolves or a guilty conscience, and it was generally our fate to find a huge *oukhaba*, or cradle-hollow, just when the horses were doing their best. I think the sleigh sometimes made a clear leap of six or eight feet from the crest of a ridge to the bottom of a hollow. The leaping was not very objectionable, but the impact made every thing rattle. I could say, like the Irishman who fell from the house-top, "Twas not the fall, darling, that hurt me, but stopping so quick at the end."

In a country like Russia, where snow lies on the ground nearly half the year, and railways are few, it may be readily expected that the sleigh is an important vehicle of locomotion. The best time for travel is in the winter, and most of the freighting is done upon the snow-roads. This is particularly the case in Siberia, where nearly all merchandise waits for the winter, when it can be carried for about one-half the cost of summer transport. Tea from Kiachta, on its way to European Russia, is brought to Irkutsk in the autumn, where it is packed upon sledges, to be ready for starting at the proper moment. With the first snow-storm of importance long trains are started westward, and the traveler who goes over the great road at that time is certain to be bumped against sleds



JUMPING THE PITCH-HOLES.

innumerable. The Russian traveling sleighs are the most agreeable in the world, for the natural reason that the people are compelled to use them very often, and have set their wits at work to make something containing the maximum of comfort. In a previous article I have described the various kinds of sleighs in general use, and the peculiarities of their management.

When the summer roads follow the banks of rivers the winter roads are located upon the ice after the frost has made it safe. The post stations are where they can be readily accessible from the river, and generally a short distance up the bank. Very often travelers are left with their sleighs upon the ice while the driver goes to the station with his team and orders out a fresh one. In some localities, owing to climatic reasons, little or no snow falls during the entire winter. In such case there are often two roads kept open and stocked with horses—one for sleighs following the surface of the river, and another for wheeled vehicles keeping to the summer track.

The Russians have several popular songs that celebrate the glories of sleigh-riding. I give a translation of a portion of one of them, a song that is frequently repeated by the peasants in the vicinity of Moscow and Nijne Novgorod. It is proper to explain that a *troika* is a team of three horses abreast, the *douga* is the yoke above the shaft-horse's neck, and Valдай is the town on the Moscow and St. Petersburg road where the best and most famous bells of Russia are made:

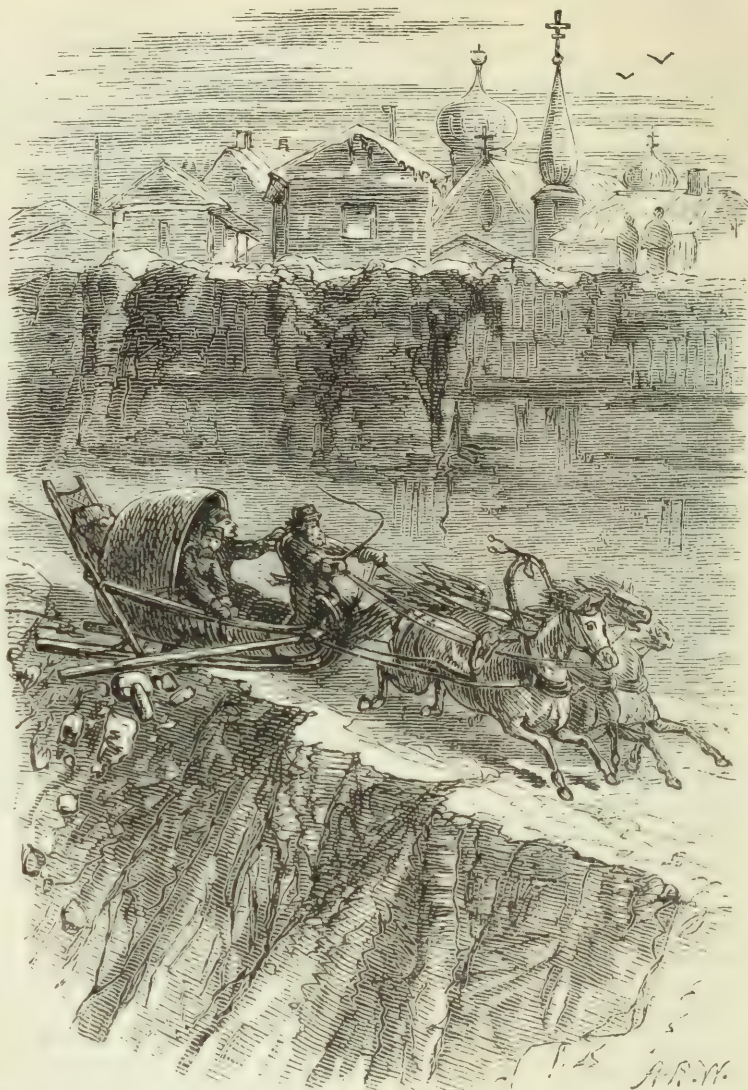
A RUSSIAN SLEIGHING SONG.

Away, away, along the road
The fiery troika bounds,
While 'neath the douga, sadly sweet,
The Valдай bell resounds.

Away, away, we leave the town,
Its roofs and spires behind,
The crystal snow-flakes dance around
As o'er the steppe we wind.

Away, away, the glittering stars
Shine greeting from above,
Our hearts beat fast as on we glide,
Swift as the flying dove.

When the roads are rough the continual jolting of the sleigh is very fatiguing to a traveler, and frequently, during the first two or three days of his journey, throws him into what is very properly designated the road-fever. His



DESCENDING HILL-SIDE.

pulse is quick, his blood warm, his head aches, his whole frame becomes sore and stiff, and his mind is far from being serene and amiable. In the first part of my land journey I had the satisfaction of ascertaining by practical experience the exact character of the road-fever. My brain seemed ready to burst, and appeared to my excited imagination about as large as a barrel; every fresh jolt and thump of the vehicle gave me a sensation as if somebody were driving a tenpenny nail into my skull: as for good-nature under such circumstances that was out of the question, and I am free to confess that my temper was not unlike that of a bear with a sore head. Happily, however, I kept it pretty well to myself, and as my companion was affected about as I was we managed not to disagree.

Where the roads are good, or if the speed is not great, one can sleep very well in a Russian sleigh; I succeeded in extracting a great deal of slumber from my vehicle, and sometimes did not wake for three or four hours. The government couriers often suffer much from loss of sleep, as they are compelled to maintain the utmost limit of speed without regard to their own

convenience. Sometimes the roads are in such wretched condition that one is tossed in his vehicle to the height of discomfort, and can be very well likened to a lump of butter in a revolving churn. In such cases sleep is almost, if not wholly, impossible, and the traveler, proceeding at courier speed, must take advantage of the few moments' halt at the stations while the horses are being changed. As he has but ten or fifteen minutes for the change he makes good use of his time and sleeps very soundly until his team is ready.

During the Crimean war, while the Emperor Nicholas was temporarily sojourning at Moscow, a courier arrived one day with important dispatches from Sebastopol. He was commissioned to deliver them to no one but his Majesty, and waited in the ante-room of the palace while his name and business were announced. Overcome by fatigue he fell asleep; when the chamberlains came to take him to the imperial presence they were quite unable to rouse him. The attendants shook him and shouted, but to no purpose beyond making so much disturbance as to bring the Emperor to the ante-room. Nicholas ordered them to desist, and then, standing near the officer, said, in an ordinary voice, "*Vashe prevoschoditelstvo, loshadi gotovey*" (Your horses are ready, your Excellency). The officer sprang to his feet in an instant, greatly to the delight of the Emperor and to his own confusion when he discovered where he was.

We found the road much better after leaving the government of Perm and entering that of Viatka. The drivers we took in this region

were "Votiaks," the descendants of the Finnish races that dwelt there before the Russian conquest. They had the dark physiognomy of the Finns, and spoke a mixture of their own language and Russian. They are said to be industrious and faithful, and live in perfect harmony with their Russian neighbors. They have been generally baptized and brought into the Greek Church, though they still adhere to some of their ancient forms of worship. They pay taxes to the crown, but their local administration is left to themselves.

Approaching Malmouish we had a sullen driver, who insisted upon going slowly, even while descending hills. Indignantly I suggested giving the fellow a kick for his drink-money. The doctor attempted to be stern, and reproved the delinquent, but ended with giving him five copecks and an injunction to do better in future. I opposed making undeserved gratuities, and after this occurrence determined to say no more about rewards to drivers during the rest of the journey. [Memorandum for travelers making the Siberian tour.]

An irritable disposition (like mine) should not be placed with an amiable one (like the doctor's). If misery loves company, so does anger; and a petulant man should have an associate who *can* be ruffled.

After leaving the Votiaks we entered the country of the Tartars, the descendants of the followers of Genghis Khan, who carried the Mongol standard into Central Europe. Russia remained long under their yoke, and the Tartars of the present day live as a distinct people in various parts of the empire. They are nearly all Mohammedans, and the conversion of one of them to Christianity is a very rare occurrence. My attention was called to their mosques in the villages we passed, the construction being quite unlike that of the Russian churches. A tall spire or minaret, somewhat like the steeple of an American church, rises in the centre of a Tartar mosque, and generally overlooks the whole village. No bells are used, the people being called to prayer by the voice of a crier.

These Tartars have none of the warlike spirit of their ancestors, and are among the most peaceful subjects of the Russian Emperor. They are industrious and enterprising, and manage to live comfortably. Their reputation for shrewdness, and their wonderful keenness in matters of traffic, doubtless gave rise to the well-known story about catching a Tartar.

At the stations we generally found Russian *smotretals* (keepers), with Tartar attendants, Blacksmiths, looking for jobs, carefully examined our sleighs. One found my shafts badly chafed where they touched the runners, and offered to iron the weak points for sixty copecks. I objected to the delay for preparing the irons. "*Gotovey, Gotovey; piet minute*," said the man, producing the ready-prepared irons from one pocket, and a hammer and nails from another. By the time the horses were led out the job was completed; I should have been better sat-



RUSSIAN PRIEST.

isfied if one iron had not come off within two hours, and left the shaft as bare as ever.

These Tartars speak Russian very fairly, but use the Mongol language among themselves. They dress like the Russians, or very nearly so, the most distinguishing feature being a sort of skull-cap like the one worn by the Chinese. Their hair is cut like a prize-fighter's, excepting a little tuft on the crown. Out of doors they wear the Russian cap over their Moham-medan—a symbol (though they may not so consider it) of their subjection to Muscovite rule.

These Tartars drove horses of the same race as those on the Baraba Steppe. They carried us finely where the road permitted, and I had equal admiration for the powers of the horses and the skill of their drivers.

In the night after passing Malmouish the weather became warm; I laid aside my outer coat only a half hour before the thermometer fell and set me shivering. About daybreak it was warmer, and the increasing temperature ushered in a violent storm. It snowed and it blowed, and it was cold, frosty weather all day and all night. We closed the sleigh and attempted to exclude the snow, but our efforts were vain. The little crevices admitted enough to cover us in a short time, and we very soon concluded to let the wind have its own way. The road was filled, and in many places we had hard work to get through. How the drivers found their way was a mystery. Once at a station, when the *smotretal* announced "Gotovey," I was actually unable to find the sleigh, though it stood not twenty feet from the door. The drivers said they were guided by the telegraph-posts, which followed the line of the road.

We were four hours making twenty-five versts to the last station before reaching Kazan. We took a hearty supper of soup, eggs, and bread, under a suspicion that we might remain out all night. Soon after we started the mammoth sleigh came up with us in the snow-cloud and darkness, and its shafts nearly ran us through. Collisions of this kind happened occasionally on the road, but were scarcely as forcible as this one. We were twice on our beam ends and nearly overturned, and on several occasions stuck in the snow. By good luck we managed to arrive at Kazan about 2 A.M. On reaching the hotel we were confronted by what I thought a snow-statue, but which proved to be the *dvornik* or watchman. Our baggage was taken up stairs while we shook the snow from our furs. The samovar shortened our visages and filled our stomachs with tea, and we retired to rest upon sofas, and did not rise until a late hour.

It happened to be New-Year's, and the fashionable society of Kazan was doing its congratulations. I drove through the principal part of the city and found an animated scene. Hundreds, and it seemed to me thousands, of droskies were darting through the streets carrying gayly-dressed officers making their ceremonious calls. Soldiers were parading with bands of



POLICEMAN.

music, and the lower classes were out in large numbers. The storm had ceased; the weather was warm, and every thing was propitious for outdoor exercise.

The soldiers were the first I had seen since entering Europe, and impressed me favorably with the Russian army. They wore the gray uniforms like those I saw in Siberia, and marched with a regular and steady stride. It was not till I reached St. Petersburg that I saw the *élite* of the Emperor's military forces. The reforms of Alexander have not left the army untouched, and I was told that a great improvement had been made during the ten years just ended. More attention has been given to the private soldiers than heretofore, their pay being increased and the time of service lessened. The Imperial family preserves its military character, and the present Emperor allows no laxity of discipline in his efforts to elevate the men in the ranks.

It is said of the Grand Duke Michel, uncle of Alexander II., that he was the most rigid disciplinarian ever known. His great delight was in parades, and he never overlooked the least irregularity. Not a button, not a mustache even, escaped his notice; and whoever was not *en règle* was certain to be punished. He is reported to have said:

"I detest war; it breaks the ranks, deranges the soldiers, and soils their uniforms."

I had a letter to Colonel Molostoff, the brother of a Siberian friend and *compagnon du voyage*, but I knew he would not be at home on the first day of the year, as he had many relatives and friends to visit. So I sent the letter to his

nouse, and accompanied my companion on a call upon Dr. Freeze, a prominent physician of Kazan. Madam Freeze was a native of Heidelberg, and evidently loved the Rhine better than the Volga. She gave me a letter to her brother in Moscow, where she promised me an introduction to a niece of Goethe.

In the evening Colonel Molostoff called at the hotel and took me to the New-Year's ball of the nobility of Kazan. I found a maze of apartments belonging to the Nobility Club—the dancing-room being quite as elegant and spacious as the large hall of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. I found files of English, French, and German papers in the reading-room, and spent a little time over the latest news from America. The male portion of the assemblage consisted of officers and civilians, the former in the majority. There was a perfect blaze of stars and gay uniforms that quite outshone the evening dress of the civilians. As Kazan is old, populous, and wealthy, it is needless to add that the ladies were dressed just like those of St. Petersburg or Paris.

I was introduced to several officials, among them the Governor, who had recently assumed command. Colonel Molostoff introduced me to three ladies who spoke English, but hardly had I opened conversation with the first before she was whisked away into the dance. The second and the third followed the same fate, and I began to look upon ball-room acquaintance as an affair of uncertainty. "Now," said the Colonel, "I will present you to one who is not young, but she is charming and does not dance." We went to seek her, but she was in the midst of a gay party just preparing for a visit to the lunch-room.

I was so utterly wearied after my long ride

that conversation was a great effort, and I could hardly keep my eyes from closing. I had promised to join a supper-party at three o'clock, but midnight found me just able to stand. Fearful that I might bring discredit upon America by going to sleep during the festivities, I begged an excuse and returned to my hotel. Five minutes after entering my room I was in the land of dreams.

In the treasury of the Kremlin of Moscow the royal crown of Kazan is preserved. The descendants of Genghis Khan founded the city and made it the seat of their European power. For three centuries it remained a menace to Russia, and held the princes of Muscovy in fear and dread. But as the Russians grew in strength, Kazan became weaker, and ultimately fell under Muscovite control. Ivan the Terrible determined to drive the Tartars from the banks of the Volga. After three severe and disastrous campaigns and a siege, in which assailant and assailed displayed prodigies of valor, Kazan was stormed and captured. The kingdom was overthrown, and the Russian power extended to the Urals. The cruelties of Ivan the Terrible are partially forgiven in return for his breaking the Tartar yoke.

A pyramidal monument marks the burial-place of the Russians who fell at the capture of the city. The positions of the besiegers are still pointed out, but I believe no traces of the circumvallation are visible. The walls of the Tartar fortress form a part of the present Kremlin, but have been so rebuilt and enlarged that their distinctive character is gone.

Nicholas called Kazan the third capital of his empire, and the city is generally admitted to be first in importance after St. Petersburg and Moscow. Its position is well chosen on the banks



SOLDIERS OFF DUTY.

of a small river, the Kazanka, which joins the Volga six versts away. On a high bluff stretching into a plateau in rear of the city, and frowning defiantly toward the west, its position is a commanding one. On the edge of this bluff is the Kremlin, with its thick and high walls inclosing the Governor's palace and other public buildings, all overlooked by a lofty bell-tower. Every part of the city gives evidence of wealth.

The population is about sixty thousand, including, I presume, the military garrison. There are twelve to fifteen thousand Tartars who live in a quarter of the city specially assigned them. They are said to be industrious and peaceful, and some of them have amassed great wealth. I saw a Tartar merchant at the ball on New-Year's-eve, and was told that his fortune was one of the largest in Kazan. I can testify personally to the energy of Tartar peddlers. On my first morning at the hotel I was visited by itinerant dealers in hats, boots, dressing-gowns, and other articles of wear. I bought nothing, but for two days was frequently accosted and urged to trade. The Tartars at Moscow are no less active than their brethren of Kazan, and very shrewd in their dealings. Every one of them appears to believe that strangers visit Russia for the sole purpose of buying dressing-gowns and hats.

I took a drive through the Tartar quarter, or *Kitai Gorod* of Kazan, and inspected without reading the signs over the shops. The houses were little different from those in the Russian quarter, and the general appearance of the streets was the same. I glanced at several female faces, in defiance of Mohammedan law, which forbids women unveiling before strangers. On one occasion, when no Tartar men were visible, a young and pretty woman removed her veil, and evidently desired to be looked at. I satisfied her desire and my curiosity, and expressed admiration in brief Russian.

As we passed a butcher's shop my *isvoshchik* intimated that horse-meat was sold there. The Tartars are fond of equine flesh, and prefer it to beef. On the Kirghese steppes the horse is prominent in gastronomic festivities.

Kazan is famous throughout Russia for the extent and variety of its manufactures. Russians and Tartars are alike engaged in them, and the products of their industry bear a good reputation. The city has printing establishments on an extensive scale, one of them devoted to Tartar literature. Several editions of the Koran have been printed here for the faithful in Northern and Central Asia.

The university of Kazan is one of the most celebrated institutions of learning in Russia, and has an excellent board of professors. Special attention is devoted to Asiatic languages and literature, but no other branch of knowledge is neglected. I met the professor of Persian literature, and found him speaking English and French fluently. I was invited to look through the museum and cabinet attached to the uni-

versity, but time did not permit. There is a ladies' seminary in equally good repute for its educational facilities.

One morning about two weeks before my arrival at Kazan the early risers passing this seminary discovered the body of a young man hanging upon the iron fence. It was clad only in a shirt, and no other clothing could be found. No one recognized the features of the individual, and the occupants of the seminary professed utter ignorance of the affair. As might be expected, great excitement followed the discovery. Visits of the sterner sex were absolutely forbidden, and the young maidens in the building were placed under surveillance. The gentleman who told me the story said:

"It is very strange, especially as the police can learn nothing about the man's identity."

While conversing with a high official at Nijne Novgorod a few days later I referred to this affair, and expressed my surprise that the police could not trace it out.

"That is to say," he replied, with a shrug of the shoulder, "that the police has suppressed the particulars. It is a scandalous occurrence that may as well be kept from the public." One thing was quite certain, if the police thought proper to conceal the details of this affair there was no likelihood of their publication. In Russia the police exercises a power much greater than in the United States. Those who have visited France and Austria can form a pretty correct idea of the Russian system, the three countries being nearly alike in this respect. The police has supervision over the people in a variety of ways; controls the fire department; looks after the general health; and provides for the well-being of society. Every man, woman, and child is considered under its surveillance and accounted for by some member of the force. Passports are examined by the police, and if *en règle* the owners are not likely to be troubled. Taxes are collected, quarrels adjusted, and debts paid through its agency.

I have heard many traveled Americans declaim violently against the foreign police system and visit it with maledictions. I may be expected to follow their example and indulge in complaints, but I can not do so, as I have no complaint to make. In a year's travel in despotic countries of Europe I never suffered the least detention at the hands of those terrible pests of society! I carried a passport properly indorsed, surrendered it to those authorized to receive it, paid whatever fees were demanded—none of them exorbitant—and went about my business *sans peur et sans reproche*. I have to thank the police of most European cities for a feeling of security not enjoyed to an equal extent in London or New York. I think my countrymen who have visited Paris, Vienna, or St. Petersburg will agree with me that these cities are safer to a pedestrian at night than the commercial capitals of England and America.

Almost every body has heard of the secret police of Russia, and many questions have been



JAM AT KAZAN.

asked me about it. I can not throw much light upon it, and if I could it would not be a secret police. I never knowingly came in contact with the shadow, neither did I have the slightest reason to fear it. If my letters were opened and read, those familiar with my manuscript will agree that the police had a hard time of it. If any body dogged my steps or drew me into conversation to report my opinions at the *bureau secret*, I never knew it. The servants who brought my cutlets and tea, the woman who washed my linen, or the *dvornik* who guarded the door, may have been spies upon me, but if so I didn't see it. Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.

People talk politics in Russia with apparent freedom, more so than I expected to find. Men and women expressed their opinions with candor (as I believe), and criticised what they saw wrong in their government. The Russian journals possess more freedom than those of Paris, and the theatres can play pretty nearly what they like. Official tyranny or dishonesty can be shown up by the press or satirized on the stage more freely and safely than in the country of Napoleon III., with all its boasted freedom.

I once read a story in which an Englishman in Austria is represented saying to his companion, "No gentleman meddles with the politics of the countries he visits." I made it my rule in Russia never to start the subject of politics in conversation with any body. Very often it was started, and I then spoke as freely as

I would have spoken in New York. If my opinion was asked upon any point I gave it frankly, but never volunteered it. I believe the Golden Rule a good one for a traveler. We Americans would think it very rude for a foreigner to come here and point out to us our faults. But for all that a great many of us visit Europe, and have no hesitation in telling the subjects of the various monarchies a variety of impolite truths.

During the reign of Nicholas the secret police was much more extensive than at present. The occurrences of 1825 and subsequent years led to a close surveillance of men in all stations of life. It was said, under Nicholas, that when three men were assembled one was a spy, and another might be. Doubtless the espionage was rigid; but I never heard that it affected those who said or did nothing objectionable. Under Alexander II. the stability of the throne hardly requires the aid of a detective force, and if what I was told be true, it receives very little.

The police have a standing order to arrest any person who speaks to the Emperor on the promenade at the Public Garden. One day Nicholas recognized in the crowd a favorite comedian, and accosted him with a few words of encouragement. The latter thanked his Majesty for his approval, and the two separated. A stupid policeman arrested the actor, and hurried him to prison on the charge of violating the law.

"But the Emperor spoke to me first," was the apology.

"No matter," replied the policeman, "you spoke to the Emperor, and must be arrested."

At the theatre that evening Nicholas was in the Imperial box utterly ignorant of what had occurred to his favorite. The performance was delayed, the audience impatient, manager frantic, and the Emperor finally sent to know the cause of the curtain remaining down. The actor did not come, and after waiting some time his Majesty went home. Next morning the prisoner was released, and during the day the Emperor learned what had occurred. Sending for the victim of police stupidity, he asked what reparation could be made for his night in prison.

"I beg your Majesty," was the frank request, "never to speak to me again in the Public Garden."

Nicholas promised compliance. He also made a pecuniary testimonial at the comedian's next benefit.

Dr. Schmidt, my companion, sold his sleigh and left Kazan by diligence the day after our arrival. I remained four days, and, when ready to start, managed to pick up a young Russian who was going to Nijne Novgorod. Each of us spoke two languages, but we had no com-

mon tongue. I brushed up all the Russian I had learned, and compelled it to perform very active service. Before our companionship ended I was astonished to find what an extensive business of conversation could be conducted with a limited capital of words.

Our communications were fragmentary and sometimes obscure, but we rarely became "hopelessly stuck." When my knowledge of spoken words failed I had recourse to a "Manual of Russian-English conversation," in which there were phrases on all sorts of topics. Examining the book at leisure one would think it abundantly fertile; but when I desired a particular phrase it was rarely to be found. As a last resource we tried Latin, but I could not remember a hundred words out of all my classics.

A regular thaw had set in, and the streets were in a condition of "slosh" that reminded me of Broadway in spring time. When we left the hotel a crowd of attendants gathered to be remembered pecuniarily. The yemshick tied his horses' tails in the tightest of knots to prevent their filling with snow and water. At the eastern gate we found a jam of sleds and sleighs, where we stuck for nearly half an hour, despite the efforts of the soldier-policemen. When

able to proceed, we traversed a high causeway spanning the Kazanka valley, and emerged into a suburb containing a large foundry. A mosque and a church, side by side, symbolized the harmony between Tartar and Russian.

Passing this suburb we reached the winter station of many steamboats and barges, among which we threaded our way. Seven versts from Kazan we reached the bank of the Volga.

The first view of the road upon the river was not inviting. There were many pools of surface water, and the continuous travel had worn deep hollows in the snow and ice. Some of the pools into which our yemshick drove appeared about as safe as a mill-pond in August; but as the fellow ought to know the route I said nothing, and let him have his own way. We met a great many sleds carrying merchandise, and passed a train going in our direction. One driver carelessly riding on his load was rolled overboard, and fell sidewise into a deep mass of snow and water. He uttered an imprecation, and rose dripping like a boiled cabbage when lifted from a dinner-pot.

We headed obliquely across



A SLIGHT MISHAP.



PITY THE POOR.

the river toward a dozen tow-boats frozen in the ice. The navigation of the Volga employs more than four hundred steamers, three-fourths of which are tows. Dead-walls in Kazan frequently displayed flaming announcements that reminded me of St. Louis and New Orleans. The companies run a sharp rivalry in freight and passenger traffic, their season lasting from April to October. The gross receipts for 1866 of one company owning thirty-four boats was 1,253,000 rubles. This, after deducting running expenses, would not leave a large amount of profit. The surplus, in the case of that company, was to be applied to paying debts. "Not a copeck," said my informant, "will the stockholders receive in the shape of dividends." I did not obtain any full and clear information touching the navigation of the Volga. The steamboats run from Tver, on the Moscow and St. Petersburg Railway, to Astrachan, at the mouth of the river. The best part of their business is the transport of goods and passengers (chiefly the former) to the fair at Nijne Novgorod. The river is full of shifting sand-bars, and the channel is very tortuous, especially at low-water. The first company to intro-

duce steam on the Volga was an English one; its success induced many Russians to follow its example, so that the business is now overdone.

Here, as on the Siberian rivers, the custom prevails of carrying freight in barges which are towed by tugs. Among the steamers I saw I did not find a single stern-wheeler.

We changed horses on the south bank of the Volga, only twelve versts from Kazan. The right bank of the river presents an unbroken line of hills or bluffs, while the opposite one is generally low. The summer road from Kazan westward follows the high ground in the vicinity of the river, but often several versts away. The winter road is over the ice of the Volga, keeping generally pretty near the bank. A double line of pine or other boughs set in the ice marks the route. The boughs are placed by the Administration of Roads, under whose supervision the way is daily examined and maintained. No one is allowed to travel on the ice until the officials declare it safe.

Night came upon us soon after passing the first station, so that I had little opportunity to study Volga scenery. The road was a combination of pitch-holes, water, soft snow, and

detours to avoid dangerous places. The most unpleasant drives were when we left the river to change horses at the villages on the high bank. It was well enough going up, but in descending the sleigh sometimes endeavored to go ahead of the horses. Once we came near going over a perpendicular bank sixty or eighty feet high. Had we done so, our whole establishment would have lost its value.

Back from the Volga, on this part of the route, there are many villages of Cheramess, a people of Tartar descent, who preserve many of their ancient customs. They are thoroughly loyal to Russia, and keep the portrait of the Emperor and Empress in nearly every cottage. In accordance with their custom of veiling women, they hang a piece of gauze over the picture of the Empress.

While changing horses we were beset by many beggars, whose forlorn appearance entitled them to sympathy. I purchased a fair number of blessings, as each beggar made the sign of the cross over me on receiving a copeck. Russian beggars are the most devout I ever saw, and display great familiarity with the calendar of saints. One morning in Kazan I stood at my hotel-window watching a woman soliciting alms. Several poorly-dressed peasants gave her each a copeck or two, and both giver and receiver made the sign of the cross. One decrepit old man gave her half a loaf of bread, blessing it devoutly as he passed it into her hands. So far as I saw not a single well-dressed person paid any attention to the mendicant. Only the poor can feel for the poor!

We encountered a great deal of merchandise, carried invariably upon one-horse sleds. Cotton and wool, in large sacks, were the principal freight going westward, while that moving toward Kazan was of miscellaneous character. The yemshicks were the worst I found on the whole extent of my sleigh-ride. They generally contented themselves with the regulation-speed, and it was not often that the promise of drink-money affected them. I concluded that money was more easily obtained there than elsewhere on my route. Ten copecks were an important item to a yemshick in Siberia, but of little consequence along the Volga.

Villages are numerous along the Volga, and most of them are very liberally supplied with churches. We passed Makarieff, which was for many years the scene of the great fair of European Russia. Fire and flood alike visited the place, and in 1816 the fair was transferred to Nijne Novgorod. One of the villages has a church-spire that leans considerably toward the edge of the river.

About fifty versts from Nijne Novgorod the population of a large village was gathered in Sunday dress upon the ice. A baptism was in progress, and as we drove past the assemblage I caught a glimpse of a man plunging through a freshly cut hole. Half a minute later he emerged from the crowd and ran toward the nearest house, the water dripping from his garments and hair. As we passed around the end of the village I looked back and saw another person running in the same direction.

Converts to the Russian Church are baptized



BAPTIZING THROUGH THE ICE.

by immersion, and once received in its bosom they continue members until death do them part. The Government is far more tolerant in its matters of religion than that of any Roman Catholic country in Europe; I think it might even reprove Great Britain pretty sharply for its religious tyranny in unhappy Ireland. Every man in Russia can worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, provided he does not shock the moral sense of civilization in so doing. Every respectable form of Christian worship enjoys full liberty, and so does every respectable form of Paganism and Antichristianity. The Greek faith is the acknowledged religion of the Government, and the priests, by virtue of their partly official character, naturally wield considerable power. The abuse or undue employment of that power is not (theoretically) permitted, however much the Church may manifest its zeal. Every effort is made to convert unbelievers, but no man is forced to accept the Greek faith.

Traveling through Russia one may see many forms of worship. He will find the altars of Shamanism, the temples of Bhudda, the mosques of Islam, and the synagogues of Israel. On one single avenue of the Russian capital he will pass in succession the churches of the Greek, the Catholic, the Armenian, the Lutheran, and the Episcopal faith. He will be told that among the native Russians there are nearly fifty sects of greater or less importance. There are some advantages in belonging to the Church of State, just as in England, but they are not essential. I am acquainted with officers in the military, naval, and civil service of the Government who are not, and never have been, members of the Greek Church. I never heard any intimation that their religion had been the least bar to their progress.

The Pope, in his Encyclical of October, 1867, complains of the conduct of the Russian Government toward the Catholics in Poland. No doubt Alexander has played the mischief with the Pope's faithful in that quarter, but not on account of their religion. In Warsaw a Russian officer, a Pole by birth, told me of the misfortunes that had fallen upon the Catholic monastery and college in that city. "We found in the insurrection," said this officer, "that the monks were engaged in making knives, daggers, cartridges, and other weapons. The priests were the active men of the rebellion, and did more than any other class to urge it forward. And here is a specimen of iron-mongery from the hands of the monks. We found two hundred of these in the college recently suppressed. Many more were distributed and used."

As he spoke he opened a drawer, and showed me a short dagger, fitting into a small handle. The point of the blade had been dipped in poison, and was carefully wrapped in paper. The instrument was to have been used by sticking it into somebody in a crowd, and allowing it to remain. Death was pretty certain from a very slight scratch of this weapon.

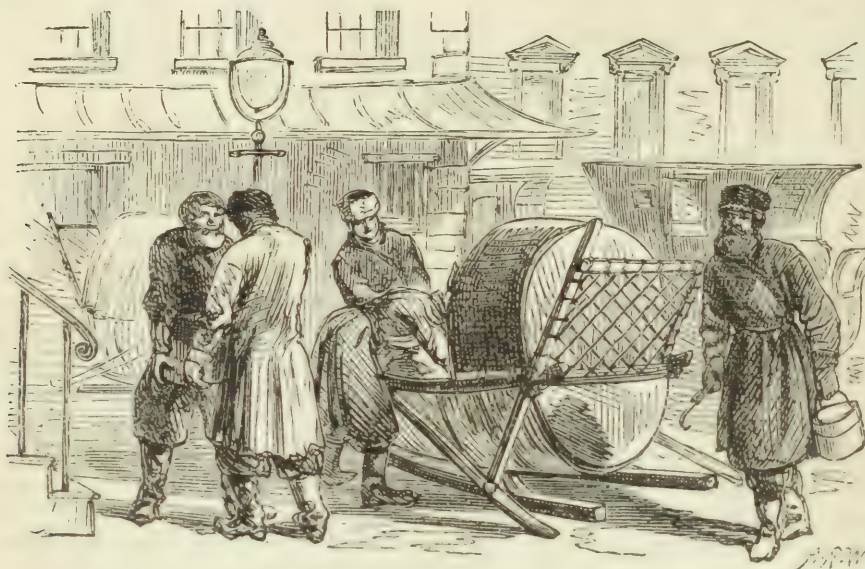
If this gentleman's story is correct, and it was corroborated by others, the Russian "persecution" of the Polish Catholics is not entirely without reason.

Among the dissenters in the Greek Church there is a body called *Staroviersty* (old believers). The difference between them and the adherents to the orthodox faith is more ritualistic than doctrinal. Both make the sign of the cross, though each has its own way of holding the fingers in the operation. The *Staroviersty* do not use tobacco in any form, and their mode of life is generally quite rigid. Under Catharine and Paul they were persecuted, and, as a matter of course, increased their numbers rapidly. For the past sixty years oppression has been removed, and they have done pretty nearly as they liked. They are found in all parts of the empire, but are most numerous in the vicinity of the Ural Mountains. Russia has its share of fanatical sects, some of whom push their religion to a wonderful extreme. One sect has a way of sacrificing children by a sort of slow torture in no way commendable. Another sect makes a burnt-offering of some of its adherents, who are selected by lot. These enter a house prepared for the occasion, and begin a service of singing and prayer. After a time spent in devotions the building is set on fire, and consumed with its occupants. Another sect practices the mutilation of masculine believers, and steals children for adoption into their families. Against all these fanatics the Government exercises its despotic power. The peasants are generally very devout, and keep all the days of the Church with becoming reverence. There is a story that a peasant waylaid and killed a traveler, and while rifling the pockets of his victim found a cake containing meat. Though very hungry he could not eat it, because meat was forbidden in the fast then in force.

The Government is endeavoring to diminish the power and influence of the priests, and the number of saints'-days when men must abstain from labor. Heretofore the priests have enjoyed the privilege of recruiting the clergy from their own numbers. When a village priest died his office fell to his eldest son; or, if he had no male issue, the revenues went to his eldest daughter, until some priest married her and took charge of the parish. By special order of the Emperor any vacancy is hereafter to be filled by the most deserving candidate.

It is said that during the Crimean war the Governor of Moscow notified the pastor of the English church in that city that the prayer for the success of her Britannic Majesty's arms must be omitted. The pastor appealed to the Emperor, who replied that prayers of the regular form might continue to be read, no matter what they contained. The Governor made no further interference.

About three o'clock in the afternoon of the second day from Kazan the yemshick pointed out the spires of Nijne Novgorod, on the



END OF SLEIGH-RIDE.

southern bank of the Volga. A fleet of steamers and barges lay sealed in the ice along the shore, waiting for the moving of the waters. The road to the north bank was marked with pine boughs that fringed the moving line of sleighs and sledges. We threaded our way among the stationary vessels, and at length came before the town. A friend had commended me to the *Hôtel de la Poste*, and I ordered the yemshick to drive there. With an eye to his pocket the fellow carried me to an establishment of the same name on the other side of the Oka. I had a suspicion that I was being swindled, but as they blandly informed me that no other hotel with that title existed, I alighted and ordered my baggage up.

This was the end of my sleigh-ride. I passed two hundred and nine stations, with as many changes of horses and drivers. Nearly seven hundred horses had been attached to my sleigh, and drawn me over a road of greatly varied character. Out of forty days from Irkutsk I spent sixteen at the cities and towns on the way. I slept twenty-six nights in my sleigh, with the thermometer varying from thirty-five degrees above zero to forty-five below, and encountered four severe storms and a variety of smaller ones. Including a detour to the Altai Mountains my sleigh-ride was about thirty-six hundred miles long. From Stratensk, by way of Kiachta to Irkutsk, I traveled not far from fourteen hundred miles with wheeled vehicles, and made ninety-three changes. My whole ride from steam navigation on the Amoor to the railway at Nijne Novgorod was very nearly five thousand miles.

There was a manifest desire to swindle me at the bogus *Hôtel de la Poste*. Half a dozen attendants carried my baggage to my room and each demanded a reward. When I gave the yemshick his "na vodka" an officious attendant suggested that the gentleman should be very liberal at the end of his ride. I asked for a bath, and a sleigh was ordered to take me to a bathing establishment several squares away.

My proposition to be content for the present with a wash-basin was pronounced impossible until I finished the argument with my left boot. The waiter finally became affectionate, and when I ordered supper he suggested comforts not on the printed bill of fare. The landlord proposed to purchase my sleigh and superfluous furs, and we concluded a bargain at less than a twelfth of their cost.

After a night's rest I recrossed the Oka and drove to the town, where I found the veritable *Hôtel de la Poste*, to which I immediately changed my quarters. It was a large, comfortable, and well-kept house, and boasted a land-



MONUMENT OF MININ POJARSKI.



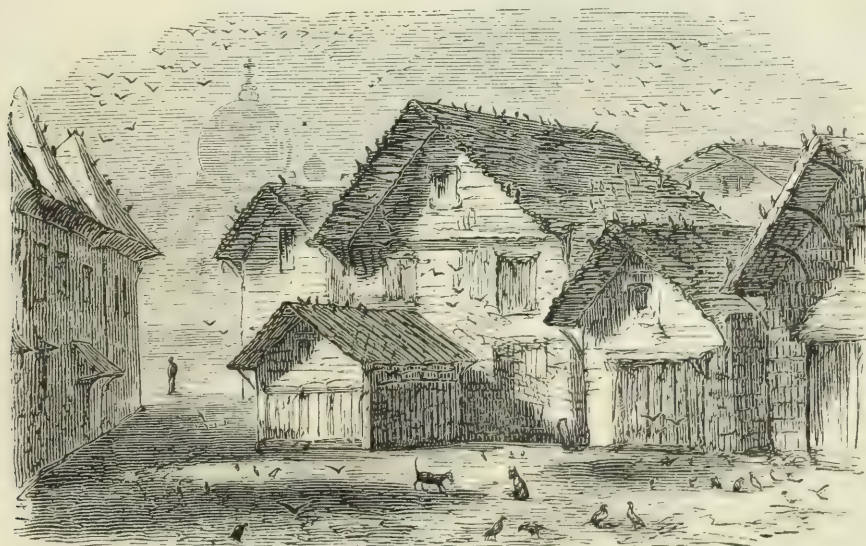
NIJNE NOVGOROD DURING THE FAIR.

lord of as unbounded stomach as Cardinal Wolsey. On learning my nationality he informed me, with evident pride, that he had the honor of lodging my countryman of *Miantonomah* celebrity several months before. The house overlooked a little park inclosing a pond where a hundred or more persons were skating. The park was well shaded, and must be quite pleasant in summer.

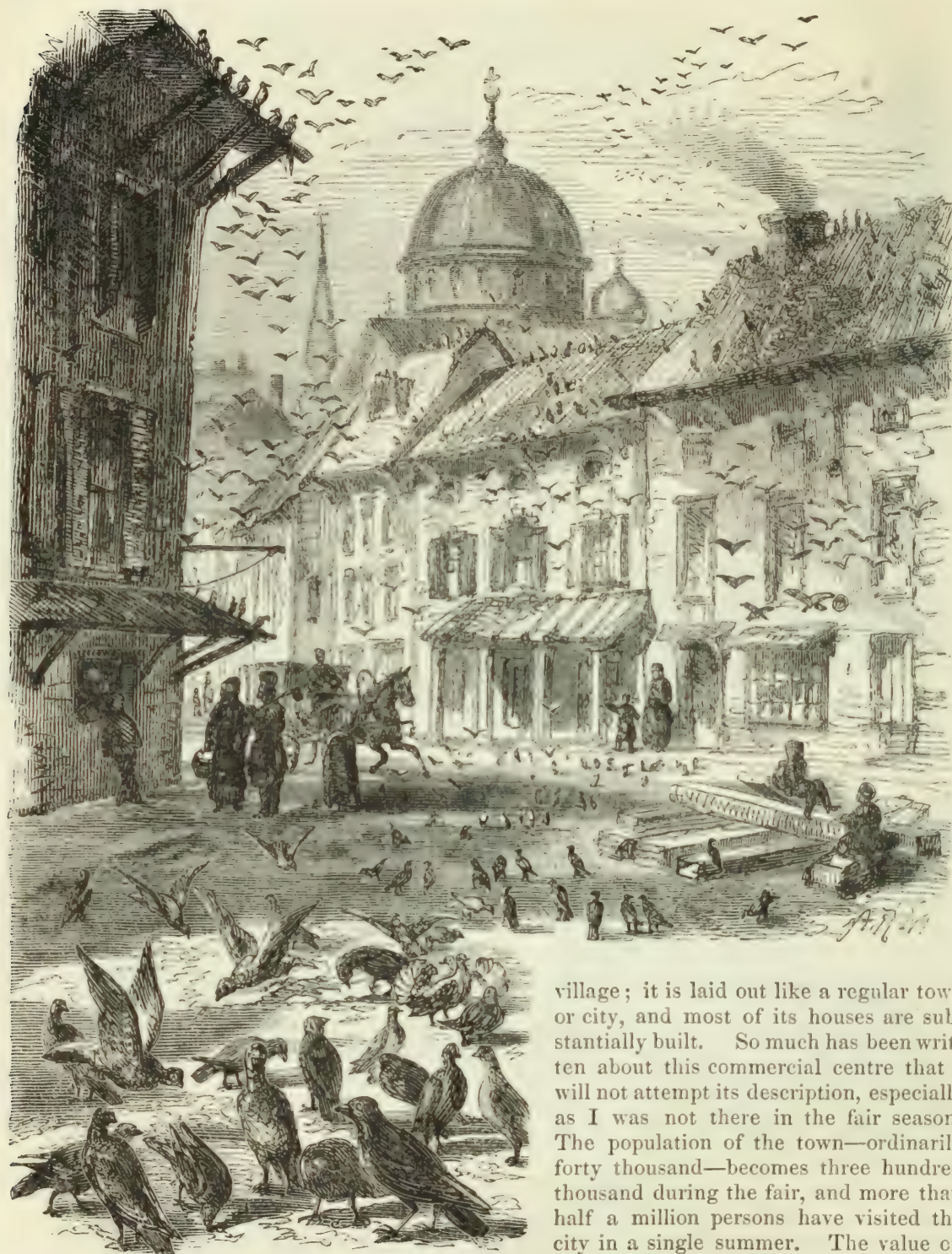
The town hardly deserves the name of Nijne (Lower) Novgorod as it stands on a bluff nearly two hundred feet above the river. Its lower town contains little else than small shops, storehouses, poor hotels, and steamboat offices. The

Kremlin or fortress looks down from a very picturesque position, and its strong walls have a defiant air. From the edge of the bluff the view is wide, and I greatly regretted my inability to enjoy it in summer. The low field and forest land on the opposite side of the river, the sinuous Volga and its tributary the Oka, are all visible for a long distance. Opposite, on a tongue of land between the Volga and the Oka, is the scene of the fair of Nijne Novgorod, the greatest, I believe, in the whole world.

There are many fine houses in the upper town, with indications of considerable wealth. I had a letter of introduction to the Chief of



NIJNE NOVGOROD AFTER THE FAIR.



INHABITANTS OF NIJNE NOVGOROD.

Police, Colonel Kretegin, who kindly showed me the principal objects of interest in and around the Kremlin. The monument to the memory of Minin Pojarski possessed the greatest historical importance. This man, a peasant and butcher, believed himself called to deliver Russia from the Poles in 1612. He awakened his countrymen, and joined a Russian noble in leading them to expel the invaders. A bronze monument at Moscow represents Minin starting upon his mission. The memorial at Nijne is of a less elaborate character.

We drove through the fair-ground, which was as empty of occupants as Goldsmith's deserted

village; it is laid out like a regular town or city, and most of its houses are substantially built. So much has been written about this commercial centre that I will not attempt its description, especially as I was not there in the fair season. The population of the town—ordinarily forty thousand—becomes three hundred thousand during the fair, and more than half a million persons have visited the city in a single summer. The value of goods sold or exchanged during each fair is about two hundred millions of rubles.

Colonel Kretegin told me that the members of the Fox embassy were much astonished at finding American goods for sale at Nijne Novgorod. It would be difficult to find any part of the civilized world where some article of our manufacture has not penetrated.

At the close of my second day at Nijne I started for Moscow. As I drove from the hotel to the railway the jackdaws, perched every where on the roofs, were unusually noisy. As I left Asia and entered Europe, the magpie appeared to give place to the jackdaw. The latter bird inhabits the towns and cities west of the Ural Mountains, and I frequently saw large

flocks searching the débris along the Volga road. He associates freely with the pigeon, and appears equally well protected by public sentiment. Possibly his inedible character assists his preservation. Pigeons are very abundant in all Russian cities, and their tameness is a matter of remark among foreign visitors. The peasants consider them sacred, and never molest them; the pigeon—or dove—brought the olive-branch to the ark, and so they aver that his descendants are entitled to the respect and veneration of man. The birds appreciate their security, and move about among men and horses with the utmost unconcern, only taking care to avoid the feet of the latter.

At the railway station I fell to the charge of two porters who carried my baggage while I sought the ticket-office. A young woman speaking French officiated at the desk, and furnished me with a *billet de voyage* to Moscow. My baggage arranged I sought the waiting-room, where a hundred or more persons were gathered. The men were well wrapped in furs, and among the ladies I found hoods more numerous than bonnets. Three-fourths of the males and a third of the females were smoking cigarettes, and there was no prohibition visible. In accordance with the national taste the

chief article sold at the *buffet* was hot tea in tumblers. There is an adage in Germany that three kinds of people—fools, princes, and Americans—travel first-class. Pretending to be Russian in my mode of traveling, and by the advice of a friend, I took a second-class ticket, and found the accommodation better than the average of first-class cars in America.

How strange was the sensation of railway travel! Since I last experienced it I had journeyed more than half around the globe. I had been tossed on the Pacific and adjacent waters, had ascended the great river of Northeastern Asia, had found the rough way of life along the frozen roads beyond the Baikal, and ended with that long, long ride over Siberian snows. I looked back through a long vista of earth and snow, storm and sunshine, starlight and darkness, rolling sea and placid river, rugged mountains and extended plains. The hardships of travel were ended as I reached the land of railways, and our motion as we sped along the track seemed more luxurious than ever before. Contrasted with the cramped and narrow sleigh, pitching over ridges and into hollows, the carriage where I sat appeared the perfection of locomotive skill.

SPENT AND MIS-SPENT.

STAY yet a little longer in the sky,
 O golden color of the evening sun!
 Let not the sweet day in its sweetness die,
 While my day's work is only just begun.

Counting the happy chances strown about
 Thick as the leaves, and saying which was best,
 The rosy lights of morning all went out,
 And it was burning noon, and time to rest.

Then leaning low upon a piece of shade,
 Fringed round with violets and pansies sweet,
 My heart and I, I said, will be delayed,
 And plan our work while cools the sultry heat.

Deep in the hills, and out of silence vast,
 A waterfall played up his silver tune—
 My plans lost purpose, fell to dreams at last,
 And held me late into the afternoon.

But when the idle pleasure ceased to please,
 And I awoke, and not a plan was planned,
 Just as a drowning man, at what he sees
 Catches for life, I caught the thing at hand.

And so life's little work-day hour has all
 Been spent, and mis-spent doing what I could,
 And in regrets and efforts to recall
 The chance of having, being, what I would.

And so sometimes I can not choose but cry,
 Seeing my late-sown flowers are hardly set—
 O darkening color of the evening sky,
 Spare me the day a little longer yet!

ALICE CARY.



ZANZIBAR—THE ARISTOCRATIC QUARTER.

ZANZIBAR.

THERE was not much that was striking in our voyage to the Mozambique, where we arrived about the middle of September, 1865. Every one who has made a long sea-voyage knows how trivial events assume importance when we are for weeks shut out from any other prospect than that of the monotonous and barren sea. We saw sun-fish and squid, and caught several sea-birds, one of which resented Baby's finger-thrust down his throat by giving it a hearty bite. Then there was a quarrel, or rather a series of quarrels, between the sailors and one of their number, a Portuguese, who made use of a knife on these occasions. One sad occurrence impressed itself on my memory. It happened on the 7th of August. There was a fearful storm. I had been feeling nervous all day; and when in the evening Ansel (my husband, and the captain of our vessel) came down to look after me, I told him that I kept imagining that some one had fallen overboard. He went on deck, and had been gone scarcely two minutes when I heard a confusion of voices, and felt as certain as if I had seen it that some one had gone over. In fact, I called to Pauline to come and pray with me for the soul in danger, for I knew that in such a storm a life exposed to that peril could not be saved. My husband soon informed me that my apprehension was realized; one of the men had fallen from the top-mast into the sea. He was heard to groan as he struck the water, and the blow probably killed him. Letters were found in his chest from his mother in Scotland and a sister at Leeds.

For a month previous to our arrival at the Mozambique the storm continued with fearful gales; the vessel sprung a leak, and two pumps were kept in operation night and day.

On the 15th of September we were at anchor in Zanzibar Bay. Before it was dawn I was on

deck with Baby, watching where the silvery sand and white sponge coral could be seen under the water. At sunlight there approached three or four canoes, small and extremely primitive in their appearance; across them poles were tied with cocoa-nut fibre, having heavy planks at the end (out-riggers) by way of balance, I suppose. The paddles were short, flat, and spoon-shaped, handled by negroes whose only garments consisted of pieces of cotton stuff hanging from their waists, with the exception of a few who wore coral bracelets or cotton handkerchiefs of red or white twisted about their heads, and containing betel-nuts, leaves, and boxes full of lime which they chew with the nut. They offered this lime to one another, as we would snuff. Their faces reminded me of those belonging to some of the slaves in the frescoes of Ancient Egypt. The protuberance of the lower lip in one case was something hideous. They soon boarded us, and offered to pilot us in. One of our boats was sent off with an anchor and line to within three-quarters of a mile from shore, and then our vessel was hauled in by the sailors, the latter giving a sort of refrain without which they never do any kind of work. They will sometimes for a whole hour repeat the same three or four words, dividing the sentence among them, and occasionally changing the air, if I may call it so. The nearest idea of it that I can give is the old Italian catch:

"Sant Antonio
Campanaro,
Suoni bene
Le compagne
Dong, dong, dong."

The regular pilot boarded us after these strange fellows, and chose to accompany us. He spoke English fluently, and acted as interpreter, besides replenishing our provisions. Though of dark skin he was not a negro. His costume consisted of a parti-colored turban, a dark blue vest braided with gold, and beneath

this one of Solferino pink braided near the breast-pockets, and a short petticoat of white with a colored one beneath. His feet were bare. He brought with him several men, some of whom wore a red fez and a white or buff-colored kind of night-gown. When Baby first saw the blacks she said to one of them "Pretty boy!" though he was awful to behold; but one of them more "toothy" than the rest (indeed his under-lip was completely eclipsed) happening to smile on her, she remained for some moments in a state of open-mouthed petrification with horror.

The pilot, who had gone off just before our dinner-time, returned bringing me bananas and oranges—some of the Mandarin sort, very sweet, with a loose, red skin—each kind of fruit being presented in a barrel-shaped basket made of loosely-plaited cocoa-nut leaves. He brought word that the consignee, Taria Tophan, a Hindoo merchant, presented his compliments, and would be pleased to see the captain at his house. Then a man with delicate, long features and a flowing dark beard, wearing a turban and white robes, came to inquire if we needed fresh meat. Picture to yourself, if you can, this anomalous, romantic-looking butcher!

The town of Zanzibar, capital of the island of the same name, seen from the vessel, seemed to consist principally of white houses, built in squares, with flat roofs and castellated tops; the mosques, the rude mud-huts thatched with cocoa-nut leaves, the groves of cocoa, plantains, bananas, palms, and pomegranate—with huts here and there peeping out of them—furnish prominent features in the picture. The houses of the various consuls are on the white-sanded beach, and their flags give a lively effect to the view. In sight there are also many dhows, some of which, together with the war-ship *Shah Allum*, belong to the King of Zanzibar—Syed Madjid Ben Syed, a young Arab greatly beloved by his people. He was at the time of which I am writing absent at Bombay. We could also see two English vessels—a gun-boat and a merchantman.

Ansel went off to Taria Tophan's, a Hindoo, as I have said, but one who retained few of the prejudices of his people. He dined at the American consul's. In the mean time, while the vessel was being unloaded, eight blacks were hired to work at the pumps at the rate of 6*d.* per day or night, with rice and

molasses. They must be allowed to sing, the interpreter said, otherwise they would not work. Fearing lest their noise might prevent sleep during the night, Ansel asked them to let him hear how softly they could sing, whereupon they began such an unearthly chant and sang so vociferously that we all roared with laughter. "That will do!" my husband shouted. "For Heaven's sake stop, or you'll drive me mad! No, you must manage to do without that, for the pump is just at the foot of our berth." It was well that the window was closed that night, for by degrees the low hum of the laborers grew into a loud song, and they forgot all restraint. The words of their refrain sounded like,

"Alemam bara. Alemam bara
Maree a marre a O maree-ee-ee."

This looks like an attempt to put the nightingale's song into words! You can have no idea of the effect this refrain has upon one's nerves. One hard-working little fellow named Punch sang as happily, with the perspiration rolling down his face, and with no cap on in the heat of the sun's rays as if he had been a salamander, though I am not sure that the latter really ever does sing. You should have seen how amused



TARIA TOPHAN, HINDOO MERCHANT OF ZANZIBAR.



NATIVE WATER-CARRIER.

the blacks were at the sight of my Ethel's rag-doll "Judy." They evidently thought that its style of nose must be common in those parts whence we came.

On this day several canoes came off with fruit, shells, nuts, corals, and monkeys. Ethel called one of the latter "Poor Puss!" considering him an improvement on our black cat. In the evening the breeze came from the shore, and we could clearly distinguish the voices of the natives, talking, singing, and shouting; the beating of the tum-tums, to which they were dancing; the clapping of hands, and the barking of dogs.

On the 17th my husband and myself visited the American consul. His house is delightfully eastern in style. There are Moorish arches in the court-yard, where two goats and a gazelle were then at play; men wearing the fez and turbans were seated or lying on stone couches that were covered with matting and built near the doors, which are heavy and of dark color, carved down the centre. The walls are very thick and the windows large.

We ascended by a wooden staircase, and were

ushered into a large sitting-room, in which were light easy-chairs, tables, and cane sofas with flag-shaped fans lying on them. The white walls were adorned with pictures, the windows were not glazed, and the upper slats of the dark green blinds were closed, making the rooms shady and cool. We were received by Mr. R——, the consul—a fine, gentlemanly young man. Soon after Captain Dow entered together with Taria Tophan, who is called "the honest Hindoo of Zanzibar." He was picturesque attired, and left his slippers outside. We had a pleasant half-hour's chat, and the gentlemen, with the exception of Taria Tophan (who, by-the-way, did not seem to know English), took vermuth before the four o'clock dinner, which was served in an airy room with white walls and massive square-cut pillars. There was a swing-fan in this room, and two blacks in a sort of white night-gown waited upon the table, and fanned the flies away from us with flags made of cloth, embroidered in floss silk. Taria Tophan did not eat with us.

We had soup and fish, with some yellow pungent sauce that looked like custard, beef, chicken-pie, baked bananas, a kind of green pea, small pickled oranges, plantains, sweet-potatoes, fried mince-meat cakes, asafœtida cakes, or rather wafers (for which I really think I could *in time* acquire a taste!), a rice curry, a salad of small green leaves and cucumbers, grown and sent by the French Mission Society, a Welsh rarebit, a sponge-cake in custard, and oranges, with sherry and claret plentifully watered from white earthen coolers.

After dinner we returned to the sitting-room, where *café au lait* was served by an Arab. A walk out was proposed and assented to. We passed through narrow ways over white sand and clinkers. I asked when we should come to the streets, and was told that this was their "West-end" or "Broadway." But how can I describe what I saw during that walk: the variety of color, form, dress, and manner, the beauty of some of the old houses, or the dirt and obscurity of the huts, under the thatched verandas of which the natives plied their trades as tailors, tinkers, and sellers of betel, plantains, pots, and fruit? How picturesque appeared the half-naked girls with their bead necklets, and poising round water-pots on their heads as they came to and from a rocky well! Some of the children we saw were perfectly naked, and made their "Yambos" (How do you do's) to us, one of them looking at my hoop-skirts and then at my face, and then running in terror up to his mother, screaming, "Oh! oh! The white woman!" His eyelids had been painted a deep black. Stumbling over some unusually large clinkers among the thistles, I was told that they had marked the graves of natives; and on each side of the way I saw stone or composite tombs, covered with cocoanut leaf thatching, all the way to the Mussulman burying-ground. In one of the head-stones had been inserted two willow-pattern cheese-

plates and a glass preserve-dish. We met some "Isle of Bourbon" Sisters of Mercy, followed by a school of black girls wearing white tippets, like English charity-children. On our way we saw small light-colored bullocks which the Hindoos hold as sacred, also many light-gray donkeys and long-legged fowls. The pomegranates added a charming feature to the scene.

As we returned we observed people going into the mosques and prostrating themselves, after having removed their sandals. There are here an English Church, a large square building, comprising the Bishop's Palace and a Roman Catholic Mission Society, a very energetic and useful body of men, who teach the young natives various trades.

The Arab women are kept strictly retired. Out of doors they wear masks. I noticed at a window opposite an Arab lady who wore no mask, reading an Arabic manuscript. She wore ear-drops, and I was informed that she was a sister of the King's secretary.

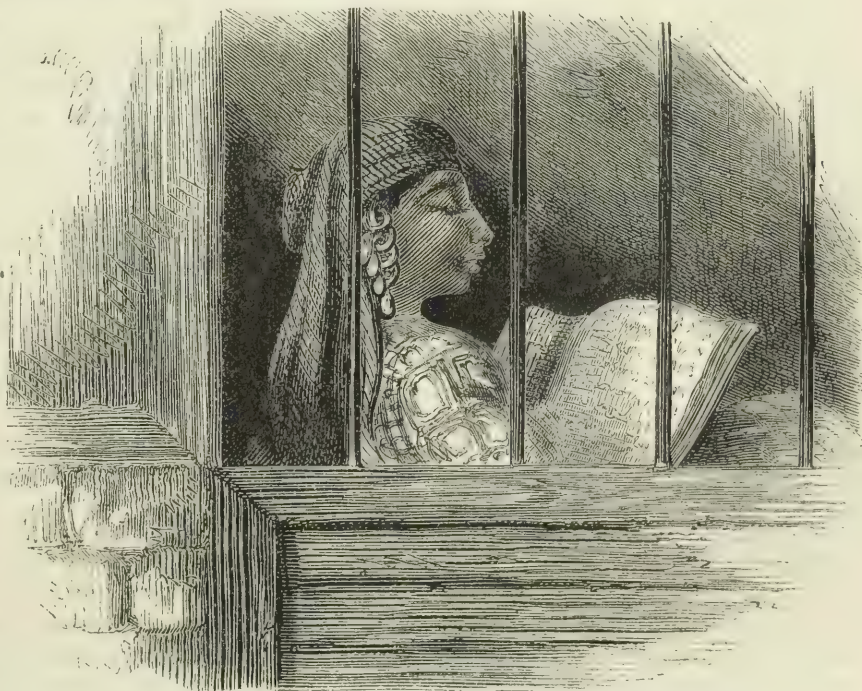
In the evening we took tea in the open air, seated on a lower roof, from which we watched the natives on the beach and in their boats. We had been joined in our walk by Mr. Goodhue, an American. I was told that in the hot season (I considered it "hot" enough *then*) it was next to impossible to sleep night or day. The people are three hundred years behindhand in every thing; they have little variety in their ways of passing the time, and their chief excitement is the arrival of the mail. The English vice-consul, Dr. Seward, resides here; also Dr. —, a Frenchman, who superintends the hospital connected with the Roman Catholic Mission.

My husband, Ethel, and myself were staying at the American consul's from the 20th to the 28th of September. We were treated with so much courtesy and kindness that we could not feel that we were with a stranger. On one side our sleeping-room looked out upon the beach, and on the other upon the residence of the King's secretary, where the ladies often appeared at the windows and talked to Baby, showing her various toys, with which indeed they appeared to be more pleased than she was.

On the 22d we rowed out with Captain Dow, in his "trim little gig," to the east end of the town Kinain. On our left, as we landed, several graves were scattered nearly down to the

sea among the cocoa-nut trees, the plantains, mangoes, etc. On the right was a pretty white house with a sloping, thatched roof, belonging to an Arab, Sillamun Ben Abdullah. Sillamun means Solomon, as Moussi means Moses. Many persons are named Josa (Jesus). Passing by this house, we walked for some distance between two rows of mud huts, where the natives, in every variety of undress, were squatted on the ground behind mats of dyed plaited grass, generally round, on which were exposed for sale, in small lots, vegetables, fish, rice, etc. The black men and women wear ear-rings, bead necklaces, and bracelets, and stick a wafer on one side of their flat noses. They also shave away their woolly hair in stripes like a plowed field, or leaving little irregular tufts. The masks or bercoas of the Arab women are of white gauze, striped and edged with tinsel. Those of the Hindoos and Banyans are various in style. It appeared wonderful to me that mere infants were able to support the weight of the silver manacles that surrounded their necks, arms, and legs. As I paused to admire the large black eyes of a Hindoo baby his mother brought out a seat for me to rest on; her husband, a jeweler, showed me his stock in trade, which was contained in a small leather trunk that he drew forth from a dark recess in his hut. I noticed, on our way, stone wells shaped like sarcophagi, and beautifully carved. We stopped again when we returned, to listen to some negroes under a tree, seated on small drums made from casks, "tum-tumming" loud enough to deafen one. There was soon collected together a crowd of more appreciative listeners than ourselves.

The next day we went on board His Highness's war ship *Shah Allum* to call on the J—s, who resided there, it being considered more healthy than on shore, where they had two residences.



SISTER OF THE KING'S SECRETARY READING AN ARABIC MANUSCRIPT.



RUINED PALACE OF SYED SAAID BEN SULTAN AT MTONY.

A group of us in two boats (one of them presented by the King to the consulate under the name of a loan) rowed out to Mtony on the 24th. We landed near the palace of Syed Saaïd Ben Sultan, the late Sultan. It is now partly in ruins and deserted. Behind it is a park of orange, lime, and cocoa-nut trees, bananas, and sugar-canes, through which camels were being led, and a pretty waterfall branching out into long and narrow channels. Mud-huts thatched with cocoa-nut leaves are dotted about here and there, some of them guarded by a species of wolf-dog. It becomes dark soon after sunset, and we had a trifling collision with another boat in returning; but the moon and stars soon made the evening lovely. Along a portion of the shore a very offensive odor arises from putrescent vegetables or fruit thrown there by the natives. It forced us to close at night our windows looking toward the beach; besides, whenever these were open, swarms of mosquitoes attacked us, and bats flitted in the most disagreeable manner about our bar curtains.

The insects here are peculiar. I have been pinched by a centipede that was so much the color of the straw matting that I inadvertently stepped upon it. To say that a cockroach here is of the size of a young mouse would not be an exaggeration, and the spiders all seem to have tails or stings like scorpions.

The heat of the climate told on Ethel, who grew extremely thin, languid, and feverish. I did not entirely escape myself. One morning my husband and I climbed the steps leading from the different roofs of the house to the Observatory to watch for vessels coming in. I had been complaining of a feeling of lightness, as though when I walked or lay down I was un-

conscious of touching any thing, and now I begged my husband to be sure and hold me tight, for I felt that I was losing my senses. How he got me down all those steps I know not. I remained very quiet all day, and in the evening felt as well as usual. I was told that this had been a slight attack of the fever of the country.

The only idea of coolness one gets here is early in the morning when the black boys jump into the sea and swim and dive and splash water over each other, or walk up to the beach, sending the spray before them in showers. We arose every morning at six o'clock and between us three ate dozens of oranges. We then bathed and dressed, after which we watched the people on the beach and in our vessel. At nine o'clock we took breakfast, during which Taria Tophan usually made his appearance, but never ate with us, that being forbidden by his religious customs. At twelve o'clock there was tiffin (fruit for me and milk for Baby); at four o'clock we dined, and two hours later had tea. Before retiring to rest the gentlemen took vermouth and water. There was a table in the vestibule on which were placed numbers of earthen coolers, principally white, containing water.

In response to an invitation we again visited the *Shah Allum*, to dine with the J——s. Ethel was very friendly with Baby Honora J——, and with the Ayah, a graceful creature, half Hindoo, half Portuguese, named Emily Pinta, who wore white muslin edged with blue and scarlet flowers in her hair. There were other guests at dinner, among them Lieutenant G—— of H. M. S. *Pantaboon*.

A few days later we walked out in the even-

ing and saw part of the Bazar—a collection of dirty huts with various edibles for sale. The Sultan's stable rather interested me, though I saw no horses as beautiful as some I have seen in Europe. Most of them had their hind feet tied to the ground, and several had the tips of their long tails dyed red. In the court-yard were several dogs and playful kids, and a young antelope, very tame, which gambled about me. We passed through an old Moorish-looking fort. The last place which we visited was the slave market, and that I shall not easily forget. There were groups of black men and women, crouched on the ground, looking scarcely human; some of the women held in their arms apparently new-born infants naked and horribly meagre like themselves. The older children were high-stomached and ill-formed, and not a spark of intelligence brightened their features, which were so repulsive that one could scarcely look on them without feeling as much disgust as pity. Two boys of about ten years old were offered to my husband for five dollars apiece. It seems to me that slavery *must* better the condition of such as these, at least for a time. They will not work of their own accord. After remaining here a few weeks their appearance improves, and they become fat and lively. These slaves are mostly what might be termed the refuse, the better kind being, I believe, sold by private contract. They come from the interior and adjacent posts, chiefly from Kiloa and Quiloa. I should mention that beyond certain limits trading in slaves is illegal; therefore the traders are obliged to "run" them, as the phrase is. Within the prescribed limits, however, the business is practiced as a matter of course, and the slaves are regularly entered through the Custom-house. I have been told that they are so weak and reduced by the time they arrive that frequently on landing they drop down dead. This does not, however, create any sensation. I frequently from my window watched the crowded slave dhows go by. Mr. J—— said that, some weeks before, he had seen a slave bound hand and foot floating in the water.

Walking out the next evening our course lay among some huts where we saw groups of Banyans playing cards, and then among the graves of the natives, which are made either near their own houses, or in the middle of a pathway on the borders of the sea, or wherever else the survivors may choose, until, at length, we reached the beach, where, at some distance, might be seen the corpses of natives that had been exhumed by wild dogs and partly devoured.

On the last of September I went on board to visit some of our sick ones. In the course of the day Bibi Ayshe came to her window to inquire of me by signs as to what use might be made of a waist-band and buckle which she had in her possession. This was the wife of the King's secretary, and formerly the wife of the late King. It was only on the death of her son that she was permitted to marry again. I had

sent her my card on the previous day with many thanks and salaams in return for a present from her of some new-laid eggs. In reply to her inquisitive gesticulations as to the belt I shook my head negatively when she put the article up to her turban as if asking, "Might it be an ornament for the head?" Then placing an imaginary band around my waist I proceeded to fasten an imaginary buckle, when I saw gliding behind her the secretary's second wife, or rather his slave—a most handsome, dauntless-looking black woman, who dressed as much like Bibi as possible. With laughing eyes she pointed to Bibi's corpulent waist, extended her hands and turned up the whites of her eyes, showing every one of her teeth in a broad grin. She then whispered to Afrani—a native Ayah—who, turning to me with a sly laugh, said in English, "He" (this pronoun is applied indiscriminately to both sexes) "say that he too very fat." Bibi Ayshe, in her innocent ignorance of what was being said, smiled complacently and retired, buckle in hand, having signified her wish that I would visit her.

In the evening we went to Nazimoia, or "Place of one cocoa-nut-tree" (there are



EMILY PINTA, AYAH.



AYAH BEARING THE INFANT DAUGHTER OF TARIA TOPHAN.

plenty of them there now, however). Skeletons of camels lay bleaching near the beach; on the beach (though I did not look on it) was the corpse of a native horribly mutilated by wild dogs. My husband received quite a shock, he came upon it so suddenly. I saw an instrument played by a native which consisted of a gourd with two strings stretched across it. You can imagine how monotonous such music must have been, and yet they will keep up these two sounds for hours together.

The next day we attended the church of the English Mission, which boasted a harmonium. The bishop preached. Numbers of sailors were present; outside I noticed two black girls who had painted their woolly hair with red ochre. Taria Tophan sent his little girl Mongy for me to see. Such black eyes! and, to add to the effect, her eyebrows were enlarged with paint. She wore rings and bracelets of gold, besides a flat collar of gold and heavy silver anklets with little bells; and on her head was a kind of helmet made of red satin, embroidered with spangles and bordered with silver and gold lace and little balls of solid gold. Well might little Mongy look pale and tired under her weight of dress! She was only thirteen months old, and

had not a tooth. She and Ethel exchanged pokes and snatches as well as kisses. The slave who brought her to me was named Faïda, or "Profit" (as some are named "Loss," "Sugar," "Rice," etc.); as she left she covered little Mongy with a crimson satin wrapper, edged with gold and silver lace and innumerable solid balls of gold.

After dinner we visited a portion of the beach where, in the midst of bright foliage, seemed to arise the ruins of an abbey—an aggregation of quartz blocks. Near this spot I picked up some pieces of pink rock coral from the sands.

I wish to tell you now about my visit with Ethel one or two days later to the house of the King's secretary. The Consul's slave accompanied me to the entrance, and spoke with some one who took my card. I was then led up the dirty wooden stairs into a gallery crowded with slaves, who in their turn showed me into a long room lined with mirrors and shelves covered with china-ware and common artificial flowers under glass shades. On a centre-table were decanters and goblets. In one corner of the room was a high-legged bedstead. There were chairs and tables, a book-case and a

chiffonnier, with a handsome clock; lamps hung from the ceiling. Bibi Ayshe advanced toward us, accompanied by one of her visitors—a very pretty woman with loving dark eyes, a modulated voice, and a ring with pearl drops in her nose; her fingers, palms, and toes were dyed red, and her smile was perfectly enchanting. I observed a Circassian slave, with a pale and withered face, which wore a sly and cowed, and withal a restless expression, as though she lived under a yoke which she detested. I had heard that her mistress frequently kept her sewing all night upon coats such as are worn by Arabs, and the proceeds of which at the Bazar were pocketed by Bibi Ayshe herself. The latter was also a good disciplinarian, and many a time blows and shrieks were heard proceeding from her house. After chairs had been placed for Baby and me we were surrounded by handsomely-dressed women. Bibi Ayshe presently led me up to a full-length portrait in oil-colors of the present Sultan, and then drew forth from a recess several other portraits of former Sultans. Pointing to a large turquoise ring on her finger she made me understand that it was a gift from one of these whose wife she had been.

When I was again seated Bibi Ayshe filled

two blue glass goblets with rose sherbet. They talked to Ethel, and would have caressed her, but she drew back with great reserve from their nose-rings and red-stained fingers. Now and then she would smile and imitate the voices of various animals, and repeat "Tambo sano" and "salaam" after me. Rose-water was sprinkled over her from a filigree silver vase with slender neck; but to this she strongly objected, though she laughed when she saw me submit to a similar operation. Coffee was served in little cups placed in sockets of gold. Then my pocket-handkerchief was perfumed with attar of roses. I was told that a beautiful girl at my side was the present Sultan's sister, Shamboa. Bibi Ayshe informed me by signs that her only child, the son of the late Sultan, had died: as she spoke she rubbed her eyes with her head-dress, and all the women sighed in concert. Conversation by signs at length became tiresome, and an interpreter was sent for. Through him I ascertained the names of the ladies present, and the age of Shamboa, which was fourteen years. I inquired if the heavy ear-rings and anklets were not very painful to wear, and was answered: "The Arab, he think it proper." Asking after Sillamun Ben Alis's sister I was informed that she was shortly to be married, and therefore saw no one. They, however, sent a message to her, and brought back word that she was coming. I asked them if we could do any thing for them in London, but could only un-



AFRANI.

derstand them to say something about needles. I promised to send them some from on board.

Seeing that Sillimun's sister did not make her appearance, and that I had already prolonged my call, I again expressed a desire to take my leave. They seemed in no hurry to let me go, for on leaving this room they showed me a beautiful garden and another room containing pictures, among which were a portrait of Ali Pacha and his wife (cut from the *London Illustrated News*), another of Queen Victoria, and one of Francis Joseph and his wife, besides an oil-print just published of a girl in pink seated on a window-ledge kissing a love-bird. They then took me to see the bride elect, whom we discovered lying at full length on a mat, entirely hidden in the folds of a large crimson wrapper. As I



SHAMBOA, SISTER TO THE KING OF ZANZIBAR.



BANYAN MERCHANT "EN TOILETTE."

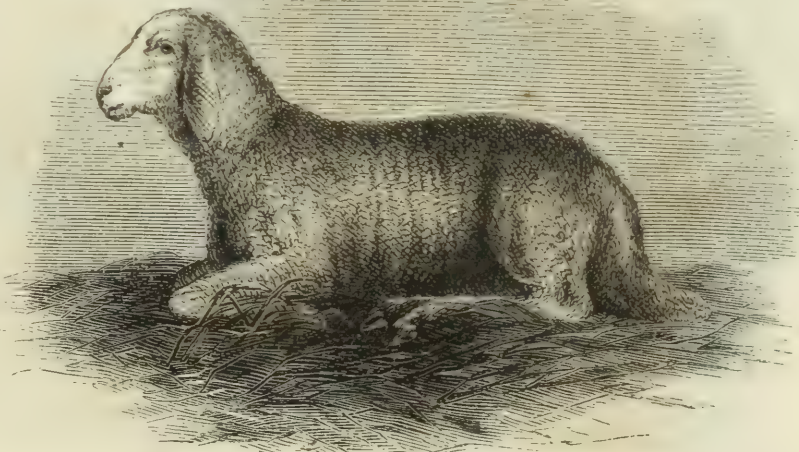
drew near she sat up, half uncovered her face, looked foolish, simpered, blushed, and hung her head. She had been divested of her numerous ear-rings. By-the-way, I have forgotten to mention that the ears are pierced not only at the lobes but all the way round. The bride had been stained with saffron, her fingers and toes were dyed red, and the soles of her feet were darkened so as to resemble sandals. She had altogether a very disheveled appearance. The other women on entering began to rally her, laughing, screaming, and even slapping my arms in their excitement. I was told that she was always crying and would not eat. On my asking the cause of this I was answered: "He (she) very young and he (she) not know why he (she) afraid." I asked whether her intended was very much attached to her, and was told that he had never seen her. I looked surprised, and said that in my country the gentle-

man had the privilege of seeing his betrothed as often as possible, and that she might even permit him to caress her. Upon this they redoubled their screams of laughter, in which the bride also joined. They informed me that the bridegroom was an Arab, that he wore a mustache and beard, and that he had four or five wives already. They said that when he came again they would send for me, as I was "only a white woman;" adding that by dropping a curtain he would be prevented from seeing the bride, and then it would be "all right." I told them that if I were the fortunate gentleman I should cut a hole through the tapestry and take a peep. They then chatted away to me in their own language, forgetting that I did not comprehend it, and on my departure all the ladies joined in enthusiastically shaking and kissing my hand. The last glimpse I had of them they were discussing some dark blue dye which a woman had brought in a little cup to beautify the eyelids of the *fiancée*.

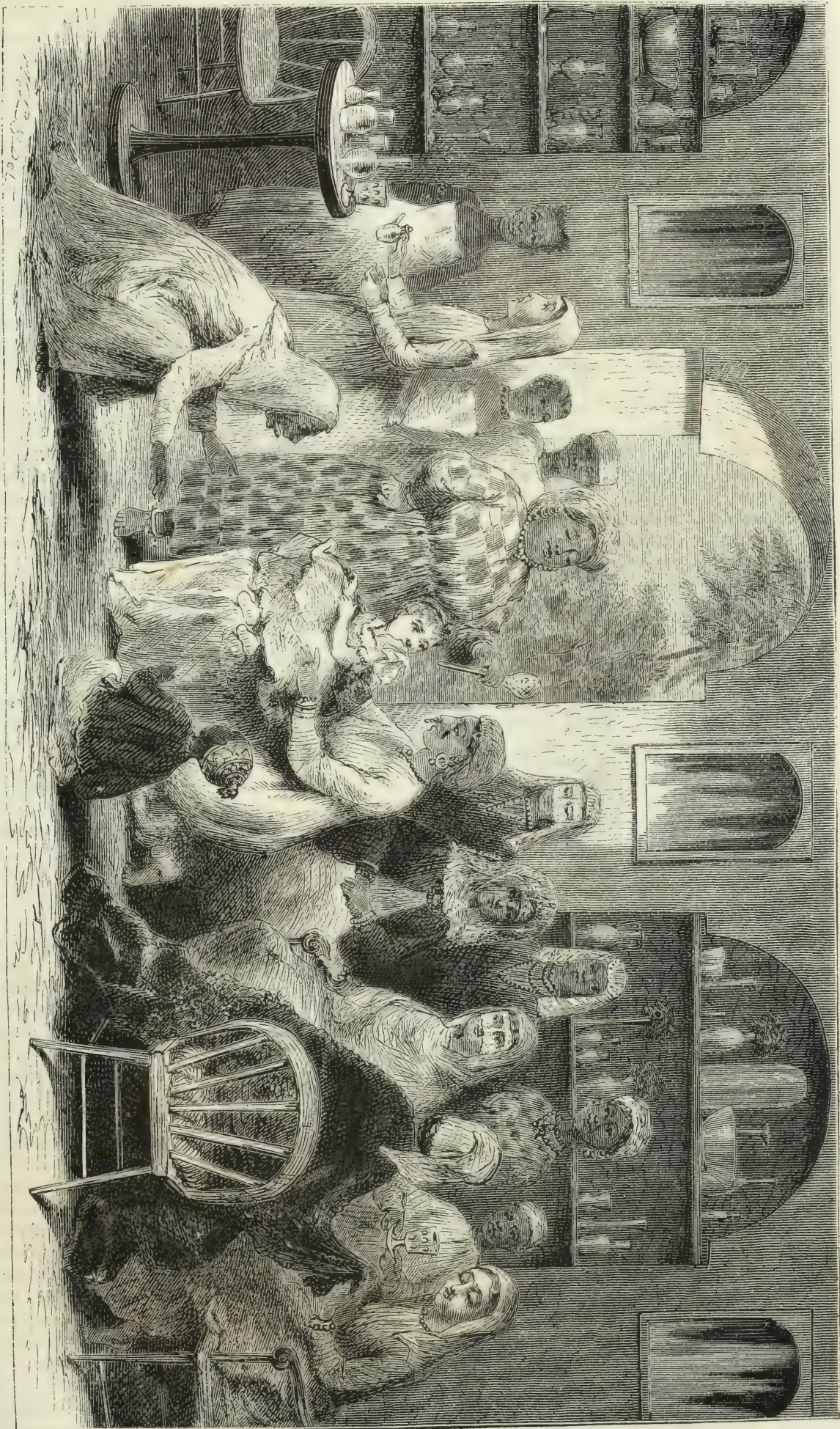
The next day I saw Shamboa sitting at her window with a wax doll in red velvet dress, ringlets, and blue leather arms. The

coppering and calking of our vessel meanwhile had been finished, and we were soon to load her with a cargo of ivory, pitti-pitti (a red pepper), orchilla weed, cloves, and a gum copal. The latter looks like lumps of amber, and often flies, leaves, and beetles can be seen imbedded under its transparent surface. The cloves grow on stems like fuschias.

The evening of October 4 was full of excitement. The bride over the way was married,



ZANZIBAR LAMB.



HAREM IN THE HOUSE OF SILIANUN BEN ALI, SECRETARY TO THE KING OF ZANZIBAR.

and in addition to the wedding there was an eclipse of the moon. Nearly the whole population was in the streets, singing, screaming, beating drums, etc., to frighten away the serpent who, as they believe, keeps back the moon and covers it, preventing its revolution. They called to prayers, saying the old formula, "There is but one God, and Mohammed is his Prophet." Unless they can frighten away the serpent they apprehend that some awful calamity will befall the world.

Two or three days later we again visited the Bazar. We saw Hindoo and African women in their stalls seated upon low stools, some of them holding children in their arms with no other covering than a bead necklace or an armlet; herbalists' stalls, where were baskets filled with dried rose-leaves, odorous gums, and beans, and blocks of fragrant woods; stalls that reminded me of little chandlers' stores, with their balls of cotton, strings of beads, and buttons, mixed up with all kinds of eatables; stalls where cheese, salted or smoked meat, fish, beans, and pease were for sale; vegetable and fruit stalls. The Banyans were the chief cloth and clothes dealers—their stalls were piled up with ready-made clothing of gay colors—with the exception of the gown

worn by Arab women, which is generally of black cloth, edged, or rather seamed, with gold braid or yellow cloth. The Banyans do not bring their wives to this country, and some do not even return to them for twenty years or more. Their youths have very handsome, regular features; the whites of their eyes are so blue that they have the effect of dark blue eyes, but their skin is of a bright buff color. When well dressed they wear a rich crimson turban, shaped somewhat like a Roman helmet; a short white gown, and an under-skirt, which, looped up, forms the short drawers. A scarf or sash is twisted about their shoulders and waists. Half of the head is shaved.

The people of Zanzibar, on visiting a house, leave their sandals without in the court-yard or on the threshold of the room which they are about to enter. They regard a woman with contempt, never making her a companion or friend.

Bibi Ayshe determined to keep up an acquaintance. I saw her one day at her window making a variety of signs that I could not comprehend, until one of her slaves appeared at my room door and ushered in a lamb and its dam—a present to Baby. I felt as though I had

won an elephant in a lottery. Between Baby and the sheep there was an unlimited amount of baaing and trotting about the room for an hour or two. Our friend Mr. R— was kind enough to let the animals remain with his goats and gazelles until they should be taken on board. His gazelle was very timid and often ate roses from the hands of his servant, Salie Ben Bambamba, a native of Comoro Island. This servant wore a silver ring of a Byzantine pattern, in which was set a carnelian bearing some Arabic inscription from the Koran. The Zanzibar sheep is peculiar; it has no wool, but a tan-colored coat like a dog's, with ears like a mastiff's but rather narrower, and a tail very broad at the top but narrowing abruptly; it has the prettiest and most innocent of sheep's faces.



SALIE BEN BAMBAMBA.

Soon we paid a visit to Shamboa, the newly married bride to whom I have already alluded. I was accompanied by Mrs. J—— and our respective babies. Little Honora on beholding such an assemblage of dark ladies gave vent to her feelings in a succession of screams. The Arab ladies made quite as much noise in their unsuccessful attempts to pacify her, while, with the same end in view, an old bent-up negress performed some dance, noisily clapping her hands. The Princess Shamboa would not move from her chair, being afraid of Mrs. J——, who was occupied in vainly attempting to converse with Bibi Ayshe, through the medium of Afrani. She left before I did, for, as she afterward said, she was completely extinguished by this bevy of ladies. Ethel during our visit was on her dignity. Bibi Salha had to take out her nose jewels and (for safety I suppose) hook them on to her turban before the child would receive a kiss, though she did not hesitate to accept a goblet of orange-flower sherbet. The bride was not looking to advantage, having been painted without taste. Her eyebrows were made to meet and were surmounted by a row of small black stars. Several smudges of black graced her cheeks. She wore a black velvet paletot (which is the fashion here), and a light green gauze turban and veil that did not suit her complexion, which rejecting the aid of saffron had resumed its primitive brown sienna. Nor was she in good spirits; she received my congratulations with a lift of her eyebrows and a shrug of her shoulders that were meant to convey to me the idea that she was any thing but happy; but her husband being present she could not enter into details. When I asked Afrani if the bride was happy, her reply was: "Oh, he marry plenty gold—much money—very rich. He want to come back here, but him brother away she must stay where he have husband." She afterward told me of the grossness and want of sensibility or genuine affection of the Arab husbands. I remained until six o'clock, which is their prayer time. I noticed a gilt basin and ewer in a door-way, and I supposed that ablutions were then about to be performed.

Afrani afterward came to see me with her boy. Her husband is a Sepoy. All her children except the last had died from pressure on the brain; and this one had a singular formation of the head, and was very precocious.



MTOTO, CHILD OF AFRANI.

Afrani told me that the children of blacks are not born with that color, but acquire it gradually!

The 19th of October was a great day with the Banyans—being the Feast of the Eclipse of the Sun; they had music, singing, and dancing. When they see the eclipse all the earthen-ware utensils in their houses are broken, and they use copper ones. They borrow on this occasion all the musical instruments they can procure, and pictures to adorn their houses and shops. In the morning I heard sounds that resembled those of a venerable and feeble old barrel organ, and on looking out I descried the rounded form of Bibi Ayshe standing at an open window, and turning "for dear life" at one of those instruments which might have been a 'prentice experiment of Gavioli's. Perhaps it was because she had not the knack of shifting the instrument to change the tune; but certain it is that she steadfastly adhered to the first air with a perseverance worthy of a better cause. I was told that the way in which an Arab enjoys music is to put one musical box on the top of another and set them both playing at once. In the evening the streets were enlivened by a display of lights and pictures, and guns and squibs

were let off; then there was a "Nautch dance" at the house of one of the Banyans. I should have gone to the Bazar to see the "goings on;" but it was represented to me that, what with the mud after the rain, and the filth and bad odor of the crowd, it would not be fit for me to go—so I staid at home. Two gentlemen went, accompanied by the Consul; they nearly spoiled their clothes against the newly-painted doors of the house where the Nautch dance was being performed; they were nearly ready to faint on account of the ill-odored, disagreeable crowd that almost crushed them, and were glad at length to get away. They said that the Nautch girl seemed like one possessed, and that it was amusing in the extreme to see some of the men watching her in open-mouthed astonishment. They brought me as a souvenir one of the grass flag fans that are handed about the streets on these occasions.

We left Zanzibar about the end of October. I will conclude this sketch of our life there with a description of our visit to Kinain just before our departure. As we passed through a mahogo (cassava) plantation we saw a negro girl about thirteen years of age (evidently newly imported) whose bones seemed ready to pierce through her skin. She was squatting down as though too weak to stand. Our friend, the Consul, gave her a piece of money, at which she looked in a vacant manner that showed her to be unacquainted with its use or value; but a black boy, younger than herself, soon came forward to instruct her, and perhaps helped her to practically illustrate the use of the money at some fruit-stall in the village. We observed several huts that, at the apex of their standing roofs, were not six feet in height. My husband,

kneeling down before one of these humble domiciles, peeped through the door and said, "How are you, old lady?" I looked in and saw a black woman with her children. There was a sort of trough or bunk on one side, where I suppose they slept. The interior was quite dark, there being no window.

Soon after we came upon a party of black people performing a native dance. You must imagine a glowing sunset; luxuriant tropical vegetation; low huts with cocoa-nut thatching; the fragrance of burning incense; and negroes bearing on their heads earthen vases, and holding staves, to which were attached cocoa-nut shells with which to scoop up water from the wells. And then the dance! A man was standing by the stump of a tree which contained in its hollowed top a drum. Around him, at the distance of a few yards, moved a circle of dancers, who could hardly be said to dance, their step consisting of a mock-tragedy stride followed by a pause. It was impossible to restrain our laughter at the sight of the two quite aged women who led the dance, dressed in gaudy tartan wrappers, and extremely comical in their ugliness blended with pomposity. There were those who, walking backward, beating small drums or gourds, advanced and withdrew them constantly before the faces of the next in succession. We remained long enough to see them all advance toward the drum in the centre, upon which they deposited their *pessas*, or copper coins, as contributions toward a supper. I was told that they will leap and fling themselves until, after a time, they appear demented, frequently continuing these wild movements all night. Under these circumstances I must say that I pity the old ladies!

SPAIN.

A TIME of stately stepping on the shore,
A time of glorious triumph on the main,
And centuries of nothingness—what more
Is in the book of Spain?

Life—death—the world has read the frightful book
With blinded eyes; death—life—were better read:
When the proud-stepping Moor and Inca shook
The heart of Spain was dead.

And when the unsearched ocean wide unrolled
Its awful mysteries before her ships,
Whose magnet and whose polar star were gold,
Death closed her yellow lips.

Pride, greed, intolerance, are forms of death
In men and nations: pulseless corpses tread
The streets; and thousands yield their human breath
Years after they are dead.

And grand, historic names of states yet hold
Place on wide tracts where death's galvanic strife—
Hideous contortions of a rank corpse cold—
Is all the sign of life.

Such was Spain's history. Put the false thing by.
Shame masked her degradation. Vineyards grew
To deeper blushes while the unwearied sky
Watched the life breaking through.

Dumb motions, blind as night; uncaptured hands
Of forces, scattered and without a name:
And unfelt impulses in unstirred hands
Beneath their shroud of shame.

Lower and lower yet the dead weight pressed
Upon the under-motions, dull and slow,
Until spasmodic heavings of the breast
Showed something stirred below.

A throb of life. The life of buried states
Draws slowly! Spain's was but a deathly gloom
Three centuries before it reached the gates
That stood before her tomb.

But hark! with sudden blow snaps every band;
Forth bursts a risen people, strong and free.
Spain! Spain! the nations grasp thy living hand,
And welcome give to thee!

THE EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENTS AND SEALS.

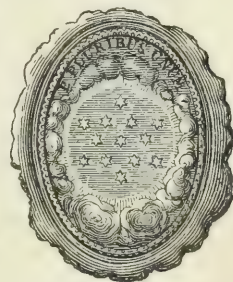
A BELIEF prevails that all knowledge of the origin of the seal of our National Treasury Department is lost. This is a mistake. Inquiries have been made along a line of search extending back only to the period of the formation of the Constitution, or about eighty years ago, when the imperfect Confederation or League of States was developed into a perfect National Government. Stopping there, without desired results, inquirers have concluded that the end of hopeful search had been reached, and that no man could tell when and how the device and legend of the Treasury seal that is impressed on the millions of notes and coupons appended to our National bonds originated. Even Dr. Francis Lieber, the careful explorer of the hidden things of history and its relations, after patient search, was compelled to rest upon the inference that the seal was devised by Alexander Hamilton, the first Secretary of the National Treasury. In his recently published tract, entitled "Nationalism and Inter-nationalism," Dr. Lieber says: "If this seal is not of Hamilton's devising it must come from Robert Morris; but Morris was 'Superintendent of the Finances;' there was no Treasury before the year 1789, and it was in 1781 that the office of the 'Superintendent of the Finances' was created." Had such painstaking inquirers gone back a little further they might have discovered that not only our Treasury seal, but that of our War Department also, in device and legend, is older than the National Government—older, possibly, than the Great Seal of the Republic, which existed six years before the Constitution became the "supreme law of the land."

I propose in this paper to give a brief historical sketch of the origin and organization of our National Executive Departments, and of the official seals of those departments.

The subject of seals in general offers a very tempting field of research and speculation, involving developments in chronology, history, jurisprudence, social changes, and epochs of civilization. We may not enter it now any further than we may be led in searches concerning the specific subject of this paper. It seems relevant, however, to say that seals have been used as emblems of assent, confirmation, and authority, supreme or secondary, from prehistoric times. If you doubt it, go to Abbott's collection of Egyptian antiquities in possession of the New York Historical Society, and there you may look upon a signet-ring used, according to the Catalogue, six hundred years before the grateful Pharaoh "took off his ring from his hand and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck, and made him to ride in the second chariot;" in other words, gave to the Hebrew slave his seal-ring in token of the delegation of royal authority to him as viceroy

of "the land of Ham." If we may believe the Catalogue, that signet-ring—the *jus annuli aurei* of the old Romans—bearing a seal in the form of what the French call a *cartouche*, with hieroglyphics exquisitely wrought in intaglio all over its surface, may have belonged to Arphaxad, the first patriarch after the flood, or even to either Shem, Ham, or Japheth, princes from the loins of Noah.

The Roman emperors, like the Egyptian Pharaohs, used the signets of their rings as seals of state—emblems of supreme authority—and from their time until now, seals in the various forms of stamps have been the symbols of the sovereignty and authority of all civilized nations. On the day when the representatives of the Anglo-American colonies, in council assembled at Philadelphia, declared those colonies to be free and independent States, they also felt the necessity of a symbol of sovereignty, and resolved "that Dr. Franklin, Mr. J. Adams, and Mr. Jefferson be a committee to prepare a device for a seal for the United States of America." There were delays. Other delegates took the matter in hand. It was considered occasionally; but for six years the colonists fought for independence without the usual token of sovereignty for the use of the new empire their grand Declaration had decreed, unless the little oval signet of the President of the Continental Congress, here delineated, bearing thirteen stars in the midst of breaking clouds, as an emblem of Union, with the National motto, *E PLURIBUS UNUM*, may be regarded as such symbol. How early this little seal was used we may not now exactly determine. The impression from which the writer made the sketch



PRESIDENT'S SEAL.

here given was upon a document signed by President Mifflin in 1784. The Great Seal had been adopted by Congress two years earlier. It, too, has the motto, *E PLURIBUS UNUM*, which, in our colonial days, formed a portion of the epigraph on the title-page of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, a work with which the leaders of the Revolution were familiar. The attention of the writer has been called to this fact by Dr. Lieber, who believes, with good reason, that the appearance of the motto on that magazine suggested its use on our National seal.*

* Dr. Lieber, in a note to the writer, says: "The Committee on the Great Seal, to whom the idea of the *oneness* of our country, and of the many colonies forming one nation, was plainly and constantly present, as you well know, was doubtless familiar with the motto, *E Pluribus Unum*, from the title-page of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, a periodical read all over the American colonies. When, some ten or twelve years ago, I was looking, in the Yale College Libra-

In our day the extraordinary spectacle has been seen of the efforts of an oligarchy, small in numbers but powerful in influence, to establish another nation within the bounds of the Republic—*imperium in imperio*—and to give to it the symbol of sovereignty in the form of a Great Seal. The youngest of us old enough to reflect and reason have seen that “nation,” so-called, spring up from the late slave-labor States which formed the northern portion of the great Golden Circle of empire devised by conspirators. It was a Caliban in features; barbaric in its proclivities; awfully potential in mischievous works; protesting with fire, sword, and torture against the civilization of the age; and yet impudently insisting upon its recognition as one of the family of legitimate and respectable sovereignties. Its titular initials were “C. S. A.” Its fathers resolved that it, like the nation it was attempting to overthrow by internal convulsions, should have a Great Seal, and in “Congress” resolved, in the spring of 1863, that it should bear “a device representing an equestrian statue of Washington (after the statue which surmounts his monument in the Capitol Square at Richmond), surrounded with a wreath composed of the principal products of



PROPOSED "CONFEDERATE STATES" SEAL.

the Confederacy, and having around its margin the words CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, FEB. 22, 1862, with the following motto: DEO VINDICE"—God, the protector, defender, deliverer, or ruler—indicative of the expected longevity of the “nation” because of Divine protection and sustenance. Alas! that “nation,” so notably “conceived in sin and born in iniquity,” died of political and moral marasmus in its infancy, unhonored by any recognition of its existence excepting by a Latin ghost of sovereignty. It had repeated history by a delay in

ry, at the earlier volumes of this ancient magazine, it struck me, for the first time, that *E pluribus unum* must have suggested itself to Franklin, Adams, and others on the committee, through this work. The first volume (1731) has the words, *E pluribus unum*, with two hands joining, and a wreath around the whole. On the title of the second volume, January, 1732, is this motto: *Prodesse et delectare e pluribus unum De Amicitia*. If I recollect aright, all the later volumes have this motto, down to December, 1833.”

providing itself with the usual symbol of nationality. That symbol—the Great Seal of the infant Confederacy—sent to it by its nurse, England, reached the appointed seat of the empire of the “C. S. A.” just as its self-constituted guardians were flying from the wrath of God, whose protection they had impiously invoked. The ill-favored bantling died, and was left to decay, without real mourners, without burial, and without a monument, for no true man desired to perpetuate its memory. Antiquaries, in the future, will search in vain for any impression of an emblem of sovereignty of the “C. S. A.” None was ever made. The broad seal of the Republic kindly covers the dishonored ashes of that child of sin.

Turning from this natural digression, let us observe that the origin and history of the Great Seal of the Republic, and those of the several executive departments of its government, are not obscure.*

The germ of the Post-office Department was first planted on the 26th of July, 1775, when the Continental Congress resolved “that a Postmaster-General be appointed for the United Colonies, who shall hold his office at Philadelphia;” and that he should have a secretary and controller; and that a line of posts should be established “from Falmouth [now Portland] in New England to Savannah in Georgia, with as many cross posts as the Postmaster-General shall think fit.” The colonists were then without a general postal system, Dr. Franklin, who had for several years been Postmaster-General of the colonies, having been spitefully removed from that office eighteen months before by the British Ministry, who neglected to appoint another. After the battle of Lexington, when it was evident that there was little ground for hope of relief from oppression at the hands of that Ministry, William Goddard, an active patriot, made earnest and successful efforts toward the establishment of a postal system on what he termed “constitutional principles.” He soon induced the provincial authorities of New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode Island, and Connecticut to agree on the establishment of a postal system; and when the battle of Bunker Hill had been fought, in June, post-offices, postmasters, riders, and rates of postage had been established throughout those colonies. Their action was brought to the notice of the Continental Congress, and led to the adoption of the resolution above cited.

Congress first appointed a committee composed of six delegates, of which Dr. Franklin was chairman, to “consider the best means of establishing posts for conveying letters and intelligence throughout this continent.” Franklin’s experience and ability enabled the committee to submit an admirable plan, essentially the same as that upon which the General Post-office of the Republic has always been conducted.

* In this Magazine for July, 1856, may be found a history of the origin of the Great Seal of the United States, by the author of this paper.

ed. When the resolution which followed was adopted, Dr. Franklin, by the unanimous vote of the delegates, was chosen "Postmaster-General for one year, and until another is appointed by a future Congress," at "a salary of one thousand dollars per annum for himself, and three hundred and forty dollars per annum for a secretary and controller." He entered upon his duties at once, with his usual skill, method, and vigor. He issued a circular letter on the subject, which was sent throughout the colonies, on which was a rude wood-cut of a post-rider



FRANKLIN'S POST-RIDER.

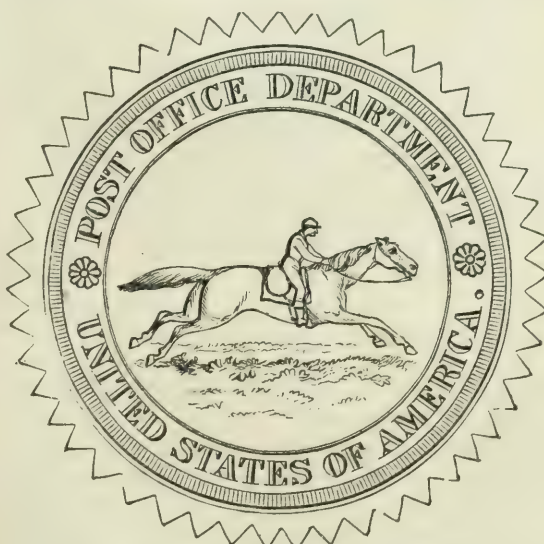
on horseback, with saddle-bags behind him for carrying mail matter, a fac-simile of which is here given; and it was not long before a regular postal system was in operation along the sea-board from the Kennebec to the Savannah rivers, and to many places in the interior of the country. The official frank of the Postmaster-General, in colonial times, which was "*Free, B. FRANKLIN,*" was now changed by the patriot, who was ever seeking to make good impressions on his countrymen, to "*B. Free, FRANKLIN,*" and so conveyed an injunction of universal application.

During his faithful services for a little more than a year Franklin's secretary filled about

two quires of foolscap paper with the records of the Post-office Department. The business of that department continued to be comparatively light through all the gloomy years of the weak Confederacy; and when, in 1789, it was placed under the exclusive control of Congress, there were only about seventy post-offices in the whole country, with an aggregate annual revenue of about thirty thousand dollars. Under the National Government Samuel Osgood, of Massachusetts, was appointed the first Postmaster-General. Franklin's picture of a post-rider became the device on the seal of the Department, and it is retained to this day as such, with the words around it, "POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT. UNITED STATES OF AMERICA."

The germ of the Naval Department was next planted. Soon after taking command of the Continental army at Cambridge, in the summer of 1775, Washington perceived the necessity for armed cruisers off the New England coast, to prevent supplies reaching the British army in Boston. Five or six vessels were soon put afloat as privateers, and their success directed the attention of Congress early in the autumn to the necessity of a navy. On the 13th of October that body resolved that "a swift-sailing vessel, to carry ten carriage-guns and a proportionate number of swivels, with eighty men," should be fitted out for a cruise of three months eastward, for the purpose of intercepting British transports. Another was ordered, with fourteen guns; and delegates Silas Deane, John Langdon, and Christopher Gadsden were appointed a committee to direct naval affairs. About a fortnight later it was resolved to fit out two more vessels, one of twenty and the other of thirty-six guns; and delegates Stephen Hopkins, Joseph Hewes, Richard Henry Lee, and John Adams were added to the Naval Committee. On the 13th of December Congress ordered the construction of thirteen additional vessels of war; and the "Marine Committee," as the naval commissioners were now termed, was enlarged so as to embrace one delegate from each colony, to be appointed by ballot. This first general Naval Committee, or Board of Admiralty, was composed of delegates Bartlett, Hancock, Hopkins, Deane, Crane, R. Morris, Read, Chase, R. H. Lee, Hewes, Gadsden, and Houstoun.

The "Marine Committee" possessed very little executive power, for Congress was sparing in its delegation of authority. The committee was the recipient and examiner of matters for investigation, but Congress alone, to whom the commissioners reported, exercised administrative functions. The committee had the privilege of appointing all officers below the rank of third lieutenant, and had the general control, under the immediate sanction of Congress, of all the naval operations. But it was soon discovered that a committee so large and so constituted was incompetent to perform the required duties properly. Want of professional skill made those duties very vexatious and un-



SEAL OF THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

satisfactory, and Congress finally resolved to select three persons well skilled in maritime affairs to execute the business of the Navy, under the general supervision of the "Marine Committee." For this purpose John Nixon, John Wharton, and Francis Hopkinson were appointed, and these constituted what was known as "The Continental Navy Board, or Board of Assistants to the Marine Committee." For convenience another organization known as the "Eastern Board" was established, when the original one at Philadelphia was called the "Board of the Middle Department." These two boards performed nearly the whole of the executive functions of the "Marine Committee" of Congress, and were in active operation until near the close of October, 1779, when a "Board of Admiralty" was established, consisting of three commissioners, not members of Congress, and two members of Congress, any three to form a board for the dispatch of business, but to be subject, at all times, to the control of Congress. The board was allowed a secretary, and John Brown, an efficient and industrious worker, was appointed to that office. On the 4th of May following the board reported a device for a seal, which business had been intrusted to a committee of Congress twenty months before, when that body, on the 26th of September, 1778, resolved "that a committee of three be appointed to prepare a seal for the Treasury and for the Navy," and chose delegates John Witherspoon, Gouverneur Morris, and Richard Henry Lee as such committee. A seal was prepared, bearing an escutcheon on which was a chevron with a blue field and thirteen perpendicular and mutually supporting bars, alternate red and white. Below the chevron was a reclining anchor, proper. The

Navy of the Republic. He entered upon his duties in June.

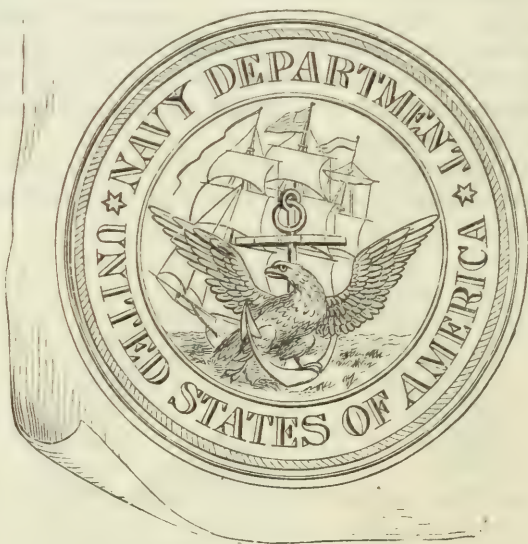
In the month of January, 1781, there was another change in the administration of naval affairs. General James Reed was invested by Congress with the power, now delegated to the Secretary of the Navy, to conduct the business of the "Middle Department," and Major-General Alexander M'Dougal, of New York, was chosen to be "Secretary of Marine." In August following there was another change, when an "Agent of Marine" was appointed, who had full control of the service under the direction of Congress, the duties of which were mostly performed by the eminent financier Robert Morris, who was largely interested throughout the war in privateering. Both self-interest and patriotism made him a most efficient "Agent of Marine."

During the dreary days of the Confederation, when each State had its own navy, and in nearly all things acted independently of all others, and the inchoate Republic was rapidly lapsing into a dependency of Great Britain or some other European power, there was no necessity for a general naval establishment; and it was not until the expanding commerce of the United States under the National Government began to suffer from the Mediterranean corsairs, and war with France seemed inevitable, that a navy was built, and, as we have observed, a Navy Department was established. Then the old Continental Naval Seal was laid aside, and another, delineated in the engraving, similar in device to that now used, was adopted. In place of the chevron with bars, a large space of the face of the seal is covered by a spread eagle. The anchor and ship are retained, but not in heraldic posture. The motto is omitted, and



NAVAL SEAL MADE IN 1779.

crest was a ship under sail. The motto, "*Sustentans et Sustentatum*"—Sustaining and Sustained. The legend, "U. S. A. SIGIL. NAVAL." This seal was used until 1798, when, in the spring of that year, a regular Navy Department was established, and Benjamin Stodert, of Maryland, was appointed the first Secretary of the



SEAL OF THE NAVY DEPARTMENT.

the legend is, "NAVY DEPARTMENT. UNITED STATES OF AMERICA."

The germ of our War Department was planted when, on the 12th of June, 1776, Congress resolved "that a committee be appointed by the name of the Board of War and Ordnance, to consist of five members," who should have a

secretary and one or more clerks. John Adams, Roger Sherman, Benjamin Harrison, James Wilson, and Edward Rutledge were chosen as such commissioners, and Richard Peters was appointed secretary. To these commissioners ample powers were delegated. Its duties consisted in obtaining and keeping an alphabetical register of all officers of the land forces in the service of the United States, with their rank and date of commissions; an account of the state and disposition of the troops in the respective colonies, through regular periodical returns to the War-office; to keep an exact account of all the artillery and military stores, and the manner in which and places where the same should, from time to time, be lodged and employed; to forward all dispatches from Congress to the colonies and the armies; to superintend the raising, fitting out, and dispatching all land forces, under the general direction of Congress; to have charge of all prisoners of war; and to keep correct copies, in books, of all the correspondence and dispatches of the board. The secretary and clerks were required to make oath, before entering upon their duties, that they would not, directly or indirectly, divulge any matter or thing which should come to their knowledge as such officers without the leave of the Board of War and Ordnance.

Additions were given to the number of the commissioners, and changes were made in the administration of the affairs of the office, as the exigencies of the service seemed to require. In February, 1778, subordinate boards were authorized, owing to the extension of the field of strife. These were to consist of the commanding officers of artillery in any division of the grand army, the oldest colonel in the camp, and the chief-engineer. These were to have the general supervision of the ordnance department of the camp and field under the commander-in-chief of the division.

A new Board of War and Ordnance was authorized in October, 1777, to consist of three persons not members of Congress. These were chosen on the 7th of November, and consisted of General Thomas Mifflin, Colonel Timothy Pickering, and Colonel Robert H. Harrison. The two first-named soon entered upon their duties, and on the 17th of the same month Messrs. Dana and J. B. Smith were added to the members of the board. A few weeks later a seal for the use of the board was adopted, having for its device a group of military trophies, with the Phrygian cap, the emblem of Freedom, between a spear and a musket. Over this was a serpent. Beneath the trophies was the date, "MDCCLXXVIII." Around the seal were the words, "BOARD OF WAR AND ORDNANCE. UNITED STATES OF AMERICA." This was the origin of the present seal of our War Department, which yet bears precisely the same device. The date is omitted. Within the curve of the serpent are the words, "WILL DEFEND;" and around the seal the legend, "UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. WAR OFFICE."



SEAL OF THE BOARD OF WAR.

Colonel Harrison declined to serve on the board, and at near the close of November General Gates, Colonel Joseph Trumbull, and Richard Peters were elected additional commissioners. Gates was chosen President of the board, but retained his rank and pay of Major-General in the army. Pickering and Peters were the "acting members" of the board. For nearly a year after this arrangement there was no change, but in October, 1778, the board was reorganized, and was composed of two members of Congress and three persons not members. Their powers and duties were largely increased; and the labors of the secretary, Mr. Peters, were faithfully performed until some time after a new organization of the department under the *Articles of Confederation*, early in 1781. On the 7th of February of that year Congress resolved "that there be a Superintendent of Finance, a Secretary of War, and a Secretary of Marine." The powers and duties of the Secretary of War were prescribed at the same time. He was directed to ascertain the then state of the troops, ordnance, arms, ammunition, clothing, and supplies of the armies of the United States, and report the same to Congress; to obtain and keep an exact return of all the military forces, and the munitions of war in the magazines of the Union or other places, and to take care of all not in actual service; to form estimates of stores, equipments, and supplies that might be requisite; to keep up competent magazines; to prepare estimates for paying and recruiting the armies, and lay the same seasonably before the Superintendent of Finance; to execute all resolutions of Congress respecting military affairs; to make out and sign all military commissions; and to perform various other prescribed minor duties.

The office of Secretary of War was not filled until the 30th of October, 1781, when General Benjamin Lincoln was elected to the important post, and, under the authority of Congress, chose an assistant secretary and clerk. He was the first Secretary of War, with powers and duties similar to those exercised by the head of the War Department at the present time. He carried into the office a thorough practical knowledge of military affairs, having served with dis-

tion from the beginning of the war; and the routine of the office was made plain to him by Mr. Peters (afterward the eminent jurist of Pennsylvania), who performed the functions of Secretary until the time when General Lincoln entered upon his duties, in December, 1781. For his faithfulness Peters received the thanks of Congress.

Lincoln held the office of Secretary of War until the close of the strife and the departure of the British soldiery, or about two years, when he retired to private life, bearing the honors of a true champion of freedom, and receiving the warm commendations of Congress for his "perseverance, fortitude, activity, and meritorious services in the field, as well as his diligence, fidelity, and capacity in the execution of the office of Secretary of War." The army was now disbanded. Less than seven hundred men were retained, under General Knox, and these were speedily discharged, excepting twenty-five men to guard the stores at Pittsburg, and fifty-five for West Point and the other magazines. There was no officer above a captain. The Continental Army disappeared as an organization. Yet for eighty-four years longer there was a living member of it on the earth. The last surviving soldier of the Revolution, who was a pensioner, died in the year of grace 1868. He was born on Washington's Mount Vernon estate; his residence was at Hirambsburg, Ohio; his name was John Gray; and his age when he died was a few weeks more than 104 years.

On the dissolution of the army there was no longer a necessity for a Secretary of War. For a while Joseph Carleton, Lincoln's assistant, performed the functions of the office, and it remained without an incumbent until the National Government was organized, six years later, with Washington at its head, when General Henry Knox was appointed by him the first Secretary of War of the new nation. The Continental Seal of the Department continued in use, and, as we have observed, its device is retained to this day.

The germ of the Treasury Department was planted almost at the very beginning of the old war for independence. The finances of the confederated colonies were, like other interests connected with the struggle, managed for a time by committees. This department of the revolutionary government proved to be the most difficult of management, as well as the most important, for without funds for prosecuting the war the revolt must have been a most disastrous failure. The Congress at Philadelphia, first a simple deliberative body, gathered for the purpose of considering the general good of the colonies, had, by the pressure of startling events, been forced to assume executive functions, with little other authority than the tacit consent of the people. But so well did the delegates chosen to represent the people in that general council understand the temper of their constituents that they proceeded to the execution of the boldest measures, satisfied that their acts

would be sanctioned by the public voice. And so they were. Still there was no controlling power that promised to be permanent when the bond of union formed of common dangers and common political interests should be loosened by a cessation of war; and the most difficult of all questions that were then forced upon the attention of Congress was, How shall funds be raised to carry on the war and the independent government we propose to establish if our grievances shall not be redressed? There was no power vested in Congress to lay taxes, or enforce their collection in any of the provinces; and there was no tangible government with credit sufficient to allow the patriots to borrow from foreign capitalists or nations.

In this dilemma—with troops in the field and the smoke of battle already darkening the firmament—Congress resorted to that quickest, yet generally the most dangerous method of finance—the creation of paper-money in the form of bills of credit, or promises to pay, in an amount equal to present demands, and pledging, with very little warrant, the faith of the inhabitants of the several colonies for its redemption in coin. Already the people were suffering from the effects of the depreciated paper currency of the several colonies; yet, inspired by great zeal for the cause of liberty, they cheerfully accepted the plan as an inevitable necessity, and yielded their full assent to the pledges of the delegates of the "twelve confederated colonies," given by a resolution of Congress adopted on the 23d of June, 1775, or a few days after the battle of Bunker Hill, when an emission of bills to the nominal amount of two million dollars was authorized. Richard Bache, Stephen Pascall, and Michael Hillegas were appointed a committee to superintend the printing of the bills; and twenty-eight citizens of Philadelphia were authorized and employed by Congress to sign and number them.

By the plan adopted by Congress every colony was bound to discharge its proportion of the public debt thus incurred; and on the face of each bill was a promise that its holder should receive for it "Spanish milled dollars, or the value thereof in gold or silver," equivalent to its nominal value. Toward the close of 1775 a census of the inhabitants of each colony was ordered, so that a just apportionment of the burden of each in the redemption of the bills in coin might be determined.*

The direct management of the finances of the revolutionary government was intrusted, by a resolution of Congress on the 29th of July, to two Treasurers, namely, Michael Hillegas and George Clymer, both citizens of Philadelphia, who gave bonds for the faithful discharge of their duties in the sum of one hundred thousand dollars to delegates John Hancock, Henry Middleton, John Dickinson, John Alsop, Thomas Lynch, Richard Henry Lee, and James Wil-

* In the Twenty-sixth Volume of this Magazine may be found a history of Continental money, by the author of this paper.

son, "in trust for the United Colonies." It was also resolved that "the provincial assemblies or conventions do each choose a treasurer for their respective colonies;" that each should take measures for sinking its proportion of the bills ordered; and each to pay its respective quota in four annual payments. In December following, when other issues of bills had been ordered, these pledges of a sort of national faith were renewed by Congress.

Wise men clearly saw the vital defects of the loose system of government under which war was to be waged with a powerful enemy, and the precarious nature of the sources of supply of money—the "sinews of war"—for the Treasury, and indulged the most gloomy apprehensions. They were anxious for the establishment of a National Government. So early as the 21st of July Dr. Franklin, who, more than twenty years before, had framed a plan of government having many features in common with that established in 1789, submitted an outline of a confederation of the colonies under a federal head; and in November following the clear-sighted Massachusetts patriot, Joseph Hawley, wrote to Samuel Adams, in Congress, saying, in view of the certainty that reconciliation with Great Britain on terms honorable to the colonists was out of the question: "It is time for your body to fix on periodical annual elections—nay, to form into a parliament of two houses."

Desires for an efficient government, thus expressed, were almost universal, and increased with the exigencies of the public service as the war went on. The subject of ways and means for waging the war pressed more and more heavily upon the attention of Congress, until it was apparent that some more efficient system of finance than had been employed should be adopted. Accordingly, on the 17th of February, 1776, a standing committee of five was appointed for superintending the Treasury. That committee was composed of James Duane, Thomas Nelson, Elbridge Gerry, Richard Smith, and Thomas Willing. They were invested with ample discretionary powers to provide for all the wants of the Treasury; and in April following a "Treasury-office of accounts" was instituted, to be kept in such place where Congress should from time to time be assembled and hold session. This office was under the direction of the standing committee for the Treasury. An auditor-general and a competent number of assistants and clerks were appointed, and Congress directed that "all accounts and claims against the United Colonies for service or supplies" should be presented at the Treasury-office; that "all contracts, securities, and obligations for the use and benefit of the United Colonies" should be lodged in that office; that "all assemblies, conventions, councils, committees of safety, commissaries, paymasters, and others intrusted with public moneys" should, when called upon by the Committee of the Treasury, produce their accounts, with vouchers, at the Treasury-office for adjustment

and settlement. Such was the germ of the Treasury Department of the Republic, as it appeared when the declaration of the independence of the colonies was made at midsummer, 1776.

The colonies now having assumed a national character, imitated predecessors of the family of kingdoms and commonwealths by offering their government as a borrower in the markets of the world. In the autumn the Committee on Finance, or Board of Treasury, as it was now called, recommended the borrowing of "five hundred thousand dollars for the use of the United States." Congress, on the 3d of October, resolved to do it, at the rate of four per cent. a year; and for that purpose a loan-office was established in each State, with a commissioner for its management appointed by each State. Certificates were issued by the Treasury Department to the amount of five million dollars, in sums of three hundred, four hundred, five hundred, six hundred, and one thousand dollars, in the following form:

"The United States of America acknowledge the receipt of — dollars from —, which they promise to pay to the said —, or bearer, on the — day of —, with interest annually, at the rate of four per cent. per annum, agreeable to a resolution of the United States, passed the 3d day of October, 1776. Witness the hand of the Treasurer, this — day of —, A.D. —."

The respective States were recommended to annex such penalties, by law, to the crime of counterfeiting these certificates as were annexed to the crime of counterfeiting the Continental currency.

Not long after the authorization of the loan-offices the Committee of Ways and Means, consisting of delegates Johnson, Hewes, Gerry, R. Morris, Ward, and Wythe, recommended another scheme for raising money. Congress approved it, and on the 1st of November, 1776, resolved "that a sum of money be raised, by way of lottery, for defraying the expenses of the next campaign, the lottery to be drawn in Philadelphia." The Committee of Ways and Means were ordered to prepare the plan of a lottery. They did so, reported it to Congress, and the following scheme was adopted:

That it consist of one hundred thousand tickets, each ticket to be divided into four billets, and to be drawn in four classes.

FIRST CLASS, at \$10 each billet.....	\$1,000,000
Deduction at 15 per cent.	150,000
	<u>850,000</u>

Prizes.	1 of \$10,000.....	\$10,000
	2 of 5,000.....	10,000
	30 of 1,000.....	30,000
	400 of 500.....	200,000
	20,000 of 20.....	400,000
	Carried to the 4th Class...	200,000.....
		<u>\$850,000</u>

SECOND CLASS, 100,000 billets at \$20 each ..	\$2,000,000
Deduction at 15 per cent.	300,000
	<u>1,700,000</u>

Prizes.	1 of \$20,000.....	\$20,000
	2 of 10,000.....	20,000
	10 of 5,000.....	50,000
	100 of 1,000.....	100,000
	820 of 500.....	410,000
	20,000 of 30.....	600,000
	Carried to the 4th Class...	500,000.....
		<u>\$1,700,000</u>

THIRD CLASS, 100,000 at \$30 each			\$3,000,000
Deduction at 15 per cent.			450,000
			2,550,000
<i>Prizes.</i>			
1 of	\$30,000.....	\$30,000	
1 of	20,000.....	20,000	
2 of	15,000.....	30,000	
2 of	10,000.....	20,000	
10 of	5,000.....	50,000	
200 of	1,000.....	200,000	
1,000 of	500.....	500,000	
20,000 of	40.....	800,000	
Carried to the 4th Class.			\$2,550,000
FOURTH CLASS, 100,000 billets at \$40 each ..			\$4,000,000
Deduction at 15 per cent.			600,000
			3,400,000
Brought from the First Class.....			200,000
" " Second Class			500,000
" " Third Class			900,000
Total.....			5,000,000
<i>Prizes.</i>			
1 of	\$50,000.....	\$50,000	
2 of	25,000.....	50,000	
5 of	10,000.....	50,000	
10 of	5,000.....	50,000	
100 of	1,000.....	100,000	
200 of	500.....	100,000	
1,000 of	300.....	300,000	
15,000 of	200.....	3,000,000	
20,000 of	65.....	1,300,000	
		 \$5,000,000

This lottery was intended to raise a sum of money, on loan, bearing an annual interest of four per cent. The adventurers in the first class who should draw more than twenty dollars, and so in the second and third classes who should draw more than thirty or forty dollars, were to receive either a Treasury bank-note, payable in five years, with an annual interest at four per cent., or the pre-emption of such billets in the next succeeding class. This was optional with the adventurers. Those who should not call for their prizes within six weeks after the end of the drawing were considered adventurers in the next succeeding class.

The first day of the ensuing March (1777) was appointed as the time, and Philadelphia the place, for the first drawing of the lottery, but it was then found that few tickets had been sold. The drawing was postponed. Other postponements ensued for the same reason. The Continental currency was beginning to depreciate. It was nine per cent. below par on the day appointed for the first drawing of the lottery, and at the close of the year it was two hundred and twenty-five per cent. below par—three hundred and twenty-five dollars in Con-

tinental bills being worth only one hundred dollars in specie. Congress, at the beginning of the year, perceiving depreciation to be inevitable, tried to support the credit of the currency by making it a legal tender, and the penalty for refusing to accept it as such, the extinguishment of the debt for the payment of which it was offered. But these efforts were unavailing. The people lost faith in the financial strength of the Continental government, and the bills fell in value every hour. This ruined the lottery scheme, for the people were unwilling to risk more than they were compelled to in the continual use of the paper currency. The lottery was a failure. Many persons lost money by its operations; but a descendant of an adventurer to-day feels rich with one of the tickets in his collection of historical antiquities. A fac-simile of one of these, in the possession of the writer, is here given.

The failure of this, as well as other financial schemes of the Continental Congress, was productive of much hard feeling among holders of promises; yet the patriotic people, with fortitude unparalleled, stood by their chosen representatives at that perilous hour in whatever they undertook for the public good. There was no blighting Peace Faction working in secret to thwart their efforts. Their domestic enemies were the outspoken Tories, who had much in reason and conscience to excuse their acts.

In the mean time Congress had been making overtures to foreign courts for political alliance and pecuniary assistance. In the spring of 1776 delegate Silas Deane, of Connecticut, was sent to France as an agent of the revolutionary government, with instructions to make the wants of Americans officially known to that court. Already the germ of our State Department had been planted by the appointment, at the close of November, 1775, of Benjamin Harrison, Dr. Franklin, Thomas Johnson, John Dickenson, and John Jay to be a committee for the purpose of carrying on foreign correspondence through friends of America in Europe. It was called the "Committee of Secret Correspondence." In the spring of 1777 the title was changed to that of "Committee of

United States Lottery. N. 7m 411.

CLASS the FIRST

T

HIS TICKET entitles the Bearer to receive such Prize as may be drawn against its Number, according to a Resolution of CONGRESS, passed at Philadelphia, November 18, 1776. De Jackson

N.

CONTINENTAL LOTTERY TICKET.

Foreign Affairs," with Thomas Paine as secretary. The business of foreign correspondence was carried on through committees until 1781, when, under the Articles of Confederation, a "Department of Foreign Affairs," answering to our present Department of State, was established, with Robert R. Livingston (afterward Chancellor of the State of New York) at its head.

Arthur Lee, of Virginia, then living in London, and who for some time had been in confidential correspondence with the Secret Committee, had, at about the time of Deane's appointment, been instrumental in opening a way for the success of that commissioner's labors in a financial way. The good-natured French monarch, inspired by the sagacity of his able Ministers, had gladly seen the revolt of the American colonies against his traditional enemy, the crown of Great Britain, and was very willing to assist the insurgents, not out of love for their principles of action (for who ever heard of a Bourbon who believed that "*all men were created equal, and were endowed with certain inalienable rights?*"), but with a desire to damage that enemy. He sent a secret agent, named Beaumarchais, to Lee, in London, with the information that the King desired to send arms, ammunition, and specie to the struggling colonists, but in the most secret manner. A plan for the purpose was arranged so early as April, 1776, in which Beaumarchais, the agent of the King, was to play the part of a representative of a commercial house in conveying such supplies from the royal arsenals and treasury to the Continental Congress, and receiving in return, as a mask to the real character of the transaction, some tobacco. Beaumarchais and Lee corresponded in cipher, the former with the signature of "Roderique Hortales and Co.," and the latter as "Mary Johnson." They perfected the arrangement. The plan was approved by the King at the beginning of May, who ordered his Treasurer to hold a million livres, or about two hundred thousand dollars, subject to the particular order of his Minister for Foreign Affairs. This amount was intended for the Americans. When Deane arrived, in July, he was satisfied with the transaction, and in August he ratified Lee's unofficial arrangement. Beaumarchais opened correspondence, as "Roderique Hortales and Co.," with the Secret Committee, and money and arms were sent, not as a loan, but as a gift, for which no repayment was expected. This was the first financial arrangement made by Congress with Europeans, and was eventually the source of more evil than good for the Americans.

The overtures of the French monarch encouraged Congress to seek aid from other European powers, and a political alliance with France, Spain, and Holland. For that purpose a plan of action was drawn up and adopted by Congress on the 17th of September, 1776, and Dr. Franklin, Silas Deane, and Ar-

thur Lee were appointed diplomatic agents, with instructions to proceed to France and negotiate a commercial treaty with that government, and attempt to gain its recognition of the independence of the United States. The latter part of the mission was distasteful to Dr. Franklin. "A virgin state," he wrote, "should possess a virgin character, and not go about suitoring for alliances, but wait with decent dignity for the application of others."

The virgin state continued its suitings, and won not only political alliances, but pecuniary aid.

But that pecuniary aid was slow in coming. Meanwhile the war was rapidly exhausting the resources of the country. In the last month of 1776 its hopes were well-nigh extinguished. Washington and his dwindling army were flying for life across New Jersey before the flushed troops of Cornwallis. Very soon the pursued commander turned and struck his pursuer a stunning blow. To repeat it required money, wherewith to pay bounties to induce men to enlist and re-enlist. The money-chest of the army was empty, and the commander had no means for replenishing it. The public credit was excessively weak. Congress, in desperate strait, authorized a new issue of bills of credit to the amount of five million dollars. But Washington would be penniless, even of paper-money, until the new issue could be printed. Something must be done instantly or the army would dissolve. He turned to the ever-ready and ever-willing financier Robert Morris, and asked for a large sum in specie, wherewith to pay promised bounties. Morris had not the means. Sadly he went musing from his counting-room, thinking where and how he might raise the money. He met a wealthy Quaker, and made his wants known to him.

"Robert," said the man, "what security canst thou give?"

"My note and my honor," was Morris's prompt reply.

"Thou shalt have it," was the answer; and twelve hours afterward the generous merchant wrote to Washington, saying: "I was up early this morning to dispatch a supply of fifty thousand dollars to your Excellency," and told him to call for more if he wanted it.

The bounties were paid. The army was strengthened. Cornwallis was soon defeated at Princeton, and driven out of New Jersey; and the sun of hope beamed out brightly from among the dark clouds that overshadowed the land.

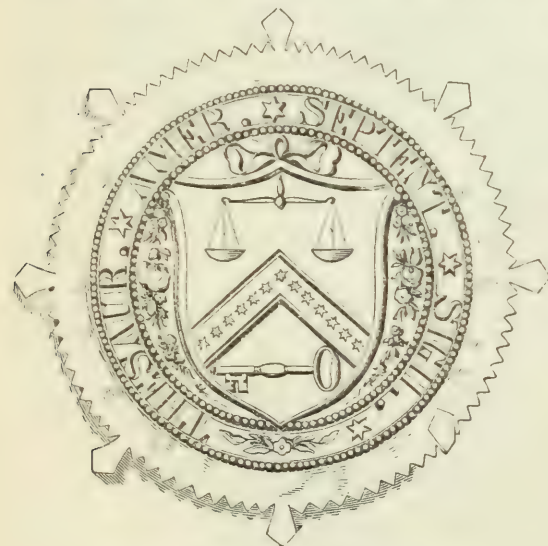
Congress now authorized its commissioners abroad to negotiate a loan in France of two million pounds sterling, at six per cent. per annum. In the business of obtaining material aid Dr. Franklin became chief actor. The other two commissioners were almost ciphers. The philosopher was chiefly instrumental in negotiating the treaty of alliance with France, early in 1778, which was followed by the sending of

armies and navies to assist the struggling Americans.

The character of the Treasury Department was very little changed from the close of 1776 until after the *Articles of Confederation* became the supreme law of the land. There were some new functions created and new officers appointed. For example, Francis Hopkinson was appointed a Treasurer of Loans in July, 1778, and in September following Congress, after hearing the report of a committee on the arrangement of the Treasury, resolved:

"That a house be provided, at the city or place where Congress shall sit, wherein shall be held the several offices of the Treasury; that there shall be the following officers, to wit, controllers, auditors, treasurers, and two chambers of accounts; that each chamber of accounts consist of three commissioners and two clerks, to be appointed by Congress; that in the treasurer's office there be a treasurer, annually appointed, and one clerk appointed by the treasurer; that in the auditor's office there be an auditor annually appointed by Congress, and two clerks appointed by the auditor; that in the controller's office there be a controller annually appointed by Congress, and two clerks appointed by the controller; that the auditor, treasurer, and controller shall not be appointed unless by the votes of nine States, and they be accountable for the conduct of their clerks respectively."

The specific duties of each officer were then prescribed. And it was on the same day, as we have observed, that Congress appointed a committee to devise a seal for the Treasury and Naval departments. This was done; and the seal—a delineation of which, the exact size of the original, is here given, drawn from an impression upon a document before the writer, dated March, 1782—was engraved and used.



THE CONTINENTAL TREASURY SEAL.

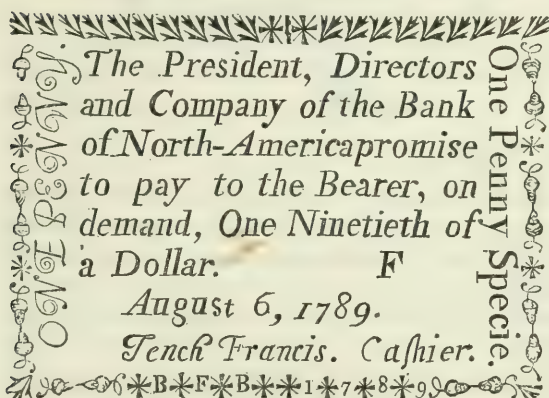
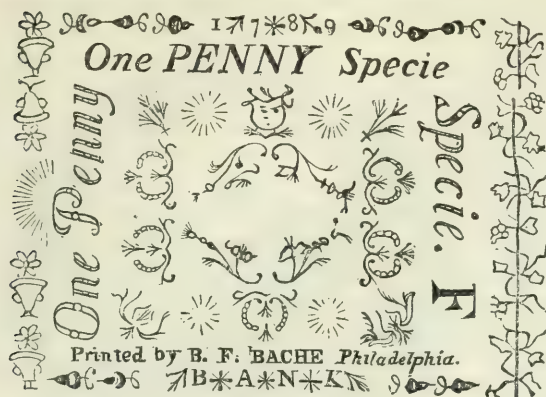
This seal, as we have observed, is precisely the same in device and legend as the seal of our Treasury Department at this day. The piece of paper on which the seal is impressed, with its serrated and lozenge-shaped points, is also pictured.

On the 13th of February, 1779, Congress resolved "that a Secretary of the Treasury be appointed;" but the choice was not made until near the close of the following May, when Robert

Troup was appointed to fill that important office. From that time the method of managing the national finances was very similar to that of our Treasury Department now. At the close of the ensuing July there was a reorganization of the Treasury Board, when the principal supervising officers were made to consist of three commissioners not members of Congress, and two members of that body. The executive officers and their duties remained about the same. This order of things in the financial department of the government continued until early in 1781, when such was the depreciation of the paper-money that Congress recommended the repeal of all laws in the several States making bills of any sort a legal tender; and also made a requisition upon the States for money raised by them for carrying on the campaign that year, to be paid in coin. After much discussion it was also determined to abandon the old system of boards and committees in the management of the various departments of the government, and to put each under the control of a single head. A Superintendent of Finance, answering to our present Secretary of the Treasury, was accordingly chosen on the 20th of February, 1781, in the person of Robert Morris. He accepted it on condition that all transactions of his department should be in specie value, and that he should not be compelled to relinquish commercial arrangements he had entered into. He was also invested, a few months later, with the powers and duties of Agent of Marine, or Secretary of the Navy, as we have already observed. With the greatest industry, skill, and vigor he exercised the functions of his offices.

Mr. Morris conceived the idea of a national bank as a means for facilitating the financial operations of the government; and three months after he was appointed Superintendent of Finance he laid before Congress (May 26, 1781) a plan for such an institution, contained in eighteen propositions, which embraced all the leading details of securities, management, and operations. The scheme was approved by Congress, and on the 31st of December following a bank was incorporated—the first in the United States—with the title of the *Bank of North America*. Its capital at first was \$400,000, supplied from abroad and by Morris's particular friends. It was finally increased to \$2,000,000. Its notes were made lawful tender in payment of all government dues, and were redeemable in specie on demand at the bank, which was established at Philadelphia, and was the pioneer and model of all its multitudinous successors in the Republic. Under the able management of its projector and others it contributed materially to the relief of the financial distress which weighed heavily upon the country after the downfall of the Continental money; and it gave a reliable currency to the people. It issued notes in denominations equal to the smallest coins in value, excepting the cent. In 1789 it had bills prepared of the nominal value of the ninetieth part of a dollar, or one penny

Pennsylvania currency, of which a fac-simile is here given. These were never issued.



FRACTIONAL PAPER CURRENCY.

In his efforts as Superintendent of Finance, to sustain the public credit, Morris strained the powers of the bank to the utmost, obtaining from it advances to the amount of three-fourths of its capital, or \$300,000. In these operations his motives were misunderstood and his acts were misconstrued; and he was so assailed with reproaches, in and out of Congress, that his great heart nearly failed him at times. But his patriotism, sturdy as his will, caused him to persevere; and he bravely held his private fortune responsible for the integrity of his conduct and the skill and fidelity of his management. In the great struggle he issued his own notes to the amount of \$1,400,000, and these passed freely at the value of specie, while the Continental money was nine hundred per cent. below par. By his skillful management he brought the annual expenditures of the government down from \$18,000,000 to \$5,000,000; and he kept the Continental army from starving and disbanding before its mighty work could be achieved. And so it was that that great and good man successfully carried his country through that terrible financial crisis when there appeared no other human arm competent to save.

Only a few years later Robert Morris, the princely merchant and unselfish patriot, who was ever willing to spend and be spent for his country, and who was the equal with Washington in giving sustaining strength to the armies that achieved the independence of that country, might have been seen literally without a

place of his own whereon to lay his head, in the Prune Street Jail in Philadelphia, a prisoner for debt. When that head was wearing the white crown of almost seventy years his great wealth had been swept away by successive gales of what men call ill fortune, and he lay, a helpless wreck on the sands of poverty. Four years he was in that debtors' prison, and was relieved only by the beneficence of a general bankrupt law in the year 1802. Sadly do we read in a letter from his prison to a friend, soon after he was put in it: "My confinement has so far been attended with disagreeable and uncomfortable circumstances; for, having no particular place allotted for me, I feel myself an intruder in every place in which I go. I sleep on other persons' beds; I occupy other peoples' rooms; and if I attempt to sit down to write, it is at the interruption and inconvenience of some one who has acquired a prior right to the place." Of him Whittier might have written his touching lines, saying:

"What hath the gray-haired patriot done?
Hath murder stained his hands with gore?
Ah, no! his crime's a fouler one—
God made the old man poor!"

Three years after he left his prison Robert Morris died in poverty. Such was the fate of the man who laid the broad foundation on which Alexander Hamilton built so grandly the superstructure of our national financial system eighty years ago.

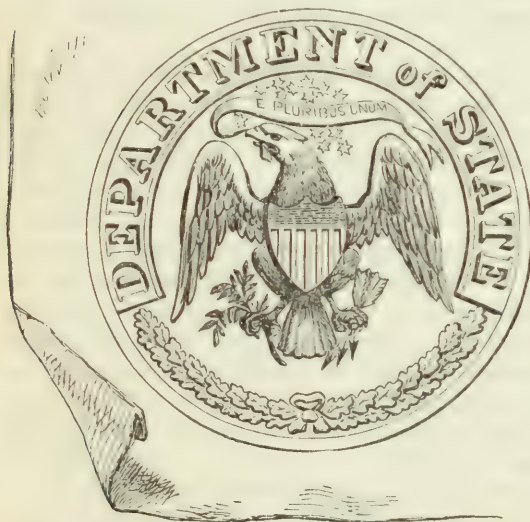
Wearied with the cares and labors of public life, Mr. Morris gave notice, in the spring of 1784, of his intention to resign the office of Superintendent of Finance. There being no man found who was willing or competent to be his successor, Congress, late in May, passed an ordinance for "putting the Department of Finance into commission" again. The new Board of Finance was to consist of three commissioners, chosen for a service of three years, unless otherwise ordered by Congress. These were not appointed until early the following year, when John Lewis Gervais, Samuel Osgood, and Walter Livingston were elected. Morris had resigned on the 1st of November previous.

The Finance Department of the government was managed by commissioners from January, 1785, until the autumn of 1789, when Congress created a Treasury Department, with its head as a cabinet officer, bearing the title of Secretary of the Treasury. For this important post Alexander Hamilton was called by Washington, the President having the right to make all cabinet appointments, "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate," of the then consolidated nation. At the ensuing session of Congress Hamilton submitted to that body his famous plan for reviving the public credit; and he soon perfected that scheme which has ever since been the method, substantially, of conducting the fiscal affairs of the Republic.

The seal of the Treasury Department now in use was cut in cast steel, in 1849, by Edward Stabler, of Sandy Springs, Montgomery

County, Maryland. He was ordered to make a fac-simile of the old one, which was nearly worn out. Mr. Stabler suggested some minor changes, as improvements, but was informed that the design must be copied exactly "in accordance with the law."

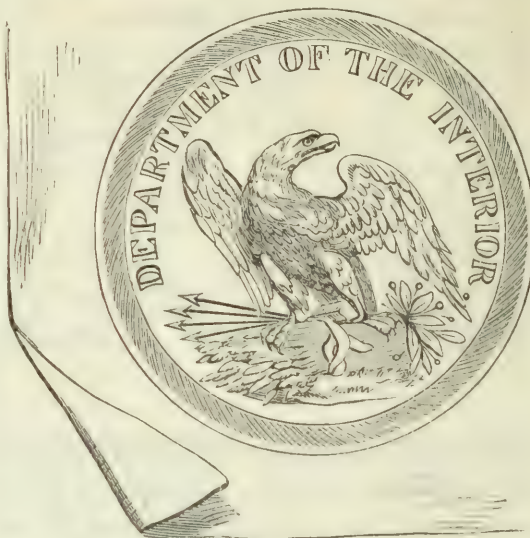
Only three Executive Departments were established during the first session of the First National Congress, in 1789, namely, Treasury, War, and Foreign Affairs, or Department of State; and the heads of these were called Secretaries. Naval matters, as we have observed, were under the control of the Secretary of War until 1798. The Postmaster-General was not made a cabinet officer until the beginning of President Jackson's first term, in 1829, when William T. Barry took his seat as such in the advisory council of the Chief Magistrate. The Home, or Interior Department, was established in the spring of 1849, with its chief, called Secretary of the Interior, as a cabinet officer. The first incumbent was Thomas Ewing, of Ohio. At the same time the Attorney-General was also made a cabinet officer, and the first who took his seat as such was Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, who entered the cabinet in March, 1849. The first Attorney-General of the Republic was Edmund Randolph, of Virginia, who was appointed in September, 1789.



SEAL OF THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE.

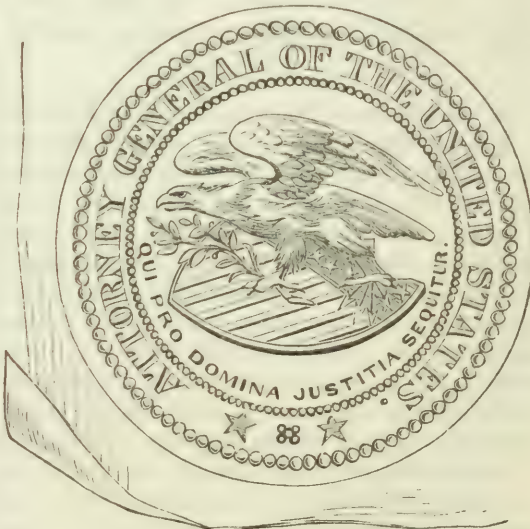
The device on the seals of the State and Interior Departments, and of the office of the Attorney-General, consists simply of the eagle and its usual symbolical accompaniments. That of the Department of State has the spread eagle, with the national shield upon its breast, and the arrows of war and the olive branch of peace in its talons. Over it the words, "DEPARTMENT OF STATE." That of the Department of the Interior is the eagle just ready to soar, resting on a

sheaf of grain, with arrows and olive branch in its talons; and over it the words, "DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR." That of the Attorney-Gen-



SEAL OF DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

eral is the eagle in another position at the instant of soaring, resting on a prone national shield, and arrows and olive branch in its talons. Below it, in a semicircle, are the words, "QUI PRO DOMINA JUSTITIA SEQUITUR;"



ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S SEAL.

and around the margin of the seal the legend, "ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES."

Such is the story, briefly told, of the origin of the several Executive Departments of the Republic, and of the official seal used by each. The device of the seal of the Post-office Department, and the devices and legends of the seals of the Treasury and War Departments, are proven to be older than the National Government.

GRANDPAPA'S BABY.

IT was the early dawn of a glorious summer's morning; the light night breezes (if there had been any) had fallen asleep amidst the leafy trees; soft, fleecy clouds of pure, creamy white drifted slowly away from the eastern quarter of the heavens, till the soft, grayish blue of the sky was all unshadowed. Silently, almost imperceptibly, the first, long, delicately penciled rays of rosy light crept up from the horizon; then gradually fusing and blending together, changed the clear, uniform blue to a soft violet. Brighter and brighter grew the rich suffusion of "celestial rosy red," for the day-king was rising in all his royal magnificence, and, like the haughty Assyrian invader, "his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold"—brighter and brighter, till all the eastern sky grew opalescent in splendor. Another moment and the majestic eye of Day had opened widely, and the glad Earth awoke to light and melody.

As the pure effulgence of the risen day broke over "Morville Place," the stately, well-kept, but somewhat old-fashioned garden, with its vases and statues, its terraces and flower-beds, seemed to awaken from sleep and take on new beauty; the waters of the quiet and beautiful little lake which bounded it upon the western side lapsed idly to the pebbly shore, with scarce ripple enough to lift the broad lily leaves which floated upon its brimming surface, or sway the matchless flowers which held up their pure chalices of white and gold to the rising sun, and poured out the libation of their odorous perfume on the warm, sweet air. There was not wind enough to lift the light, feathery ferns which fringed the water's brink, or swing the slightly-hung foliage which rimmed the mirror-like lake with a wreath of tender green; the stately flowers in the formal garden-beds stood up in their gay luxuriance of bloom and sweetness; birds were singing cheerily in its wide domain; the graceful, diamond-like waters of the fountain rose up, flashing gayly on the clear blue air, and fell in sparkling mist on the emerald turf. It was a fair scene of peaceful luxuriance and serene beauty.

But the fine old house at Morville Place, usually so full of quiet enjoyment and refined hospitality, stood hushed and desolate amidst the morning smile of Nature; the gladdening sunshine for once sought admission there in vain; for closed doors and darkened windows shut out the streaming radiance with jealous care.

The house was very still now. Yesterday all had been hope, suspense, anxiety, dread, terror, and despair, growing darker and more dread with every passing hour; hope that would not despair gradually giving way to despair that dared not hope, until night closed in with the dread certainty of all that anxiety had foreboded. For, hand in hand, but all unseen, the two angels of Life and Death had entered the

house together, each to bear an immortal spirit to new and untried scenes of existence.

Life and Death! twin sisters and copartners! holding a common interest in the venture of every human life! portresses at the two different doors of the vast amphitheatre of Earth! so widely separated, yet so often jostling each other in the closest juxtaposition, they had met for a moment by a silent pillow. No word was exchanged, no greeting given, but each passed on upon a separate way, and each had performed a separate mission, and brought a separate gift. Death for the fair young mother, so full of life, and health, and hope, and happiness; to whose quick perceptions the very sense of being was enjoyment; for whom life had so much to offer; and whose glad heart had for months looked forward lovingly to the new hope this hour was to have realized! Life to the poor, feeble, unconscious babe, who could not recognize the value of the gift bestowed upon it; to whose weak sense the very sunlight was an annoyance; and the fresh air of the world a positive suffering, and to whose dull incomprehension death would have been a boon as welcome!

Sad indeed for the young mother to turn away from earth just as earth grew radiant with the trembling light of the new star just dawning on her horizon, which was to have shed over her path of life a new glory and a holier happiness, and to make earth a paradise around her. Sad indeed for her to turn away, and never look upon the little face of the child for whose life she must lay down her own! But sadder still, perhaps, for the little lonely child to enter upon life just as earth had been made desolate by the removal of her who would have been to it through all time the truest, tenderest, most faithful of human friends; never to catch one glance of that sweet face, not even to hear the sound of the departing footsteps or the trailing garments of the beatified one; but doomed to wander on through life alone, knowing only by imagination the priceless blessing of a mother's love!

And there they lay—mother and child—in life and death alike unconscious of the sad, pitying tears, which rained down all the more tenderly because they were both so unconscious of the love that shed them! Yet such is Life! and not even the wisdom of Solomon could avail to penetrate its mysteries and give us a satisfactory solution of its meaning; and it remained for a greater than Solomon to teach us to say, "Even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in thy sight!"

The house was very still now. All night long it had been feverish in unrest—closing doors, hasty steps, muffled voices, sad questionings, and sadder answers. But that was over now. Morning had come, and the household had regained something outwardly of its wonted condition, although the closed doors and darkened windows told that death and sorrow held their place there.

The chief mourner and only relative by the bed of sudden death was Colonel Morville, the master and owner of Morville Place. He was now an old man and a widower; but long before the lamented death of his wife, who had no children, they had adopted the orphan only child of his only brother—the little girl being only eight or ten years old at the time of her adoption—and had tenderly reared and educated her as his own child. With his full consent and approval, Gertrude had married a young and promising physician, and had removed with him from her home in Morville Place to a new home in the neighboring city, which the paternal liberality of her uncle had provided for her. But when the late cruel war rent the bosom of our distracted country, and the rich young blood and the strong right arms of her patriot sons were freely offered upon her altar, the young husband felt himself called upon to rally round the flag he loved and honored.

Colonel Morville, who would gladly have proffered his own services, had not his age precluded him, would not check the young man's ardor; but at his earnest request the town house was relinquished for a time, and the young wife came home to pass the time of her husband's absence under her uncle's protection, and beneath the dear old roof which had sheltered her in her happy but orphaned girlhood.

When the terrible announcement of his niece's death was made to him, as soon as the first shock was over, Colonel Morville felt it to be his first duty to dispatch a missive to the absent husband and father, tenderly informing him of the birth of his child and the death of his wife. But the sad intelligence never reached the hands it was intended for; on its way to the seat of war it was met and crossed by a telegram which conveyed the official news of the young hero's death upon his first battlefield. Thus spared the terrible blow which seemed impending over each of them, neither of these devoted hearts knew the bitter pang of the final separation, and their first glad reunion was the blissful and eternal one! But by this strange dispensation of Providence Colonel Morville found himself, at the advanced age of more than threescore, for the second time in his life, the sole guardian of a little helpless girl. What wonder if his tears fell fast as summer rain, as he turned from the pale, fair face of her whose loving care he had hoped would perform the last sad offices for him in his old age, to the frail little infant thus cast in its doubly orphaned birth upon his protection and care! But the Colonel was not a man to give way to gloomy despondency, or to shrink from responsibilities however burdensome; whatever might be the occasion, the hour found him ready.

The obsequies of the mother and the baptism of the child were his first duties. By the customs of the family and the neighborhood the

former were to be performed at the church, immediately after the morning services; and it had been arranged by the clergyman, and acceded to by the Colonel, that the baptism should be at the same place and hour.

It was a touchingly sad sight to the crowded congregation, nearly all of whom were personal friends and mourners (for the dead wife had been widely known and beloved), when, after the benediction had hushed them into reverent silence, the flower-decked coffin was borne up the broad aisle and placed before the altar; and alone, and following closely behind it, with slow, noiseless steps and grief-bowed head, came the bereaved old man, bearing in his arms the tiny infant, half hidden in its voluminous robes of delicate lace and rich embroidery—themselves the sole representatives and relatives of the dead; and when, standing by the open coffin of her who had been as a daughter to him, the man of many years held up the child of a few days over the sweet, calm face of her dead mother, to offer her by solemn act to God, and claim for her the consecration and the blessing of the holy rite, a sob of deep feeling ran through the house, and spoke the universal sympathy that might not find expression in words.

When the blessing had been given the old man silently and reverently kissed the water of baptism from the child's brow, and handing her to the nurse to be taken home, addressed himself to the funeral ceremonies. When these were over, and the coffin was borne from the church, it was noticed that every person present followed it to the burial-place in sad procession, and reverently waiting until the last rites were ended, escorted the Colonel back to his desolated home, in mute token of sympathy and respect.

Probably no man living could have been more alive than Colonel Morville was to the fact that his advancing age rendered him a very precarious support for the coming years of a little child; but the choice was not his own, and he entered upon the duty intrusted to him, not presumptuously, but in cheerful faith; he made immediate arrangements in regard to his property, securing it to her in such form as would be most for her interest; he chose executors and trustees and guardians with vigilant care; he wrote minute directions in respect to her education and training, and marked out, as far as human foresight could do, her course to womanhood; and then, having accomplished all that was in his power, and hedged her in on every hand and in every way that the tenderest love and care could devise, he rested content, trusting that He who had called him to the duty would sustain him in its performance.

It was singular to see how soon the doubly orphaned and helpless little one became a source of interest and pleasure to her kind paternal friend; he made only one stipulation in regard to her—it was that her long, sweeping robes of

babyhood should be curtailed of their "fair proportions" in such a manner as not to trip him up when he carried her. This was complied with, of course, and he kept her with him nearly all the time. If he drove out, or walked in the garden or grounds, she was carried in his arms; if he sat reading on the piazza, she lay cradled on his knee; if he wrote in the library, she was rolling on the carpet or sleeping on one of the lounges by his side. Every day some unfolding grace or newly awakened power filled him with delight and astonishment. Of course he fully believed there never was a baby so wonderful as "My Baby!" He had given her the name of her mother in baptism, for he felt she had a right to it; but he never called her by it—to him that name was sacred to her sweet mother, to his *first* little Gertrude. He always called the child "My Baby;" the females of the household called her "*The* Baby;" and the men-servants, "Little Miss."

They were, nearly all of them, long and attached members of the Colonel's family. They had known and loved the baby's sweet mother, and mourned the early death of her gallant young father, and they took an honest pride and pleasure in doing all in their power to add to the old gentleman's enjoyment in his little charge. Before the baby had ended her third year, the Colonel, on entering the dining-room upon the recurrence of his birthday, found the little creature (who had had her own simple dinner hours before) perched up upon a pile of embroidered sofa-cushions in the great arm-chair at the head of the table, with Martha, her own attendant, upon one side of her chair, and the Colonel's waiter upon the other.

The Colonel was charmed; and when the little laughing Hebe, who had been carefully drilled for the occasion, lisped out, with her baby grace, the pretty hospitalities of her end of the table, "If you p'ease, Gan'pa, will you take a 'ittle thoup?" and, "Gan'pa, may I gib you a tustard?" the delight of the old man was unbounded! Under the watchful care of her two sponsors, Baby behaved with great propriety. Only once, when the dessert appeared, at sight of the grapes and peaches Baby threw up both hands and feet in a sudden burst of admiration, more demonstrative than is usually exhibited at the head of the table, and broke into a ringing peal of laughter; but a warning look, and a finger lightly laid upon each shoulder, subdued her to instant propriety again, and she helped her Grandfather to fruit very sweetly, and was allowed some herself as a reward of good behavior upon her first "coming out."

But the two kind prime movers in this pretty tribute of respect had to pay for their experiment, for from that day the delighted Colonel demanded the presence of his little favorite at every dinner, whether alone or with company at his table.

But the greatest treat of all was to hear Grandpapa and Baby at their lessons. The Colonel had his pet theories upon the subject

of education, as most men have, and it was his express intention to lure Baby on along a flowery path of literature, and to blend instruction with amusement. This was the theory; but in practice he made the path so very flowery that the baby's feet were rather impeded in the race, and the instruction was apt to melt away and leave only amusement as the residuum. Let us take an illustration of this peculiar but possibly not entirely unrecognized method of instruction.

One fine day, after dinner, the loving pair walked hand in hand, as usual, down the broad garden-walk which led from the steps of the southern piazza to the summer-house, which the Colonel mentally regarded as the lyceum where Baby was being instructed, but which the little girl had converted into the play-house where Baby was to play.

Now it so chanced that our dear little heroine, though gifted by Nature with a full share of mother-wit, ready tact, and retentive memory, had not a natural leaning toward literature. She was content to learn, and apt to acquire, but not from books. She went cheerfully through all her little store of accomplishments as Grandpapa demanded them. She told her name and age correctly; gave the names of her native Town, County, State, and Country without mistake; she told, in their proper order, the names of all the Presidents of the United States, from "Ossington to Donson." To be sure, some of these great men might not have recognized themselves in Baby's nomenclature, but Grandpapa knew whom she meant, and as the President and ex-Presidents were not there to hear their good names thus lightly taken in vain, it did not matter much. Then she counted ten upon her own dimpled fingers; told all the days of the week; named all the months in the year, beginning with "Jebbery, Febbery, Mars, Apple, May."

Next, Baby repeated that touching episode in our national history which seems to be regarded as the needful pabulum or bee-bread of the mind of "Young America," in which two Washingtons, a hatchet, and a pear-tree make up the interesting quartette; bringing out the brave avowal of the incipient Father of his Country, "I can't tell a lie, father; you know I can't!" with the "extreme unction" of infant school declamation; and illustrating the grand finale of "Come to my arms, my dear boy!" by flinging her own white arms around the old gentleman's neck, and nearly smothering him in an ardent caress.

When order was somewhat restored, and the "dear boy" had smoothed his ruffled plumage a little, she sung the alphabet to the tune of "Auld lang syne," Grandpapa and herself beating time conjointly; and another pretty, but rather pointless ditty, about a little lamb that seemed to be rather intrusive in its habits, as "every where that Mary went the lamb was sure to go;" which must have been inconvenient, especially at bedtime. Next she favored her delighted hearer with the poetical version of the

audacious, but it is feared not singular, man who

"Thought he could do more work in one day
Than his wife could do in three!"

Two hymns (with variations) concluded this part of the performance. Now this was all very well, and very satisfactory to both parties. But this was only the light skirmishing; the heavy work was not yet begun; but when Grandpapa produced the dreaded book, which was to be to Baby the first step on the ladder of learning, her fair brow flushed and grew clouded, a haze stole over the pretty blue eyes, and her whole manner became constrained and abstracted.

She did, even then, make one effort at self-defense: glancing furtively up at her Grandfather's face, she suggested that she "'posed it was time her hens was feeded."

"No." Grandpapa was very decided upon that point; the hens and chickens must wait until Baby's lessons were over; indeed, he felt sure they would prefer to be fed by a good little child who had said her letters. There was no escape for her, the little one saw, and resigned herself with a sigh. Still, with Grandpapa looking over her, and by the aid of his ever-pointing gold pencil, she did manage to name the three leaders of Cadmus's troop, A, B, and C, the three representative men of their party; persisting, however, in calling the latter consonant "shee;" but that was a trifle; at D she made a long halt, and sighed deeply; and it was only by Grandpapa's forming the letter with his mouth, and almost articulating it, that she conquered at last. But at the letter E she came to a full stop. Grandpapa urged and tempted and pointed in vain; he put the curls back from her puzzled eyes, and patted her encouragingly on the back, and offered her every delicate assistance in his power, but the dormant memory refused to be aroused.

"Baby *knows* it, I am sure," said the teacher, encouragingly, to try to lure her on; "Baby *knows* what it is."

Now the truth was, Baby did *not* know it—had not the least idea what it was; but if Grandpapa said she did, of course he must know best; she was not the Baby to contradict him. So when he repeated the flattering assurance, "My Baby *knows* what it is," the child innocently assented, "Yes, Baby knows him," thinking probably to get rid of the troublesome vowel by that method.

But the way of the transgressors is proverbially hard, and a hard one it proved in this case. Baby was like the child who swallows the hot pudding which burns its mouth, in hopes to be rid of it; for Grandpapa immediately added, "I thought you did; now tell me what it is." There was no escape for her; so, glancing up at her Grandfather's earnest face, Baby said, demurely, "I *knows* him, Gan'pa, vezzy vell; but I can't 'member the *name* of him!"

"Oh, Baby! Baby! you little sinner! that won't do; now tell me what it is." Baby

gave a weary yawn, and holding on by the lappets of her Grandfather's coat she threw herself backward over the arm of his chair, and lying thus she looked up at the heavens; as the old song says, "she looked east, she looked west;" she looked every where but into her Grandfather's face, and then said, abstractedly, as if pondering upon some abstruse question which ought to be settled, but in which *she* (Baby) had no personal interest whatever, "I vonder if Gan'pa has dot any tandy in his pocket?"

"No!" said Grandpapa, very decidedly. "I have not got any; and if I had I should not give it to you, because you are a little dunce, and I don't like dunces."

Baby's brow reddened, and her rose-bud lips trembled, and Grandpapa hastened to add, "But I am going to town this evening, and I mean to buy a great deal of candy; and *then*, if I should happen to meet any good little child who had learned her letters well, I *think*—" Here the Colonel paused; but an expressive look and gesture told more plainly than words could have done how liberally in such a case he should be prepared to reward the clever little aspirant to literary success.

"A word to the wise is sufficient." Baby heard, and comprehended; her bright eyes flashed back a quick response; she straightened up immediately; seated herself more squarely upon Grandpapa's knees, as if she knew there was hard work before her; shook back her curls, snapped her eyes hard to waken them up, swallowed very hard, screwed up her rosy mouth, resumed the book, folded her hands, and tried again; and she really did try her very best, partly for love of Grandpapa, and partly (for all human motives are of a mixed nature) for the love of candy.

But poor little Baby was not meant for a scholar, and the missing name would not come to her. Then she tried viewing "the pestilent fellow" from different points of view; she drew back, and looked at him from a distance; she hung her head sideways, and looked at him with her left eye; she turned her head the other way, and examined him with her right eye. No better success: it was a very hard child to christen. Then she grew desperate, and hurled at him the names of all the letters she *did* know: she called him "round O," and "crooked S," and "I all alone," and "T with his arms up!" But it would not do; Grandpapa would have none of them. At last the poor child's mother-wit came to her aid; and when the Colonel asked again, rather more impatiently than before, "Baby! don't you know what it is?" she answered, meekly, "Oh yes; *I* knows him; don't Dan'pa know him?"

"I? Yes, of course I know."

"Well, den," said Baby, sagely and triumphantly, "if Gan'pa knows him, an' I knows him, *dat's nuff*—needn't tell nobody else nossing 'bout him;" and with a merry peal of laughter she closed the hated book and flung it from her,

throwing her arms coaxingly round the old man's neck, as if she had found a very satisfactory way out of her troubles.

"Oh, Baby! Baby!" said the Colonel, giving the child a loving little shake, and laughing in spite of his efforts to be grave; "I do believe you will be a little dunce after all, and I can't help it; it is all play, play, play with you. Now what have you been about all this long day?"

Then Baby, standing upon his knee, gave him a detailed and rather desultory account of her day. It is not necessary to follow her through all her experiences as given by herself; it is enough to say that the recital ended in these remarkable words:

"Den Baby goed down to de lake; dare seed drate, big, black el'pant, and dear 'tittle baby el'pant; comed yite up out of de water, and say, 'How do, Baby Morville!'" And here the little story-teller nodded her curly head in a sociable way, intended to show the charming familiarity with which these amphibious elephants had treated her.

Grandpapa was horrified. If there was a virtue he most prized and practiced it was the virtue of truthfulness; if there was a sin which he particularly hated and scorned it was the opposite sin of falsehood. He had often said that profanity was the silliest, most vulgar, and most gratuitous of vices, periling every thing to gain nothing; but that lying was meaner and more contemptible, as it was more cowardly and more mercenary; and now, here was *his* Baby, his own darling, the creature whose mind and morals he felt had been his own work, whom he himself had so carefully trained in the way in which she should go, looking up into his face with her sweet, innocent blue eyes, honest and fearless in their soft, clear light, and this most palpable and enormous falsehood upon her fresh, rosy lips! What should he do?—the offense so hated—the offender so beloved! Alas! poor Grandpapa!

The fact was, that Colonel Morville was too unused to the ways of little children to know that there is a short period in the life of nearly all healthy, happy, and intelligent children when they invariably tell the most enormous falsehoods without disguise and without shame. And this is no argument, either, in favor of the doctrine of original sin in the race, or a proof of natural depravity in the individual; it is simply because the child's mental powers are as untrained as his physical ones, and he has not yet learned to use them. We all know that a perfectly well-balanced mind is a rare attainment even in mature life; how then can we look for it in childhood? The powers of imagination are undoubtedly stronger in youth than at more advanced periods of life, and the self-rectifying powers of reflection and judgment are not yet developed; consequently the child speaks out the vague and brilliant images which throng his fancy, but which older persons have learned to conceal; and he does it, too, with perfect

transparency, with no attempt at disguise, and is just as unconscious of sin, probably, as was the man at Bethsaida, who, bewildered by the exercise of his newly bestowed eyesight, said, naïvely, "I behold men as trees—walking."

But of all this the Colonel was profoundly ignorant; he knew only that his Baby had told an untruth, and he must notice it—but how?

"Baby!" he said, in tones of gentle, grave reproof, "you did *not* see two elephants at the lake; you *know* you did not."

"Did, too!" said the child, with playful pertinacity.

"No, Baby; you *could* not; you *know* there are no elephants there."

"No!" said Baby, reflectively.

"Then how came you to say you saw them? That was a *fib*, Baby!"

"Yes," said Baby, assentingly, "*dat was fib*."

"But, Baby," said the Grandfather, rather taken back by her calm composure, "my little girl must not tell fibs. You never tell fibs, I hope?"

"Yes, do," said the child, with perfect complacency. "Baby tells lots, evezzy day—lots!" she repeated, impressively.

"Tell lots of fibs? Oh, Baby, you *don't* tell fibs, I am sure; that is very bad!"

"Do!" repeated Baby, with serene indifference. "Lots, evezzy day, Gan'pa!"

"But you must not, darling! I sha'n't love my little girl if she tells fibs."

"Won't, den, if Gan'pa don't want her to," said the child, with sweet docility.

"Want you to? No, indeed! It will make Grandpapa feel very unhappy."

"Won't, den; won't neber tell anoder; not forebber—nebbber!"

And here the Colonel thought it best to let the matter drop; but it made a strong impression on his mind, and recurred to him painfully afterward.

"And now, Baby," said the Grandfather, "I think it is quite time for you to go into the house. I am going to ride into town, you know."

"Baby too?" inquired the child.

"Oh no; not to-night; I can't take you; I am going with Dr. Williamson, in his coupé, and he would not have room for my Baby. Besides, I shall not come home till these little blue peepers are fast asleep. So give me a good-night kiss, and then go straight into the house to Martha. Good-night!"

The little girl hesitated. "Baby go see the white birdies first," she said.

"What! down to the lake? No, indeed! Baby must *never* go there alone. You must go right into the house to Martha."

Baby did not answer, but she looked a little disappointed.

"Here, Baby," said Grandpapa, noticing the look, and thinking that the dignity of a commission might encourage her to keep in the right path; "here is my straw-hat; I want you to take it in and leave it in my dressing-

room, will you? That's my nice, useful little girl! What should I do without my darling Baby? Now remember—go straight home to Martha;" and he kissed her, and set her out in the right direction.

With head erect, and slow, devious steps, Baby, carrying the great shade hat before her, and humming to herself, went on her way; and Grandpapa stood watching her while he pulled on his gloves. Baby sauntered on until she had accomplished half her journey; then she stopped, irresolutely, as it seemed. She had reached the diverging path which led to the lake, whose silver waters she could see from the point where she stood.

"She who deliberates is lost," quoted the Colonel, and he clapped his hands. Baby turned her bright face toward him. "Go on, Baby!" said her Grandfather, waving his hand in the direction of the house; "go on; don't stop;" and the child went on obediently.

"I wonder if she meant to disobey me," thought the Colonel, as the "lots of fibs" rose to his mind. "I can not think she did." But he watched her little retreating figure till she reached the house and began to ascend the steps. Then Philip, the gardener, came to say Dr. Williamson's carriage was at the garden-gate, and he left the garden and joined his friend.

There was a turn in the road which commanded a view of the southern piazza, and as the carriage approached it the Colonel reached out. Baby was standing upon the top of the steps, her sweet face turned toward the road, watching for them, her fairy-like figure illuminated by the rays of the descending sun, which rested on her golden head like a nimbus of glory. When the old man saw her standing thus he raised his hat and bowed to her, with the stately courtesy of his day, and quick as thought the little one responded with a low courtesy and a kiss of her little hand. The carriage rolled on; but the Grandfather long remembered the little figure thus daguerreo-typed upon his heart and brain.

It was late in the evening when the gentlemen returned from town; and as their carriage drove up the avenue and stopped at the hall-door, a sense of something strange and unnatural, though unrecognized, in the appearance of the place struck the owner's eye, and filled him with a sense of coming ill. He did not at first discover that it was owing to the house being all unlighted.

"What is the matter, James?" he said, as his own man came out to open the door of the carriage and help him out. "Something is amiss, I know. Speak, man! tell me at once what it is."

"You did not take little Miss with you, Sir, did you?" faltered the man, peering into the carriage as he spoke.

"Take her? No. Why? Where is she?"

"That's just it, Sir! We can't find her. But don't you be frightened, Colonel; she can't

be gone far; we'll find her, sure enough. Martha hoped that you had took her with you; but Philip said he knowed you didn't."

"Where is Martha?" asked the trembling old man as he stepped heavily to the ground. "Call Martha; I want to speak with her."

"She is out, Sir, looking for little Miss."

"Good Heavens! When did she miss the child?"

"Well! she never come in, Sir, after you left. And Martha she waited, and waited and kept fussing, 'cause it was so late; and at last she went out to bring her in to her supper, and Philip said how you had been gone two hours; and then Martha she was just crazy like; and she went out and is out now, and so is John, and half the others. But don't be scared, Sir; we shall find her, sure enough."

"Oh! but the lake, James," suggested the Colonel, in low, terrified tones, as he thought of the child's disappointed intentions.

"Oh no, Sir," said the man, decidedly; "I don't think it's *that*. I thought of that, too, the very first thing, of course, myself. But Philip says he was at work in that part of the garden after you went, and he never see her, and he is *sure* he would if she come down that way; and if any thing had happened he would have heard her, he says; and in course he would, you know, if any thing had happened."

If *any thing had happened!* Oh! how those words sounded in the ears of the distressed listener! He entered the unlighted house, and tried to gain farther information; but there was nothing more to be learned. The house-keeper told him the child had never been seen at the house since he himself had led her into the garden; and she knew no more.

In a very few moments (for bad news flies fast, proverbially and in fact) the news had spread through the neighborhood. The Colonel was well known and widely respected; and the little girl's constant companionship with him, either walking or driving, had made her far more known than children of her age usually are; and as there is no sound which appeals to the warm sympathy of all hearts like the cry of "Lost child," people gathered from all quarters to make inquiries, to offer sympathy, and join in the search.

Toiling, weary men, tired and dusty from the long, sunny day's labor, heard, and glancing at their own safe-sheltered little flock, rose up from the untasted supper, and went forth with willing feet to seek for the Colonel's stray lamb; hard-working mothers, with tears and sobs, turned from their own cradled babes, and with heads shrouded in shawls and aprons went out into the starry night, feeling as if some unnamed motherly instinct stirring in their breasts must guide their uncertain footsteps to the little wanderer.

Fortunately it was a clear, warm, summer night, and the solemn radiance of the full moon was showered on green-sward and on tree. Poor little Baby would not perish of cold; there was

comfort in that, at least. And still they came and went, and more came and went, until hundreds were on the move; and as the search was unsuccessful the leaders returned, and organized in regular bands; and gathering horns and bells and drums and lanterns, went forth again for a wider and more thorough range of exploration.

Nearly all the servants of the house had gone out; Martha, the little girl's nurse and personal attendant, frantic with alarm, had been out ever since the child had been known to be missing; and gradually, as the alarm increased, one after another had stolen out, until only the old housekeeper remained, and the house stood with its doors and windows all open, but all unlighted, except by the streaming effulgence of the moon.

The miserable Grandfather, not daring to leave his home, where he was constantly called upon for consultation and direction as to the best means to be employed in prosecuting the search, wandered restlessly about the garden and grounds, in the vain hope that he might yet find his darling safe and asleep in some sheltered nook or corner. There is a strange and mysterious power in the full light of the moon's beams (*felt*, perhaps, by many who may have never consciously acknowledged or analyzed the feeling), a power of strongly intensifying the emotions either of joy or sorrow pervading the mind of the beholder. In the gay and merry scene, surrounded by friends and festive mirth, when gladness rules the hour, "and all goes merry as a marriage bell," the gayly shimmering light, glancing on all around us, and touching every thing with its own mysterious loveliness and beauty, seems to enfold us as a visible sense of the sympathy of universal nature, and excites and elevates the spirits like a glass of generous old wine. But in more pensive moods, in seasons of sorrow or loneliness, the clear, solemn effulgence falls cold and chilling around us; the starry heaven above us seems so far remote, so distant, that our hopes and faith falter on their way; the dimly-seen earth so chill and silent that the heart feels crushed and orphaned—a desolate, and it may be a forgotten, atom in the brilliant but unsympathizing immensity of space.

Something of this weighed heavily upon the old Colonel's spirits as he passed up and down the broad, trimly-kept paths, where the soft and scarcely moving shadows of the blossoming shrubs and tall trees lay in fair tracery upon the smooth gravel. Now and again, as the faint night-breeze freshened, there came to his ear, from hill-side or glen, the beating of drums, the barking of dogs, or the voices of the men, as they called aloud to each other to encourage themselves in their unsuccessful search; and here and there, in the groves and wooded hollows, he could catch the gleam of the lanterns, not needed in the more open places.

"Oh! my Baby, my Baby!" cried the old man, tremulously, as he listened to all this un-

wonted stir upon the night's stillness, "If they find her, and wake her suddenly with all these rude noises, they will frighten her out of her sweet senses!" and he wrung his hands in impotent terror.

Two or three times in his weary wanderings Colonel Morville had visited the lake-side, in fearful apprehension; and now it seemed as if some strange fatality attracted him there again. The little sheet of water lay calm and still, the bright moonbeams showering down on lake and tree, not a breath of wind ruffled the glittering surface, which lay like a burnished mirror in its light frame-work of green foliage.

As his heavy step sounded upon the gravel of the little beach a slight noise from the opposite bank startled him: surely something white was stirring there. His heart gave a great, bounding throb, and then fell like lead in his bosom. It was only the swans, Baby's "white birdies," whom his step had aroused. Accustomed to be fed by persons on the shore, they came sailing, stately in their serene magnificence, across the still waters, leaving a gleam of brightness on their trail; and coming up to his very feet, lifted their long, graceful necks, and looked at him with their bright, inquiring eyes; they were expecting their usual largess of food from his hands. But as the Grandfather met the gaze of those expectant eyes a sudden horror fell upon him. What might not those mute, inquiring eyes have seen? Those stately watchers, sitting there in their glossy plumage, white and silvery as angel wings, might they not be silent depositaries of a fearful secret? Pure as they looked, sailing round and round in their stately grace, might they not have lured his darling to her death-doom? Might they not know where down, down, deep on the pebbly bottom, where in the still moonlight their soft shadows were floating, there, still and ghastly, lay *something*!

In nameless dread and loathing (for his nerves were all unstrung) the Colonel raised his hand and drove them from the shore. Disappointed and alarmed, the creatures arched their long necks, turned their heads sideways, and uttered their low, peculiar cry, so plaintive now on the night air, and turning, sailed proudly and silently away, so apparently motionless that only two long, rippling lines of brightness, lengthening and widening behind them, showed that the winged voyagers had moved at all.

As the birds receded to the other side of the water a light cloud passed over the moon, and the waters of the lake grew black beneath the momentary shadow. An irrepressible shudder, which was not of the night air, shook the Colonel's frame with a fearful chill, and burying his face in his hands, the bereaved old man wailed forth, "Oh! my Baby, my Baby! shall I never behold your sweet blue eyes again!" He turned, and left the lake an aged man, bent and stooping, as if the weight of many years had fallen upon him in that one night of suspense and agony.

As he turned he saw that the summer night was nearly spent. It was the most cheerless hour in the whole twenty-four—the cold, cheerless hour of early dawn. Already the east was beginning to flush with the advent of a new day—a day that could bring no brightness to him!

He walked down the broad central walk of the garden, and entered again the little summer-house, where he had last held his darling in his loving arms. All was still and lonely there, and for a moment he stood gazing round him, stunned and bewildered by his grief, conscious of missing something, yet scarcely knowing what it was he missed. Then in the early gray light of the morning he saw the discarded lesson-book lying upon the floor, just where the frolic hands had tossed it; he gathered it up, kissed it reverently (for it was the last thing that he could remember which those dear hands had touched), and placed it in his bosom; then he sat down by the little study-table, and covering his face with his hands, prayed long and fervently. He rose at length, somewhat calmed and composed by this holy communing with "Him who doeth all things well," and returned to the house.

As he drew near the steps he saw one of the servants returning from the search, and called to him. It was James, his own man. There was no need of question or reply; each knew the other would have shouted out the glad news had there been any to tell.

"James!" The man started as the Colonel spoke—the voice was so broken; the clear, hearty, resonant voice, military in its tone of command, but ever courteous, was shrunk to a childish, piping treble. "James," it said, "have the horses saddled at once. I must ride to the village to make arrangements for having the lake—" He could not finish the sentence, but with a bitter sob passed on toward the house.

"God help him, poor old gentleman!" said the man, looking sorrowfully after him. "It will kill him, sure as fate!"

Slowly and painfully Colonel Morville ascended the steps—those steps where he had last beheld his darling, her sweet face and fairy figure all flushed and glorified by the slant beams of the setting sun as she kissed her little hand in farewell to him. Ah, was that parting their final one? As he entered the hall-door the housekeeper met him, and with silent thoughtfulness handed him a cup of strong coffee. The old man received it mechanically, and drank it off in silence, handing back the cup, for the first time in many years, without his old-fashioned, courteous "Thank you!"

Then he ascended to his own apartment. As he entered his dressing-room his eye was caught by seeing upon the lounge the shade-hat he had given Baby to take to his room for him. The child had then returned to the house, as he had bidden her to. As he sprung forward to grasp the hat, mute evidence of Baby's obedience, he knocked a book from the table in his

eager haste; it fell with a loud noise. What was that? Surely something stirred in the dimly lighted room. A little playful cry, and out from under the sheltering lounge, smiling, all flushed and dewy with her long night's rest, rolled his living darling—safe, safe! not a hair of her dear head injured!

With a loud cry of joy he snatched her to his breast, and sprung through the low, open window out on to the balcony. "*Found! Found! Found!*" he shouted, in clarion tones. Ah, the voice was not broken now! Loud, clear, and sonorous, it had the ring of a battle-trumpet! "*Found! Found! Found!*"

In another moment James had sprung upon one of the saddled horses, and galloped to the village, shouting as he went, "*Found! Found! Found!*" and in less than five minutes more the glad joy-bell, peal on peal, sent out the tidings on the fresh morning air.

As the gladdening chimes rang out their welcome message over wood and dale, joyful answering shouts arose from the weary seekers over hill and plain; shout after shout went welling up; from north and south, from east and west, came the hearty response from hundreds of eager voices. Then the stragglers began to come in, by twos, by threes, by tens, by scores, till the lawn was crowded with them. Baby, all bright and smiling, with her blue ribbons a little the worse for wear, and her soft golden hair all a mass of loose, tangled curls, stood upon a table by the side of her Grandfather, whose loving arm encircled her, as if he could not trust his treasure out of his grasp again.

Tears in Grandpapa's eyes, smiles on Baby's lips; they stood thus together to receive the heart-felt congratulations of their friends. Hard hands that had guided the plow and dug the soil trembled as they brushed away the unwonted tears, and came up silently to wring the Colonel's hand with a hearty grasp, or bestow a fatherly blessing on the little one; while hard-working mothers, more demonstrative, perhaps, but not less sincere, loudly congratulated the Colonel and caressed the child.

The wondering Baby, profoundly unconscious of the meaning of all this strange excitement, but delighted as much as surprised at finding herself the central object of all this interest and attention, nevertheless "accepted the situation" with childhood's beautiful facility; she bowed and nodded, and lavished her innocent smiles on all around her, and held out her little dimpled hand to be kissed, with a grace and a baby dignity that the imperial Baby of France, with all his court training, could never have exceeded; then, lifted high in her Grandfather's arms, the little one lisped out her general invitation to all their good friends who had been out in her service the past night to visit Grandpapa and herself at four o'clock the next afternoon.

Three hearty, wide-ringing cheers for the beautiful little speaker, and then three more for the happy Grandfather, and the little crowd

dispersed; Martha bore away her little charge to be washed and dressed and have her breakfast, and the Colonel retired to his own room.

The next day there was a great amount of stir at Morville Place; the lawn was mowed, tents were pitched, and tables set up; dispatches went off to town and village; great hampers arrived, and were opened in haste, and their contents hurriedly unpacked and spread by busy hands upon the long tables; but by four o'clock all was in readiness, and Colonel Morville in his best suit, and Baby in a flutter of rose-colored ribbons, stood hand in hand at

the top of the steps to receive their guests. There was eating and drinking; toasting and speech-making; music and dancing; feasting and fun, and lavish gifts—all went off just as it should do. But if you would know more in detail of the varied enjoyments of that memorable day, go into any house within five miles of Morville Place, and lead the conversation to the day when the Colonel's child was missing, and you may hear a story bounded only by the speaker's want of breath, or the listener's want of patience; and the little heroine of all that long story will be—Grandpapa's Baby.

CHIVALROUS AND SEMI-CHIVALROUS SOUTHRONS.

By J. W. DE FORREST.

II.

PROCEEDING with my sketches of our Southern and very nearly torrid brethren, I come to:

POLITICAL FEELING.

Walking the streets of Greenville I met a child of six or seven—a blonde, blue-eyed girl with cheeks of faint rose—who, in return for my look of interest, greeted me with a smile. Surprised at the hospitable expression, and remembering my popularly abhorred blue uniform, I said, "Are you not afraid of me?"

"No," she answered; "I am not afraid. I met three Yankees the other day, and they didn't hurt me."

We of the North can but faintly imagine the alarm and hate which have trembled through millions of hearts at the South at the phrase, "The Yankees are coming!" The words meant war, the fall of loved ones, the burning of homes, the wasting of property, flight, poverty, subjugation, humiliation, a thousand evils, and a thousand sorrows. The Southern people had never before suffered any thing a tenth part so horrible as what befell them in consequence of this awful formula, this summons to the Afrites and Furies of desolation, this declaration of ruin. Where the conquering army sought to be gentlest it still devoured the land like locusts; where it came not at all it nevertheless brought social revolution, bankruptcy of investments, and consequently indigence. A population of bereaved parents, of widows, and of orphans, steeped in sudden poverty, can hardly love the cause of its woes. The great majority of the Southerners, denying that they provoked the war, looking upon us not as the saviours of a common country, but as the subjugators of their sovereign States, regard us with detestation.

I speak of the "chivalrous Southrons," the gentry, the educated, the socially influential, the class which before the war governed the South, the class which may soon govern it again. Even if these people knew that they had been in the wrong they would still be apt to feel that their punishment has exceeded their crime, be-

cause it has been truly tremendous and has reached many who could not be guilty. I remember a widowed grandmother of eighty and an orphan grand-daughter of seven from each of whom a large estate on the Sea Islands had passed beyond redemption, and who were in dire poverty. When the elder read aloud from a newspaper a description of some hundreds of acres which had been divided among negroes, and said, "Chattie, that is your plantation," the child burst into tears. I believe that it is unnatural not to sympathize with this little plundered princess, weeping for her lost domains in fairy-land.

Imagine the wrath of a fine gentleman, once the representative of his country abroad, who finds himself driven to open a beer saloon. Imagine the indignation of a fine lady who must keep boarders; of another who must go out to service little less than menial; of another who must beg rations with low-downers and negroes. During the war I saw women of good families at the South who had no stockings; and here I beg leave to stop and ask the reader to conceive fully, if he can, the sense of degradation which must accompany such poverty; a degradation of dirt and nakedness, and slaternly uncomeliness, be it observed; a degradation which seemed to place them beside the negro. Let us imagine the prosperous ladies of our civilization prevented only from wearing the latest fashions; what manliest man of us all would like to assume the responsibility of such a piece of tyranny?

Moreover, "Our Lady of Tears," the terrible *Mater Lachrymarum* of De Quincey's visions, fills the whole South with her outcries for the dead. It is not so much a wonder as a pity that the women are bitter, and teach bitterness to their children.

Of course there are lower and more ridiculous motives for this hate. Non-combatants, sure of at least bodily safety, are apt to be warlike, and to blow cheap trumpets of mock heroism. Furthermore, it is aristocratic to keep aloof from Yankees; and what woman does not desire to have the tone of grand society?

When will this sectional aversion end? I

can only offer the obvious reflection that it is desirable for both North and South, but especially for the weaker of the two, that it should end as quickly as possible. For the sake of the entire republic we should endeavor to make all our citizens feel that they are Americans, and nothing but Americans. If we do not accomplish this end, we shall not rival the greatness of the Romans. It was not patricianism which made Rome great so much as the vast community and bonded strength of Roman citizenship. Let us remember in our legislation the law of solidarity: the fact that no section of a community can be injured without injuring the other sections; that the perfect prosperity of the whole depends upon the prosperity of all the parts.

This idea should be kept in view despite of provocations; this policy will in the end produce broad and sound national unity. As the Southerners find that the republic brings them prosperity they will, little by little, and one by one, become as loyal as the people of other sections.

FINANCIAL CONDITION.

In Naples and Syria I have seen more beggarly communities than the South, but never one more bankrupt. Judging from what I learned in my own district I should say that the great majority of planters owed to the full extent of their property, and that, but for stay-laws and stay-orders, all Dixie would have been brought to the hammer without meeting its liabilities. When I left Greenville there were something like a thousand executions awaiting action; and, had the Commanding General allowed their collection, another thousand would have been added to the docket. I have known land to go at auction for a dollar and twelve cents an acre, which before the war was valued, I was told, at seven or eight dollars the acre. Labor was equally depreciated, able-bodied men hiring out at seventy-five cents a day if they found themselves; at twenty-five cents if found by their employers. The great mass of the farmers could not pay even these wretched wages, and were forced to plant upon shares, a system unsuited to a laboring class so ignorant and thoughtless as the negroes.

It seemed unjust that debts should retain their full valuation when all other property was thus depreciated. Yet I doubt the practical wisdom of the stay-orders. I think it would have been better to let the whole row of staggering bricks go over; then every one would have known where he was, and industry would have resumed its life. As it was, there was a prolonged crisis of bankruptcy, in which neither debtor nor creditor dared or could take a step. It was a carnival of Micawberism; hundreds of thousands of people were waiting to see what would turn up; they were living on what remained of their property without working to increase it; why should they accumulate when the creditor might seize the accumulation?

This financial and moral paralysis was fostering dishonesty. People who had in other days been honorable descended to all sorts of trickeries, in the hope of saving property which did not seem to be covered by the stay-orders. I was teased with applications to use my authority in preventing the collection of debts, the administration of estates, and the levying of taxes. In short, the stay-system was transforming the chivalrous Southrons into a race of—Micawbers.

There would have been more hope in the future of my district but for the exhausted soil and the wretched agriculture which had been bequeathed to it by slavery. Land which, under proper cultivation, will produce two generous crops a year, had been reduced, by lack of manure and of management, to one crop, varying from ten to two bushels the acre. The common plow-share of the country is about six inches wide by ten long, and this is used until it is worn into what is called a "bull-tongue," a phrase which aptly describes its shape and size. This triviality does not turn a furrow; it scratches the earth like a harrow.

Here and there, at monstrous intervals, a planter uses Northern plows and manure, gathering his forty and eighty bushels of corn to the acre. His neighbors look on with astonishment, but without imitating him, as if his results were magic, and beyond merely human accomplishment. A German colony, planted at Walhalla, in the northwestern corner of South Carolina, has converted a tract of some thousands of acres into a garden of fertility. Among their Anglo-Saxon neighbors you can not discover a sign of their influence. What is to become of this bull-tongued and bull-headed race? I sometimes thought that there was no hope of the physical regeneration of the South until immigration should have rooted out and replaced its present population.

In this same land numberless water-privileges send their ungathered riches to the sea, and the earth is crowded with underground palaces of mineral wealth. The climate, too, is unrivalled: the summer heat in Greenville was rarely too great for walking, its highest point being usually eighty-four; while the winter brought at the worst two or three falls of snow, which melted in two or three days. Neither in Europe, nor along the shores of the Mediterranean, have I found a temperature which, during the year round, was so agreeable and healthful. You can see what it is in the remarkable stature of the men, and in the height, fullness of form, and beauty of the women. My impression is that the entire Alleghany region, from Maryland down into the north of Georgia, is a paradise for the growth of the human plant. If bodily comforts and intellectual pleasures existed there, I should advise all New England to emigrate to it.

Yet it is poorer than Naples, and before the war it was not richer. So much for the political economy of the chivalrous Southron, and

so much for his rule-or-ruin statesmanship, and, in one word, so much for slavery!

SOUTHERN LOYALISTS.

I class the loyalists of my district under the head of "semi-chivalrous Southrons," because, being seldom large planters or even slaveholders, they do not exhibit all the characteristics of the "high-toned" population. They are mostly small farmers, inhabiting the mountains of Pickens and of a certain portion of Greenville known as the Dark Corner. I did not always find it easy to distinguish them from rebels. One gaunt old female laid claim to Bureau rations on the double ground that she was a good Union woman, and that she had lost two sons in the Confederate army. This story was so contradictory that I believed it, remembering first that truth is often much more improbable than falsehood; and, second, that many loyal families saw their children carried off by rebel press-gangs.

These poor, uncultured, and, in some cases, half-wild people have always been true to the United States Government. In the days of Nullification, and in other subsequent disunion excitements, when Governor Perry (or, as they called him, Ben Perry) fought a good fight against Calhounism, they were his firmest supporters, and regarded him with something like adoration. As a Greenvilleite said to me, "They believed they would go to him when they died."

"But now," in the words of one of their patriarchs, "Ben Perry has fallen from the faith;" and consequently the mountaineers have deserted him in a body, and stigmatize him as "the biggest reb agoing." One of the prime staples of the Republican speeches which I heard in that region was the showing up of the apostasy of this distinguished "central monkey."

THE MOUNTAINEERS DURING THE WAR.

It is a striking instance of the reliability of history that I never learned to my satisfaction the date or manner of the famous advance of the mountaineers upon Greenville during the war. One informant assured me that it took place before Bull Run; that the loyal men of the Dark Corner and vicinity mustered six hundred strong; that they marched toward the low-country with the intention of forcing South Carolina back into the Union; that Greenville, unable to meet such a host in the field, sent forth Governor Perry to dissipate it by the breath of his eloquence. This dramatic informant, rising from his chair and extending his arm, proceeded to deliver with flashing eye and thunderous tongue a fragment of the Governor's oration:

"Men of Greenville," he represented him as saying, "the government under which you were born no longer exists; and that loyalty which you formerly owed it, and which you rendered so nobly, is now due to the Confederate States." Whereupon the invaders separated into two bo-

dies, one of which went back to its mountains in wrath and discouragement, while the other formed two companies for the rebel army and fought heroically at Bull Run.

The other version of this affair is, that it took place late in the struggle; that there was no advance upon the low-country, but only a general marauding of deserters and other desperadoes; that the Confederate authorities offered them pardon in case they would surrender and agree to lead peaceful lives; that sixty or seventy of them were got together, and that Governor Perry was induced to make them a pacificatory speech; the result being that the majority of them laid down their bushwhacking rifles and resumed the ways of peace. As I had both these tales from good local authority the reader will be justified in believing them both. My own opinion inclines to accept the latter of the two as the most probable.

It is certain that the majority of the able-bodied men of the mountains were eventually bullied or dragged by main force into the rebel army. They sought to remain loyal; there is no reasonable doubt of that; but the conscription details were too much for them. Long lines of videttes were run clear through the mountains, and the distances between the lines were traversed by relentless patrols. Men who fled on being summoned to surrender were shot at once; they were massacred in their own door-yards in the presence of their families. It must be understood that by the Conscription Act every male Southerner was placed on the rolls of the Confederate army, and thus was constituted a deserter in case he failed to repair to the dépôt of the regiment to which he had been assigned. It was nominally as deserters, and not as Unionists, that these victims were murdered.

The rebel authorities even used blood-hounds to aid their troops in scouring the refractory mountains. "But that didn't amount to much," said a stalwart old mountaineer to me, with a chuckle. "The dawgs would run ahead yelping, and the boys would take a crack or two at 'em with a rifle, and that would be the end of the dawgs."

It took at least two lowlanders to catch one highlander, and when caught he was very nearly worthless as a soldier. He seldom fired a gun at the Yankees; if there was a chance to desert he improved it; if he got back to his native rocks he was a bigger pest than ever. Nearly all the youth of the Dark Corner were at one time or another chased into the rebel army, without doing it a particle of benefit.

Meantime, the elders of the mountains harbored such of our men as escaped to them from Columbia or Andersonville, and acted as guides in running them through the rebel lines to Eastern Tennessee. Several of them have shown me certificates to this effect from Union officers whom they had thus befriended.

"I tell you this paper was a mighty big scare to me as long as the war lasted," said a stoop-

ing, meagre farmer, in a threadbare suit of yellowish homespun. "If it had been found on me it would have cost me my life. I walked five miles and back for an auger to bore a hiding hole. I bored the hole in one of the inside beams of my house, put the certificate into it, and then drove a wooden hat-pin on top of it. The very next day there was a rebel detail along to search me for signs of Yankees. They looked me all through, but they didn't find nothin'. The captain hung his cloak up on that very hat-pin. When I see that, stranger, I could hardly help a-smilin'."

Solomon Jones, the Union patriarch of the mountains, a tall, robust, florid, hale man of over sixty, as alert and healthy as humanity can be at thirty, a kindly, generous, fair-minded, honorable though uncultured spirit, was persecuted during the war as the upright are persecuted in civil times. He was hunted from his house; he lay out for weeks in the forests, fed in secret by his family and friends; caught at last, he was thrown into Greenville jail with felons. His sole crime consisted in speaking against a rebel government, and for the government of his country. To the honor of Mr. Perry it must be mentioned that he procured the liberation of this martyr, and that he declared, with his accustomed courage, "If Jones deserves prison I deserve it, for he has said no more than I." To the bank credit of the Governor it must be added that he charged and collected a hundred dollars for the service. However, there were few men in the South who would have had the will or the fearlessness to do it at any price.

A UNION SOLDIER OF THE MOUNTAINS.

One drizzly autumn morning Solomon Jones brought into my office a man of about twenty, a lean, leathery, wild-looking youth, with a curiously stealthy and springy gait, like that of a panther, whom he introduced to me as John M'Lean.

"He's in trouble," said the patriarch, in his quick, jerky style of speaking. "Some of these rebels have got after him with the law. He's been a soldier in your army. He's your brother. See if you can help him."

My pantherish brother proceeded to state that he had been arrested on a charge of horse-stealing, at the suit of a "reb" neighbor, and that his case was to come off before the District Court then in session.

"You know what the penalty for horse-stealing is, I s'pose?" he said, with a wild grimace, at the same time pointing to his left ear in token of hanging.

His discharge from the army was perfectly regular in form, and showed that he had been private in a loyal North Carolina regiment.

"Yes, I run the lines and joined our folks in East Tennessee," loudly declaimed John, whom I now discovered to be under the influence of liquor. "Then I enlisted with a heap more of our mountain folks; and they put us

into the North Carolina regiments. And we did heaps of fighting, Major, I can tell you. We took to it. I say, uncle Sol, can't the mountain men fight?"

"Yes, they can fight," returned Jones. "Go on with your story; show the Major your other paper."

The other paper turned out to be a permit from the chief of some hospital in the West, giving John M'Lean leave of absence for four days. The date was important; it was very nearly the date of the alleged theft; if genuine, the paper proved an alibi. Documents in hand, I bade John M'Lean follow me, repaired to the private room of the Solicitor, and stated the case.

"I shall drop the prosecution," said the Solicitor. "These papers seem to be genuine and to the point. Moreover, the prosecutor has failed to bring his witnesses. John M'Lean can go home."

"And how about my witnesses?" respectfully whispered John, as two long, lean North Carolinians, his former comrades in arms, presented themselves at the door.

"They can all go," said the legal official. "I sha'n't want them."

"I want to discourage these suits," observed the Solicitor to me in private. "They are mostly vindictive results of the war. They tend to keep up bad blood, and I am anxious to escape them." Shortly after my return to my office John M'Lean appeared, drunker than ever.

"I say, Major, you've got to take something for this," he insisted, loudly. "Come down on me for any thing I've got. That's what I want. Just come down on me."

When I refused pay, presents, and drinks, he rushed to his wagon, picked out a dozen superb apples, and persisted in leaving them on my table.

During the day I saw him staggering about among numerous other staggerers. There was the usual crowd in attendance on court, and it had drunk its lawful allowance of whisky.

Next morning John was again on hand, sick and sorry by this time, with a bend toward the maudlin. Twisting his face into the pucker of an aggrieved child he let fall a couple of manly, mountain tears, and whimpered, "Major, I wish I had my me—wl."

"What has become of your mule?"

"Major, a nigger has got him. He says I swapped a horse for him. God Almighty knows I wouldn't swap away my mawl for sech a horse."

So I went out anew to investigate the troubles of John M'Lean. I found that he had swapped his mule for a horse with a white man, who had immediately turned the animal over to a negro by means of another swap.

"Well, John," I said in substance, "you made your bed when you were drunk, and you must lie upon it now that you are sober."

Puckering his face up to a maudlin whimper,

he sobbed out, "Major, I wish I was in Nor—th Carliny."

"I wish to Heaven you were!" was my impatient answer.

Eventually all the bargaining parties reversed their barter, and John M'Lean drove off with his mawl to North Carliny.

A PLANTER UNIONIST.

He was not a mountaineer, but lived a few miles from the base of the hills, where he owned thousands of acres of fat bottom and fair upland. He was a man, I suppose, of fifty, but in some respects he did not seem over forty. His beard of a day's growth showed grizzly, but his long dark brown hair had scarcely a trace of silver. Unlike the majority of the lengthy-limbed population of the Alleghany slopes, he was short and broadly built. His face was very red, and his eyes a little bloodshot. He bore unmistakable signs of being a regular and by no means stingy drinker of his own excellent white whisky. But he was an honest, worthy, generous, hospitable, honorable nature. I had heard of him, and of his tribe and set, as determined Unionists. Loopers and Durhams. "Gualandi con Sismondi e Lanfranchi." Yet, stubborn as they were, the Confederacy had known how to make them bend.

"My son went into their army," he said to me. "It was go in or be shot. I never went in. I furnished a substitute, and did every thing under God's heaven to escape it. Yet they were always after me. I was open-mouthed. Every body knew what Looper thought.

"They took every cow that I had, curse me if they didn't! One day a party of twenty came, with a lieutenant at their head. I saw them at my barn, and went out to meet them. Said they, 'Have you any claims on these cattle?' Says I, 'By —, they are mine.' Says they, 'We are going to take them for the Government to help carry on the war. What are your opinions of the war?' Says I, 'It's a dam wicked war, and you are a dam set of fools for trying it.' Says the Lieutenant, 'You say another word, and we'll hang you to the next tree.' 'By —, you may hang me,' says I; 'but as long as I live you can't shut my mouth.' I tell you I cursed them as long as they staid. If you doubt what sort of a man I am ask any body in Pickens District. Every body knows me. Every body knows what Looper is.

"Ah, those dam scoundrels have robbed me cruelly! Every one of my cattle, and every horse except an old broken-down critter! But it can't be helped now. My son never went into your army, but he has done service for your side; he has helped your runaways through the lines. There was Adjutant Johnson; write to him if you don't believe it. Write to Captain Bray; he knows us.

"And now they've got my son, just for killing a dam rebel named Miller, who was passing himself off for the bushwhacker Largent, and insulting our women and children—just for

shooting that dam scoundrel they've got him shut up in the penitentiary, curse me if they haven't! Why, Sir, that Miller had been threatening to plunder me and kill me for harboring your men. He knew about my ways; every body knows Looper. My door had been broken in by the bushwhackers two nights before. I suppose I came near being shot. That was a way they had: make a noise at your door, perhaps call you to it; then if you opened it, fire! Off rides the bushwhacker in the dark, and nobody ever knows who he is. More than a dozen men in our district had been killed that way.

"I've got up a petition for my son's release. He ought not to be shut up there with thieves and rascals. He's as amiable and good and gentlemanly a boy of his age as there is, I don't care where. I'll show you the paper."

The document had a long list of signers, many of them, to my surprise, leading secessionists. But Looper was a man of property, influence, energy, and courage; and when Southern public feeling does not forcibly rid itself of such an antagonist it will treat him fairly. If it does not blow his brains out, it will subscribe his petitions. It has a certain martial respect for a courageous opponent.

The case of young Looper, a lad of only eighteen, by-the-way, was as follows: A North Carolinian named Miller, said to be one of the desperadoes who were set loose by the surrender of the Confederate armies, came to the house of one of the Durhams of Pickens District, and was entertained there. On his departure the son of the family sought out young Looper and an uncle of his own, named Andrew Durham, informed them that Miller was Largent, and induced them to join in an attempt to arrest him. When they found the North Carolinian he had fallen from his horse intoxicated, and was lying in the road. It was dusk; none of them knew Largent well; the drunken man raised himself on his elbow; the younger Durham whispered, "Take care!" Looper, aware of Largent's quickness with the pistol, fired, as he supposed, in self-defense, and with fatal effect.

Will it be credited that Largent visited Pickens jail to look at the two men who had sought to kill him, and that the jailer was so polite as to show him about the establishment without broaching the idea of arresting him? Young Durham stared in alarm through his grated door at the renowned desperado, and pacifically, meekly, humbly asked him for a chew of tobacco, as a vanquished Indian might request the pipe of peace.

"No," replied Largent; "I don't mean to be stingy of my tobacco, but d—d if I give chaws to men who try to bushwhack me!"

Such is the sublime indignation of injured innocence—in Pickens District!

On the trial it appeared that young Durham knew Miller, and could not have mistaken him for Largent; also that he had seen a roll of currency in Miller's possession, and had subse-

quently transferred it to his own pockets, whence it was inferred that he had instigated the assassination for the sake of robbery. He was found guilty of murder, and condemned to death; young Looper was found guilty of manslaughter, and condemned to seven years in the penitentiary; Andrew Durham was acquitted. After a few months Governor Orr pardoned Looper, and commuted the punishment of Durham to imprisonment for life.

A UNIONIST WIDOW.

She was a woman I suppose of thirty-eight, but looking forty-five. Her form was middle-sized, square, and thin; her sallow face square, with strong jaws and large dark gray eyes; her expression uncultured, and—but for a certain earnestness—commonplace. When she came to Greenville, riding sometimes in an ox-cart and sometimes in an open farm-wagon, she always wore her best dress of blue checked homespun, narrow in the skirt—no crinoline, no gewgaws. At home her attire was probably of tow-cloth, or coarse, unbleached cotton. Her invariable head-dress was the old-fashioned coal-scuttle bonnet, made of strips of pasteboard covered with calico, and having a cape to shield the neck and shoulders.

She had visited all my predecessors; she came repeatedly to see me; she called on the magistrates, the Solicitor, the United States Commissioner, the Collector of the Internal Revenue; always with the same grim purpose—vengeance on the murderers of her husband. She staid whole days in the village, going about from office to office, detailing her wrongs and asking counsel.

"My husband was drawn for the war," she narrated to me. "He was a good Union man, and wouldn't go to fight agin the Government. Besides, what was to come of his family if he went off to the army? So they sent a detail after him. I know several of the men in the detail; I can give their names when they are wanted; but one of them I'll tell you now, because you know him. It was James Parsons, of our settlement; he was one of the first and fastest to kill my poor man; and since the war they've made him a Square!

"Well, they come down upon us before we knew it. My old man was out in the yard; he run a little ways, but they caught him. They took him into a holler where thar was a piece of woods, and there they set him up against a tree, some say, and shot him; others say they shot him as he was running—I don't know; I was in the house and didn't see it, but I heard the firing. Yes, I heard the firing! When I run out to see what was the matter some of 'em met me, and says they, 'Your old man is dead; we shot him for a deserter; you'll find him down there a piece!' Well, I ran down to the holler, but when I got thar it was over."

Such was the tragedy. Was it legally a crime? Two or three similar cases had been already presented to me, and I had in vain at-

tempted to bring them before the local courts, the complainants alleging that it would be useless to appeal to a "reb jury." As for military action, General Sickles had by order forbidden that, except where the civil authorities had refused to prosecute. So far as I knew no case like this one had any where been brought before a military commission. Thus I had no precedents to guide me.

"If I could git it before the United States Court I could git justice," continued the woman, in her dreary monotone.

As the Commissioner was next door, I took her in to him. He stated that the affair was not between citizens of different States, and that consequently he had no manner of jurisdiction over it.

"You must bring your complaint as other people bring theirs," I then said. "You must make your affidavit before a magistrate, and thus have it presented to the grand jury. If the magistrate, or the jury, or the court refuses to act, then you can appeal to the military authority."

"But our Square is one of the very men who killed my husband," she replied, raising her voice in natural indignation at such a state of things.

"Then go to the next Squire. Try it. It is the only way. Let me know what the result is."

Over and over she returned to me; she absolutely haunted the district in search of justice; yet she could not be induced to make her complaint legally. "What was the use of going before reb Square and a reb jury?"

Once she informed me that several of those concerned in the tragedy had proposed to pay her a moneyed compensation, in case she would agree not to bring suit against them.

"By all means accept the offer," I counseled. "Even if you could get your suit before an unprejudiced court, it is not certain that these men would be found guilty of murder."

"What! didn't they kill my old man?"

"Yes; but they killed him as soldiers; they were acting under the orders of superiors; it will be hard to fix the responsibility on any individual. Moreover, if they can be tried for shooting him, other Confederates can be tried for shooting other loyal citizens. All the deaths of all the Union soldiers during the war might be brought into court. You are poor; you need money to enable you to live; if you can get it, give up the vengeance which you probably can not get."

Her reply was worthy of the hot blood and pugnacious education of the Southron, whether chivalrous or semi-chivalrous.

"Stranger," she said, "I would rather see the men hung that shot my old man than have lots to eat and wear. I want justice more than money."

I asked Parsons the magistrate for his version of this bloody story. He was, as I have

described him in another article, a plain and poor farmer, dressed in homespun, mild in expression, quiet in manner, with a slow, soft utterance, and evidently in feeble health. He showed me his right arm, withered to the shoulder by rheumatism.

"I was drawn for the army, and sent to Virginia," he told me. "Then the surgeons rejected me as unfit for field-duty on account of this arm. After that I was put into the home guards. Almost every body was put into the home guards who couldn't do full service; it was made up of old fellows, boys, sick men, and wounded. Their duty was to keep order around home, collect stuff for the army, and hunt deserters. It was a detail of the home guard that went after this man. He had been summoned, and he had failed to join his company, and so they posted him as a deserter. I didn't make the law, and I couldn't help executing it. I was as much under orders as if I had been in the regular army. If I didn't shoot I might be shot myself. It would be hard to say who killed him. Several men fired as he was running, and he fell. I didn't want to hurt him; I had nothing against him. It was the war that did it."

Yes, it was the war that did it; and that palpable monster will probably be the only one who will ever answer for it; there is no likelihood that the case will come before a court of justice. It is better so; let us bury the bloody past as deep as we can; the present has better and more pressing work on hand than vengeance.

THE UNIONISTS AS A PARTY.

"Why don't you extend your operations into other districts?" I sometimes asked of the loyalists of Greenville.

"Yes, and run a mighty smart chance of being bushwhacked," was the usual answer.

Even the pugnacious mountaineers of the Alleghany ranges had not thrown off the terrorism of the Confederacy and the domination of the "chivalry." Notwithstanding its military and financial overthrow, the old planter class, with its superior education, its experience in politics, and its habit of authority, is still the most potent moral force of the South. It is the high crime and misdemeanor of President Johnson that he has so managed matters as to re-consolidate this lately shattered class into a party, the same old party that it was before the war, a purely sectional party, a Southern party. Justice, however, compels me to add that this unfortunate result is partly due to the suspicions, fears, and prejudices of the Southern Unionists.

"I want to join the League," said more than one intelligent citizen of Greenville to me, or to others whom I knew. "But the Leaguers won't have me; they blackballed my application. Some of them tell me that I have too much land to get in. You know they are still in hopes of confiscation."

When I spoke to the Leaguers about such an

applicant, their reply was usually to this effect: "We can't trust him. He has been too good a reb; he served in the Confederate army. He's no true man, all he wants is to save his land or get office; if he should get in, he would betray us."

"But your party won't fill an omnibus if you go on in this style," I expostulated. "Of course, some people are guided by their own interests; but they may be valuable members of society notwithstanding. Here you go, rejecting men of education, political experience, social influence; you won't have a convert unless he is poor, ignorant, stupid, and of no value; you are making a party without money and without brains. You are turning lukewarm friends into open enemies, who in less than four years will outmanœuvre you and beat you. It looks as if you were afraid of clever recruits, lest they should seize upon the offices."

The invariable stubborn response was, "Well, we don't want no rebs."

The result was that the Union party of Greenville District contained, so far as my knowledge extended, but one planter of family and culture; and that its next best man was a circuit preacher blessed with a common school education and an experience of living on three hundred dollars a year. Having heard him speak, I believe him to be a good preacher; but he is no fit opponent for Wade Hampton or Governor Perry. As a Republican and a lover of the Union I am filled with wrath when I think of the men who might have been and should have been in his place.

Solomon Jones, the sheik of the mountains, a man of unusual "horse sense" and moral vigor, the projector and builder of one of the best roads over the Blue Ridge spurs, writes with so much difficulty that when he was president of a board for enrolling electors his signatures were all made for him by the secretary. In other words, he did not set pen to a single one of the hundreds of official papers which exhibit his name. Yet so bare is the Union party of character, talent, and education, so successfully has it repelled the penitent rebels of the higher class who at one time would have rejoiced to join it—in short, so deficient is it in the proper material wherewith to fill responsible offices, that Solomon Jones was at one time spoken of as candidate for Governor! Knowing the man's superior natural abilities, I have no doubt that, with a good secretary, he would have made a fair chief magistrate; but in this century one recoils from the idea of a Governor who needs as much time to sign his name as Dexter needed to trot a mile.

Of carpet-baggers, that is Northern adventurers hunting office, we had none in Greenville. They flourished in the low-country, where the native Unionists were few and the negroes were many and ignorant. Judging from what I heard of them and read of their effusions, I am forced to agree with rebels and Copperheads that they are a poor lot and a bad lot. It is a

pity that revolutions, even the noblest of revolutions in cause and effect, will fling so much scum to the surface. However, the carpet-baggers are not "Southrons," and this article has nothing to do with them.

I have made a doleful exhibit of the Union party in Dixie. If any one thinks it exaggerated let him write to the military commandants of the Southern districts, and ask them how easy it was to find men for inspectors of elections who could both take the oath of loyalty and produce a decently spelled letter. From Virginia to Texas it is a party of the most excellent principles, except in the matters of murdering our mother English, and of committing political suicide. If the Republicans of the North can not renovate it, and if it does not draw over recruits from the educated classes of the South, how long will it continue to rule? I leave the response to a people which believes in free schools and in the power of education. Within the narrow limits of a city, where combinations of masses are easily effected, an ignorant populace may permanently govern a cultured class; but I do not know that this has ever been done, and I do not believe that it can be done, where such an antagonism is spread over a broad range of country.

SOUTHERN INDIVIDUALITY.

Whether chivalrous or semi-chivalrous, the Southerner has more individuality of character than the Northerner, and is one of the most interesting, or, at all events, one of the most amusing, personages on this continent, if not in the world. He has salient virtues, vices, and oddities; he has that rich, practical humor which is totally unconscious of being humorous; he in the gravest manner decorates his life with ludicrous and romantic adventures; in short, he is a prize for the anecdotist and novelist. Dixie has thousands of high-toned gentlemen who suppose themselves to be patterns of solemn and staid propriety, but who would be fit to associate with the Caxtons and Doctor Riccabocca. In that land of romance you will find Uncle Toby and Squire Western and Sir Pitt Crawley and Colonel Newcome and Mr. Pickwick and Le Chourineur, all moving in the best society and quite sure that they are Admirable Crichtons.

In what other part of the civilized earth would a leading statesman write a ponderous political work in dialogue, after the fashion of the essays of Plato and Cicero? Such a gusto of classical imitation might possibly be found in a Harvard Sophomore; but at the South we discover it in an ex-United States Congressman and ex-Vice-President of the Confederacy. Alexander H. Stephens is as redolent of Greeks and Romans, as verdant with lore, as Keitt or Pryor.

Where else could you meet such a curious incarnation of the apostolic character as ———, a planter by profession and habitude, but a preacher by mission? He was a passionate religionist; if he met you in the street he but-

tonholed you and vented upon you his dogmas; chance passers-by were beckoned to until he had a circle; you listened because you dared not run away. One Sunday, exhorting in a little cross-roads church, and having been annoyed by two negroes stealing out of the house, he came to a solemn pause in his service, and then spoke as follows: "Next Lord's day I shall hold worship in this same place. I shall bring my double-barreled gun; I shall stand that gun, brethren, in the pulpit, alongside of me; and, if any man gets up and goes out while I am preaching, by ——! I'll shoot him."

A half-fuddled planter called on me one evening and invited me out to a treat of stewed oysters. The restaurant was the back-room of a bakery; we sat on broken chairs, among sticky pans, spilled flour, and loaves of dough; the oyster-cans were opened with an old bowie-knife. When the stews were before us my friend observed: "Come, don't let's eat this like savages. Major, can't you ask a blessing?" As I declined, he pulled his broad-brimmed felt from his muddled cranium and said grace himself.

I knew a worthy old South Carolinian, bearing a name of Revolutionary notoriety, who would not invest his money at high profits, holding that "six per cent., my dear Sir, is the interest of a gentleman."

I knew another worthy old person who raised a set of white and a set of black children, treated both with generosity and affection, maintained an excellent character in his church, and died in the odor of public esteem.

I knew a planter who, having said in a drunken spree that he would sell his plantation for twenty thousand dollars, would not revoke his words when sober, although it was worth thirty thousand.

I knew of another planter who beat his beautiful wife as long as he lived, and at his death willed her a considerable property, on condition that she should never quit the State, he knowing that her chiefest desire was to remove to the North.

I knew Southerners who taught their slaves to read in spite of severe prohibitory laws, and who labored for their growth in morality and piety as missionaries labor for the conversion of the heathen.

I knew of a Louisiana lady who flogged a negro woman with her own hands until the sufferer's back was a vast sore of bruised and bloody flesh.

Audacity, vehemence, recklessness, passion, sentiment, prejudice, vanity, whims, absurdities, culture, ignorance, courtliness, barbarism! The individual has plenty of elbow-room at the South; he kicks out of the traces with a freedom unknown to our steady-pulling society; he is a bull in Mrs. Grundy's china-shop. Strangest of all, he believes that he is like the rest of the world, or, more accurately, that the rest of the world should be like him.

This remarkable personage, more striking in character and habits than the strange people whom the Brontë girls brought out of the depths of Yorkshire, has hitherto found no worthy painter. Even Mrs. Stowe has but faintly sketched two or three Southern portraits: a Louisianian—the type of languid gentility, without a vice, without a shadow; a Virginian—the type of well-bred jollity and good-nature, also without a shadow; a field-preacher—shrewd, coarse, humorous, and well enough. Her Eva is no more distinctively Southern than her Uncle Tom is honestly African. Her Mrs. St. Clair I consider a libel on the hard-working, careful, Southern housewife and mistress of a plantation.

The chivalrous Southron has been too positively and authoritatively a political power to get fair treatment in literature. People have not described him; they have felt driven to declaim about him; they have preached for him or preached against him. Northern pens have not done justice to his virtues, nor Southern pens to his vices.

The romances of Dixie, produced under a mixed inspiration of pamby-pambyism and provincial vanity, strong in polysyllables and feeble in perception of character, deserve better than any other results of human labor that I am aware of the native epithet of "powerful weak." The novelist evidently has but two objects in view: First, to present the Southron as the flower of gentility; second, to do some fine writing for his own glory. Two or three works by Kennedy and by the authoress of "Marion Harland" are the only exceptions to this rule. Not until the Southerners get rid of some of their local vanity, not until they cease talking of themselves only in a spirit of self-adulation, not until they drop the idea that they are Romans and must write in the style of Cicero, will they be able to so paint their life as that the world shall crowd to see the picture. Meantime let us pray that a true Southern novelist may soon arise, for he will be able to furnish us vast amusement and some instruction. His day is passing; in another generation his material will be gone; the "chivalrous Southron" will be as dead as the slavery that created him.

How shall we manage this eccentric creature? We have been ruled by him; we have fought him, beaten him, made him captive; now what treatment shall we allot him? My opinion is, that it would be good both for him and for us if we should perseveringly attempt to put up with his oddities and handle him as a pet. He resembles the ideal white bears described in the "Pearl of Orr's Island;" "there ain't no kinder creetur in the whole world if you'll only get the right side of him." It is true that he has wanted to eat us, which is exasperating; it is true that he still talks of eating us at some convenient season, which is ridiculous; but I believe that he suffered too much in our late struggle to seriously think of

renewing it; I hold that his war snorts are mere election buncombe.

A little letting alone, a little conciliation, a little flattery even, would soothe him amazingly; and if united with good government would in the end be sure to reconstruct him as a quiet citizen and sound patriot. The Republican party, while firmly maintaining the integrity of the country and the great results of the war in the advancement of human freedom, ought to labor zealously for the prosperity of the South, treat tenderly its wounded pride, forget the angry past, be patient with the perturbed present, and so create a true, heart-felt national unity.

ISABELLA II., EX-QUEEN OF SPAIN.

SOON after the battle of Leipsic, in 1813, when the throne of Napoleon was crumbling, Ferdinand VII., by the treaty of Valençay, was restored to the kingdom of Spain. He had spent several years, with his two younger brothers, Carlos and Francisco, in entire devotion to pleasure, in the luxurious château of Valençay and in its spacious hunting-grounds. The armies of England, aided by the Spanish peasantry, having driven Joseph Bonaparte and the French troops from the Peninsula, Napoleon was forced to restore the crown to Ferdinand.

The Spanish Cortes, assembled at Cadiz, composed almost exclusively of delegates from the cities, had formed a Constitution highly democratic in its character. This Cortes, re-assembled at Madrid, refused to ratify the treaty into which Ferdinand had entered with Napoleon. They consequently did not advance to meet their returning sovereign, and manifested their displeasure by very decisive words and deeds. They loudly demanded that the king should accept the Constitution; forbidding him, until he should do so, to adopt the title or exercise the functions of King of Spain.

Ferdinand, wedded to the doctrine of absolute power, under these circumstances hesitated to trust himself with the Cortes; and after having, by slow journeys, reached the provincial town of Valencia, remained there for a whole month, fearing to proceed to Madrid. The Cortes, it is said, represented but about five hundred thousand persons, who, residing in the large cities, had adopted democratic principles. The peasantry, numbering twelve millions, who were dispersed in the villages, were very unintelligent. Being almost entirely under the dominion of the priests, they were bitterly opposed to the Constitution. Strange as it may seem, the proof is unequivocal that they rallied around the king, received him with great enthusiasm, and clamored loudly for the re-establishment of the old régime of civil and ecclesiastical despotism. From the moment he entered the frontiers of Catalonia he was greeted with cries, in every town or village through which he passed, of "Down with the Cortes!" "Long live our absolute king!" Petitions were crowded upon him to reverse all the liberal decrees which had

been enacted during his absence, and to reign in the spirit of his ancestors. It will be so difficult for an American reader to credit this that we give the statement of Alison, corroborated by abundant Spanish and French testimony:

"The king was literally besieged with petitions, addresses, and memorials, in which he was supplicated, in the most earnest terms, to annul all that had been done during his captivity, and to reign as his ancestors had done before him. The Constitution was represented, and with truth, as the work of a mere revolutionary junta in Cadiz, in a great measure self-elected, and never convoked either from the whole country, or according to the ancient Constitution of the kingdom. There was not a municipality which did not hold this language as he passed through their walls; not a village which did not present to him a petition, signed by the most respectable inhabitants, to the same effect.

"The generals, the army, the garrisons besieged him with addresses of the same description. The minority of the Cortes, consisting of sixty-nine members, presented a supplication beseeching the king to annul the whole proceedings of their body, and to reign as his fathers had done. From one end of the kingdom to the other but one voice was heard—that of reprobation of the Cortes and of the Constitution, and prayers to the king to resume the unfettered functions of royalty."

These voices were in entire harmony with the secret inclinations of the king. Accordingly, on the 4th of May, 1814, he issued from Valencia a decree annulling every act of the Cortes, and restoring the government of absolute power to Spain. This decree was received with boundless enthusiasm. The advance from Valencia to Madrid was a continued triumph. The Cortes passed violent resolutions, and made a show of resistance. They sent out troops to oppose the approach of the king. These troops, instead of opposing Ferdinand, opened their ranks to receive him with shouts of "Long live our absolute king!" It is a saddening thought that a whole nation may become so debased as to co-operate eagerly in riveting the chains with which they are bound.

The Cortes, abandoned by all, fled in dismay across the country from Madrid to Cadiz. On the 13th of May the king entered Madrid in triumph. A cortège of over one hundred thousand persons crowded around him, filling the air with their acclamations. The few members of the Cortes who remained behind were arrested and thrown into prison. Ferdinand took his seat upon the throne of his Bourbon ancestors untrammelled by any Constitution, and swaying the sceptre of absolute power. He was a very weak man, thoroughly depraved in heart and corrupt in life, with scarcely a redeeming quality. His mother, Louisa, the wife of Charles IV., who was perhaps as worthless a creature as ever sat upon a throne, said of her son, "He has a mule's head and a tiger's

heart." Perhaps the mule and the tiger were never so slandered before.

Ferdinand immediately fell under the influence of a coterie of priests and nobles. Guided by their advice, it was his constant endeavor to restore every thing to the state of despotism existing before the revolution. He re-established the *Inquisition*, and crushed every indication of popular liberty. These measures greatly alarmed and exasperated the Liberal party. The king met the risings of discontent by a decree threatening every person who should be found either speaking or acting against Ferdinand VII. with death within three days by sentence of court-martial. Under this decree ninety persons were arrested in the city of Madrid alone in one night. Every prison soon became crowded, and it was found necessary to convert the vast monastery of San Francisco into a prison to find room for the multitude who were arrested.

On the 15th of September a decree was issued restoring the old feudal and seigniorial privileges which had been abolished. Every thing like free discussion was extinguished. This led to the establishment of secret societies, and especially the order of Freemasons. The *Inquisition* issued a proclamation denouncing these societies. And now came judicial murders, insurrections, guerrilla warfare, and frightful reprisals. A large number of Liberals were arrested. After repeated trials the judges declared that there was no evidence against the accused sufficient to justify their being condemned as traitors, or as persons exciting tumult or disturbances. The king, exasperated, ordered the proceedings to be brought to him, and by the exercise of his own despotic power pronounced upon thirty-two of them sentences of the most cruel kind. One was sentenced to ten years' service as a common soldier. Another, Señor Arguelles, one of the most eloquent members of the Cortes, was doomed to eight years' service as a common soldier, in chains.

The treasury was empty; the country impoverished by many years of civil war; robber bands were wandering every where; all industry was stagnant. The wretched realm was in a state of barbarism. The clergy, though they had boundless influence over their flocks, had no armed force with which to resist the universal brigandage which swept the country. Terror rendered the king merciless. The discovery of a conspiracy in Madrid caused the arrest, in every city and almost every town in the kingdom, of all persons found meeting after ten o'clock at night. Many of these, most of them members of the late Cortes, were imprisoned at Ceuta, loaded with irons. At dead of night they were put on board of a zebecque to be conveyed to distant exile, no one knew where. To rivet the chains of religious intolerance the order of Jesuits was re-established, and they were intrusted with the entire education of the young, both male and female.

Ferdinand, in previous years, when heir-ap-

parent to the throne of Spain, had married, for his first wife, his cousin Maria, a princess of Naples. She seems to have been a very lovely woman, gentle and affectionate. But her unfaithful, brutal husband led her a life of misery. After five years of suffering, during which, it is said, she often experienced the most coarse and vulgar abuse, she died, as was currently reported, of poison administered by her husband's hands. Ferdinand then applied to Napoleon for a wife from some member of the Bonaparte family. He was then striving to usurp the crown, and hoped thus to obtain the support of Napoleon. But as Charles IV., the nominal father of Ferdinand, wrote to Napoleon that his son had attempted the life of both his father and his mother, Napoleon decided that he could hardly recommend any of his nieces to marry the young man. Ferdinand, after having been eight years a widower, married his niece, Maria, daughter of the King of Portugal. At the same time his next younger brother, Don Carlos, married the elder sister of Isabel, who was heir-presumptive to the crown of Portugal. Ferdinand hated his brother Carlos, and was very anxious to secure an heir which would prevent his brother's accession to the throne.

In one year after her marriage Maria died childless, and Ferdinand hastily, a few months after her death, took another bride, marrying by proxy, Maria Josephine Amelia, niece of the Elector of Saxony. In the mean time there were insurrections and executions innumerable. For ten years Maria Josephine endured her husband, and then she sank childless into the grave. Ferdinand was now forty-five years of age, a worn-out debauchee. He was annoyed extremely by the thought that should he die without leaving an heir the sceptre would pass into the hands of his hated brother Carlos. He therefore immediately sought another bride, Christina, a daughter of the King of Naples. She was a frivolous girl, apparently without conscience, but twenty years of age. Carlos and his party violently opposed this union.

It is said that it was suggested to Christina by the Ministers of Ferdinand that a law higher than the claims of ordinary morality required that she should produce an heir to the throne. It is revolting to allude to these scenes of corruption. There was a private in the king's guard at Madrid by the name of Munoz. He was a very handsome young soldier, the son of a tobacconist. The queen adopted Munoz as her favorite, lavished upon him wealth and titles of honor. The king's friends exulted greatly, and Carlos and his party were correspondingly dismayed, when it was announced that Christina was about to become a mother. Should she give birth to a son, and should Ferdinand die, Christina would be invested with the regency until her son attained his majority. But should a daughter be born the crown would legally descend to Carlos; for there was a law, instituted nearly one hundred and fifty years before, which

strictly excluded females from the crown. There was thus still a chance for Carlos.

While all Spain was anxiously awaiting the issue the Carlists were exasperated and dismayed by the promulgation of a royal decree transmitting the throne to females as well as males. It is said that Christina and her old father confessor devised this scheme, to which they easily won over the imbecile and dying old king. Carlos and his friends were roused to the utmost intensity of rage. They declared that they would deluge Spain in the blood of civil war before they would submit to such an usurpation of power. At length, on the 10th of October, 1830, a daughter was born, Isabella, the present ex-Queen of Spain.

Some time before this Ferdinand had been compelled, by an insurrection in Madrid, to give an assent, though hypocritical, to the Constitution. Carlos was in closest association with the monks, and was regarded as the representative of ultra-religious fanaticism. It does not appear that there was at that time any republican party. All were in favor of a monarchy, though a few wished for a constitutional monarchy, while the many seemed to desire the reign of an absolute king. Under these circumstances the Liberal party, who were to choose between Ferdinand and Carlos, rallied around the former, who had professed assent to the Constitution. This Liberal party, notwithstanding the serious doubts as to the legitimacy of the infant Isabella, promptly recognized her claims to the crown. The Liberals, though few in number, consisted of energetic men, who enjoyed the advantage of being concentrated in the great cities. The Carlists were composed of the mass of the rural population.

Both parties began to gather their strength for civil war the moment Ferdinand should die. He was very infirm, trembling on the borders of the grave. He had appointed Christina regent, and through all the provinces of Spain the forces were marshaling for the great conflict. But suddenly it was announced that Christina was about again to become a mother. Should a son be born it would divest the Carlists of all claim whatever to the throne, unless they should dispute the parentage of the child. A few months of intense excitement passed away, with hope upon one side and fear upon the other, when the queen gave birth to another daughter, Louisa.

When Isabella was three years of age Ferdinand assembled the Cortes to take the oath of allegiance to her as their future sovereign. The Carlist members of the Cortes refused to heed the summons. It was the 30th of June, 1833. The festival was one of the most brilliant which Madrid had ever witnessed. The ancient forms and customs of barbaric splendor were scrupulously revived, and a bull-fight was arranged in the great Plaza of the city, of unprecedented magnificence. At night a blaze of light from every dwelling and every spire illumined the city with extraordinary brilliance.

The babe Isabella was the prominent object in this scene of enchantment. As she gazed in childish wonder upon the display, and was almost stunned with the oaths of allegiance which rent the air when she was presented as the Queen of Spain, little could she imagine the woes which in consequence were to lacerate her heart, and the rivulets of blood of which she was to be the occasion.

Not long after this the dying hour of Ferdinand came. It was one of the saddest and most humiliating scenes of earth. It has been described by an eye-witness. The pitiable old man, arriving at the close of a joyless life of infamy and of oppression, trembled in view of death, which he well knew was to plunge his country into all the horrors of civil war, and was to introduce him to the presence of that Judge from whose verdict there could be no appeal. Angry disputants were in the death-chamber, and their clamor blended with the groans of the dying.

The crown was falling from the brow of Ferdinand, and enraged relatives were watching to grasp it. From words they proceeded to blows, knives gleamed in the chamber of death; they seized each other by the hair, and in the fierce struggle reeled to and fro against the couch and almost upon the body of the dying king. The poor old man, his eye already dimmed by the film of death, was bewildered by the clamor, and groaned in irrepressible agony. The noise of the brutal fight filled the palace, and others gathered to mingle in the fray. At length the combatants were separated, and most of them withdrew from the apartment. The king seemingly had fallen asleep. Some one approaches the bed. Ferdinand was dead!

His life of sin and shame was ended. He had gone to the Judgment. But he had sown the seeds of crime and woe, which would desolate the nation many long years after his body should have mouldered to the dust. The death of Ferdinand was immediately followed by civil war, which burst forth with the utmost violence throughout the whole kingdom. By the decree of Ferdinand Isabella was proclaimed queen, under the regency of Christina. We have not here space to describe the scenes of violence and misery which ensued. Year after year billows of flame and woe surged over the land. Cities were sacked, villages burned, harvests trampled beneath the conflict of armies, and the cry of the unprotected maiden, of the widow and the orphan, ascended unceasingly to the throne of God.

Sometimes the troops of Carlos were victorious, and wreaked barbaric vengeance upon all the advocates of Christina. Again the troops of the regent Christina triumphed, and retaliated with direful reprisals upon their opponents. Thus for months and years the cruel war raged, and the peninsula was shrouded in woe. Spain seemed lapsing into barbarism. Education was neglected, industry perished, and blood-hound ferocity seemed to take possession of all hearts.

Foreign nations did not interfere, for they were divided in their sympathies. England and France gave their moral support to the regent Christina, as being the representative of the more liberal party of the two, while Austria and the Pope were in sympathy with the ecclesiastical intolerance which Don Carlos represented. Christina, anxious to secure the military support of France, made formal proposals to Louis Philippe for the double marriage of her two daughters, Isabella and Louisa, the first to the Duke d'Aumale, the third son of the King of the French, and the other to the Duke of Montpensier, his fourth son. Neither of the young princesses were then of marriageable age. But this proposition brought into prominence the question of the "Spanish Marriages," which soon agitated all the courts of Europe, and which for a time threatened to bring on a general war.

Louis Philippe, well aware that the other courts, and particularly the Cabinet of London, would not consent to so intimate an alliance between France and Spain as Christina had proposed, which would virtually make the two kingdoms one, courteously declined the hand of Isabella for the Duke d'Aumale, but accepted the hand of Louisa for the Duke of Montpensier. The English Cabinet was at this time understood to be intriguing for the marriage of Isabella with Prince Coburg, a cousin of Prince Albert. It ought, however, to be stated that this was denied by the British Government. Sir Robert Peel stated in Parliament on the 19th of January, 1847: "I shall content myself with making one observation: that the last Cabinet, as long as they were in power, never made any attempt to obtain for a prince of the house of Saxe-Coburg the hand of the Queen of Spain." This denial was regarded by France as a diplomatic falsehood. During the vicissitudes of the war Christina was at one time driven out of Spain and took refuge in Paris. Louis Philippe then embraced the opportunity to recommend to the Queen Regent the marriage of Isabella with one of her cousins, a son of Ferdinand's younger brother Francisco. "The object of this proposal," says Sir Archibald Alison, "was to exclude the pretensions of Prince Coburg, and at the same time to avoid exciting the jealousy of the British Government by openly courting the alliance for a French prince."

Francisco had two sons, both of them very worthless young men. Enrique, the elder, was coarse, brutal, an avowed atheist, but endowed with much energy of character. Francisco is represented as imbecile, besotted, and very repulsive in person. It is not probable that Louis Philippe was acquainted with the character of either of the young men. He was regarding only the political aspects of the question.

Such was the state of affairs when, in the autumn of 1842, Queen Victoria paid a friendly visit to the King of the French at the Château d'Eu in Normandy, which visit Louis Philippe,

a few months after, returned, being received by the queen with royal magnificence in the halls of Windsor. In these interviews between the two courts the question of the Spanish Marriages was earnestly canvassed. It was evident that the French monarch was anxious to secure as close an alliance as possible with Spain. It was also clear that the English Cabinet would not assent to any arrangement which would place the resources of the Spanish monarchy at the disposal of the King of France.

A compromise was finally effected through the agency of Lord Aberdeen and M. Guizot. It was agreed that Louis Philippe should renounce all pretensions on the part of any of his sons to the hand of Isabella; and that the Duke of Montpensier should not marry Louisa until after the queen, Isabella, was married and had had children. This was to prevent the Spanish crown from passing to the heirs of Louis Philippe. England agreed not to advance or to support the claims of the Prince of Saxe-Coburg. And both parties pledged themselves to urge that Isabella should choose her husband from among the descendants of Philip V., which, under the then existing circumstances, meant one of the two sons of Francisco.

Such an arrangement seems extraordinarily loose for national diplomacy. But the testimony of both parties is decisive upon this point. M. Guizot, the Minister of Louis Philippe, writes:

"As to the marriage of the Queen of Spain in particular the king had acted, from the opening of that question, with frankness and disinterestedness. He declared that he would neither seek nor accept that union for any of the princes, his sons; and that as to Princess Louisa he would not seek her for his son, the Duke of Montpensier, until the queen should be married and should have children. (*Que lorsque la reine serait mariée et aurait des enfants.*)"

In accordance with these stipulations Christina endeavored to induce her daughter Isabella to accept one of her cousins, Enrique or Francisco. It appears, however, that Isabella, who had grown up to be any thing but a gentle and pliant maiden, had a will of her own. She disliked both of her cousins, and strenuously refused to take either of them for her husband. Christina was much annoyed by the stubbornness of Isabella. She hoped, by promoting this marriage, to secure for herself and her child the moral if not the material support of both France and England. Civil war was still desolating Spain. The parties were too equally divided to hope for any speedy termination of the conflict. The Cortes urged Christina to press forward the marriage of Isabella. Louisa was betrothed to the Duke of Montpensier. But, as we have stated, her marriage could not take place until very considerable time after the marriage of Isabella. The Cortes placed the child-queen upon the throne in November, 1843. She was then thirteen years of age. Narvaez was military dictator, and in conjunction with Christina administered whatever there was of government in a realm ravaged by civil war.

Christina decided to attempt to secure the support of England by offering Isabella, and of course with her the crown, to the Prince of Saxe-Coburg. England was pledged to Louis Philippe not to favor this union. The French annalists say—and there is but little doubt that they say truly—that Christina made this proposal at the suggestion of Sir Henry Bulwer, the British ambassador then at Madrid. A very angry controversy arose between the Courts of France and England. The Cabinet of St. James denied that it had exerted any agency in the matter.

Louis Philippe, apprehensive that England might succeed in securing Isabella for the Prince of Saxe-Coburg, urged Christina to press forward immediately the marriage of the young queen with the youngest son of her uncle, Francisco. The young man was then called the Duke of Cadiz. Louis Philippe also resolved, without waiting, according to his agreement, for the marriage, etc., of Isabella, to have the nuptials of the Duke of Montpensier with Louisa celebrated at the same time with those of the young queen. This plan was carried into effect. The feeling which was aroused in England by this measure may be inferred from the following remarks of Sir Archibald Alison:

"Thus was the *entente cordiale* between the governments of France and England, so essential to the peace and independence of Europe, broken up—and broken up in such a way, and on such a question, that reconciliation between the parties was rendered impossible. Not only were national interests of the most important kind brought into collision, and national rivalries of the keenest sort awakened, but with these were mingled the indignation at broken faith, the soreness at overreached diplomacy. One chorus of indignation burst from the whole English press at this alleged breach of faith on the part of Louis Philippe, and the violation of the royal word, pledged to Queen Victoria, amidst the festivities of the Château d'Eu and Windsor Castle."

We have alluded to the repugnance of Isabella to accept either of her cousins for a husband. Francisco was peculiarly obnoxious to her. His feeble mind, squeaking voice, and repulsive person excited her contempt. But it was decided that Francisco was the one she must have; probably because Christina, with her Ministers, could more easily mould him to their will.

It is said that one night the unnatural mother, aided by one of her crafty Ministers, took the child of sixteen into an inner chamber of the palace to constrain her consent. The task was a hard one. Isabella was masculine and rugged in her person, and very inflexible in her determinations. Tears, bribes, flattery, menaces, were all for a time tried in vain. Hour after hour passed away as the resolute maiden resisted the expostulations and solicitations of her mother and the Minister until the day dawned. Then, overpowered, exhausted, despairing, she yielded, sullenly submitting to the outrage. Her mother, fearing lest she might change her mind, made arrangements

to have the marriage consummated as soon as possible. The death of Isabella without issue would transfer the crown to Louisa. And it is even reported loudly that Francisco was known to be *physically imbecile*, and that this consideration led the friends of the French alliance to urge the marriage.

The friends of Don Carlos were bitterly opposed to the marriage of Louisa with the Duke of Montpensier. The national pride of the Spaniards revolted at the thought of having a French prince come so near to the throne. There was great danger that the Duke of Montpensier would be waylaid and assassinated on his way to Madrid. It was, therefore, not deemed safe for him to cross the frontier unless accompanied by a strong armed retinue. Two thousand steel-clad dragoons composed his escort. Like the rush of the whirlwind they swept over the hills and vales. Both the princesses were married at the same time in October, 1846. After a hurried wedding, and a still more hurried marriage-feast, the maiden Louisa, fourteen years of age, was borne in triumph, as the Duchess of Montpensier, to Paris, where she was received with the warmest congratulations by the family of Louis Philippe.

A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* alludes to these two marriages in terms which very clearly reveal the excitement they at that time created:

"With Louisa less trouble was requisite. It needed no great persuasive art to induce a child of fourteen to accept a husband as willingly as she would have done a doll. Availing himself of the moment when the legislative chambers of England, France, and Spain had suspended their sittings—although, as regards those of the latter country, this mattered little, composed as they are of venal hirelings—the French king achieved his grand stroke of policy, the project on which there can be little doubt his eyes had for years been fixed. His load of promises and pledges, whether contracted at Eu or elsewhere, encumbered him little. They were a fragile commodity, a brittle merchandise, more for show than use, easily hurled down and broken.

"Striding over their shivered fragments, the Napoleon of Peace bore his last unmarried son to the goal long marked out by the paternal ambition. The consequences of the successful race troubled him little. What cared he for offending a powerful ally and personal friend? The arch-schemer made light of the fury of Spain, of the discontent of England, of the opinion of Europe. He paused not to reflect how far his Machiavelian policy would degrade him in the eyes of many with whom he had previously passed for wise and good, as well as shrewd and far-sighted. Paramount to these considerations was the gratification of dynastic ambition. For that he broke his plighted word, and sacrificed the good understanding between the Governments of the two great countries."

The same writer, speaking of Francisco, the husband of Isabella, says:

"We have already intimated that as a Spanish Bourbon he may pass muster. 'Tis saying very little. A more pitiful race than these same Bourbons of Spain surely the sun never shone upon. In vain does one seek among them a name worthy of respect. What a list to cull from! The feeble and imbecile Charles IV.; Ferdinand the cruel, treacherous, tyrannical, and profligate; Carlos the bigot and the hypocrite; Francisco the incapable. Certainly Don Francisco is no favorable specimen either morally or physically of the young Bourbon blood. For the sake of the country whose queen is his wife, we would gladly think well

of him; gladly recognize in him qualities worthy of the descendant of a line of kings. It is impossible to do so. The evidence is too strong the other way. He accepted the hand reluctantly placed in his, became a king by title, but remained, what he ever must be in reality, a zero."

Of course such a wedding, with such characters, could lead to nothing but crime and misery. Isabella, the reputed child of ignominy, reared in the midst of the corruptions of the most corrupt court in Europe, has developed the character which would naturally be created by such influences. In figure she was coarse and fat, with a gait which has been described as an "ungainly waddle." At the court ball, just before her marriage, it is said that "she astonished the spectators with something like elephantine gambolings." She was endowed with masculine strength of mind, and a prodigious memory. Louisa was far the more beautiful of the two daughters. Introduced at so early an age into the family and court of Louis Philippe, where the purest morals prevailed, she has developed into a very worthy and attractive woman.

Not a year elapsed after this ill-assorted match between Isabella and Francisco ere all Europe was filled with rumors of their quarrels. A divorce was openly talked of on the ground of Francisco's alleged physical incompetency, which, according to the civil but not the canon law, rendered the marriage null from the beginning. It is not strange that Isabella, reared under such influences, should have developed a character repulsive in the extreme. Despising her husband, having been forced to marry him, she seems to have paid no regard to her compulsory nuptial vows, and imitating the example of her mother and her grandmother, has rendered the court of Spain, according to general repute, the most corrupt in Europe.

Isabella has several children. In 1850 she gave birth to a son, who almost immediately died. About a year after she gave birth to a daughter, Maria Isabella, who subsequently married Count Girgenti, a Neapolitan noble. She has also now a son, Alfonso, eleven years of age. The insurrection which recently dethroned the queen and cast the crown of Spain into the dust, has caused numerous claimants to spring up eager to grasp it. The probability is that Spain is not sufficiently enlightened even to wish for a republic. We are in danger of being deceived as to the voice of the people, from the fact that the republican or democratic party, residing in the cities, has greatly the control of the press. It is said, and probably truthfully, that the peasantry, who are generally under the dominion of the priests, are, almost to a man, opposed to a republic. Should the liberal party, in the cities, without consulting the voice of the nation, establish a republic, civil war would probably be the result. On the other hand, should the question be fairly submitted to universal suffrage, the vote would probably be in favor of a monarchy. Then

comes the difficult question, upon whose brow shall the crown be placed? Will some one of the generals of the democratic party obtain it? Will the sceptre be placed in the hands of one of the children of Isabella? Will a son of Don Carlos, who is an eager claimant, obtain the prize? Or will the Duke of Montpensier take his seat upon the throne? The last is spoken of as a man of ability, of worth, of liberal tendencies, and perhaps is as likely as any other candidate to win the crown.

FATE AND DAISIES.

"IT'S the very poorest medder on the hull place," my uncle Levi had said, wiping his hard hands on the brown towel, and looking from the kitchen window across the rye-fields to a meadow white with daisies. "It don't turn nothin' to nobody, fur it's full of that plaguy dutch cuss from one end to the other. I'll have it mowed before another of them cussed flowers has time to blow. Jake," he added, turning to a young man wiping another pair of hard hands on another brown towel, "you jest take that medder in hand to-morrow, and see ef you can't make ~~them~~ cussed flowers a little scarcer."

In this meadow, knee-deep among the daisies, Jane Spear and I stood when the sun was going down. Jane was plucking the petals from the corolla of one of the "cussed flowers," telling my fortune, as she had gravely intimated a minute before she would.

"Nonsense!" I had said to her proposition to tell me the profession of my future lord and master; but as the dark-eyed, gipsy-faced girl bent gravely over the little flower, and repeated in solemn tones the prescribed formula, I was conscious of watching her intently, as if indeed there were some connection between my fate and the flowers of the field.

"Lawyer, doctor, farmer; lawyer, doctor, farmer; lawyer, doctor, farmer"—Jane Spear paused over the half-plucked corolla and glanced into my face.

I tried to put the eagerness out of my eyes, and the earnestness away from my mouth, but the quick-sighted girl smiled and resumed the formula:

"Lawyer, doctor, farmer; lawyer, doctor, farmer; lawyer, doctor, farmer; lawyer!"

Jane Spear's voice dropped with the last petal. "It is a lawyer," she said.

"I'm so glad it wasn't a farmer," I exclaimed, with a sigh of relief.

Jane Spear's eyes sought mine searchingly. What wonderful eyes they were! I had said to myself a score of times that if Jane Spear's brother Jake had eyes like Jane's I would have liked him better. You see, Jane's eyes told tales and asked and answered questions plainer than any words. I read the question in Jane Spear's eyes that night, "Then you won't marry brother Jake?"

My answer was wordy. I said there was no

use talking, which meant that there was no use for any one to talk who held opinions contrary to mine, and was a certain indication that I would talk a great deal. I said that farms were very nice in story-books and poets' imaginations. A farm, in fancy, was a tract of land modeled after the garden of Eden. Figuratively it flowed with milk and honey, and literally it grew grain spontaneously, and yielded strawberries promiscuously.

A farm, in fact, was a tract of land prone to thistles and ill weeds. The figurative flowing with milk necessitated a literal and exceedingly nasty cow-yard; and the honey was scarce, and apt to be sold at the nearest market at the rate of thirty cents per pound. As for spontaneous grains and promiscuous strawberries, the poet's brain was more fertile in their production than the sterile fields.

In fancy, farm-houses were romantic cottages embowered in vines, cool as a refrigerator in summer, and warm as a toast in winter.

In fact, farm-houses were apt to be ugly-looking establishments, in sad need of paint outside, and very low-ceiled and uncomfortable within. The vines were most likely growing on hop-poles in the garden, and the paper curtains at the window let floods of summer sunshine in, and the fire in the chimney-corner failed to keep the winter's cold out.

Farm-house kitchens, according to romancists, were enchanting places, large as all outdoors, with a floor white as the drifts, rows of shining tins on the wall, a cat purring on the hearth, and a table always set fit for a king.

Farm-house kitchens, out of romance, were liable to be wretchedly hot and cluttered up, and not at all desirable as steady places of abode. It was a lamentable fact that tins had a propensity for getting dull and at sixes and sevens; that floors large as all outdoors needed an immense amount of scrubbing; that cats had a bad way of dabbling in victuals unless carefully watched; and the table bore a burden of unwashed dishes and unscoured cutlery three times per day.

In fancy, a farm-house larder was filled with the fat of the land, with pans upon pans of delicious cream, with pounds upon pounds of golden butter, with cakes, and pies, and puddings, and no end of jellies and preserves.

In fact, the fat of the land had not a delightful odor; the pans upon pans of delicious cream suggested a back-breaking, arm-aching churning; the pounds upon pounds of golden butter bore witness of many days' toil; the cake was probably limited to gingerbread; the pies were flavored with fennel seed; in nine cases out of ten the puddings were all out, and the jellies and preserves were only used on company days.

In imagination, the farmer's wife was a buxom dame with a heart full of goodness and a face full of smiles, who always had her work done up, and was dressed to death in a ruffled white apron.

In reality, the farmer's wife was a rather

jaded-looking woman, who grew red in the face from standing over a heated stove, and large in the hand from much toil. Her mood was ruffled more than her apron, and her words were often sharp and severe.

The ideal farmer was a large-hearted, open-handed man, with broad acres in the highest state of cultivation, deep pockets full of jingling coin, and any number of government bonds stowed away in convenient hiding-places. He did his work by machinery, and was the embodiment of fun and good-nature.

The real farmer was always at work at five o'clock in the morning, and abed soon after the chickens. He was apt to have a mortgage on his acres, a note due in the bank, and ten chances to one if the jingling in his pockets was not produced by the collision of old nails. Said farmer was liable to stinginess, induced by devising ways and means to make both ends meet, and crossness likewise from overwork and lack of recreation. His hair was generally rough, and he wore no collar.

"You mean Jake," exclaimed Jane Spear. Her eyes were looking across the meadow to the rye-field, where walked the tall, sun-burnt man to whom my uncle had spoken that noon.

"You are mistaken. I have not given your brother a thought," I replied, quietly.

Jane Spear colored violently. "I wish I could make Jake see with my eyes," she muttered, in a vexed way. She stooped down and plucked another daisy, with the remark, "I haven't told you all yet."

"Rich man, poor man, rogue," she repeated, solemnly. One by one the spotless fragments dropped to the earth, and I, watching with the old eager eyes and earnest mouth the single bit of white set in the yellow bed, shivered, for Jane Spear had named it—"Rogue."

She looked up with a smile that was full of sarcasm. "A farmer might have been honest," she said. "Jake was certain to be."

My eyes followed hers beyond the daisies to the field where the farmer lad stood, and then away to the little school-house under the hill and the old brown farm-house. I shook my head. I had known better days. I hated the paper curtains—signs of small capital; I trod the rag carpet with disgust; I read the limited supply of books in rebellious moods; I snubbed the cheap prints on the wall; I grew tired and out of sorts in the little school-house where I taught, and heated and impatient in the kitchen where I drudged, and wished wickedly sometimes that my father had lived or Aunt Larkin had died.

I turned to Jane Spear now with the words on my lips: "I wish you could tell me if Aunt Larkin will ever come."

Jane shook her head. "I have nothing to do with your aunt Larkin," she said. "I will tell you instead the material for your wedding-gown."

Again she plucked the daisy petals, repeating "Silk, satin, lawn." She paused with "sat-

in" on her lips as the last petal fell. "It will become the occasion," she commented—"a lawyer, a rogue, and your aunt Larkin."

For myself, I looked down on my calico dress with doubt in my eyes. It was a long way off from that cheap calico to satin. I should never wear it but with Aunt Larkin's help.

Across the fields there came a sharp, shrill cry—"Ruth! Ruth! Ruth Macy!"

It was my uncle Levi's voice. "Come," I said, "uncle wants me to spell a word or write his accounts, and there is the yeast to mix and clothes to fold."

I turned toward the rye-field, but Jane Spear laid her hand on my arm: "Listen!" she said, gravely.

It was her brother Jake singing:

"Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?"

I turned my back on the rye-field and went home another way. It was the best way to avoid "a body," and there need be neither kissing nor crying, I said to myself.

"I shall try to make Jake see with my eyes," Jane Spear said as we reached the door-yard gate, and she held out her hand to bid me good-night.

"I am sorry," I began; "but there's no use talking."

"Yes, you are right," Jane interrupted, quickly. "There is no use talking to you. I had better talk to Jake. Good-night!"

I turned from the retreating figure and went toward the house.

"Jest like her father for all the world!" were the words that arrested my footsteps on the threshold. I knew it was I of whom my aunt Ann spoke. Whenever she talked of a woman "like her father for all the world," it was I. It was an oft-told tale. There was no harm in hearing it again. My aunt continued: "As full of uppish notions and hifalutin ways as if she was a born lady! And that way is like her mother's too. Dear me! She comes honestly enough by her pride. She ain't got so much to be proud of in her looks neither, for you can't make her hansom any way you can fix it. Jake Spear thinks she's uncommon; but laws! Jake worships the ground she walks on. It's like the girl to give him the cold shoulder, though the Spears is as good as she is any day. I used to think mebbe her aunt Larkin would do somethin by her, bein her own brother's child, and they do say she's got a power of money; but then rich relations ain't much to count on. Howsomer, there's no tellin. That letter is from furrin parts, and there's no knowin but her aunt Larkin is comin home and will do the hansom thing by Ruth. Laws! how that girl will make the money fly if her ship ever comes in! I do really believe somethin is goin to happen. I've felt it in my bones all day, and you know I seen a letter in the candle last night as plain as my two eyes could see it."

Ruth laughed at me; but I wonder what she'll say when she sees that dockymment on the mantle-tree-piece with the furrin mark? I guess she'll think there is somethin in my bones besides fol-de-rol, and she won't say it's all moonshine for me to see letters comin right up out of the candle."

I burst into the room, forgetting to be prudent or careful. "Is there any—" I stopped suddenly, for I would not have my aunt know how much I had heard.

"Gracious, child!" exclaimed my aunt, turning around and surveying me. "What's got into you? You look as if you was jest ready to fly right off the reel. You orten to git yourself all worked up into sich a state. There's a letter for you on the mantle-tree-piece, and I guess it's come from acrost the water. Mebbe it's from your aunt Larkin, and p'raps it's got good news for you."

I had already torn away the envelope, and was making myself mistress of its contents. It was very brief, and ran thus:

"MY DEAR NIECE,—I am making preparations to sail for America, and on my arrival I would like you to meet me in New York. We may be able to do each other mutual service. I hear you are a good school-teacher. It is well. Providence helps those who help themselves. I hear also that you are a real Macy. It is the best thing you can be, though, alas! being a Macy didn't seem to do your poor dear unfortunate father much good.

"I will write you before the steamer sails, and shall expect you in New York on my arrival.

"My lawyer will settle all claims your mother's relatives may have against you.

"With kind regards, your aunt,

"PIEBE MACY LARKIN."

In reply I wrote:

"MY DEAR AUNT,—I hold your opinion that we may do each other mutual service, and I am making preparations accordingly to meet you in New York. The fact is, I am somewhat weary of school-teaching, and if I can help myself in some other way I shall be glad to claim the help of Providence.

"Perhaps you are right in saying the best thing I can be is a Macy. I subscribe to the sentiment with the privilege of changing my mind under other circumstances. I have a precedent in your own change from Macy to Larkin.

"My mother's relatives have no claims on you or me, save honor from you and love from me. The services of your lawyer will not be needed in discharging these claims.

"With kind regards, your niece,

"RUTH MACY."

After that the farm-house, the little school-house under the hill, Jake Spear and Jane, and all the homely surroundings of my daily life gave place to new dreams and vague anticipations. The old things dropped quite out of my life when I left them all behind me in obedience to the summons of my aunt Larkin to meet her in New York.

She was a tall, stern-faced woman who rose to meet me when I entered the room where they told me I would find my aunt.

"Is it Ruth Macy?" she asked, doubtfully.

"Yes, Aunt Larkin," I answered.

"I was expecting you," she replied, giving me her hand. "You have hardly the face I expected from your note. It was sarcastic, do

you know it? You do not look like one given to sarcasm."

"I took my cue from you," I answered, quietly.

My aunt smiled as she turned away to dispose of some papers. "Frankness was always a Macy virtue," she remarked, taking a seat at her writing-desk and beginning to assort papers.

I watched her for a time, marking the proud air and haughty face that must have been handsome when it was young. When I was weary of that I looked out of the window and dreamed of daisy-fields and the old home I had left. Then I fell to wondering what my aunt thought of me, and what were her intentions in regard to me.

I was startled by her voice addressing me, and looking up I found her eyes on me in evident measurement and calculation. I judged she was disappointed in me, for she said, briefly, "Your note quite deceived me. I fancied you tall and stately, but you are neither. Dress will improve you very much. The dress-maker will take you in hand to-morrow."

"I shall be a bill of expense," I answered. "What am I to do?"

My aunt smiled. "It is like the note," she said; "but that is the Macy of it. Well," she continued, "you shall be my amanuensis. I like your writing. It has elegance and character; it is the penmanship of a lady and a Macy. I shall keep you very busy sometimes. You will earn all that you receive. I am engaged in a troublesome lawsuit with my half-brother, your uncle Dick Wiggins," she added, in a confidential tone. "You never saw him, of course, for he had nothing to do with the Macy side of the house. The lawsuit is about our mother's property, and if your father had lived he would have contested it as I am doing. You will receive your father's portion if we win. It is but right you should help work for it. There is no doubt but we will succeed. Your uncle Dick is a stingy old bachelor, who deserves to lose the suit. You know my step-son, Rob Larkin, is a lawyer, and he says there isn't a shadow of a doubt but we will win the case. You will be wealthy if we do—you and Rob."

"Is your step-son married?" I inquired.

"No," answered my aunt. "It might be worth your while to catch him."

"I prefer to be caught," I answered, proudly.

My aunt looked keenly at me. "A real Macy," she commented, musingly. "Now go, child, and dress for dinner. I will wait for you and Rob."

I went up stairs with those words ringing in my ears—"You and Rob." He was a lawyer. Was he a rogue?

I said so when I saw his face, crafty, artful, and yet not without the fascination that makes willing subjects of the people over whom such men use their power. Before our dinner was concluded I decided that my aunt was one of these subjects. She might think herself the mistress, but Rob Larkin ruled her. "He

shall never rule me," I said, emphatically; and then I fell to dreaming of the daisy prophecy, the lawyer, rogue, and satin dress.

My aunt was correct in her estimate of my susceptibilities for improvement by dress. Standing before my mirror two months later, I smoothed my lavender silk, lifted my lace bertha to see it fall rich, heavy, and graceful, adjusted the sprays of pink coral in my hair, and went down for my aunt's judgment.

She nodded her approval. "I said so," was her single comment. "Come! Rob and the carriage are waiting. You will have a sight of the best society to-night in Judge Hart's parlors. It will be an opportunity for you to judge how you like it, and how it likes you."

Taking a sight of the best society that night in Judge Hart's parlors, I listened to the conversation around me and meditated. The sum of my meditations was that I did not like the best society. I judged also that it did not like me, or it would not have left me free to pursue my own thoughts.

A gentleman at my side talked of witnesses, testimony, and verdicts. "He is a lawyer," I said to myself. "I wonder if he is a rogue;" and then I was angry with myself for harboring the daisy prophecy, as if there was of necessity connection between the profession and roguery because a silly girl had united them with my fate on daisy petals.

The gentleman turned to me. I had been introduced to him as Mr. Sands. "What do you think of it?" he asked.

The query was vague enough for a court's questioning. Was he entrapping me into an expression of opinion concerning himself, or fate, or daisies, or the best society? I was non-committal.

"It? What?" I asked.

"That *trois temps*," he answered, nodding to the musicians.

"I have not heard it," I replied.

"I thought as much," he answered, with a smile. "You have capabilities for abstraction and concentration." He turned to the gentleman at his side and resumed his conversation.

I bit my lips with vexation. I had said to myself that if the best society would talk to me I had it in my power to be agreeable, but this man had surprised me into a confession of my abstraction, and had left me when he had passed judgment on my mood. I saw Aunt Larkin across the room, and made a movement to join her.

Mr. Sands arrested the movement. "What is your intention?" he asked.

"Migration," I answered.

"Madness!" he exclaimed. "You are ambitious. You are not content to be a fixed star."

"An earthly figure would suit me better," I said, quietly, perhaps bitterly.

"Suggest one," was the authoritative response.

"Wall-flower," I answered.

The man measured me from head to foot, and turned away with a smile. "You will bear transplanting," was his comment. "That redowa will do it. Unconsciously your fingers are keeping time to the music. Will you dance?"

It had been my favorite dance in better days, but I hesitated until I caught the look on Aunt Larkin's face. The look was mingled wonder and intense satisfaction. To answer the wonder and intensify the satisfaction was worth the trial.

"I will try," I answered.

With some partners I might have failed, but not with one like Mr. Sands—light of foot, firm in arm, and controlling in his movements. Like half-forgotten strains of music that a touch recalls, or a half-forgotten poem that a word suggests, the unfamiliar step came back with the old ease and lightness and pleasure. Not until the music ceased did my partner conduct me to a seat in the bay-window.

Involuntarily my eyes turned to Aunt Larkin. She was surveying us through her eye-glass, with the wonder answered and the satisfaction intensified.

My companion's gaze followed mine. "Larkin looks as if the lawsuit had been settled in her favor," he said, musingly.

He knows of my aunt's suit, then, I thought. "Is Mrs. Larkin likely to win?" I asked.

Mr. Sands's face expressed some surprise at my knowledge of the suit. "We can not tell," he answered. "A little influence either way may change the tide in either direction. Do you know the woman?"

"Yes—that is—she is—"

"She is a rare diplomatist," interrupted Mr. Sands. "Her half-brother, Richard Wiggins, the contestant in this case, is no match for her in that direction."

"I thought the question of skill lay between lawyers," I answered. "What is the strength of the lawyer pitted against Robert Larkin?"

The man's answer was a laugh, peculiar and involuntary.

"You are he!" I exclaimed, in surprise.

He bowed, and with a smile inquired, "What do you know of the Larkin suit?"

"That woman yonder in diamonds and point lace is my aunt Larkin," I answered.

"What strange fate throws us together?" he asked, musingly.

"The fate that controls the meetings and partings of the Montagues and Capulets," I answered, laughing.

"God forbid!" was the exclamation, so earnest in answer to my tone of badinage that I looked up with sudden wonder into the darkly flashing eyes and gravely thoughtful face.

The music changed at the moment.

"Another redowa!" exclaimed my companion. "The order of dances has been changed. Ah! it is Rob Larkin's work, and here he comes to claim your hand. *Au revoir!*"

That night I had more than a sight of the

best society. I mingled with it, haunted ever by two faces that watched me closely, and those faces were Aunt Larkin's and Lawyer Sands's.

My aunt Larkin met me with a smile next morning. "Last night was an experiment," she said, with a shrewd glance in her dark eyes.

"Yes," I answered.

"It was a success," she continued, complacently.

I bowed in acknowledgment of her praise.

"You are not handsome," she continued.

"No," I replied.

"But there is something in your face superior to beauty," she pursued. "Rob sees it. I should say Kirke Sands was not blind to it."

I did not reply. I was thinking of Kirke Sands.

"Your uncle Dick is his client," continued my aunt. "You can steal a march on him by making Kirke Sands your friend. If you have friends, use them."

I remembered Kirke Sands's opinion of my aunt, "She is a rare diplomatist." I began to suspect dimly that she was using me.

"You saw the blonde lady in white and pearls at Judge Hart's last night?" inquired my aunt.

"Yes," I replied. There was no woman's face so impressed on my mind as hers, for Kirke Sands was oftenest near it when away from me.

"That was Margaret Clay," explained my aunt. "She will inherit your uncle Dick's fortune. Rob has feared that Kirke Sands would prove a powerful antagonist in the suit because of his interest in Miss Clay. You know the song:

'Love gave him energy,
Love gave him strength;'

and then again,

'Love rules alike in camp and in court.'

If you could distract his attention you could checkmate the game. It is worth the trial."

I did not say a word. I was sure my aunt was using me.

"We lose much if we lose this lawsuit," pursued my aunt. "I lose a fine estate, and you lose a good income, and perhaps a husband. I have set my heart on an alliance between you and Rob."

My lip curled. Here, indeed, were possibilities for the fulfillment of the daisy prophecy. The lawyer, rogue, and satin dress were not so very far away in my aunt's calculations.

My aunt resumed, explaining our position. "If we fail in this suit there will be retrenchment for me and school-teaching for you."

I smiled. School-teaching was possible. That other—to be the wife of Rob Larkin—was impossible.

Months after I bent over my writing at Aunt Larkin's desk, but I could not write. I shut up the desk and picked up a book. A few minutes later I laid that aside and took up some

sewing. I was soon weary of that, and walked to the window.

Aunt Larkin, standing at the mantle, watched me, and said, as she began to pace the floor: "There isn't any use, Ruth. I have been through all that set of employments, and have come down to this walking of the floor. It's the only thing I can do when I am nervous. You have a vast amount of self-control. I have wondered at you sitting calmly at the desk when in the lower part of the city men are wielding the power that will make us, comparatively speaking, rich women or beggars." She took out her watch with nervous, trembling fingers. "I should think it was time to hear from Rob," she said, impatiently. "He promised to send a messenger when he knew the decision. I haven't much doubt of the result. We have every thing on our side. Even Kirke Sands, the opposing counsel, will not be likely to use his influence against you. His admiration is undisguised, and you have blocked the game for Margaret Clay completely. Ah! I hear the street-door. And it is—yes, it is Rob's step. He has come himself to bring the good news."

She rushed into the hall and met her stepson on the stairs. I bent my ear to listen. I could not catch the words, but I knew Rob Larkin's bitter, angry tones, and my aunt's incredulous exclamation signified defeat.

They entered the room; Rob Larkin, heated, flushed, and indignant; my aunt, incredulous and aghast. "It can not be!" she was saying. "We had every thing on our side."

"But it can be," answered her stepson, bitterly. "We had nothing on our side. To be sure, I thought we were secure, but Sands worked as if all the furies drove him, and he carried the judge right over to his side. Every body says that Margaret Clay was the motive power."

"I was certain he would work for Ruth," said my aunt, in vexed disappointment. "I have built great expectations on his interest in her."

"Humph!" exclaimed Rob Larkin. "To-day's work settles the question of his interest in Margaret Clay. Ah! He's a rogue, is Sands. They say his bargain with Wiggins was tremendous. I believe it was Margaret Clay's hand."

"Well, Ruth," said my aunt, turning to me, "it is as I said. There will be retrenchment for me, and you—"

"I shall return to Uncle Levi's and my school-teaching," I answered, with a bitter smile. The bitterness was not in the school-teaching; I was thinking of Kirke Sands and Margaret Clay.

That evening a servant brought me a card, saying that a gentleman waited for me in the parlor. It was Kirke Sands, and I declined to see him. If the question of his interest in Margaret Clay was settled I had no wish to see him. Next there came a note, asking me to make an appointment for him to call. What had men

like him to do with my new sphere? Jake Spear was better suited to it. My answer was brief, decisive, and negative. I thought it would accomplish that whereto it was sent.

I was walking down Broadway one rainy day, profoundly meditative, trying to forget the things behind and press forward to things before. The things behind were luxury, refinement, and Kirke Sands. They were hard to forget. The things before were the school-house under the hill, the farm-house kitchen, Uncle Levi, Aunt Ann, and Jake Spear. I did not press forward. I dreaded going there on the morrow.

An east wind blowing violently caught my veil and bore it down the pavement. A gentleman coming up stooped to catch it. I fixed my eyes on a shop window in study of its wares to avoid Kirke Sands, but he came to my side.

"Madam, you have lost your veil," he said.

I turned calmly, prepared for the encounter, but the man's face was not calm.

"Ruth! Miss Macy!" he exclaimed. "Fate sent me your veil."

"You are mistaken," I answered, calmly. "It was an east wind."

"Be it so," was his earnest response; "still it is fate. See, it is raining fast! It is no day for a woman to be out. Let me order this carriage and take you home, I have much to say to you."

A sudden impulse seized me to hear what this man had to say by way of justification for his "most unaccountable behavior," as Aunt Larkin called it.

He attempted no justification. When we were seated in the carriage his first words startled me: "I believe you are my fate, Miss Macy."

"I think you are mistaken again," I said, trying in vain to speak calmly. "Margaret Clay is your fate, according to public opinion and Aunt Larkin."

"Margaret Clay!" Kirke Sands laughed sarcastically. "A woman with a doll's face and a child's manners. I want a woman. I want you, Ruth Macy. I set public opinion and your aunt Larkin at defiance. Be my wife, Ruth Macy!"

I was gathered unresistingly in the strong man's arms; I had not the heart or wish to say nay.

"Send your aunt to me," he said, as he sprang out of the carriage at Aunt Larkin's door. "You must not go into the country to-morrow."

"Lawyer Sands is waiting to see you in the parlor," I said to Aunt Larkin, as she sat assorting papers.

"Lawyer Sands!" exclaimed my aunt, incredulously. Then her eyes scrutinized my face carefully. "You have been out?" she asked. "What does Lawyer Sands want? What does it mean?"

I vouchsafed her no reply, but walked to the window. There my aunt found me on her re-

turn. She was smiling in a satisfied way, but the smile did not cover her astonishment.

"It is a remarkable *dénouement*," she said, expressing her astonishment. "But you have done well. Catching Kirke Sands was worthy of a Macy;" and her satisfaction gleamed out there. "Of course you must not go into the country," she continued. "Your lover is anxious for a speedy consummation of the affair. The public will be quite taken aback. And I don't wonder! I never dreamed but he was working for Margaret Clay!" So her astonishment vented itself. "I shall give you a wedding!" she exclaimed, after a minute's pause. "You shall wear satin and point lace. It will be a delightful thing to enjoy the public surprise. I declare you have done a good thing! It's almost a pity that you will cease to be a Macy." So her satisfaction expressed itself.

A bride in white satin, leaning on my husband's arm, I watched the wrappers taken off a bridal gift. It was a brooch—"a pretty bauble," my husband said.

It was more to me. It was a daisy, with the yellow disk of frosted gold and thin, white, pearly petals. It suggested the daisy prophecy—a lawyer, rogue, and satin dress. I did not need to look at Jane Spear's card to ascertain the name of the giver. I put it in the case, and clasped it tight, and packed it, still later, at the bottom of my wedding gifts. The man who married a dowerless bride for love was not a rogue.

I had been married a year when my aunt Larkin called on me.

"I have been to hear your uncle Dick Wiggins's will read," she said, with an involuntary grimace.

"Ah!" I answered, indifferently. There were few subjects of so little possible interest to me as this man's will.

"You should have been there," continued my aunt, with a sorry attempt at smiling. "It would have done you good to find yourself so remembered."

"I remembered!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," answered my aunt. "You are equal heir with Margaret Clay. It was the price of Kirke Sands's counsel. He played his cards well to defeat us and marry you."

"Who drew up this will?" I asked, with trembling voice.

"Kirke Sands," answered my aunt.

I answered not a word; but I went to the bottom of my bridal gifts that day and fastened the daisy brooch at my throat.

"A pretty bauble," my husband said, as he stooped to kiss me.

"Yes," I answered, with a shiver. "I believe in fate and daisies."

"I will tell you something better to believe," he said.

It was the half of my uncle Dick's fortune. But that morning's sun had risen on a woman a thousandfold richer.

My husband was a lawyer—and a rogue.

MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER V.

DEATH IN ARCADIA.

NONE of us liked the singing-saloon. Not that there was any thing bad about it except its name; that, in a small country town, was quite enough. In our town it did not much matter whether a man, woman, or institution was really bad or good. The sole question was whether he, she, or it had a bad name. So it had long been our object that Christina should abandon the music-hall, and try to live by teaching singing and the piano. At last we resolved that a day-school should be opened. Yes; Mr. and Miss Braun's school—French, German, and music. We advertised in the local paper—rather a stretch of boldness on our part in those quiet days—and I brought in a copy of the paper that same evening, over which we gazed and laughed a good deal. Young ladies and gentlemen were to be taught; and of course perfectly original plans were to be adopted in the teaching of every thing. A great brass plate was got and engraved with the legend, “Mr. and Miss Braun's School.” I crossed the street furtively to look at it, and report as to the effect; and the thing was so far accomplished.

Not many pupils came at first. The story of Christina's nightly performances had of course got abroad, and made mammas feel shy of such an instructress. Gradually, however, a few were got together, all from the humbler ranks of our middle plateau; these brought more; and the terms being moderate, and a good deal taught for the money, things began to look a little more prosperous.

Still, this was clearly not the kind of field which Christina's ambition would have sought. We had often indulged and talked over wild hopes that at some distant period we might sing together, *prima donna* and *primo tenore*, upon some great stage, with half a metropolis for our audience. “I saw Rubini,” Mr. Braun would sometimes repeat, “in Italy, when he was your age—*ja wohl*, I knew him too—and he had not a finer voice. No; that had he not.” I report this eulogy of my voice without a blush. The tribunal which is proverbially wiser than Voltaire has since decided, very conclusively, that my voice is not quite equal to Rubini's. But at the time the praise was spoken it had some effect upon me other than to make me smile.

In fact it had become gradually understood that the musical and other fortunes of Christina and myself were to be associated in life and for life, whenever fate and favor should allow us to begin the struggle together. We were to make a great name in Florence, in Paris, in London. I need not say that we did not pause to consider whether any difficulties were likely to arise in the way of a pair who began by getting

married as a preliminary to seeking their fortune. As to our solitary counselor, he would have seen no objection whatever to any scheme which seemed graceful, disinterested, and somewhat romantic; and even if the scheme had none of these recommendations, he would have become reconciled to it or any thing else in a quarter of an hour. So far, then, the common obstructions to the course of true love did not, in our case, rise to disturb the smoothness of the current. There were only three persons in the world to be consulted, or who cared a straw about the matter, and they were quite in harmony on the subject.

At least we were quite in harmony so far as the love and the main wish of two lives were concerned. But the feelings of Christina and myself did not always flow in the same channel. She was a true-born artist; I never was, except in the merely technical sense, an artist at all. She would have given up a fortune for a lyric success; if I were assured of an easy income, I should no more have thought of becoming a professional singer than of becoming an amateur fireman. Moreover, all her plans and projects now were for splendid success under my leadership. Like all women who have any imagination, she saw her lover as a hero destined to triumph on every field he chose to enter. She always arranged the plan of the future as if we could not fail. I looked forward with a secret dread of failure to every undertaking in which I was likely to bear a part. For all that is talked of man's idle self-conceit, I think an ignoble distrust of our own capabilities is one of the commonest of masculine weaknesses. In my case, indeed, my distrust was well justified in one sense; but it helped, more than any thing else, to spoil some part of my life. Christina really knew what she could do; and she was only waiting for the time to do it. She was quite happy, cooking her father's sausage and lighting his pipe; but all the time she knew herself an embryo *prima donna*, and regarded the musical world as only waiting for her. There were times when I felt something like a pang of pity for her inexperience, and her confident, sanguine nature. I ought rather to have pitied my own inferior courage, miserably inferior endowments, inferior organization altogether. Knowing what she became—knowing what, under brighter auspices, she might have become—it now seems to me the very blindness of affection which made her dream for a moment of placing herself and her career under the guidance and guardianship of one so miserably unworthy.

I often wondered how, with her ideas and her hopes, she could have endured singing in a vulgar provincial music-hall. I told her as much.

“I would sing any where,” she said, “rather than be in debt. Father could do nothing, and I must use every power I have, or he must

starve. I would have sung my songs in the streets rather than see him troubled to get bread. So little makes him happy, that it would be a shame if he were to want any thing; and then he is old, and he remains not long, perhaps;" and tears stood in her eyes. "I sang in a concert-saloon in Cologne, a room near the theatre; I wonder if it's there now? I could find it in a moment, if I were there; *we* will go there one day and look at the outside of it; but only the outside, for I hated the place itself. Yes, I sang there when I was a little one—yes, only ten years old."

"But you were not born in Cologne?"

"No, no; much farther away from this—across the Vistula." (She mentioned an old historic Prussian town.) "We only came to Cologne when we were coming to England; and we only came to England to go to America. But father has not the art of getting forward in any thing; and so we remained a whole year in Cologne on our way to England, and now we have been many years in England on our way to America; and I don't suppose we shall ever get there, unless *we* go there some day to visit your brother, Emanuel."

"But we shall visit your birth-place some day, shall we not, dearest?"

"I don't know, Emanuel; I don't like to think of it. I was not happy there—oh, not happy at all, but very miserable; and I do not want ever to see the place any more. It is like a discord, or a broken string, or a harsh note, or something of that kind, coming in to some beautiful delicious piece of music, when I turn from now to then. It was all so dull, and without color, and sad and harsh. My father and brother never could agree." (I should mention that I was aware of one of Mr. Braun's sons being still alive.) "Louis was very harsh to father, and not forbearing. I don't remember what it was all about; but I can guess now that Louis thought—well, I suppose he thought my father had not been very prudent or persevering; but I know he was harsh, and he scolded, and his wife scolded. She was very cold and hard and religious, and she always scolded me. One day, I remember, she told me I had too great an appetite, and ate too much for a little beggar-girl; and I cried half the night through, and then got up and tried to steal away, to drown myself from one of the old bridges. But an old night-watchman found me—I remember him so well; he had a horn and a spear of some kind—and he brought me back; and she beat me, and I so hated her! At last father said he would go away, and I was delighted. I did not care where we went—any where, so that we went away. Louis, indeed, was not bad, for he gave us money to go; and she was not bad either. I think she must have been a good woman, but hard; and then she had children of her own, and we were mere dependents. So I came to sing in Cologne, Emanuel, and then here; and so ends my long, long story."

During the whole of the story, which she told in a dreamy kind of tone, her eyes and lips had marked its incidents with the symphony of deep expression. She lived the old life quite over again, as she thus ran it through for me. I was glad when the story was done, so painful was the emotion it had evidently caused her.

"How happy for me, dearest Christina, that you did not go to America! I only wish I had known you sooner, and were rich for your sake, and you should never have sung in a wretched saloon."

"I sang very badly in the place here lately; but I think it was because the people there knew nothing about singing, and there was no use in trying to sing well."

"You sang only too well for me; you bewildered me. I never heard such singing before—indeed, I never heard *any* singing before, in the true sense."

"Ah, I always sang my best when you were there. I saw you the very first night, and sang for you. I loved you even then, Emanuel, though I thought you came with no good-will to me. Was I not angry and rude? *Ach!* I think I loved you always, before even that night—yes, from the very first."

"And will always, to the very last?" I whispered.

"Always—oh, always—if you remain still what you are, what I believe you to be. And if not, then—"

"Then, dearest?"

"Then all my light will go out, Emanuel, and I shall be miserable forever. Oh, if I ever think you do not love me beyond every thing in this world, then I shall hate you—no, I don't believe I ever could hate you; but I shall be wretched, and perhaps make both of us unhappy for our lives. But I think that you will never change; I knew from the very first that you would some time come to love me; and now I know that you will love me always. Ah, how bright life is now!"

Her eyes sparkled in tears. We were alone at this time in the little old room. She seated herself at the piano and sang one of her German hymns with even more than her wonted passion of pathos. I sat listening in the deepening twilight of the calm summer evening, happy—transcendently rapturous and happy.

Those were bright days. I have lingered long over them here, although they sounded but as the overture of my life, and really formed no part of the drama itself. I have lingered over them because they were so happy, and because they were so brief.

How long might we have gone on thus peacefully and happily, content with merely playing the prelude of real existence? When should we have married, and begun the business of our life-drama in good earnest? These are speculations which I used to be fond of going over and over in my mind, but which I can hardly expect any body else to follow with interest. I dismiss them here from my pages;

but the words I have written may remain, for they will serve to indicate thus early that the drama was never played out as we had pre-arranged it.

The first discordant note which Fate struck in was the death of Christina's father. The mild old man passed suddenly but very quietly out of life. One evening he complained of having a headache and cold feet. When I came that night a doctor was with him. I remained all night. Whatever malady had seized my poor old friend kept a firm hold. Toward morning he talked a good deal, now in English, now in French, now in German, intelligibly but not coherently, of his early home, his wanderings, his lost wife (whom now he saw in Christina), his family one by one, his flowers. He murmured stray scraps of German poems: "Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh"—those exquisite, mournful, consoling lines which came from Goethe's soul and hung late upon his dying lips; and he whispered now that he was going to learn all the secrets of the Creation; and he repeated faintly two lines from Uhland:

"Da sind die Tage lang genug,
Da sind die Nächte mild."

Toward the end he brightened up into clearer consciousness, and called Christina by her name. I remember with a peculiar pang how he touched Christina's hand and then mine, smiled upon us in the old gentle way, full of trust and serenity, and so died. He looked only a little paler and milder in death than in life.

After this came a long sad interval, sweetened, I must own, to me by the consciousness that my presence and my love must be still more needful to Christina than before.

CHAPTER VI.

CHRISTINA AND I.

THE same little room, unchanged save for the absence of one of its old inmates, whose flute, pipe, and books stood untouched in their familiar former places. Christina and I were alone. We had been talking long and earnestly. She arose and went to the window, and looked silently and thoughtfully into the soft summer night-air. The breath of an exquisite day still haunted somehow the very pavement of the street below, and seemed to soften the hum and the tread of the people who passed under our window. The stars were faint in the violet sky, from which the light of day had not yet wholly faded.

Christina remained for a while motionless and silent, one hand keeping back her hair, the other arm resting on the side of the open window. This was one of those evenings at the close of summer when the dusk seems to descend suddenly like a veil; and as I looked admiringly and lovingly on her face, turned in profile to me and gazing westward, the roseate light which shone on it suddenly went out, and

her cheek seemed pale and melancholy. As the room appeared to darken she looked away from where the light in the west had been, and turned toward me smiling, with a sweet, sad expression, which I see even now.

"Emanuel," she said, "you have made me happy—happy, although we have lost my poor father. I never before knew what it was to feel even an hour's happiness. My life was always cold and hard, and I did not hope for much better on earth. Now I believe in happiness, for I believe in love. Do you know that I tried all I could to love poor Edward Lambert; he was so fond of me, and so good; but I could not. I did my best: I wished and prayed to love him, and I could not. I do not know what would have happened to me but for you. I know I never could have staid with my brother in that place, which would be strange to me now. I think I should have had to find out the old bridge where I was going to drown myself before, and complete the work this time. What would have become of me if I had gone there?"

"What would have become of *me*?" I asked, with something of reproach at least in my voice.

"I don't know. I thought perhaps you would have been as happy without me—but stop, don't scold me—indeed I don't think so now. If I succeeded in the world—"

"And didn't fling yourself from the bridge."

"And didn't fling myself from the bridge—don't laugh at me, that was quite a possibility too—if I didn't drown myself, but lived and succeeded, and made a great noise in the world, and got money, then you should have heard of me, for I would have come to you. If not, then you should never have heard or known any thing more of me. I think that is what I meant to do, if I clearly meant to do any thing. But you have changed all that, Emanuel, and it only remains—"

"It only remains to arrange our plans and to be happy."

"We will think of our plans to-morrow, when we are a little more calm and composed. All this has come on us rather suddenly, and I scarcely slept last night, Emanuel, with thinking of you, and how soon I must leave you. Then, even when I fell asleep at last toward morning, I had such a horrid dream; I dreamt that you yourself, with your own lips, told me calmly I had better go—that we had better separate; and I awoke in misery. But that, thank Heaven! has not come true, and I feel that we are acting the wisest part. Life is not long enough for separation, is it, dearest? and I know my Emanuel will not suffer loss in the end by his sacrifice. I see the future all bright before us—as bright as the sky was just now—that is, before the evening's red had faded and the darkness come up."

Sacrifice! My sacrifice apparently was that I consented to be loved as a man does not expect to be loved a second time in this world.

Let me explain the source and meaning of the conversation I have just described.

The death of Christina's father ought, in accordance with ordinary usage and respect for public opinion, to have somewhat changed the manner of our intercourse; but it did not—I still spent every evening with Christina as before. I sat beside her while she made her mourning-dress; I was beside her in the deepest of her affliction, and in its gradual subsidence. When the funeral had been long over, and the clergyman and one or two other friends who came out of mere kindness had ceased to visit her, I came regularly every evening, and sat for hours with her just as before. I can say literally that all the time I did not give to business or to sleep I gave to her. I always left her with reluctance, though the separation was but for a few hours. I always hastened eagerly to her, although only a few hours had passed since our last meeting. We walked together of evenings on the hills and by the sea, and watched the line of light that streamed from the west until it seemed to fade into the waves and the night and the stars came up. I learned from her to know each constellation that lights our northern horizon. Her father had taught her, like himself, to live among the stars and love them. I loved to hear her talk as much as to hear her sing—ay, “far above singing.” My whole nature was quickened and purified by hers; it was the old, old story of Cymon and Iphigenia over again.

Of course it must have been dreadfully improper, not to say dangerous, thus to spend long evenings after evenings together and alone. But we never thought it so, and indeed never thought about the matter at all. I know that nothing could have been purer than our love, more innocent than our intercourse. I do not recommend that sort of thing as a rule—I see all the danger of it; I see that the two very best people in the world—and we, good lack, were not even the second-best—might have found reason to repent such heedless self-confidence. But it is certain that we trod the furnace unscathed—nay, that we did not even know we were girt with fire from which ordinary eyes would say there was no escaping. I do not well know what preserved us; perhaps our very unconsciousness of danger, perhaps poetry, perhaps music, perhaps sentimentality, perhaps that generous subtle fire of youthful love which has so little of the animal oil in its composition. I can only say that, when we were driven out of our terrestrial paradise, we had at least no cause to blush, or hang our heads, or cover ourselves, because of shame.

Of course, however, this was not the view of the matter taken by our neighbors. It was not likely that in such a miserable little town, enslaved by the judgment of Mrs. Grundy, conduct like ours could escape gossip and criticism. The people living in the same house with Christina knew of our meetings; pupils of Christina's called occasionally in the evening and

found us together; many good-natured persons began to talk about us, of whom, I can say in all sincerity, we had never conversed. This kind of talk must at last reach Christina's ears; and it did.

One evening when I came as usual I was told that she was not at home; and I was much surprised, knowing how few acquaintances she had, and how little she cared to visit any of them. The next evening the same thing occurred. The next day I wrote her a letter asking, somewhat warmly, for an explanation. I received a reply full of love and tenderness, begging of me not to come that evening, but promising to write again. I did not grow jealous, or suspicious, or angry. I knew that Christina's heart lay open to me; but I became alarmed, expectant of some evil news; restless, sad. I think I had from the beginning a foreboding that something disagreeable would reach us from her brother. Immediately on poor Mr. Braun's death Christina had written to her brother, acquainting him with the event, describing exactly and frankly her own position and prospects, and asking simply for any advice he could give. For weeks no answer came; but we were not much surprised. In those days railways did not traverse East Prussia and connect Ostend with St. Petersburg.

At last I received a little note from Christina, written in apparent haste, and asking me to see her that evening. I went at the earliest possible moment. It was the evening with which this chapter opens.

I hurried up stairs, and found her door open. I went in, and saw her alone, kneeling on the floor, and engaged in packing up some clothes, books, and music. She looked up, and there was so sad an expression in her face that I positively started.

“Christina, my dearest,” I said, kneeling on the ground beside her, “what on earth has happened? Why do you look so sad—and why would you not see me before?”

“I am going away, Emanuel,” she replied, in a very faltering voice.

“Going away! Going where? Away from me? No, that I know you are not.”

“Ah, yes; it is quite true. I am going to Reichsberg—I must go!”

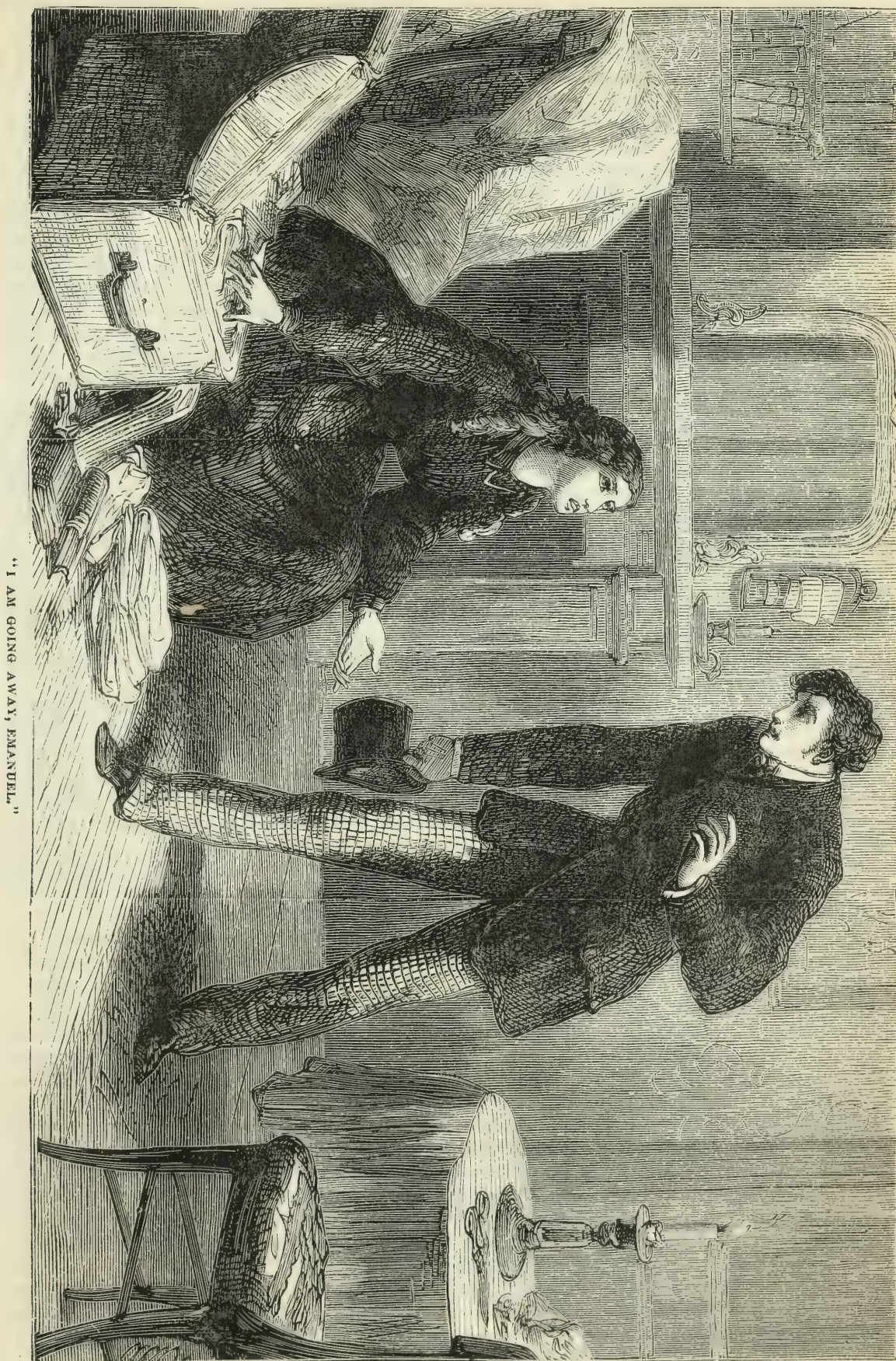
“Never! you shall not!”

“I must, indeed. See, Emanuel, here is my brother's letter. Read what he writes.”

I took the letter and tried to read it. It was in German, written in a dreadful character, which danced before my eyes maddeningly. After some impatient bungling efforts I thrust it into her hand.

“Read it, Christina,” I said; “and let me know the meaning of all this, for Heaven's sake!”

She read me the letter. It was long, well-meaning, cold but not unkindly, intensely moral, pious, and philistine. It expressed well-regulated regret for the death of Mr. Braun, but it made it a duty to allude rather pointedly



"I AM GOING AWAY, EMANUEL."

to his faults and his weaknesses. It showed how these faults and weaknesses had now left the daughter, whom he, the father, so professed to love, homeless and unprovided with any means, at scarcely nineteen years of age, in a far-off foreign country. It expressed a hope

that Mr. Braun had found in dying that spiritual comfort and faith which he ostentatiously rejected during his lifetime.

All this I listened to somewhat impatiently as Christina put into half-intelligible English its long sentences. But the point of the story

lay in the concluding passages, and these soon secured my whole attention. Louis Braun disapproved and deplored the kind of life his sister had led as a singer, utterly demurred to her idea of ultimately going on the stage, and enjoined, nay insisted, on her immediately leaving England and placing herself under his protection. He inclosed some abominable Prussian notes for the purpose of assisting her to undertake the journey, which he recommended her to make by way of steamer or sailing vessel from London or Hull to Dantzic.

"It's kind of Louis," Christina stammered out, when she had read to the end. "You see, Emanuel, he has a good heart, and means for the best. I can do nothing else. I must go; and I will help him in his business, and attend to his shop. But I will go on the stage and sing yet one day, for all that."

"You shall not go to him!" I exclaimed. "You shall be the servant of no brother, and attend to no shop. What right has your brother to control you? What has he ever done for you, that he should attempt to order you about in that way? What account of your movements have you to render to him? Leave it to me; I'll write to him."

"Louis knows not one word of English; and, dear Emanuel, I don't think your German would be quite certain to explain itself clearly to him."

"Now, I know you don't think of going," I said, warmly clasping her; "you never could smile in that way if you thought of leaving me. Write yourself, then, and tell your brother that he may go—I mean that when you really needed his protection he did not offer it, and that now you don't want it, and will have none of it. No, don't write that—of course you would not—but write and tell him you will not and can not go."

"But what can we do, Emanuel?" she asked, looking up at me with her large eyes, now all sadness and seriousness. "My brother's letter is not all; but my pupils—I did not like to tell you before—are all dropping away. Yes, it is quite true; soon, I fear, I shall have none. The people here talk so much; and now they talk of us, who never did them any harm. Yesterday a lady who had always been my good friend took away her three girls. After the holidays some always do not come back; and this time I shall have very, very few. I met Miss Griffin a week ago, and she spoke very strangely and coldly to me. I do not care about my brother much—I hardly know him at all; but I see that I had better go to him, and even for your sake I must go; and perhaps—oh, perhaps, my own dear Emanuel—we may meet once again."

"Once again! We will never part—never! Why can not we at once put a stop to the talk of all these people? Why can not we be married now—to-morrow? We do not want much to make us happy. Listen, Christina—hear what a salary I have; in a place like this we might live on it forever;" and I whispered its amount

—about as much as a fast young Londoner might spend in gloves and cigars.

Christina made no answer. Was she overwhelmed by the largeness of my means, or rendered aghast by their smallness?

"We shall be the happiest people in the world," I urged. "You can give music-lessons, if you like; or we will give concerts together. Why, the singers at that concert in the Assembly Rooms last night were good-for-nothing humbugs, I have been told; and yet people paid to hear them just because they came from London. I am sure no one of them had a voice any thing like yours. We only want to get known. We can't give musical entertainments together now, that's quite clear; but Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel Temple Banks would sound famously, *nicht wahr?*" said I, endeavoring to become jocular. "Or suppose I come out as a blind singer, like Vult, in the story—Richter's story—your poor father read to us so patiently when we were not listening to half of it? Suppose I be a blind singer, and you my wife or sister, sustaining and guiding me? I think it would draw splendidly."

"Nonsense, Emanuel; you must not talk such nonsense," said Christina, smiling nevertheless, though perhaps a watery smile. "We can not be married yet; it would be too rash; and what would people say?"

"What should we care? Let them say what they please. It doesn't appear that the people who concern themselves about us say such very flattering things already that we need court their good opinion. Let them speak well or ill of us—there is a world elsewhere," I exclaimed, in splendid Coriolanus fashion.

"There is, there is indeed, Emanuel!" she said, springing up and with brightening eyes; "there is a world elsewhere, thank Heaven! which is not like this narrow and miserable little place. Oh, who would live here and stagnate, when there are places where life has a chance of success!"

I saw that she was yielding, and I pressed my advantage. I clasped her in my arms, and vowed I would not release her until she had pledged herself never to leave me.

"How could I refuse any longer?" she said at last. "You have prevailed, my own; ah, I am afraid I was only too willing that you should prevail. If you are not unwilling to sacrifice yourself for a poor singing girl, what can she do but accept the sacrifice when she loves you so dearly as I do?"

It was then that she gently withdrew from me for a moment, and went to the window, as we saw her at the opening of this chapter. "Dost thou look at the stars, oh my star?"

We spoke but little of our plans and prospects that night; we were too happy for talk. Strange thing in mortal life, we knew we were happy! It is not retrospect alone which throws for me a golden glory round that unforgotten evening; I knew at the hour that a golden atmosphere floated round us both.

Christina had utterly flung away the early doubt and despondency of the evening, and returned to the old joyous self-confidence. She looked at the future with the brightest eyes.

"No chance of our failing, Emanuel," she said, ecstatically.

"And even if we do fail, my dearest," I replied, "what then? We shall be none the less happy. I do not care one rush for any success in life while we can live for each other and be happy. We only value life itself that we may love each other and be happy."

She smiled a triumphant smile. "Have no fear," she said; "we shall have love and happiness and success too. I know we shall; I see the future as clear as to-day. Now, dearest, you must go. I shall see you to-morrow night, shall I not?"

Needless to give my answer—rather, I should say, to describe it. As I was leaving, my eye fell upon the trunk which she had been packing when I came in.

"You may undo your work of packing now, *liebchen*," I said, smilingly.

"Nay, is it worth while?" she asked, smiling with a significance I did not understand. "Remember the world elsewhere."

Need I say how we parted? Need I tell how often I walked backward and forward under her window that night? Need I say that I felt the happiest and the proudest of human creatures? Need I say how I lay awake, and tossed half the night through, recalling every word, every glance, every kiss; how I shaped out plan after plan for our future path of life; how I felt all the passion and the ecstasy, without any of the doubts and feverish fears and torturing pangs, of love?

CHAPTER VII.

THE PATHS DIVIDE.

I HAVE already said that the one thing which gave me any uneasiness as to the future was Christina's passionate desire to go on the stage. This had not, indeed, been a discordant note in our harmony; but it was one I always endeavored not to touch. I kept the question as much as I could out of sight; I compromised with it, made myself believe it would arrange itself somehow. In fact, I was afraid of it, but still kept hoping it would come to nothing; for the more and more I loved Christina, the more and more I wished to keep her wholly to myself, the more jealous I grew of any art, any profession, which could divide her thoughts with me and my love. I could have lived in a desert island with her forever—yes, I still think I could—and never wearied of her, or longed for other companionship. Doubtless to most persons such a profession will seem merely the conscious or unconscious exaggeration of sentiment; doubtless in their case it would be so. I am speaking of myself—of my own heart, and of what I know. I could have lived with her

—we two alone—a long life through, and known no weariness or change if she knew none. The first strong emotion of all my life was love for her; and the more I grew to love her, the more jealous I became of the art which she so loved.

I should have been glad to compromise for a life of music-teaching and singing at concerts and oratorios, and such milder and safer paths of the lyric art. Indeed, I had myself had several engagements at local performances of the kind, and was, as I have mentioned already, becoming a sort of small, very small, celebrity. I was saving a little money to begin married life withal, and was very economical and careful, my whole heart being set on one object; nevertheless, the general impression of respectable and good people in our circle still was that I was simply going to the devil.

Now the attorney in whose office I daily worked was a very respectable man. He was a pious man, and sang very loud in church. He was also a very pompous man. He had a very respectable, pious, and pompous wife. He consorted with the rector; he sometimes dined with the local lord; and at the annual flower-show his wife was always taken notice of and politely spoken to by an evangelical countess, and by the wives of the county members.

The very morning after I had made my pact with Christina, I was summoned to my employer's room almost immediately on his reaching the office. When I came into the presence of Mr. Bollington—that was his name—I saw, by the very way in which he settled his neck into his collar, that something was up. I may say that I never liked Mr. Bollington; his manner somehow seemed always to convey to me the idea that he regarded a salaried clerk as simply a poor devil.

"Oh, ah, Mr. Banks," he began. "Yes; I want to speak to you. Close the door. Thank you; that'll do. Mr. Banks, I hear you are getting very much into the way of singing at nights at concerts and oratorios, and all that kind of thing. Now, that is not quite a legal sort of thing, nor quite respectable in our line of business; and I am rather afraid it will tell against us, you know. I am very particular, Mr. Banks, as you know. Law is rather a particular sort of business. People say law is jealous, and won't have any rival, don't they? I think some poet or novelist, or somebody, says something of the kind. I don't think it will do, Mr. Banks; I don't indeed. Law is drier and duller than music; but I think you'll find it better in the long-run."

I was a good deal embarrassed by this address. I had no respect for Mr. Bollington; I knew him to be merely a stupid, respectable old ass; but respectability has somehow an awful sort of halo of divine right yet lingering about it, and it impresses the Bohemian more than he cares to acknowledge. I, an embryo Bohemian, had always to make a little mental struggle to assert myself against this respectable member of society. Now, however, there were other

reasons to embarrass me; he seemed actually inspired with a purpose to destroy all my projects.

I stammered out something about being fond of music, and not seeing any harm in such devotion.

"Pardon me; I have not said there was any harm. A taste for music is very respectable; and I am the last man in the world likely to find fault with an inclination which some of the most respectable persons I know, even in my profession, cultivate—in a manner which, in fact, adds to their respectability, I may say. But that is in an amateur way, Mr. Banks; in an amateur way. It is quite different when one comes to be a professional performer; and I hear, Mr. Banks, that you have been going quite into the professional line of late. Now, you have not consulted me on the subject, or ascertained whether I considered such an occupation quite consistent with your position here; and I have therefore found it necessary to send for you, and, in fact, to open the subject myself."

"I really didn't suppose," I said, "that you could have any objection to my improving my income by any means—any honorable means, of course—which did not interfere with my character or my business here. I have not been inattentive to the office."

"Pardon me; I have made no charge of the kind."

"I do not see why one may not have different occupations at different hours of the day."

"In a general way there may be no objection. Many occupations admit of such combination; but we are now speaking of a particular case. This firm, Mr. Banks, has a character for strict attention to business, and business of a peculiar and exclusively respectable kind. I don't say that in a certain kind of low criminal business, for example, there is necessarily any reason why a solicitor should object to his clerk singing at concerts after office-hours. I think it quite possible that such singing and a certain kind of criminal business might combine very well. But ours is not a business of that class, Mr. Banks. Our clients are of quite a different order of life, and they have strong and very proper views on the all-importance of respectability."

"But really, Mr. Bollington"—I had now quite reasserted myself; stupidity had washed all the imposing guilt off respectability, and I could have laughed at or sworn at it—"really, Mr. Bollington, I don't quite see that I am bound to give up every thing to such views."

"Not bound at all, Mr. Banks; certainly not bound. You are not an articulated clerk, and are quite free to act as you please. Let the conversation close for the present. Be so good as to think the matter over. I am sure you understand my determination. You can therefore decide for yourself, and let me know, and we can recur to the subject, if necessary, say the day after to-morrow. And now, Mr. Banks,

about the papers in the case of Davys and Pontypool, if you please."

This was of course an *ultimatum*. A greater *contretemps* could hardly have occurred. All my plans for the present were based on that very combination of music and law which Mr. Bollington declared to be only possible, if at all, in the case of a very low sort of criminal business. This was a sharp and sudden blow to me; and I had the whole day to bear it before I could pour out my bad news and my feelings to Christina.

Grimly enough I went to her lodgings that evening. I thought the very sky looked gray above me; and Christina's gladsome, confident eyes were a sort of new pang and reproach to me.

"Oh, Emanuel, I am so delighted to hear it!" was the reply with which she broke out when, with a sad face, I had got through my dismal news. "I am delighted from my heart to hear it! Why should you stay in so miserable a place, and be paid a few wretched shillings a week, you who are better than them all; you with your voice—and your talents—for you know I never would care for mere voice? No; you are rid of it all now, and are free. Now you will have to throw your soul into the art you are fitted for, my dear Emanuel. Ill news, dear! This is the best and brightest of news to Christina. I always feared that you would be content to work and wait here, and I have had enough of working and waiting. You are so easily contented—oh, far too easily contented! but only because you are modest of your talents, and do not know what you deserve and what you can be, as I do. No, no; my Emanuel will be no more a slave, but an artist. Tell him so, and be free."

There was something pitiful to me in hearing the enthusiastic girl run on in this wild way.

"Alas, Christina," I said, "it is not so easy to make a great way in the world as you think—you girls, with your vivid imagination and your confidence. You see me with eyes which will guide nobody else. Think how difficult it is to get on in this place."

"In this place! Yes; but who would think of this place? Leave it, my Emanuel! London and Paris—these are the places for us. Why delay here at all? why not go to London at once, and together? why, dearest Emanuel, why?"

Her impatience rose to something like wildness.

"Because, my love," I said, looking as wise and as cheerful as I could contrive to do—"because in London people who have neither money nor friends may have to starve."

"But we have some money. I have saved some; a little—and not so very little. See!"

And she showed me in triumph a few poor sovereigns heaped up in a drawer, where any body who chanced to enter her room might have found, and, if so inclined, stolen them. I could hardly keep back my tears—I was only

a boy, after all; and there was something unspeakably pitiful and touching in the pride and confidence built upon the few poor golden coins.

"My dearest, your money and mine would not keep us long in London. People must endeavor to make a beginning where they have friends."

"Then you are content to give up your career; give up your chance of becoming a great artist—as I know you would be?"

"No, not give up, my own Christina, but just wait only a little for a better chance. Listen, you wild girl; we must give up something—"

"But listen, Emanuel. I have set my very soul on being a great singer, and on your being one too. You may think me a mad creature; but I know that in this I am wiser than you. Don't stop on the way, and don't be afraid. I am not afraid; why should you—a man?"

"You are not afraid," I said, taking both her hands, and trying to pet her into calmness, "because you are a generous, imaginative, darling girl, who, once you love a man, think the world must see him as you do, and that he must turn out something great. I know more of the world, and of myself, than you do. I only ask that we should be patient for the sake of each other. I can not do any thing which might make you unhappy. You may be ready to sacrifice yourself; but don't ask me to sacrifice you."

"Listen, Emanuel," she said, disengaging her hands from mine, and then laying one arm on my shoulder and looking earnestly, imploringly at me (I see her deep dark eyes and eager trembling lips even now this moment); "do not talk of waiting and of patience, and of living a life of dull, stupid plodding in this hateful place. Only last evening you appealed to me—and persuaded me; let me now persuade you. Do you think me bold to speak in this way? Yes, I am bold now, because I love you so, because you are all in the world to me, and I tremble to think of our separation."

"Separation? Who speaks of separation? What could separate us?"

"You do not know; I do not know; any thing, any delay—a night's reflection may change our fortunes, may change our hearts! I tremble to hear you talk as if you only wished to cling to this place forever."

"And I tremble to hear you speak as if ambition, and not love, were your impulse, Christina! Yes, I could be happy with you here, even here, forever!"

"But let us not talk of that. I could not see you condemned to an ignoble, stupid life here; I love you far too deeply. Your ambition is mine; your success would be mine. Oh, Emanuel, love me and my ambition too, or you can not love me, you can not understand me at all!"

"If the choice were between your love and your ambition," I said, sullenly, "I know which would win."

"You can't divide them; they are one and the same. They are as my heart and my soul. Oh, Emanuel, you know I love you. I have no one on earth whom I care for but you."

"And yet if it were a choice between giving up your chance of a career, your dream of a career"—I was now bitterly jealous of her ambition, and spoke in almost savage tones—"you would throw me away without a thought. Do you call that love?"

"No," she replied, vehemently, and turning from me, "I do not. But I loved an ambitious man, a brave man, an artist, and not a slave."

Had she struck me in the face I could not have felt the blow more heavily. A surprised, passionate, injured cry was breaking from my lips. I repressed it with all the force of energy I could call up; but I turned away, and, sitting on the nearest chair, covered my face with my hands.

I do not know how many minutes or seconds I had sat thus. It seemed to me a long interval of bewildered pain and bitterness. I felt at last a hand laid on mine, and a sweet, piteous voice murmured "Emanuel!" I allowed the hand that covered my face to be drawn away; and then I saw that Christina was kneeling at my feet, and looking up at me with eyes full of tears.

"Oh, forgive me!" she exclaimed; "my dear, dear Emanuel, forgive me; I did not know what I was saying."

"You have cruelly misinterpreted me, Christina."

"I have indeed; and that is the second time in our lives I have done so. But I will do so no more. How could I use such cruel, shameful, false words to you! But I was disappointed; oh, so bitterly disappointed! and I was mad."

"Dearest Christina, you know—if you do not, at least Heaven knows—that I only think of your happiness, that I only shrink from exposing you to utter poverty."

"But what else have I suffered from my birth? I am well used to poverty. Ah, if you did but know all! I prefer any poverty, even alone, to going to my brother. Why should I fear it with you? But I will not talk in that way any more; I was foolish and wild; and you were right not to heed my folly. You are calm and have sense, and you know the world."

"You are a true woman, a true heroine," I said, my bitterness wholly melted away by her sweetness and submission, "and you would rather have the courage which springs without counting the consequences than that which calculates and waits. So would I, perhaps, if the consequences only affected myself alone; but a man who has the happiness of the woman he loves placed in his hands must not plunge headlong with her and himself too. No, my dearest, the courage which endures is often the best. We can wait for our career."

"We must wait indeed, Emanuel; and perhaps a long time. You must have thought me

a wild, romantic fool. I am sorry now, for I see that you are right."

"Then I have convinced you?" I asked, joyously, proud of my pitiful and jealous prudence, as if it were any thing but faint-heartedness, suspicion, and folly.

"You *have* convinced me," she said, in a low, sad voice. "Let us not speak of it now any more, Emanuel; at least for to-night. I will sing you something."

She sat down to her piano and sang, and I listened until the dusk deepened into night. We parted with affection; but there was a sadness in her manner which I might have thought ominous. As I stood a moment below her window I heard her still faintly singing, and knew that she was not sitting but moving through the room. I walked slowly away, often looking back; suddenly I heard her window raised, and, turning round, I could see, in the deep purple of a late summer night, the outline of her head and neck dark against the sky. I thought she beckoned to me, and I hurried back.

"Only to say good-by," she said in a whisper; and she seemed strangely fluttered and excited. "I only wanted to say good-by once more, dearest; just good-by."

As she leaned from the window a rose she was wearing in her breast fell at my feet. I took it up and put it to my lips. Some coming footsteps were heard, and she whispered in a very faint, very sad tone the word "*Ade*." Then she quickly closed the window and drew the curtain, and I could see her no more.

Her voice lingered in my ears as I went slowly home, and was in my dreams all night. I longed for the next night, that I might listen to it again.

So the next day dragged heavily through, and I was impatient of it, of myself, of every thing, feverishly anxious to meet *her* again; haunted fretfully by a fear that I had made myself look mean in her eyes; by a doubt whether, after all, my wisdom had not been folly; by a vague foreboding of disunion between us. I made many mistakes and blunders that day; and Mr. Bollington more than once put up his double eye-glass and looked at me with cold significant scrutiny.

At last the hour came for leaving the office. I was at the door, rejoiced to be free in the evening sunlight, when a small boy, whom I knew well, came up and handed me a letter. The urchin was the youngest son of the poor watch-maker who had the shop over which Christina lived, and he was often bribed with buns, apples, and half-pence to act as letter-carrier between us. So I knew at once what he came for, and I snatched at his letter.

"Oh, but stop," said the young varlet; "is the office closed for the day?"

"Yes, Tom; what of that?"

"And you are home for the day?"

"Yes, yes. Why do you ask questions, you little imp?"

"Because she told me I wasn't to give it to you until you were coming away. I've had it in my pocket ever so long."

So he gave me the letter, and darted down the street, alternately whooping and whistling.

I opened it, and read:

"MY WELL-BELOVED, Farewell! I have thought and thought, and I see we must not marry yet. Oh, forgive me, Emanuel, and be not so very sorry or lonely. I think we must not meet for a long time. I am gone away, and you must not think of following me or seeking me; for the Heaven has told me that now I could only be an encumbrance to you, and that if we were married now, you would be sorry one day. I go away that I may some time be able to help you. If ever I can, then we shall meet again, for I will find you and come to you. If not, then far better we meet no more. Either way it will be better, and you will thank me some time, and say Christina had right. I love you still; all the same as ever. Still love me: farewell, and think of me often, as I shall never, never forget you.

"CHRISTINA."

This was all. The letter was written in the quaint half-German character and the constrained foreign style which I knew so well. I turned down a dark lane out of the sunny street; the ground seemed to heave under my feet, and black spots danced before my eyes in the sunlight. I was not far from the sea—my old, old confidant; and I hurried to it as if my lost love were to be found by its margin. Staggering, slipping, with dazed eyes and choking throat and bursting heart, I reached the strand, and flung myself down, and read the letter again and again and again. And then I laid my head upon the ring of a rusty anchor, and I broke into a boyish passion and tempest of tears. She had made her choice—and left me! Of the beautiful happy life that had grown up around us, and that seemed destined to live with our lives, there was nothing left me but my memory, my grief, my agony—a few letters, and the flower that last night had fallen from her breast.

From that time I never saw her face for ten long years.

Did I make any effort to recover her? Did I not? All I could learn at her lodgings was simply that she had gone by the London coach, and that she had said she was going to her brother's. I hurried up to London by the very next coach—with what result I need hardly say. Utterly a stranger in the metropolis, my search there was quite thrown away. I could only learn at the coach-office that such a girl had actually traveled to town the day before, and that was all any body knew of her. I wasted days in hunting about the docks for Dantzic or Königsberg ships or steamers. I found nothing of her. Then I bethought me that she might have gone to Hull, and I too went to Hull; of course utterly too late to have stopped

her even had she gone there. I had made up my mind to follow her, when it occurred to me that perhaps, after all, she had relented and written to me some word of comfort and guidance, and I hurried back to my native town. No letter awaited me, and I resolved at least to try the last chance and follow her to her brother's. I remembered the name of the street in which her brother lived, and it could not be difficult to find the house. Besides, I was now seized with a detestation of our town and all that belonged to it; and it seemed to me that I must leave it or go mad. The thought of living there without her, of toiling there uncheered and unloved, of spending drear evenings alone where I had been so happy, of looking up at the window where she could no longer be seen; all this was simply intolerable to me. I had never entered my old employer's door from the evening when I received Christina's letter. What Mr. Bollington thought of me, or whether he thought about me at all, I cared nothing. I sent no explanation or word of any kind. I had some little money saved; I sold some few poor things, and got a little more money; and I took a passage in a Baltic vessel which was to put in at Dantzic. One fair sweet autumn evening I looked back on the strand where I had read Christina's letter, and watched the white houses of the old town of my childhood, and the hill whereon was my mother's grave, until all sank out of sight, and with them closed the first bright chapter of my life.

The weather changed, and we had a rough, slow, miserable passage. Our wretched heavy old tub was beaten about the North Sea and the Baltic so long that it seemed to me as if life had been actually changed into a perpetual tossing on broken wintry waters. At last we reached Dantzic, and I made my way to Christina's native town—a town of canals and islands, and numberless bridges, and steep, narrow, darkling streets, with whole populations living in each house.

I found Christina's people at last. They received me at first coldly, and even harshly, regarding me as her evil genius; but having at length come to understand that she had renounced me, they lapsed into pity and were kind. But they knew nothing about her—absolutely nothing. She had not come there; she had not written any reply to their last letter. My coming first told them that she had left her old home. My journey had been utterly fruitless and futile.

I took a passage again for England. Sick at heart, and weak in frame, with only two or three sovereigns left, I landed one wet, foggy evening near the Tower of London. As I stepped ashore I said to myself, "Here, then, in London will I stay. I accept battle here. I will succeed here or fail. I will live here, if I can; if not, I do not much care how or how soon I am to die here. Here I shall meet Christina again, or nowhere."

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM ARCADIA TO BOHEMIA.

So I kept my word, and drudged for years in the solitude and darkness of London poverty and struggle. I gave myself up to the teaching of music and to concert-singing, when I could get a decent engagement, or indeed any engagement at all. Understand that mine was for a long time a hard struggle. I lived in a garret—I was familiar with hunger. The details of the first few years may be spared. Stories of struggles in London by rising young men have all a sort of family resemblance; indeed, they are as much alike as Lely's court beauties; and if they sometimes differ in catastrophe—one adventurous career ending in Westminster Abbey, and another in the Lambeth Workhouse—so one court beauty may have died in the purple, and another in the lazar-house. I do not care to weary the reader with a minute account of my struggles for a living; I only ask him to understand that they were real and hard; that for a time they regularly included actual want; that they often meant destitution; that hunger was a common condition; that once or twice I thought it likely enough my fate must be to die of starvation. Let us pass over all this, and come to a time when I began to have a certain income, however small; when I had a few substantial engagements as a teacher of singing and music; and was beginning to think of struggling my way to Italy in the hope of returning thence a qualified candidate for a place on the lyric stage. For on this I had set my heart. Pride, disappointment, baffled love, all conspired to make this seem the necessary task of my life. To prove myself—even were it only to myself—not a failure, not a coward, was a resolution within me strong and tenacious as revenge. It was, indeed, my revenge.

I will not say that the memory of Christina had not somewhat softened, faded into a gentler recollection, during all this time. But its impression was always with me, giving sadness or courage, hope or despondency, as my chances and my mood would have it; always, most certainly, exalting and purifying the mournful monotony of my drudging life by the memory of something beautiful, tender, and distant. For years of my life I was in the habit daily of going up and down the river in the boats, and I became an intense admirer of St. Paul's. I admire that building—forgive me if the confession show stupidity and want of taste—more than Pantheon or Colosseum, than Westminster Abbey or Notre Dame, or Cologne or Antwerp Cathedral, or St. Peter's or St. Sophia's. To look up at it from Blackfriar's Bridge on a winter evening, when a cold heaven and a few whitening clouds are behind, and the dome seems a mere flat shape against the sky, a mere form and outline, delighted me. To see it sparkling in the rosy color of a summer morning, with light and shade succeeding each other on its spires and its rounded sides, or rising out of the masses of sunset

cloud-heaps like a glimpse of some glorious heaven-city, was a sight still more exquisite. Even when the November fog is around it, and its outlines can only be seen at broken and vague intervals, it is a delight to think that behind that curtain of vapor lie rich spires and domes which one breath of wind might reveal in all their beauty. In whatever season or hour, it seems to me to romanticize and to sanctify the hideous commonplace stretch of roofs and chimneys, and wharves and the leaden Lethean river, on which it looks. So was the memory of Christina, and the presence of my love and even of my disappointment, in my hard and commonplace life.

Sometimes I have deliberately come to one of the bridges in the early morning, and stood in one of the recesses and watched the different phases of beauty the glorious dome would assume in the glowing light and the changing clouds, until perhaps at last the whole air filled with brightness, and every cloud vanished, and the dome and cross were alone in the blue heaven. But these were rare enjoyments. Generally I caught glimpses of my favorite building as I made my way among the bustling crowds on the bridges or on Ludgate Hill, or as I passed beneath in one of the penny steamers. So, too, of my memory of Christina. Sometimes I had an hour or a whole evening to give to my boyish love, and I brought her back before my mind and my eyes until she stood as clear and as life-like before me as when we lived in Arcadia together. But these, too, were rare delights. In ordinary life I only caught mental glimpses of her as I fought my way through vulgar difficulties, and obtained some mean and commonplace advantages. But the influence was there always. I am a believer in beauty and nature and love, and all the rest of it. With a memory like mine, a faint hope, a strong purpose like mine, life could never become wholly vulgar or contemptible. "So long," says the great prose-poet whom Christina's father used to read to us in the old nights, "as the sun keeps but the slenderest rim of its disk unclipped the world is not given up to darkness."

All this time, be it understood, my ordinary way of life was very prosaic, poor, and mean. I was now—say seven years or so after my coming to London—only just lifting my head above mere poverty. I was utterly obscure. I was living in a low and swampy district on the Surrey bank of the Thames, in the Putney direction. I lodged there with a poor, respectable, and lady-like old person, whose appearance attracted me when I happened to come that way hunting for cheap and airy apartments. The neighboring population consisted chiefly of brickmakers and market-gardeners. A park having been promised, a few rows of cheap stuccoed houses were built, and christened Albert terraces, Garibaldi villas, Alma places, and such other appropriate and attractive names as the whirligig of time chanced to bring within the easy intellectual range of speculating builders.

The roads were damp and undrained, and the whole place looked specially cheerless. The inhabitants of the terraces, villas, and places in no case belonged to the indigenous population, but were of a half-genteel, half-pauper, and wholly nomad class, like ourselves. Many people tried letting lodgings or opening schools there, and failed. One or two persons having privately the care of insane patients, and probably rather anxious to keep them insane, brought them to bide in this dismal swamp. A few government civil officers—Customs, Inland Revenue, etc.—who had not risen in their departments, came and settled there. A forlorn water-color painter, a hopeless photographer, were among our neighbors; in fact, any kind of people who, dreadfully poor, yet would not wholly abandon the appearance of gentility, drifted thither naturally. So long as the villas and cottages were kept in decent repair they looked pleasant enough, and indeed rather fine and imposing. A semi-detached villa, with a vast row of steps and urns at either side, somewhat awed the visitor at first; but the urns were full of dry mud and dead leaves and spiders; the drawing-room was uncarpeted and hardly furnished; a dirty slatternly servant, or a little girl with a torn frock and curl-papers, opened the door; grass and weeds grew upon the sides of the parapets; the only traffic consisted of great coal-wagons going to and from the neighboring railway-stations. The lanes were blocked up with perpetual mud; the frog looked in at the kitchen-window; the maggot and the worm made themselves free of the back-parlor. Here and there small rows of shops had been begun and suddenly stopped, and no one ever seemed to have any idea of completing them. My landlady's daughter called the whole settlement "a refuge for the destitute." It was decaying, but not venerable; it was new, but not fresh; it had all the disadvantages of newness, and all the defects of age. I heard a lady near whom I happened to sit one evening in a river steamer describe it to a companion, when its swampy flats came in sight, as "a deathly place." The phrase was picturesque, effective, and very appropriate. It did look a deathly place; but it had the advantages—to me supreme—of being very cheap, and of having easy access to the river, and therefore to town. In this refuge for the destitute, then, began my march to wealth; in this deathly place opened my struggle for life.

My landlady and her daughter were poor—dreadfully poor. I had seen enough of poverty in my own town, and indeed in my own surroundings, but somehow it was not poverty like that of Mrs. Lyndon and her daughter Lilla. Provincial poverty is hardly ever indeed quite the same as London poverty—there is all the difference that exists between a thatched hovel and a Drury Lane garret. But that was not the difference here; Mrs. Lyndon was always clean, neat, and well dressed; and she always seemed to be able to get mutton-chops for her

daughter's dinner. The daughter always dressed like a girl accustomed to wear good clothes, and therefore not afraid to be occasionally shabby. She never looked worse than like a lady in dishabille. There was none of the artful neatness, the mournful nervous precision, of conscious poverty about her. What on earth did they live on, that mother and daughter? I had been with them now for a long time; I was constantly being consulted by mother and daughter about their pecuniary affairs. I sometimes counted over the amount which I knew the lodgers to pay, and it still left a pound or two of the house-rent unaccounted for, and the rates and taxes altogether unapproached. Every other day some tax-collector called and left a paper. These documents used to lie in little dusty, sooty piles on the chimney-piece; I do not know that Mrs. Lyndon ever thought about attempting to pay off any of them. I scarcely ever came in at the door without seeing some collector arguing and threatening in vain. I think the dwellers in these neighborhoods used to allow debts of this and other kinds to run up until they reached an insurmountable pile, and then they removed at night to another locality. They were up to all manner of dodges. Sometimes the house was taken in the daughter's name; and this fact enabled the mother, who was always at home, to waive the responsibility away from herself and stave off the collectors a little longer. They seemed ashamed of nothing. Lilla would entertain me sometimes through a whole afternoon's walk with narratives of the straits to which they had been driven, and the success with which they had come through them. You could not contemplate poverty of this sort without an impression that in its meanness and its cynicism it bordered on vice; and yet its endurance, its frankness, its cheerful determination were dashed with the flavor of a kind of virtue. You must pity people so hard up, and you must also feel a certain contempt for them; and yet in my case I could not help liking them, trusting in them, and feeling something resembling affection for them. They were in every sense so kind-hearted, in one sense at least so true; and then we were all so hard up together, that mere necessity and propinquity made us companionable, as people may be who are forced to pass the night beneath the same tree in Hyde Park, or under the same dry arch of the Adelphi.

A girl like Lilla Lyndon was, to my provincial mind, a perfectly wonderful phenomenon. She was extremely pretty, with dark skin and crisp, wavy, dark hair, and bright, laughing, twinkling eyes, and a smile the most confident, sweet, and winning one could well be gladdened by. She had plenty of talk, and she talked in a voice just a little sharp, but with a charming accent; and, in whatever poverty and privation, she had something like the manners of a lady. But these were not the peculiarities which most struck me. I was principally surprised by her inexhaustible knowledge of practical life. How

old was she? Hardly twenty, I should think, at the time I am now telling of, and yet she seemed to know London, its ways, its people, its life, its tricks and dodges, high and low, to the very heart. No royal road was that which had led to such learning! Many a hard struggle must have been battled through before such sad practical experience of the world's warfare could be got into that pretty little curly head.

Lilla always dressed with an appearance of fashion. If a new style of bonnet came in, I sometimes found her at night working away at her own old bonnet, and next day it was converted into a very deceptive imitation of the reigning mode. She reconstructed her dresses as often as the British Board of Admiralty reconstruct their war-ships. When crinoline came in she was in the front of the fashion, with petticoats wide enough for a duchess. She was always doing some mending work to stockings and slippers. She was absolutely without hypocrisy or deceit of any kind; even the pardonable feminine deception which keeps ready to hand a piece of crochet-work or bead-ornamentation to be produced the moment a tap at the door announces a visitor, while the real piece of work, the pair of stays or flannel petticoat in process of repair, is hastily thrust under the sofa-cushion. Whatever Lilla Lyndon was doing when you came in, that she kept on doing as unconcernedly as before. You found her darning a stocking, perhaps, and she continued the work—sometimes, it may be, calling your special attention to the frayed and tattered condition of the article. You found her in curl-papers, and she volunteered the admission that she was too lazy to take them out when getting up that morning, or that she wanted her hair to be in particularly good curl that evening—perhaps because her uncle was going to take her somewhere. She was ashamed of nothing that she did. Let me do prompt justice to a clever and pretty girl, and say, to prevent my readers from misjudging her, that she never did any thing to be ashamed of, except talk over creditors, and go in debt when she had no prospect of paying. She was honest in every way except as regarded creditors; and you could as easily have convinced a cat that it is dishonorable to steal cream as induced Lilla Lyndon at this period of her life to believe that the laws of morality have any thing to do with the relations between debtor and creditor.

Lilla's uncle was for some time a mysterious and mythical personage to me. The very first day I became acquainted with mother and daughter I heard of the uncle, who was a member of Parliament, and had an estate in Leicestershire, and who would not do much for them now, but they hoped would do something some day for Lilla. They did not boast of him by any means in the manner of ordinary poor people dragging in a story of a rich relation, but simply referred to him as their one sole possible resource and holdfast in utter emergencies. Gradually I came to hear of the various arts and

expedients by which Lilla contrived from time to time to coax or wring a few pounds out of him. Mrs. Lyndon never ventured to go near him. There was a sort of treaty, I fancy, that she was never to intrude on him. I could gather from them that he could never forgive her for having been virtuous, and having thus rendered it necessary for his brother, when he fell in love with her, a poor girl, to marry her. He was now more angry with her than ever because she was poor and lonely, old and shabby. No doubt many of her shifts and schemes and pressing appeals for money often made the relationship seem a very discreditable thing. The mother and daughter had not known him very long. Lilla's childhood had been passed in Heaven knows what poverty and meanness, her mother never daring to apply to the wealthy and offended relative. Lilla herself told me, with some pride and much laughter, how she, being driven to utter desperation one day, determined upon hunting down her uncle, and how she found him out in his great house in Mayfair, and faced the powdered servants, and insisted upon seeing him; how she waited outside the hall-door for two mortal hours, very cold, very hungry, but resolute, and prepared for the encounter by being dressed in whatever finery she had got; how at last she saw him, and was rather gruffly received; how she began to cry, thinking that the proper way to soften a cruel uncle, but was soon undeceived by the cruel uncle telling her sternly that he hated crying women, whereupon she desisted from weeping, the more readily because she had not the least inclination to cry; and how at last she compelled him to admit the relationship, and came away with a permission to call again and a ten-pound note. This present she changed at the nearest shop, and treated herself forthwith to a pair of gloves, a new bonnet, a fowl to be brought home for dinner, and a hansom cab to her own door.

Since then she had never lost sight of him. He must either have begun to accept her existence and her visits as a kind of dispensation not to be any longer resisted, or she must have really succeeded, with her pretty face, genteel figure, and coaxing ways, in making him fond of her. He was a widower, and had daughters of his own; but they would never see Lilla, who, for her own part, was only too happy to escape seeing them; and all her visits, therefore, were paid in the absence of these inflexible ladies. Mr. Lyndon seemed to me, by Lilla's own admission, to have done a good deal for her. He had obtained for her situations as governess in various families in London, in Cheltenham, in Edinburgh, in Bath, in Scarborough; but she always quitted her place somewhat abruptly, and came back to her mother reveling and rejoicing in her freedom, which she celebrated by laying out part of the balance of her salary in a fowl, or oysters, or a lobster, or something nice for supper. Terrible trouble had she each time to make her explanations and excuses to her uncle, and cozen him

into forgiving her. From various hints and stray words, I conjectured that she did not get on well with the ladies of any family; and I fancy she had the evil fate, either by intention or innocent inadvertence, to attract a good deal too much of the notice of the husbands, brothers, sons, friends, and male visitors generally, of the houses into which she was successively introduced.

I often marveled that, in a place like London, so quick and clever a girl as Lilla could find no way of converting her energy and ingenuity into money. But practical capacity of this kind she seemed not to have, or not to care about exerting. I began to find, too, that the counsels of her mother did not much tend to make her industrious to any purpose.

"My Lilly is a good girl," poor Mrs. Lyndon would say to me; "a good girl, Mr. Banks, although I say it. She ought to be a lady; and perhaps she will be one day. If I were dead and out of the way, I think, perhaps, they would make her a lady. She isn't fit to lead this kind of life; she's too delicate and too refined; any body can see that. She can't eat the kind of dinners I have to set before her sometimes, poor child."

Lilla was immensely fond of the pastry-cook's shop, and had a taste for lobster-salad as finely developed as ever I saw. There was something unspeakably touching in the manner and tone of the old woman when she spoke of this bouncing London lass, and the sincerity with which she evidently regarded her as too delicate and fragile for the coarse world around.

"She isn't strong like me," the emaciated old creature would say, the tears blinking in her sad and faded eyes. "I was a farmer's daughter, Mr. Banks, passing half my days in the fields and the open air, not like a poor, peaky Londoner. I was a fine, stout, rosy girl at Lilly's age; and long before that I could cook and bake and brew, and put my hand to every thing about the farm. Once we had a great harvest-home dinner, and I cooked a beautiful fawn for the day; and oh, bless you, the praise I got for it! My father called me up to the table, and the farmers all drank my health, and told me I'd make such a splendid farmer's wife. I was that proud, I can tell you; and I didn't expect then to be living in London a poor old woman. But my poor Lilly was brought up in town, and I never had much to give her, dear child; and she can't be expected to look strong and well as country girls do."

Mrs. Lyndon was not a widow. That piece of information had been volunteered to me by Lilla. Lilla told me her father had deserted them, and gone abroad somewhere, and had not since been heard of.

Sometimes when I came home late at night I used to find my way down to the kitchen, where the embers of the fire were generally burning, and where I could smoke a pipe with a clear conscience, having no curtains to fumigate and no one to render uncomfortable. One

night, as I was going down, I was surprised to see a light below. Thinking the gas had been left burning by mistake, I went down; and when just on the last stair I saw that Mrs. Lyndon was still up. She was seated with her back to me, and leaned over the table. Was she asleep? I stooped forward to see. No; she was awake, and bent over something which she was moving between her hands. Old stories of misers in the depth of lonely night counting their secret stores of gold came whimsically enough to my mind. She had no gold, however; only a decayed old pack of blackened cards spread before her. I softly withdrew; I had seen enough; I had fathomed all the poor, sad little mystery with one involuntary glance. I too was of Arcadia; I too had come up from the country, where superstitions are still a faith, and omens and divinations defy Hamlet's philosophy. I knew at once that Mrs. Lyndon was trying some feeble, sad, sibylline work. Poor old creature, with her early and childish country superstitions still clinging round her, she was sorting the cards to discover in them some tidings of the husband who had deserted her—some hint as to the fortunes of the daughter whom she was breaking her heart to bring up as a lady.

Late that night I heard a hansom cab drive up to the door. I was reading something in my own room, and I looked out of the window. Some one got out of the cab and handed Lilla to the door-step. She was in opera costume—wherever on earth she had got it—and she looked indeed very attractive, and apparently very joyous, as she tripped up the steps. It was an elderly gentleman who accompanied her. I could see his iron-gray hair and rather red face. Lilla opened the door with her latch-key, while he got into the cab and drove off. I could hear him giving directions to the cabman in a peculiarly strident voice. Lilla crept very softly down stairs, where I suppose her mother was still sitting up for her.

Next morning I chanced to meet my young friend.

"Oh, Mr. Banks," she broke out, "I have such a headache!"

"You were dissipating last night," I answered. "That is what comes of late hours."

"How do you know? Did you see me come in?"

"Yes, that I did."

"I am so glad! Did I look well?"

"Charming."

"Did I really? Yes; my uncle took me to the Opera, and gave me the dress and cloak to go in—was not that kind of him?—and it was so delightful!"

"The music? What opera was it?"

"Oh! *Fidelio*. But I didn't care about the music; at least, I mean I didn't care so much about it. I was so happy, and delighted with every thing, and especially myself. I was a lady for a whole night! And we were in the stalls—I love the stalls! I never was there be-

fore—and we had supper afterward! And we drove home in a hansom. Now I have a headache; but I don't mind, for it's such a long time since I had a new dress; and I was so happy."

I could not help thinking of the poor old mother in the damp kitchen, spelling over her pack of cards.

Indeed, I could never look at that poor old woman without wondering for what unknown purpose she was ever sent upon earth, in what inscrutable way Heaven would compensate her in some world hereafter for her joyless drudgery here. Not merely was she not happy herself, but, with the kindest heart, the most unselfish nature in the world, she did not seem to have the power of making any one else happy. What hopeless misfortune had crushed her into beggarly inertness so young I did not know: but so long, at least, as Lilla's memory seemed to go back, the lives of the pair had been one unintermittent, humiliating, demoralizing battle with poverty. Poverty and drudgery appeared to have crushed quite out of Mrs. Lyndon all the feeling of religion which every where but in London seems to cling to the old and the unfortunate. The butcher and baker left her no time to think of heaven. Her one thought was for her daughter: to get the pretty girl enough to eat, to cook tender chops for her, to have little dainties for her breakfast and her supper, to keep her in clothes, to guard her against consumption, to dream of her one day becoming a lady.

As for the daughter, she was simply a kind-hearted, bright, clever little heathen, not surely incapable of conversion and training if any high-minded creature could but take her in hand. Just now no Fayaway, no naked girl of South Sea islands, could be a more thorough pagan than my graceful and pretty friend Lilla Lyndon.

PREACHERS AND PREACHING.

IT seems a curious anomaly that Scotland, where people are said not to know how to converse, but only to argue and *discoarse*, should have produced of late a series of charming books of table-talk. This unexpected vein was opened by the publication of the Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Carlisle, who had lived familiarly with Hume and Robertson, and listened to the voice of old Johnson, or heard its resonance through his faithful echo, Boswell. Then came, after Carlisle's pleasant record of the great of his early generation, the equally faithful and agreeable "Memorials of his Time," by Lord Cockburn, the friend and biographer of Jeffrey, the companion of Scott, and a fellow-contributor with Sydney Smith, Brougham, Allan, and Horner to the *Edinburgh Review*. Dean Ramsay followed closely with his "Scottish Life and Character," and completed the familiar history of the literary men of the three generations which compose the Augustan era

of Scotland. There was a lightsome grace about all these books which took the world by surprise, for nothing of the kind was expected from that northern country, the mind of which was supposed, like its climate, to be immersed in a perpetual mist. They are, indeed, as cheerful reading as the French *ana* or memoirs, the best characteristics of which they possess, having all the intimate revelations of those familiar histories, tempered, however, by the decorousness of a severer morality.

Dean Ramsay has lately given greater completeness to his first work by the addition of what he terms "Pulpit Table-Talk." This, as its title indicates, is exclusively taken up with a record of the sayings and doings of the clergy. The author, though of the Scottish Episcopal Church, is a man of liberal sympathies, and is evidently disposed to hail every good Christian as his religious brother, whether he wears a surplice or not. In fact, as a native Scotchman, and living in Scotland, he has naturally more to say of the Presbyterians, who are in the ascendancy, than of his own sect.

Dean Ramsay must be a pleasant preacher to *sit under*, if he preaches in the enlivening strain in which he writes. He has evidently but little sympathy with dullness of any kind, and does not hesitate to denounce it, especially in the pulpit, and leaves us to infer that it is by no means a rare constituent of the four millions of sermons delivered every year in Great Britain. "Sir, in a sermon, the sin against the Holy Ghost is dullness," said Sydney Smith—a remark so irreverent that we should have hardly ventured to repeat it, had we not found it already quoted by our reverend author, who seems to have a very creditable horror of the offense it denounces, and accepts this advice of a friend: "Rather than see you dull and commonplace, I would see you bordering upon the eccentric or startling."

Dean Ramsay makes a distinction between a dry and a dull sermon, but upon common hearers the effect is the same. They both promote what our good clergyman terms the evil habit of sleeping in church. A dry discourse, however, may be learned, and of interest to some hearers, while a dull one is stupid, and can never please. Dr. Macknight, of whom the following story is told, is given as an example of the dry kind of preacher: This "logical and erudite" clergyman had been overtaken by a sharp shower in coming to church. In the vestry, and before the service began, the attendants were doing all in their power to make him comfortable by rubbing him with towels and other appliances. The good man was much discomposed, and was ever and anon impatiently exclaiming, "Oh, I wish that I was dry!" and repeating often, "Do ye think I am dry enuch now?" Dr. Henry, his colleague, who was present, was a jocose man, of much quiet humor. He could not resist the opportunity of a little hit at his friend's style of preaching; so he patted him on the shoulder,

with the encouraging remark: "Bide a wee, Doctor; bide a wee, and ye's be dry enuch when ye get into the pulpit."

People will sleep occasionally under the most wide-awake preachers, and these have accordingly been forced to resort to most extraordinary means of arousing their slumbering flock. John Wesley, noticing that some of his congregation were nodding, stopped suddenly in his sermon and shouted, "Fire! fire!" The people were greatly alarmed, and some one cried out, "Where, Sir—where?" "In hell, for those who sleep under the preaching of the Word," was the solemn answer of the preacher.

Dean Swift wrote a sermon especially addressed to the somnolent members of his church. The text was Acts xx. 9, where an account is given of Eutychus falling asleep during the preaching of Paul, and being taken up dead. "I have chosen these words with design," said the witty dean, "if possible, to disturb some part in this audience of half an hour's sleep; for the convenience and exercise thereof this place at this season of the day is very much celebrated." Afterward, in allusion to Eutychus sleeping in the window, he says: "The preachers now in the world, however they may exceed St. Paul in the art of setting men to sleep, do extremely fall short of him in the power of working miracles; therefore, hearers are become more cautious, so as to choose more safe and convenient stations and postures for their repose, without hazard of their persons, and upon the whole matter choose rather to trust their destruction to a miracle than their safety."

Sterne certainly, whatever might be his other defects, was not chargeable with dullness, and yet he availed himself frequently of tricks of rhetoric to keep his audience awake. He justified them on this ground when called to account by the Archbishop of York for his eccentricities in the pulpit. On one occasion, after giving out this text, "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting," he flatly declared, "*That I deny.*" A less refined but clever preacher made use of a similar device to secure the attention of an indifferent congregation. After giving the text, "I can do all things," he paused, and looking keenly at the Bible, said, in his native Somersetshire dialect: "What's that thee says, Paul?—'I can do aal things?' I'll bet thee half a crown o' that." So he took half a crown out of his pocket and put it on the book. "However," he added, "let's see what the Apostle has to say for himself." So he read the next words: "through Christ that strengtheneth me." "Oh," says he, "if that's the terms of the bet, I'm off." And he put the half crown into his pocket again, and preached his sermon on the power of Christian grace. Another preacher, impatient of a possible somnolence, cried out, in his loudest voice, in the midst of his sermon, "Victory! victory! victory!" A Reverend James Bonnar, an eminent Scotch preacher, effected

ally awakened the sleepers of his congregation by an ingenious device. It was a very warm day, the church was closely packed, and he observed many of his people nodding. He therefore introduced the word "hyperbolical" into his sermon, and as he did so, paused and said: "Now, my brethren, some of you may not understand this word 'hyperbolical.' I'll explain it. Suppose that I were to say that this congregation were *all* asleep in this church at the present time, I would be speaking hyperbolically; because" (looking round) "I don't believe much more than one-half of you are sleeping." The effect was instantaneous.

There are some church-goers, however, who indignantly resist all attempts on the part of the preacher to keep them awake. An old clergyman of the dull and quiet sort, having got an assistant who was loud-mouthed and stirring, found that a regular member of the church had suddenly become slack in his attendance, and consequently went to his house to rebuke the backslider. He was not in; but his wife, on being asked why her gudeman was so seldom at church now, replied: "Oh, indeed, minister, that young man ye've got roars sae loud that John canna sleep sae comfortable as he did when preachin' yersel sae peaceably."

The text is the keystone of that formal structure, the modern sermon. It was not, however, so in former times, for we are told that the old divines frequently preached without any text at all; and we knew a celebrated clergyman who generally wrote his sermons before he selected a phrase from Scripture to prefix to them. The connection of the text and sermon is often forced. Rowland Hill, the eccentric English preacher, wishing to denounce the practice then prevalent among the women of wearing showy head-dresses called "top-knots," preached from this text: Matthew xxiv. 17—"Let him that is on the house-top *not* come down," and pointed to the latter part of the phrase, "Top-knot come down," as a Scriptural denunciation of the coiffure in vogue. Rowland Hill was an inveterate clerical punster. Preaching on one occasion at Wapping, a low district near London, he assured his hearers, who had been among the most dissolute of that unsavory quarter, that such *Wapping* (whopping) sinners even as they were might hope to be forgiven.

One preacher took for his text the word "and," and another "but." The latter, as Dean Ramsay tells the story, was a candidate for a lectureship, and had to deliver a discourse before the trustees of the endowment, in the way of competition; so he was determined to show how clever he could be, and took for his text the single word "but." He deduced from thence the great truth and the important doctrine that no position is without some corresponding cross or opposite trial. Naaman was a mighty man of valor and honorable, *but* he was a leper. The five cities of the plain were fruitful as the garden of Eden, *but* the men of Sodom were awful sinners. I called you, *but*

ye answered not, etc. When he came down into the vestry after his sermon the senior trustee of the lectureship met him and said, "Sir, you gave us a most ingenious discourse, and we are much obliged to you; *but* we don't think you are the preacher that will do for us." This was a practical application of his sermon that the pulpit orator had not calculated upon. One of Dr. Hawks's most effective "charity" sermons was preached from the text, "To beg I am ashamed," but a meaning was given to it quite different from the original intention. He turned it effectively to his purpose by the gloss that he was ashamed for his hearers that the neglect of so good a cause as that for which he was pleading rendered it necessary to beg for it.

Texts have sometimes been chosen with great aptness to point a rebuke. The celebrated Paley, the author of the "Moral Philosophy" and the "Evidences of Christianity," had occasion to preach at Cambridge on the Sunday following the visit of Pitt, who had just been made First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer at the early age of twenty-three years. Paley had noticed the obsequious attention of the leading members of the University to the young statesman, with the evident view of obtaining a share of the good things at his disposal. Paley determined to rebuke this servile worship and eager selfishness, and accordingly gave out this text: "There is a *lad* here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes," and added, as he looked round on the throng of dignitaries and place-hunters, "But what are they among so *many*?"

A text inadvertently taken has, occasionally been the source of much mischief. Dr. Sheridan, the father of the celebrated dramatist and orator, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, being asked to preach for his friend, a country clergyman, delivered an old sermon with the text: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Unfortunately for the doctor, it happened to be the anniversary (which he had forgotten) of the accession of the House of Hanover. This was considered an insult by the court, and the preacher, who had been formerly a favorite, lost all favor, and with it, it is said, a promised bishopric. On the death of Princess Charlotte, when a wail of sorrow came from every pulpit in Great Britain, a celebrated divine startled his listeners with the text: "Take this cursed woman and bury her, for she is a king's daughter." This was not designed as an insult; far from it; for the preacher in his sermon took the view that if a character such as Jezebel was should be buried with pomp simply because of royal birth, how much greater should be the respect shown to the memory of so virtuous a woman as the Princess Charlotte.

The *death's head and bloody bones* style of eloquence, as it has been irreverently termed, is less frequently heard from the pulpit than it used to be. Preachers generally prefer nowadays the gentle and persuasive to the alarming or threat-

ening mode of sermonizing. Whitefield was a great master of the latter, and no one in modern times could frighten a sinner more effectually with the "terrors of the Lord." He, however, was a lamb in comparison with some of the preaching lions of the Middle Ages. The venerable Bede used to draw pictures of torment that the cruel imagination of Dante has not equaled. Mark with what picturesqueness of horror Bede describes the place of punishment: "He beheld trees all on fire, and sinners tormented on those trees; and some were hung by the feet, some by their hands, some by the hair, some by the neck, some by the tongue, and some by the arm. And again he saw a furnace of fire burning with seven flames, and many were punished in it; and there were seven plagues round about this furnace; the first was snow, the second ice, the third fire, the fourth blood, the fifth serpents, the sixth lightning, the seventh stench; and in that furnace itself were the souls of the sinners who repented not in this life. There they are tormented, and every one receiveth according to his works; some weep, some howl, some groan, some burn and desire to have rest, but find it not, because souls can never die." Again: "And Paul demanded of the angel how many kinds of punishment there were in hell. And the angel said, 'There are a hundred and forty-four thousand; and if there were a hundred eloquent men, each having four iron tongues, that spoke from the beginning of the world, they could not reckon up the torments of hell.'"

To the various modes of preparing and delivering a sermon, the writing and reading, reciting after learning by heart, the skeleton and the extempore, Dean Ramsay adds the peculiar method pursued by the celebrated Robert Hall. He was a great invalid, and kept much to his sofa. He thus got into the habit of mental composition, and being very careful in regard to style, and of good memory, his most celebrated sermons were thus composed, and delivered *verbatim* to his congregation, and subsequently repeated to a reporter for publication. "When Wilberforce," says the dean, "was told of this habit of Hall, he called it the *viviparous* mode of producing a sermon; that is, by a direct or living birth, as opposed to the *oviparous* process, of which the written manuscripts in other sermon-producers represented the egg. I recollect my distinguished friend, the late Marquis of Dalhousie, having this power. When a candidate for East Lothian, as Lord Ramsay, he composed in his head, at Coldstream, an elaborate speech, which he first delivered at Haddington, and then corrected the report, which had been taken down, so as to make it a *verbatim* copy. On my mentioning the circumstance to the first speaker of the day, William Gladstone, I recollect his saying that he envied the power."

In a talk about the great preachers of modern times the universal apprehension seizes at once upon the well-known names of Whitefield,

John Wesley, and Robert Hall, of England, Chalmers and Irving of Scotland, Lacordaire of France, and Channing of the United States.

The effects of Whitefield's eloquence seem to have been marvelous. He frequently preached in the open air to a gathering of three thousand persons, every one of whom, such was his sonorousness of voice and the rapt attention of his listeners, could hear every word he uttered. On one occasion while preaching a wall upon which hundreds of people were sitting fell, but so intent was his audience that not the slightest confusion or interruption ensued. Whitefield's style was emphatically a preaching one, and its power is not sustained in his printed discourses. This eloquent preacher did not disdain to resort to an occasional *tour de force* to awaken interest or produce an effect. While inculcating upon his hearers the fact that salvation was not to be won except with labor and self-denial, he said: "You seem to think it a very simple matter; you think it quite easy. Oh, just as easy as for me to catch that insect flying past me" (grasping at a fly or supposed fly). Then, after a pause, he opened his hand and exclaimed, in a solemn voice, "But I have missed it." He is said to have often repeated this piece of clerical legerdemain.

Wesley's sermons, unlike those of Whitefield, read well. There is one against the extreme doctrine of election and reprobation which Southey has declared to be one of the "finest examples of impassioned eloquence in the language," and it certainly must be acknowledged by all, whatever be the difference of opinion in regard to its force of argument, to be a brilliant example of powerful rhetoric.

Robert Hall, the great English Baptist preacher, is conceded to have been the most accomplished pulpit orator of his day. His printed sermons are models of dignified English. His style has been characterized as a cross between that of Burke and Johnson. His most remarkable sermon is the one on the death of Princess Charlotte, the daughter of George IV. of England. This noble passage fully justifies all the praise which has been given to that eloquent production: "We fondly hoped that a life so inestimable would be protracted to a distant period, and that, after diffusing the blessings of a just and enlightened administration, and being surrounded by a numerous progeny, she would gradually, in a good old age, sink under the horizon amidst the embraces of her family and the benedictions of her country. But, alas! these delightful visions are fled; and what do we behold in their room but the funeral pall and shroud, a palace in mourning, a nation in tears, and the shadow of death settled over both like a cloud! Oh, the unspeakable vanity of human hopes! the incurable blindness of man to futurity!—ever doomed to grasp at shadows, to seize with avidity what turns to dust and ashes in his hands, 'to sow the wind and reap the whirlwind.'" Hall was of a very independent spir-

it, and especially impatient of that interference with his preaching and other duties in which members of a congregation are so apt to indulge. A good story is told, on the authority of Dr. Chalmers, of the manner in which Hall once rebuked one of these overbusy interlopers. A member of his flock, presuming on his weight and influence in the congregation, had called upon him and taken him to task for not more frequently or more fully preaching *Predestination*, which he hoped in future would be more referred to. Hall, the most moderate and cautious of men on this dark question, was very indignant; he looked steadily at his censor for a time, and replied: "Sir, I perceive that *you* are predestinated to be an ass; and what is more, I see that you are determined to 'make your calling and election sure!'"

To our American divine, Channing, who is appreciated more in Europe even than in this country, we have this tribute from Dean Ramsay: "The style of Channing is carefully elaborated. He indicates the most refined and elegant taste. His sentiments express the purest emotions of Christian love and peace. His estimate of the Divine nature is lofty and emotional." The admiration of Channing as a writer is not confined to England. Count de Remusat, a distinguished French critic, has shown in his masterly biography that they are capable even in France of rising to the appreciation of the pure morals and refined dialectics of the American preacher.

Dean Ramsay, with the predilections natural to a Scotchman, is disposed to give his countryman and friend, Chalmers, the palm for pulpit eloquence. If he were not eloquent, where, asks his eulogist, may eloquence be found? His power as a preacher was undoubtedly very great and abiding, and yet he knew nothing of oratory as an art, and used none of its artificial embellishments. So far from possessing what are ordinarily considered the natural requisites of an orator, his person was ungainly, his voice hoarse and monotonous, and his action without grace. He not only spoke with a broad Scotch accent, but pronounced his words with the provincial and discordant twang peculiar to Glasgow and its neighborhood. To a stranger the first sight of Chalmers and the sound of his voice were positively repellent; but he soon not only overcame prejudice, but secured subjection by a subtle power which, if not eloquence, had all its qualities of commanding attention and winning sympathy. The secret of his strength was in his earnestness. On one occasion he preached a sermon on cruelty to animals, and in the course of it described in glowing colors the excitement of an English hunting-field, which he termed "this favorite pastime of joyous Old England, in which there sits a somewhat ancestral dignity and glory." He described the "assembled jockeyship of half a province," the gathering of "gallant knight-hood and hearty yeomen;" and he spoke of

"the autumnal clearness of the sky," and "high-breathed coursers," and "the echoing horn," "the glee and fervency of the chase," "the deafening clamor of the hounds," and "the dying agonies of the fox" in such a strain of lively earnestness that Lord Elcho's huntsman, who was present, declared that he could hardly keep from getting up and giving a view-holloa.

Chalmers is so well known as a writer that it is hardly necessary to quote any thing from his published works to justify his claim to power as a rhetorician. For the sake of the comment we give a short passage, which, moreover, is one of the most poetically pathetic of modern prose. After speaking of the sons and daughters of a Scottish pastor, who were obliged at the father's death to leave their home, he paints this charming picture: "With quietness on all the hills, and with every field glowing in the pride and luxury of vegetation, when summer was throwing its rich garment over this goodly scene of magnificence and glory, they think, in the bitterness of their souls, that this is the last summer which they shall ever witness smiling on the scene which all the ties of habit and affection have endeared to them; and when this thought, melancholy as it is, is lost and overborne in the far darker melancholy of a father torn from their embrace, and a helpless family left to find their way, unprotected and alone, through the lowering futurity of this earthly pilgrimage." Dean Ramsay heard Chalmers preach this sermon, and says that the tears of the father and the preacher fell like rain-drops on the manuscript.

Chalmers, like most great preachers, wrote but few sermons, but preached these over and over again, and never failed in fervor of delivery. "I heard him preach," says Dean Ramsay, "his beautiful sermon on the love of God in the parish church of Haddington, and on my expressing my pleasure at having been present, he said, 'I felt rather uncomfortable, for I saw a gentleman present who must have been hearing it for the fourth time.'"

This habit of writing but few sermons and repeating them often was common to the famous pulpit orators of France, and people went to hear Massillon, Bossuet, or Bourdaloue, on the important festivals of the Church, as they might go to the theatre to hear again and again the various pieces of the classic drama. Dean Ramsay, with a fellow-sympathy with those of his cloth, thinks that those people who complain about hearing old sermons again are unreasonable. The old Scotch phrase is "Cauld kail het again;" but "cauld kail" may, thinks our good divine, be, like old wine, the best.

Edward Irving, who was admired by Sir James Mackintosh, and from whom Canning said before Parliament assembled that he had heard the most eloquent sermon he ever listened to, uttered what Dean Ramsay terms the most powerful appeal ever made to a Christian congregation in behalf of the poor. Here is the passage: "And here a fancy cometh upon my

brain which I dare hardly utter, lest it overwhelm the feeling of this assembly, and unman myself into unbecoming weeping. I fancy in some sad abode of this city, some unvisited pallet of straw, a man—a Christian man—pining, perishing without an attendant, looking his last upon nakedness and misery, feeling his last in the pangs of hunger and thirst. The righteous spirit of the man being disembodied, I fancy it, to myself, arising to heaven encircled by an attendance of celestial spirits, daughters of mercy, who waited upon his soul when mankind deserted his body. This attended spirit I fancy rising to the habitation of God, and reporting in the righteous ear of the Governor of the earth how it fared with him amidst all the extravagance and outlay of this city. And saith the indignant Governor of men, 'They had not a morsel of bread nor a drop of water to bestow upon my saint. Who of my angels will go for me where I shall send? Go, thou angel of famine, break the growing ear with thy wing, and let mildew feed upon their meal. Go, thou angel of the plague, and shake thy wings once more over the devoted city. Go, thou angel of fire, and consume all the neighborhood where my saint suffered, unheeded and unpitied. Burn it, and let its flame not quench till their pavilions are a heap of smouldering ashes.'

A WIFE OF THE PERIOD.

I.

"YOU are standing in your own light, Milly," said Aunt Sophia. "I have not a word to say against Frank Caryl; he is intelligent and good-looking, and well-principled, I believe; but then you see he hasn't a cent in the world but his salary."

Milly smiled brightly. "You have left out one qualification, Aunt Sophia; not much in your eyes, perhaps, but rather important in mine: he is very fond of your unworthy niece."

"That is understood, of course; no great thanks to him for it, either; it is not so very difficult. Mr. Arnold thinks enough of you, for that matter."

"I am very much obliged to him, aunty. And now just let me ask you one question: are good looks and good principles, good sense and affection, so very common in this world that they should be thrown aside without a moment's consideration, simply because they do not happen to be joined to large means as well?"

"But Mr. Arnold is an agreeable man, and we know nothing at all against him."

"Certainly not; I hope there is nothing to be known. But I have not an atom of regard for him, and I've a great deal for Frank."

"Oh, you are in love, like other foolish girls. I don't doubt that. Let me tell you that these romantic passions are a very poor foundation for the business of living. People who marry with a tolerable liking for each other, and with circumstances all suitable and accordant, have a much better chance of finding themselves a

happy couple at the end of half a dozen years than those who risk every thing for a mere personal fancy. These ardent attachments soon burn out—'when poverty comes in at the door,' you know—"

"We do not expect to be so very poor; we shall have enough for comfort."

"Yes, of the plainest description—when you might have every luxury! And how long will you keep even that? If Frank has nothing now he is not likely to lay up much, with the additional expense of a wife upon his hands."

"Now you are almost unkind, Aunt Sophy. If Frank had thought only of himself, and of advancing his own fortunes, we both know he would be better off."

"And what surety have you that those people will not be coming upon him again at any time?"

"It is not probable that they will require any farther aid. The boys are in situations that provide for them, and the sister is very happily married. If misfortune befell them, I should be both sorry and ashamed if we did not help them to the utmost of our power."

"You are determined, I see. Well, have it your own way; I wash my hands of it."

"Just what I can't allow, Aunt Sophy. You must smile upon us, and wish us well, and be happy too, or else we can not be so."

And the good lady, whose ambition for her niece was, after all, but another way of showing her affection, yielded to coaxing and caresses. One last word she could not forbear:

"I feel it all the more, Milly, because Barbara Ellis is going to do so well. You two have always kept about together—my own niece and my husband's; and now just look at the difference! Why, there is nothing that Barbara can not have, if she wants it."

"She can't have Frank," said Milly, laughing.

Aunt Sophy argued no longer. She even promised to reconcile her husband to the projected marriage; or, at any rate, to make the attempt. Mr. Ellis looked very coldly on it. Frank was a good fellow, he admitted, but not likely to get on in the world. If a young man were in business there was some chance for him; it was sink or swim, and he *might* swim. But a teller in a bank! He might go on a hundred years at just the same rate; there was no opening, no advance for him. He would be a poor man all his days. However, he supposed Milly knew what she was about. One thing was certain: if she chose to be so foolish she must not reckon on *him* to make up deficiencies. Having delivered this opinion he began to feel that, so far as it concerned himself, the match was well enough. If he had approved it very warmly a good deal might have been expected of him. And then Barbara would think he ought to do just as much for her. As it was, a very moderate present would suffice in both cases.

The wedding took place quietly, and the young couple began life together. It was be-

fore the inordinate rise of rents in our cities, and a man of small income might still consider himself a gentleman; might aspire to possess a comfortable, if plain, house in a respectable neighborhood, and with neat surroundings. Milly and her husband asked no more; the day of small things contented them; they looked for happiness to other matters than the height of their ceilings or the richness of their furniture. They had health, affection, confidence in each other; with these and the blessing of Heaven, they could not distrust the future.

Aunt Sophia enjoyed the spectacle of their content and their attachment. Still she could not quite forget the ambitious visions she had once cherished; visions that ignored any thing so tame as respectability, and reveled amidst scenes of luxury and splendor. She was not a strong-minded woman, and it often seemed hard to her that the girls whom Milly used to know, who had started in life with prospects no fairer than hers, should be so greatly in advance of her; should go about in their own carriages, while she rode in the avenue cars; should rule over troops of servants, while she contented herself with a single maid.

One day there came an invitation to an evening party. Invitations of that sort were rather rare for Milly now; she had slipped out of people's sight. But this was from an old friend, and it was understood that the affair would be a very brilliant one. Aunt Sophia was urgent that she should accept.

"Come, Milly, do give yourself a treat for once. I am sure you never go any where. And you can't pretend that you would not enjoy it."

"Of course not," returned Milly, smiling, and stopped to think a minute. It was very tempting. The handsome rooms, the light and flowers and music, made up a scene that strongly attracted her. She would meet a great many old acquaintances, and it was so long, as Aunt Sophia said, since she had been any where. But other considerations came up to decide her.

"I am afraid it can't be done," she said, after deliberating a little. "It would be very pleasant, but I don't believe it's best."

"And why, pray? The old question of expense, I suppose."

"Yes, aunt, just that."

"Molly, I never expected to see you such a miser, making such a time over spending a penny!"

"And I never expected to hear such a charge from you. I should be quite hurt if I thought you were serious."

"Just look at it, then. You don't mean to say that you *can't* go? that you can not procure the necessary things?"

"No; it isn't quite as bad as that. But Frank has his winter outfit, and so have I; ample for all ordinary purposes, yet not quite suitable for so very elegant an occasion. And it seems hardly prudent to expend so much for a single evening."

"You would have the things to wear again the next time any one asked you."

"How often can one wear the same dress, do you think? Besides, it is only of 'this once' that we are speaking. We can not begin a life of party-going and party-giving; that is quite out of the question."

"You are always so reasonable!" exclaimed Aunt Sophia. "I do wish you would once in a while have your little whims and extravagances like the rest of the world. And perhaps Frank would like to go."

"If there were any chance of that I should surely have consulted him. He does not care for parties; if he went it would only be to give me pleasure."

"It is settled, then, I suppose. I used to be so proud of you," continued Aunt Sophia, ruefully. "You were so much admired wherever I took you. I don't see but you are pretty as ever, but where's the good of it when there is nobody to look at you?"

"We are not quite as recluse as you would make us out, aunty. Let us hope that my attractions are not entirely wasted. We see our friends occasionally at their houses and our own."

"Oh yes! Humdrum tea-parties and evening visits! And I looked forward to such a very different destiny for you!"

"Why, aunt," said the young wife, with a little spirit, "do you suppose I would exchange my life for any that you could have planned? Isn't Frank worth more to me than all the parties and all the fortunes in New York?"

Aunt Sophia was silenced. She even admitted to herself that since the marriage was an unalterable fact, it was very well that Milly felt so.

By-and-by the first child came, bringing with it new cares and new pleasures. The young couple began to feel like family people; to talk of the days when "baby" would be growing up, and her education matter of concern. Milly hoped she would have Frank's eyes, and Frank already discerned in her a strong resemblance to her mother.

Other children followed. When Milly had been seven years married three little ones filled her hands and heart. She was pretty still and happy still, though a trifle faded from her bloom, and at times somewhat anxious and foreboding. The scale of living was greatly altered of late years; self-denial was more obvious and more difficult with people all around indulging in such luxuries. She had ambitions for her children, too, which she had never harbored for herself; it cost her more to forego pretty things for them than to reduce her own dress to the utmost plainness. But these were minor matters, on which she did not dwell. The one serious question that sometimes troubled her was this: What should they do as their expenses inevitably increased, provided their means did not increase as well? Frank's salary maintained them now, with care and pru-

dence on her part; something, even, was laid by every year, but the margin was not large. Frank himself had sometimes an uncomfortable feeling, as if he were fixed in a groove from which it would be pleasant to escape. His means and his position had improved in all these years, yet not in proportion to the change of times; and so far as he could see, the limit was now reached. He often pondered the possibility of a change, and was as often deterred by remembrance of the risk. Alone, he could have roughed it, and taken the chances of success or failure; but there were Milly and the children. The present, if humble, was secure, and he dared not relinquish it.

"Just as I always thought," observed Mr. Ellis to Aunt Sophia. "Frank Caryl was cut out for a poor man. There he goes, traveling in the same old rut. I could have told Milly how it would be."

And if he had, and she had believed him ever so fully, it would have made no difference. There was care in her home, but no coldness in her heart. Frank was still her first thought, as she was his, and their love was a part of their daily life.

II.

The husband came home one night with spirits unusually elate. Milly guessed that something pleasant had occurred, but asked no questions. The time for them had not yet come. Dinner was gone through, the children's prattle listened to, their evening game of romps allowed. This over, and each rosy face down on its pillow, the parents were alone in the pleasant little parlor.

"And now, Frank, what is it?" Milly asked, drawing her chair closer to his side.

He laid down the paper, laughing. "What a witch you are for finding out when any thing has happened!" he said. "Well, I won't tease you by delay. There is nothing immediate, you will see, but it opens a prospect for us. Mr. Kyle had a long talk with me to-day: he means to leave the bank and open a broker's office—"

"And he wants you to go with him?"

"He would like it; but that isn't the point. His going leaves the cashiership vacant."

"Oh, Frank! *do* you think they would give it to you?"

"Mr. Kyle says there is no doubt of it. I should not have dared to count on such a thing myself. I should expect the directors to have some friend of their own ready, or to want some one with capital, or, at any rate, of more note. But he says there is a very kind feeling toward me in the board, and he will use all his influence to secure me the appointment, and that we may call it as good as settled."

"No wonder you looked so happy, Frank. I can hardly believe it. It seems too delightful to be true."

"I know it does; but I think we may safely reckon on it. Mr. Kyle isn't the man to hold

out false hopes. You would have been gratified, Milly, by his warmth to-day. I'd no idea he had so much regard for me."

"It does not surprise me," said the wife. "He couldn't be so long connected with you and *not* have it."

"He would like, he said, to take me with him; but he could not offer me any thing as valuable, of course. And then the position is something."

"Yes, indeed. Why, Frank, we may call our fortune made. It would not be if we were very ambitious people; but with our ideas we may dismiss all care."

"I think we may. You don't know how I feel, Milly; such a load off my mind! I hadn't been aware how great the pressure was until it was removed. But every thing is getting so dear, and the children growing older, and all that, that sometimes I have been very uncertain as to how we should manage by-and-by. But that is done with now. With our ideas, as you say, the salary is ample. My dear little woman will not be obliged to look so closely after every penny, and can have her bit of pleasure like the rest of the world."

"I don't care much about pleasure, Frank; but it will be *such* a comfort not to feel anxious any longer." And the two talked over their good fortune with happy, grateful hearts.

"How soon will it be?" Milly presently inquired.

"I can't quite say. Nothing is to be spoken of as yet, you know. Some months, perhaps; but if it were a year, even, we should not mind, now that the prospect is secure."

"What is the matter?" said Milly, suddenly, as Frank put his hand to his forehead with a look of pain.

"Only my head. It has been troubling me off and on all day, though I hardly heeded it, I was so full of this affair."

"Poor head!" said Milly, tenderly smoothing the thick dark locks. "I don't understand it, Frank. You never used to have any thing of the sort; you were so thoroughly well. And headaches must be so trying in your business."

"Yes, they are. Sometimes I can hardly see what I am about."

"I am afraid it is overwork. You don't get exercise enough. But it will be easier for you, will it not, in the new order of things?"

"The work will be of a different sort, at any rate, and I shall have fewer hours of it. I shall get time to tone up my system, I hope, and come around all right before long."

How brightly the next morning rose for the happy pair! Some people would have despised the occasion of their joy; some of Milly's old acquaintances—Barbara Ellis, for instance—who spent more on their own dress and their summer round of watering-places than the whole income that looked so large to her. Aunt Sophia, even, would have thought Milly's delight uncalled-for. It was an advance, to be sure. But why, she would have said, should

Milly rate herself so low as to think such very moderate good-fortune great for *her*?

Aunt Sophia, however, knew nothing of the matter. It was yet undivulged to the public. Mr. Kyle's arrangements lingered. Meanwhile the cloud that was to darken all their sky gathered and grew, though none suspected it.

Those wearisome headaches of Frank's became more frequent. The disorder seemed so womanish, so trivial, that he made light of it; but the annoyance could not be prevented. He tried remedy after remedy to but little purpose; the trouble grew really serious. To say nothing of the suffering, it incapacitated him from business. The figures he was dealing with ran together; his mind became confused; he was unable to carry out his calculations. Two or three times in as many weeks he was obliged to give up and go home before the day was over. When this stage was reached he consulted a physician.

The physician's verdict was not encouraging. He listened to Frank's description of the case, and after a few ordinary questions inquired if there had been any blow—any injury to the head. Frank knew of none—unless, indeed, that accident last winter. He had been thrown from a sleigh, striking his head against the pavement; had been stunned for a few seconds, and experienced some sharp pain. But this had passed off in a day or two, and he had hardly thought of it since, though he now recalled that there was an occasional tenderness about the spot.

There lay the trouble, Dr. Gray asserted. He could give little hope of cure. The malady might wear out in time, perhaps; for the present, local applications might relieve the acuteness of the pain. He recommended one or two which had proved beneficial in similar cases.

"It would be well," he said, "if you could make a change of business; get some occupation that would keep you a good deal in the open air, and not tax your mind as much."

"That," returned Frank, "is simply impossible." He went home a good deal discouraged, yet hardly apprehending the gravity of the case. Local applications! In a great bank like theirs, with business surging, crowding through all its hours, how was he to find the time? Then the look of the thing! A teller's desk was no place for a fussy invalid. It would never do. He must just stand it as well as he could. And he would not tell Milly what the doctor said; it would only worry her, and do no good.

Nevertheless, before bedtime she knew all about it. Happily she was not one of those women to whom it will only do to bring good tidings. She comforted Frank as well as she was able, but certain sad forebodings crept into her mind.

There was reason for them. Several times during the next month he came home in the middle of the day, exhausted, worn-out with the pain he had endured.

"Milly," he said one evening as he lay on

the sofa, while she sat by the drop-light busy with her sewing, "there's something I want to say to you. It is hard, but I ought to do it."

"Well, dear?" she said, putting down her work, and seating herself on the edge of the couch beside him.

"If this goes on—and there seems no prospect of a change—I am afraid we must give up all hope of the cashiership."

"I have thought of that, too," she answered. Both were silent a while. The evil grew nearer, more real, now that they had brought themselves to speak of it. Milly was the first to recover courage.

"After all, Frank," she said, cheerfully, "we shall be no worse off than we were before."

"Yes, we are," he answered. "We are poorer by the loss of so much hope."

"True—we'll look the matter in the face, and not try to make it less than it is. It will be a great disappointment. Our ideas have always been so moderate, and this would have met them so perfectly! We'll not pretend, even to each other, that it is not hard. But then, Frank, it is nothing we are in any way to blame for, that is one comfort."

"Yes."

"And it is pleasant to know that your employers thought so well of you; that but for a misfortune, entirely out of your control, they would have been glad to give you the position."

"Oh dear, Milly, that's the sting of it! *Out of my control!* To come so near, and miss it through no fault of my own! I don't care so much for myself as for you. You might have been so comfortable, so at ease; and this throws you back on all the old uncertainties and anxieties."

"Yes," said Milly—and she paused a minute. "We must fall back, too, on the *one* blessing, the one Friend, that will not change with our health or our prosperity. We must not forget that."

"I don't, dear," he answered, pressing her hand.

"And we have each other and the children. After all, Frank, if you were only well I should not mind the rest. We could manage in some way. But it is hard that you should suffer so much and be obliged to go on with your work."

Poor Frank! he was destined never to be "well" again. In every interval of ease he tried to hope for an improvement, to think that the doctor regarded his case too seriously, and that recovery had now begun. But these hopes were as often disappointed. Meanwhile the expected changes came about: Mr. Kyle retired; a new cashier was appointed. What a simple thing it was, the destruction of all those happy prospects! One or two of the directors spoke to Frank; they regretted the failure of his health; nothing could have pleased them better than to give him the position. But it required all the energies of a sound and vigorous man. Frank knew it; he could not blame them. Still, it was a bitter day for him when

the last chance vanished and Mr. Nesbit entered on his duties.

He was vigorous enough, this last. A large, stern man, with a harsh voice and dictatorial manner; such a contrast to Mr. Kyle, who used to come in smiling, with friendly nods to all the clerks, every one of whom felt for him an affectionate regard. Mr. Nesbit cared not one straw for their regard; he would have scouted the idea of such sentimental nonsense. The bank was a great machine of which he had control; the clerks were nothing but its wheels and cogs and screws. All he wanted of them was to be sound and tight and in their places, and to do the work that they were set to do.

It was a hard sway for Frank; any one could see how it must end. He saw it himself, and that right early, but tried to close his eyes to a certainty so direful. For the first time since their marriage he had a secret from Milly. She had cares enough already; it would be time enough for her to know his fears when something really happened.

He came home one evening very ill, and next day was unable to go out, or even to sit up. There was no help for it; a message and excuses must be sent over to the bank. The second morning he was better, and went out as usual. Between eleven and twelve Milly heard his step in the hall. She started up, surprised at the unusual sound.

"What is the matter?" she said, as he opened the door. "Are you ill again?" for his face was white as death.

"I may as well tell you at once," he answered. "I would keep it from you if I could, Milly, but you will have to know. The very worst has happened. I have been discharged from the bank."

"Discharged!" she exclaimed.

"Yes. Mr. Nesbit sent for me as soon as I arrived. I went into the back-room without a thought of what was coming. I have often dreaded it before, but to-day it never occurred to me. And he said that my frequent absences threw off my work upon the other clerks, who had plenty of their own to do, and interrupted the order of the bank, and that it was impossible to go on so any longer. He gave me a check for the salary due and for a month in advance—and so dismissed me!"

"Can this really be true?" said Milly, hardly knowing what she uttered.

"You may well ask that. I was completely astounded. I did not even say good-by to the boys. I walked out of the bank like one in a dream. The crowds in the street and the cool air recalled me, and at first I thought I would not tell you. I would go out as usual every day and look about for business, and never let you know till I had found it. But I soon felt how hopeless that would be."

"Hopeless indeed!" she said, endeavoring to smile. "You must never try that, Frank. I must hear your bad news as well as your good. Did Mr. Nesbit seem sorry for you?"

"Not he! He had made up his mind to get rid of an encumbrance, and was glad to do it. Not one word of sympathy; and he knew that to me it was nothing less than ruin!"

The despair of his tone cut Milly to the heart, but it roused, too, her quick habit of cheerfulness and courage. "Not quite as bad as that, dear," she said. "It is a great calamity, I know, but there is Mr. Kyle, who would have been glad to take you with him—and there are other banks—and you are well known among so many business men. We must not think our last chance is gone."

"Mr. Kyle wanted the sort of man I used to be. He is starting a new business, and needs active, energetic help; and it is so every where. If the bank that knows me so well, that has had such long and faithful service from me, casts me aside as a worthless tool, you can see how others will be likely to regard me."

Milly's heart misgave her for a moment. "At any rate," she said, recovering herself, "we will not despair till we have tried our best." She comforted Frank, not so much by any hope she could hold out, as by her soothing words and tender manner. The poor fellow found rest in the certainty that there was one place where he was valued and important. His just pride had received a cruel blow in the abrupt dismissal; it lowered him in his own eyes. The manner of it, as he said to Milly, aggravated even the disaster. An old *employé* of the bank, identified with its prosperity, considered by himself and others an important member of its corps—and to be turned off like a worthless servant! By Mr. Nesbit, too, a man so new to authority, so little liked or respected any where. He was almost disposed to contest the point, to see if he had not a friend or two yet in the board who would stand by him. Milly could not counsel this. "It would never be comfortable," she said, confining herself to the most obvious aspect of the case. "Mr. Nesbit could show his unfriendliness in a hundred ways. You would be obliged to go at last." She spared him the hint of what she dreaded, that the directors would sustain their cashier's action. Mr. Nesbit might be ever so harsh or arbitrary or ungentlemanlike, but he was still a valuable servant—while Frank, poor Frank! It was hard to bear.

She could not keep back a few tears when she was alone, and no one could be troubled by them. It was bitter to think that old friendship, long association, counted for just nothing the moment that you ceased to be of use. Yet "business was business," she acknowledged. Mr. Nesbit was only to blame, perhaps, for putting needless humiliations into a necessary measure. But what a prospect that opened for them all! Cold weather was coming on. The autumn had been sharp, and people foretold a hard winter for the poor. "The poor!" Milly had always thought of them as of a class utterly distinct from hers. Yet unless Frank could

obtain, and keep, some paying occupation, they were likely to know before long what was meant by real poverty.

Now began that weary search for employment which only those can understand who have gone through with it. What a different world it seemed to Frank! He had been used to feel himself a part of the vast life of the city; he had his place, honorable if not conspicuous, in that magnificent and mighty realm of "business." But now how pitiless was its roar and whirl! Men went their ways, transactions failed or prospered, stocks rose and fell, all the machinery was in full play, while he stood by an idle and forlorn spectator.

Day after day he came home worn-out with fatigue; he walked unheard-of distances now to save the trifle of fare. Morning after morning he set out again, besieging every point where there was the least hope of success. He never guessed before how many chances there are against a man who is already down. Vacancies were fearfully rare; people were discharging their old clerks oftener than employing new ones. Wherever he applied his health was against him. No matter how humble the position, how insignificant the salary, a reliable person was wanted for it; one who would be at his post every day and all day. Poor Frank, who had been fully equal to an important trust, found himself ranked as below the most inferior one.

Milly had thought herself industrious when the housekeeping and the children fully occupied her time, but it was plain that there must be retrenchment somewhere. The year's income was never so largely in excess of the year's expenditure that much could be laid by. On these careful savings she was determined to draw as little as she could. They must be kept for that even harder time which she foreboded. The one servant was dismissed, and the work of the house added to Milly's other cares. Garments that had been thrown by were mended yet again; fuel, food, light, were economized with the utmost exactitude; and yet how large were the bills of every week! how rapidly the little store of ready money melted away!

Where, one might ask, was Aunt Sophia in this time of darkness and despondency? In her own home, surrounded with comforts and luxuries innumerable, yet not exempt from the common lot of trial. Her cook was despotic; had his own ideas of the arrangement of a dinner, and would brook no interference with them. Green-house flowers, too, were frightfully expensive, and Mr. Ellis often grumbled at the cost, though he knew that she *must* have them to decorate the table. She came to see Milly sometimes—not very often, for it was such a journey across the river—and bewailed her misfortunes much after the fashion of the friends of Job, but offered no aid more substantial than sympathy. Perhaps she did not fully understand the exigencies of the case. Milly was not one to dwell upon her trials, particularly to

those who would lament that she had been so brought down in the world. Nor had Aunt Sophia, handsomely as she lived, much money at her own disposal; much, at any rate, of whose use her husband did not expect to know the history. Mr. Ellis had liked to have Milly with them in her early days; a pretty girl, her bright young face enlivening the house. If she had married to gratify his pride he might have done something handsome for her; as it was, she had chosen for herself, and her future was her own look-out. Such conduct will surprise no one who has observed the entire calmness with which people rolling in wealth can view the struggles and privations of their poorer friends. Milly, taught by experience, was grateful for her aunt's good-will, and looked for nothing more.

Toward mid-winter Frank obtained the long-sought situation: a small clerkship, with just one-quarter of the salary he was accustomed to receive. The young pair tried to look upon it as a temporary thing, a mere expedient, till something more suitable should offer. It was temporary, indeed, but hardly in the sense they had expected.

Milly's attention turned now to a change of residence. She had known ever since Frank's dismissal that they must leave their home with the expiration of the year, but had put off the thought—there was so much else to think of! It was time now to look about and see what could be done. To look at all was not an easy matter; who would take care of the house and the children in her absence? Fortunately Margaret, her old servant, had a younger sister, who, though a child herself, could give some supervision to those yet younger. Milly then, on two or three days of every week, got through her morning's work as soon as might be, and set out. One of the children went with her; that one, at least, would be under her own eye. The others were left to the care of little Anny.

III.

House-hunting is seldom a cheerful pursuit, even where one's means are tolerably ample. There is apt to be a great discrepancy between our requirements and our purse. Judge what it was, then, for poor Milly, obliged to look only to the plainest and cheapest that could be procured. She considered in the beginning that her ideas were humble; she had no ambition for "gentility" of neighborhood or nicety of dwelling. Any house, ever so small or plain, would do; she asked only for cleanliness and decency in its surroundings. Before her quest was ended she inclined to think that cleanliness and decency were luxuries to which poor people had no business to aspire; that she had been arrogant in dreaming of them.

Day after day she came home in the wintry twilight, weary and disheartened; what places she had seen! what rents were asked for them! It seemed hopeless to try longer, yet try she must. She could not yield quite yet, and set-

tle down in the midst of squalor and disorder. She grew nervous as the house was neared; the anxiety about the children, which went with her all day, culminated then. Once within the door, however, their clamorous welcome assured her of their safety. They had not set themselves on fire, nor fallen down stairs, nor broken neck, nor leg, nor arm. Little Anny was a treasure in her way. She had kept them out of mischief; she had even brushed their hair and tidied them generally to meet their mother.

How Milly would have liked at such times to throw herself on the couch in the back-parlor, with the children gathered around her; to have a cup of tea brought in, and by-and-by, when she was thoroughly rested, to sit down to a comfortable meal! Nothing of the kind could be thought of. She always managed to return home a little before Frank arrived; to have the gas lighted, his dressing-gown and slippers ready, and the room made cheerful for him. Dinner must be next prepared; a frugal meal, which she tried to render more palatable by nicety of serving and arrangement. Then there was the china to wash, and the children must be put to bed. Anny was very helpful about these matters; the tired wife found her an invaluable aid. When all had been disposed of, and the little handmaid trotted off to her own room—for Milly was unwilling that she should go home through the streets at night—an hour or two of liberty remained. Frank lay on the sofa; his wife sat beside him. On these evenings she did not try to sew; house-hunting had left her small energy for the needle. They talked of things new and old, the past and the future, and felt that, dimmed as their prospects were, the sweetness of life was not yet over.

If only they could have gone on thus! Had it been possible, Milly felt that she could rest in the present and be content. Darker days were coming. Frank was an invalid; he needed repose and care. She had often felt how hard was the necessity which took him forth to daily labor. She saw, as spring advanced, that it could not last much longer; with such irregular attendance no place could be retained. And what were they to do?

One evening they were alone together. "Milly," said Frank, suddenly, "it is rather more than a year now since Mr. Kyle spoke to me about the cashiership. What a dream it seems like—that I was ever thought fit for such a place!"

"It would not have been a dream, dear, but for the failure of your health."

"I suppose not, but it tires me even to think of it. I get worse and worse. I don't see how I can go on. If I had been receiving any thing like a salary it would not have been honest to be paid for such attendance. And I am afraid the limit is about reached. They have been very kind at the office, both Mr. McNally and the clerks, but I believe it is not right to tax them further."

"I fear not, Frank. If you resign now you will part as friends."

"And if I do not I shall be asked to, before long. It is a plain case. Oh, Milly, you don't know what a man feels who used to be competent to his work and trusted in it—to find himself failing, falling lower and lower, and at last fit for nothing. In all this wide world there seems no place for me but one. Sometimes I think if I were there, and out of the way, it would be the best thing that could happen. There would be one less to provide for—and you would have the insurance, and what little else there is—"

Milly broke down at this. "You must not talk so," she cried, bursting into tears and throwing her arms around him. "We must not be impatient under God's hand."

"I am not," he answered, quietly. "It is not that. I am only saying what I have often thought of, dear. It is but the simple truth."

"And what should I do, Frank? What would my life be if you were not here to share it?"

"I don't know why you are so fond of me, poor child," he said, smoothing her bright hair. "I have never amounted to much—and now I have brought you to such a strait—"

"Don't say that, Frank."

"But you might have married so differently."

"And so might you; and neither regrets the marriage that we made. Could I bear to think of any other woman being with you all these years?"

"No other *could* be what you have been, Milly."

"I hope not—to you. It is no merit in me. I had rather be here than any where. You must not reproach me again, Frank," she added, faintly smiling, "with the better marriages I might have made."

"No. I will thank God, instead, for giving you to me, Milly."

The first of May drew near, when some decision for the coming twelvemonth must be made. In her numerous journeys Milly had found one place which better than others met her wishes—a little house, far out on one of the avenues, distant from the ferry, disadvantageous in many ways; yet still a house standing by itself, and with a rent which there was some hope of meeting. It was the only thing she had seen which appeared at all tolerable. Even this house must now be given up. Frank's salary, trifling as it was, had been something to rely upon; it lightened the draft on their daily-diminishing fund. Now that was gone, only to her own exertions could she look for any income; and she could do nothing so far away from every body. What, indeed, could she do any where? How were three children and their parents to be supported by the efforts of one woman, whose strength was even now severely tasked?

To keep boarders occurred to her, naturally, as the first resource; but her heart sank at thought of rent and servants' wages. Nor was their house large enough to accommodate many people. What else could she do—teach music, get a situation in a school? She was well-educated, but her accomplishments had rusted a little from disuse; what chance had she in competition with those trained and ready for the service? Even could she obtain a situation or class, it must take her from home for the greater part of every day; and how was she to obtain it; what friends, what interest, had she? She thought and thought, and formed at last her project; so humble, yet of such deep import to her family.

"Frank," she said, one evening, when she had been sitting silent a long time, pondering the possibilities of the case, "I believe I shall try a little school—here, at home."

"Do you think you can get scholars?"

"I hope so—a few, at any rate. You know we were beginning to wish for a good, quiet place somewhere at hand for Sophy. Mrs. Ayres and I have often talked of it; I don't doubt that she would let me have her little girls; and there are others of our friends who might send their children, partly to help us, and partly for their own convenience. I am disposed to make the trial, at any rate. How does it look to you?"

"I am afraid you can not make it pay. Oh, if I could but do something!" The poor fellow fairly groaned at thought of his helplessness.

"No matter, Frank. You worked for me while you could, and now you must let me have my turn."

"These slender hands," he said, taking them in his own, "what can they do?"

"A great deal, you will find," she answered, cheerfully. "I want you to listen to the rest of my plan. I shall try to get three or four boarders; plain people, who, in consideration of the lowness of the price, will be glad of such accommodations as we can offer."

"But how can you have boarders and a school together?"

"I will show you how. Our breakfast will be cleared away and the front basement ready by the time the scholars come. After that my time will be occupied till three o'clock, except the hour at noon, when I must prepare the necessary lunch and send up to the rooms. At three school will be over, and I can easily have dinner ready by six."

"You will have Margaret back then, will you not?"

"No—at least not till I see how the plan works. You have no idea, Frank, of what a helpful creature little Anny is. I shall have the children under my own eye in school-hours; and they are so good; they have learned to amuse themselves in a way that is quite wonderful since I have had less time to devote to them. Anny can wait at table very nicely, and our lit-

tle Sophy can take care of the children while we are at meals. Don't you think it will do, Frank? Of course it would not with exacting, fashionable people; but if we can get the right sort?"

Nothing was hinted of the labor that must devolve upon herself; but Frank remembered it. "I am afraid for you, Milly," he said. "Think of it! To teach all day and take care of such a family besides. You never can endure it."

"Oh yes, I hope I can. If not, we must try something else. Haven't I a pretty good head for planning?" she asked, with a smile.

"Excellent," said poor Frank, trying to return the smile. If he could but do something! He was willing to be a porter, a stevedore even; he could have shoveled coal or broken stone with a joyful heart, had his enfeebled frame allowed. Any thing, rather than to be a burden upon Milly, whose life he had once hoped to make all sunshine. But he was powerless; he could not even dissuade her from efforts which he feared would be beyond her strength; for something must be done, and what else could he suggest?

Aunt Sophia was horrified when the project became known to her. "People will drop you entirely, now," she said.

"Some may," returned Milly; "and those are the very ones I do not care to know." The next moment she doubted if she had spoken quite sincerely; it is not flattering to be "dropped," however indifferent the acquaintance may have been. "At any rate," she added, "I shall be too busy to dwell much upon slights."

Fortune—or should one say, Heaven—smiled upon her efforts. A dozen scholars were obtained without much trouble. People were sympathizing and disposed to aid her, particularly when it involved no great trouble to themselves. A newly married couple, a middle-aged pair without children, and a young clerk, occupied the second floor. When all these had moved in and arranged their various possessions, Milly's labors began.

They were severe, but that she had counted on. All she asked was, if she could endure them, and if they would achieve her purpose. Up early and retiring late, busy every moment of the day, teaching, working, superintending her small maid, a spirit less cheerful would have sunk under the burden. Milly kept on. She had the housewife's talent, precious at any time, invaluable now; inanimate things ministered to her, as it were, instead of thwarting her; the domestic machinery worked as quietly as in the days when so much less was demanded of it. Nor could all her multiplied labors reduce Milly to a drudge. She sat at the head of her table as lady-like in garb and look as when its hospitalities were dispensed to her own friends.

She had her reward. At the end of the first month, when every bill was paid, every expense allowed for, a certain sum remained in her hands. It was not large; no more than you would pay for a silk walking-dress, or a lace

pocket-handkerchief, perhaps; but how large it was to her! When once convinced that there was no error, no overlooked account, that the sum was fairly her own, what joy and thankfulness filled her heart! For a great burden had been laid upon her, and she hoped that she was equal to it. Henceforward, if her health were spared, they need not fear. Hard work there must be still, and careful management, but the terrible dread of want, of friendless destitution, no longer impended over them.

"And now you will have Margaret back," said Frank, coaxingly, as she imparted her good news.

"Perhaps—though it will be hard to part with Anny. The most willing little soul, and a perfect marvel for her age! But I am not sure that it is safe to go on as I have done for this last month; I feel the strain, sometimes, severely. And yet I did not know what else to do, for all expense *must* be avoided till the experiment was made."

"It has proved successful, so far, and you must spare yourself; do promise me."

"I think it will be wise to do so, and not altogether self-indulgent either. Margaret will save some outlay which we have not hitherto been able to avoid. What a time it has been! I hardly dared to think, this whole month, how we were coming out; and to-night, when it was to be tested, I was so nervous. Now, if we can but continue as we have begun, this business will support us, and the little we have can still be saved to educate the children. Oh, Frank, how glad, how thankful we ought to be!"

Margaret returned; her strong and skillful aid lightened the labors of her mistress, which still remained arduous enough. The summer vacation came; when it was ended the little school was not resumed. Milly believed it wisest to relinquish this heavy tax upon her strength and time. Gaining confidence in herself, she ventured to raise her prices; room was made for one or two more inmates. Experience taught her better ways of managing; the housekeeping grew more profitable, while its comforts remained undiminished.

Frank, meanwhile, aided her in numerous small matters; he was so glad to be of use, to do something toward the work which had once been his alone. He obtained employment, too, for those days in which his health admitted of exertion; law papers to copy, little jobs of book-keeping. These earnings were slender and precarious, it is true, but still they counted. The family felt that they were prospering in their humble way.

In the spring a larger house was taken, and a portion of the precious capital expended in its replenishing. This venture was not made without anxiety, but it proved successful. After a few years Milly was at rest, so far as pecuniary troubles were concerned. Her establishment was large, handsome, and remunerative. With good servants in sufficient number, her time was no longer absorbed by household cares; she had

more leisure to bestow upon her husband and the children. How they all prized the privilege; though Milly had never been too busy to make her house a home for her own family. She had not degenerated into the bustling manager, but kept her soft and womanly graces still. Frank's health was now her only object of anxiety; if that could only be restored, she thought, nothing would be wanting to her happiness.

Just as these brighter days had dawned he left her. His life of patient suffering ended, and he was "well" at last, in that land to which pain and sickness can not follow.

It was providential, Aunt Sophia thought. The poor fellow meant well always, but he had been the blight of Milly's life. But for him she might have been a rich woman all these years. Of late, especially, he had been a perfect wreck; a burden to every one, and no comfort to himself. Fortunately they had managed, she hardly knew how, to keep up the premiums on his life-insurance, and with that and her business Milly and the children would be provided for. If it weren't for those children Milly might have plenty of chances yet; she was quite a young woman still, and wonderfully pretty, spite of all she had gone through. But then no man would want such a family.

Thus reasoned Aunt Sophia. While Milly, in the very depths of her sorrow, rejoiced in that sure rest to which her beloved had attained, and blessed God who had allowed her to sustain and soothe him to the end.

CHANGES IN POPULATION.

AMONG the various topics claiming public attention the changes taking place in our population are not the least important. While large numbers are constantly emigrating to our shores from foreign lands, many of our own people are seeking homes in the South and West. The cities, villages, and large places are increasing in population every year, at the expense of rural and agricultural districts remote from the great thoroughfares of travel and business. But the most important change of all, especially in its prospective influence, is the increasing proportion of children of a foreign descent, compared with the relative decrease of those of strictly American origin. It is a question of no ordinary interest whether there really is now, or is likely to be hereafter, a *natural* increase among the regular descendants of the first or the early settlers of our country. It is proposed here to notice certain changes in this direction, together with some of the causes.

The census of the State of New York for 1865 discloses some curious facts upon this subject. The method of taking this census was different from all others in this respect, that it was taken *by families*. The census reported in 1865 a total of 780,931 families—196,802 families living without children, 148,208 with only one child, 140,572 with two, and 107,342 with three children. Here is almost one-fourth of

all the families in the State in which not a single child was found; and in 592,924 families—more than three-fourths—there was, on an average, only a small fraction over one child to each family. In answer to the inquiry put to every woman who was or had been married (in all, 842,562), how many children she had had, whether present or absent, living or dead, there were 115,252 women who responded that they never had had a child, 124,317 only one child, 123,319 two, and 108,324 three children. Here we find 115,252 women who were or had been married—almost one-seventh of all—who never bore a single child, and 471,772—more than one-half of all—who will average less than one child and seven-tenths to each woman. These figures include both the foreign and American classes, but a large proportion applies to the strictly American. If the law settled by mortuary statistics, that two-fifths of all children born die before reaching adult life, be applied to the above facts, it will appear that on an average only about one child to each woman ever reaches mature age—that is, only one-half of the original stock is supplied as far as these women (471,772) are concerned.

The whole population of the State of New York is composed, in its descent, of such mixed races that it is impossible to draw the exact line between what may be considered American and what foreign; but the compiler of the census—Dr. Franklin B. Hough—became convinced that there is at the present time no *natural increase* in population among the families descended from the early settlers of the State. From an examination of the tables in the Census Report this general fact is very evident throughout the State, namely, that the married women of foreign origin have much the largest families. For instance, in the County of New York, reporting almost one-half of its population as foreign, we find this statement: while nine hundred and sixty-five American women have each ten children and upward, there were twenty-eight hundred and fifty foreign women having each ten children and upward, making three times as many.

In the New England States there has been less mixing up of the foreign element with the native than in New York; and though no census has ever been taken by families, thereby ascertaining the exact number of children or births in a family, many facts can be gathered to show that the increase of the descendants of the original settlers is very questionable. So great has been the increase of children of the foreign class, together with emigration from abroad, that the population, as a whole, has steadily gained for a long series of years in all the New England States; but by a careful analysis and comparison it will appear that this gain is largely made up from a foreign source. The amount of this increase, and its proportion between the two classes, American and foreign, will vary much in the different States, as well as in different parts of the same State.

The first regular census ever taken in Massachusetts was in 1765, when the total inhabitants were 222,563, and the number under sixteen years of age was 102,489—almost one-half the whole population. Now it is estimated in the school reports that only one-third of the population is under fifteen years of age; and, as the foreign class have relatively a much larger proportion of children, a careful examination will show that scarcely one-fourth of the purely American class are under sixteen. This makes a surprising difference in the relative number of children of the same people at the two periods 1765 and 1865.

Again, many towns in this State have been settled over two hundred years, and their history will include from six to eight generations. Great pains were taken to enter upon the records of these towns the names of all persons therein born. These records have been carefully examined in several places with respect to the relative number of children in each generation. It was found that the families comprising the first generation had on an average between eight and ten children; the next three generations averaged between seven and eight to each family; the fifth generation about five, and the sixth only about three to each family. This curious fact was found in one of those towns: that from 1660 to 1760, when the place contained over fifteen hundred inhabitants, and many marriages occurred every year, the records show that there was not a single marriage entered but what was productive of more or less children. What a contrast in this respect does such a fact present to the record of the present day!

It surprises us, living in this "fast age," to learn how many large families were once found in these old towns of Massachusetts. In the small town of Billerica, settled in 1665, may be found in its early records these facts: there are recorded twenty-six families having 10 children each; twenty, 11 each; twenty-four, 12 each; thirteen, 13 each; five, 14 each; one, 15; and one, 21. Here were ninety families having 1043 children—equal to a regiment! Nothing like this, not even an approximation to it, for fifty years past can be found in the history of any town in New England! Why, it is rare that any American family can now be found any where having 10 children; but here were ninety families having that number and upward. Indeed, is it not a prevalent fact at the present day—and that not with the fashionable only, but also among the most intelligent and cultivated, and even among the religious classes—that where there is a large family of children reflections arise at once, and remarks are made calling in question the refinement, the delicacy, and good-breeding, if not the good-manners, of the parents of such a family? Once such fathers and mothers were considered by the wise, the good, and the great as public benefactors; but now their conduct is not only questioned and censured, but by some

they are regarded almost as human monsters. How unlike such a spirit to the practices and principles of the first settlers in this country, and how much at variance with the teachings of Divine revelation!

Another mode of obtaining information in this matter is by way of comparison. There is what is called a birth-rate in every community or nation—that is, one birth every year to so many inhabitants. This rate will vary in different years; and, in order to obtain a fair standard, it should be the average found for a series of years. The accompanying table, reported in the United States Census for 1860, presents the birth-rate of the nations here named, omitting the decimals, as follows—that is, one birth to so many inhabitants: Saxony, 25; Prussia, 26; Austria, 26; Sardinia, 27; Norway, 31; Russia, 26; Denmark, 32; Hanover, 32; Sweden, 32; Bavaria, 29; Netherlands, 30; England, 30; Belgium, 34; and France, 37.

In Massachusetts the birth-rate from 1850 to 1860 averaged 1 in 34, and from 1860 to 1865 it comes up to almost 1 in 40; but since these five years were in "war times," they would not furnish a fair criterion. As the foreign class have a much larger number of children than the American, this birth-rate, when applied to the latter class alone, will stand very different. Now, by taking all the births in this State from 1850 to 1860 of each class separately, and comparing them with the population of the two classes, we obtain very correctly the birth-rate of each for these ten years, which, for the American portion, is a little over 1 in 50. The birth-rate of France is reported 1 in 37, and it is well understood that the population of that great nation has been for many years almost stationary. For any community or nation to be in a prosperous and growing state, it is estimated by political economists that the birth-rate should be about 1 in 30. The rate of all the deaths in Massachusetts from 1850 to 1860, as given in the Registration Reports, averages 1 in 54. As the deaths of the American and foreign classes are not reported separately, it is impossible to obtain exactly the rate of mortality in each of the two classes by itself; but admitting that the deaths are relatively much larger among the foreign, it will be difficult to find a margin between the birth-rate and death-rate among the strictly American sufficiently large to show a great increase of population, especially when it is considered that, as a general rule, two-fifths of all children born die before reaching adult life.

Some useful information on this subject may be gathered from the Registration Reports of Massachusetts. In 1850 this report gives the whole number of births in the State 27,664—American, 16,189; foreign, 8197; mixed, 3278. In 1860 it reports the whole number of births 36,051—American, 16,672; foreign, 16,138; mixed, 2411; and not stated, 830. The American portion from 1850 to 1860 scarcely varies five hundred in any year, except in

1851 and 1852, and in 1860 it only exceeds that of 1850 by 183, while the births reported of foreign parentage more than doubled in these ten years. From 1860 to 1867 the foreign class has taken the lead of the American, averaging for each of the last two years an excess of almost one thousand. Since the close of the war the births have increased, so that in 1866 the whole number reported was 34,085—American, 15,014; foreign, 15,989; mixed, 1482; and not stated, 284. This is almost equal to that of 1860 (36,051), which was the largest number of births ever reported in the State in any one year. It should be observed that when the reports represent the number of births among the Americans from 1850 to 1860 as almost stationary, the census returns the strictly American population in 1860 as 140,000 more than in 1850.

In the Registration Report for 1853 is a table showing the number of births of American and foreign parentage from 1849 to 1854. The compiler, the present Mayor of Boston, referring to that table, says, "it is evident that the births in the commonwealth, with the usual increase, have resulted in favor of foreign parents in an increased ratio," implying that the increase of the former was rather questionable.

In a report upon the comparative view of the population of Boston in 1849 and 1850, made to the city government November, 1851, Dr. Jesse Chickering, after a most careful analysis of the births and deaths, states that "the most important result derived from this view is the fact that the whole increase of population arising from the excess of births over the deaths for these two years has been among the foreign population." No higher authority can be cited on this subject than that of Dr. Chickering, who devoted more time and attention to the changes of population in Massachusetts than any other person.

An examination of the Registration Reports for a series of years as to the relative number of births and deaths in the several counties, cities, and towns of the State will show this general fact, that wherever the births most exceed the deaths, there the foreign element most abounds; but where the population is made up mostly or entirely of the original native stock, the births and deaths approximate near together, and not unfrequently alternate in excess, first one, then the other. From an examination into the history of several towns of this class it was found that for a long series of years the deaths had actually exceeded the births. A similar result was arrived at from an examination of the births and deaths for several years, confined exclusively to the Americans, in two of the principal cities of the State.

But one of the most striking evidences of change in this respect is in the number and character of the pupils attending the public schools. In many school districts of country towns, where the population is made up wholly or principally of American stock, you can hardly

find now children enough to make in numbers a respectable school, where once those same neighborhoods thronged with children. On the other hand, in large towns and villages, where the foreign population abounds, we find an abundance of children: the regular schools are crowded, and new schools every now and then have to be opened. To such an extent has this foreign element increased that in some of the large towns and cities of the State it actually comprises full one-half of all the school-children in those places. If a majority of all the youth and children under fifteen years of age in a place is made up from those of a foreign parentage, and is relatively increasing in numbers every year, how long will it be before such a power will be felt in the management, if not in the control, of the municipal government of those towns and cities?

In Connecticut, where the proportion of the foreign class is much less than in Massachusetts, the School Report for 1866 states "that the relative number of children had been steadily decreasing for the last forty years," and the Report for 1867 states that the number was less even than in the previous year. The State of Vermont, in which there is still less of the foreign element, reports relatively a less proportion of children than either of the New England States. In the Registration Report of Vermont for 1858 is found this remarkable comparison. It states "that while the producing part of the population, say from fifteen to fifty, was almost in precisely the same proportion to the whole population as that in England, the birth-rate in Vermont was 1 in 49, and in England (the same year) it was 1 in 31;" and should the foreign element, as small as it is, be separated, the birth-rate would be still lower—in fact, only about one-half as large as that of England. Considering that this comparison is made between a people engaged in agricultural pursuits, and somewhat scattered in settlement, with a population situated as that of England is, living mostly in cities and thickly settled places, and composed largely of the extremes in society, the result is surprising.

As no registration reports have ever been made in New Hampshire and Maine, not much information on this subject can be obtained in these States, though there is reason to believe that in them is a more regular increase of native population. In the State of Rhode Island the census returns and registration reports have for many years been carefully made out, discriminating between the foreign and American, and show that, while the former class are increasing most rapidly, there is a fair increase with the latter, still not so rapid an increase as obtained in this same State fifty or one hundred years ago.

In stating the facts on this subject our aim has been to make a correct presentation of the matter—not partial nor one-sided, but to look the facts fairly in the face, whatever lessons they might teach. It is not supposed that

these facts prove that there is no increase at all with the native stock in New England, or that it must run out, but that there is not by any means such a rate of increase as once existed, nor seemingly as might naturally be looked for at the present time.

In view of the foregoing statements the inquiry naturally arises in every thoughtful mind, what can be the causes of such changes—changes so radical in their nature and so important in their effects? Writers upon the laws of population have generally regarded the following as the principal causes in preventing its increase, namely, climate, famine, pestilence, war, government, want of marriages, and prudential considerations. It can not be alleged that the first five causes here enumerated could have had much influence in producing these changes, and certainly war could not prior to 1860, whatever may have been its effects since that period. While the number of marriages has, relatively for the same population, slightly diminished during the last twenty or thirty years, still the marriage-rate has fallen off so little, and even now is so little below that of most European nations and their representatives in this country, that the difference from this source could not be very material or appreciable. But connected with this institution there is one cause which may affect somewhat the increase of population, namely, postponing marriage till a later age. It has been found by a series of statistics that the period from twenty to thirty years of age is far more prolific than that from thirty to forty; and on account of the increased expenses of supporting a family, together with a prevalent desire to live in a certain style, there is a growing tendency with large numbers to put off marriage till a later period in life than formerly. It is found in modern times that it is not so much the *number* of marriages that increases population as the *fruitfulness* of this relation.

Some statistics have been collected in Great Britain which go to show that, in what would be considered a healthy state of society, taking a thousand marriages as they come, not more than eight or ten in a hundred would be found but what had been more or less prolific. A much larger per cent.—if not double the number—of this class of marriages may now be found in many parts of New England, and a very large class also where only one or two children are the result. In communities where the foreign class is found living side by side with the American, a surprising difference is witnessed between the two classes in the number of children or size of families. It is found that the former class average for the same number of marriages two or three times as many children as the latter.

It has been alleged that society in many places is abnormal on account of so many young persons leaving New England to find homes in the newer and less populous sections of our country. It is true that this change,

constantly going on, must make a difference, not merely in the removal of those individuals, but from the fact that they belong mostly to the producing classes. In some towns and neighborhoods in New England this emigration has made a perceptible difference in the number of the inhabitants; but that this should be the chief or even a leading cause of decrease in the New England population is questionable. The proportion of the number emigrating compared with those remaining at home is overestimated. A careful inquiry will show that in the aggregate it amounts to only about one in ten. Besides, this should not diminish the productiveness of the nine-tenths remaining at home. England, by drafts of young men into her armies, by emigration to India, Australia, Canada, and other colonies, loses in proportion to her inhabitants probably about as many young persons from year to year, and still maintains a birth-rate sufficiently high to be increasing constantly in population. But there are other causes at work, more general, more potent, and more serious.

In the first place, within fifty years or so there has been a great change in the state of society. Population has crowded into cities and thickly-settled places. Agricultural pursuits and mechanical business, once followed in a moderate way, have been exchanged for manufacturing and mechanical—now carried on by means of steam and water-power on a large scale. Commercial business and trades of all kinds have become more common. A far greater variety of ways and means for the rapid accumulation of property has been discovered. Wealth and fashion have become too generally the great standards aimed at in life. The plain and simple manner of living, with frugal and industrious habits and slow accumulations once practiced, have given way to a more extravagant, luxurious, and stimulating course of life, and an eager struggle for rapid gains. Young men must now commence life where their fathers left off. While men have been, as it were, wholly absorbed in making money, women have become altogether too much immersed in the pursuits of mere pleasure and fashion. Nothing must stand in the way of these objects. Among large classes society has become very artificial and intensely selfish, allowing many vices and evils to creep into general practice. Under these circumstances children have come to be considered a care, a burden, and an expense which it is thought must, at least to some extent, be dispensed with. In making, therefore, plans for marriage and settlement in life, such troubles are to be avoided as much as possible, especially until the parties get comfortably off in the world. This idea becomes a prevailing purpose in the mind, which is gradually strengthened more and more as other wants increase. Besides, the fear of pain and suffering, the dislike of being confined to the dry routine of certain family duties and responsibilities, the shrinking from public exposure and gossip on

account of some domestic change—all these have their influence. In fact, has it not come to this, that in some circles the mere idea of increase of family is unpopular, unfashionable, if not odious? The plain teachings of Scripture, the leading objects of the marriage institution as pointed out by the formulas of the Episcopal and Catholic Churches—the two largest religious denominations in Christendom—are entirely ignored. The laws of life and health are set at defiance, and worse expedients are resorted to, in order to effect certain ends, than were ever countenanced by the doctrines of Malthus. We are shocked at the destruction of human life upon the banks of the Ganges, as well as on the shores of the South Sea Islands; but here in the very heart of Christendom foeticide and infanticide are extensively practiced, under the most aggravating circumstances. The charge has often been made by foreign writers against Americans of a want of appreciation of human life *as such*; and the practices here referred to afford the strongest possible evidence in support of such charges. The pernicious doctrines of Malthus, together with the loose manner, in some law books, of defining the exact period of the commencement of human existence, have aided on this matter, and have had generally upon society a most demoralizing influence.

Several writers have recently exposed through the public prints this terrible vice and crime. While it may be difficult to describe the full extent of this evil, or decide just how far it operates to prevent the increase of offspring, it is the opinion of some medical men who have carefully investigated the subject that it is, directly and indirectly, a powerful check on population, and, moreover, that the evil is constantly increasing. The various laws passed against it in different States afford comparatively no barriers to prevent or break it up; neither does public opinion, which on this point is very much perverted. It should be stated that believers in the Roman Catholic faith never resort to any such practices; the strictly Americans are almost alone guilty of this great crime.

There are various other considerations which in the present state of society present serious obstacles in the way of having a family. The expenses of raising children—so much greater than they once were—weigh heavily with many persons. Then the practice, becoming now very common, of young married people boarding instead of keeping house, makes the care of children very difficult and inconvenient.

There is also a marked contrast between the English and the Irish on the one hand, and the American on the other, in this matter of children. With the former, in making plans for settlement in life the increase of family enters into all their calculations; they stand ready to make sacrifices and suffer inconveniences, and are generally disappointed if they have not the opportunity of so doing. But with the latter there is a coolness, an indifference, and not un-

frequently a decided objection to any such encumbrance. The mind is so much absorbed in other matters—so intent on seeking wealth or position, so restless, so active, always in such a hurry and haste—that it can not stop to consider small domestic affairs.

There is another agency which has a most unfavorable influence in this direction, that is, the increased use of stimulants and narcotics. This may consist in the use of spirituous liquors and tobacco, or in strong tea and coffee. It might be shown how all these injure not only the general health, but, according to the laws of physiology, how they pervert or destroy the natural wholesome functions of distinct organs of the body. Any agent that impairs the health and constitution, or tends to develop unnaturally or excessively certain parts of the system, interferes with the laws of increase.

There are not only agencies in society exercising a powerful influence in this matter, but there are great changes and fixed laws in the human system itself which have a still more powerful effect. In discussing the changes of population these causes have not always been properly considered. The conditions of the natural, healthy increase of a people are so numerous and complicated that it is difficult to give each one its proper place; but those pertaining directly to the body would seem to be most important and indispensable. Good health is one of these. It is well known that within fifty years, and even within half that time, there has been a great decline in the health of American women.

This ill health operates, in a variety of ways, to prevent an increase of offspring, especially when the peculiar kinds of disease and weakness in woman are considered. But, in order to obtain a more correct and intelligible understanding of the matter, it becomes necessary to investigate somewhat in detail what are the causes of so much deterioration. This arises principally from three sources, namely, *neglect of physical exercise, adoption of wrong fashions in dress, and an undue cultivation of the brain.*

It is a fact established by a series of statistics that domestic work is better calculated to develop and strengthen the muscles, as well as improve the general health, than any other employment whatever; but a great change has occurred in this respect. Such labor is now performed principally by foreign help. Most girls at the present day are sent to school at five or six years of age, and kept there till sixteen or seventeen, with only short intermissions for rest and relaxation. During all these years very little hard or continuous physical labor is required of them. The girl grows up with small, soft, and weak muscles. The brain is severely taxed, and the nerves become exceedingly sensitive. At the same time fashion in dress compresses the chest, thereby seriously interfering with the normal action of the heart and healthy expansion of the lungs. It produces also not only an unnatural pressure upon the organs in

the abdomen, but depresses them, thus causing dyspepsia, indigestion, and costiveness, with displacements and derangements of that organ in woman which has most to do with reproduction.

All these operations are going on at a period when the female system is in a state of growth, and most important changes are expected to take place. In the order of nature the muscles should be properly exercised in this growing state, and pains should be taken to see that a right direction is given to all the forces of the system, stimulating some and restraining others. But in all the home training and education of the girl very little attention is paid to physical development compared with mental culture and other accomplishments. The laws of *maternity* are thus in a great measure set at naught.

What, now, are some of the consequences of this neglect of physical exercise, compression of the body, and undue development of the brain? We have a far greater amount of consumption among young women than in any other class, and a much lower state of the vital forces than formerly. As one evidence of this fact the amount of iron used as a medicine in various forms has been increasing every year, until the quantity has now become enormous; and it is understood that it is mostly prescribed to females.

In the female form, with large classes, we have narrow chests, small waists, and slender bodies, indicating a feeble hold of life. Besides the diseases peculiar to the sex, it is understood by medical men that a certain class of complaints have, of late years, very much increased, some of which interfere materially with the laws of human production. Then, in consequence of this excessive cultivation of the brain, we have an undue predominance of the nervous temperament, accompanied with intense headaches and a great variety of neuralgic complaints. It has been found by experience, and based upon physiological laws, that this excessive development of the nervous system is unfavorable to human increase. Wherever we find this organization, with a small or deficient vital temperament, such persons will scarce ever have more than one, two, or at most three children. By these few trials their strength is prematurely exhausted, their constitutions are broken down and permanently impaired. If the proper development and functions of the heart and lungs—the two most important organs in the body—are prevented, and the organs of digestion and nutrition perform their work imperfectly, the whole system must become gradually enfeebled, and show a great want of vitality. If in the mean time the brain and nervous system are kept constantly on the stretch, requiring nourishment that should go to support other parts of the body, there remains but a poor chance for the proper exercise and development of the powers of maternity. While nature tolerates many liberties, there are limitations beyond which we can not go with safety to life and health.

With regard to mistakes in education, alluded to in the foregoing remarks, the sons are often as much harmed as the daughters by the erroneous notions of the day or blind indulgence of their parents; and when they become their own masters they pursue, after their own fashion or humor, a career of self-indulgence not less mischievous, nor by any means less culpable, than that of the other sex. The vicious habits formed not unfrequently by young men impair their manhood, and disqualify them for some of the most important relations in life.

What seems most needed is a more complete development of the physical system, a better observance of the great laws of life and health, so that there shall exist a more perfect balance and proportion in all parts of the body. The human system resembles, in a healthy state, a complicated machine, where all the parts are complete and perfectly adjusted, each doing its own work, with the "wear and tear" coming upon all parts in due proportion. Such a machine will last much longer, and is far less likely to get out of repair, than one imperfectly constructed and running irregularly. It is found that the nearer any community or nation approximates to such a standard in their organization, the more numerous will be its progeny. If the deviations applied only to a small number of persons the result would not make so much difference; but in the present instance it includes a large majority of females of the strictly American class.

If the *physical* organization of the descendants of the first settlers of New England could have been kept up as good as it was one hundred years ago, or equal to their present mental and moral culture, how much more would they have accomplished for themselves and for the world! There would certainly be no danger of the stock running out. Some French writers have held a theory that as you "perfect a people the race inclines to run out." This notion is undoubtedly founded upon the theory of perfecting the brain alone; whereas the true principles of human progress and civilization must be based upon the laws of the whole body as well as of the mind. It is by this means that the law of increase is most favorably developed.

Some persons may be disposed to ask, are there not other causes at work to produce the decline here spoken of? They may say, climate has a great influence; that the effects of impure air, the introduction of stoves, and of coal as fuel, the use of bad water, and improper regimen, the use of liquor, of tobacco, and stimulating drugs—all these causes have their influence. Then there is the influence of large cities, whether exerted directly, in crowding men into close, straitened, unhealthy quarters, thereby undermining the constitution and increasing the rate of mortality, or indirectly, by generating, as it were in a hot-bed, those vices which militate against the health of the body as well as of the mind. There is also the

overexertion to which men are now stimulated in the rivalries of business and the race for wealth and eminence, the frequency with which they break down in mid-career, and the constant anxiety attending trade, speculation, and political changes. Beyond question each and all these causes are to be taken into account in a full and complete survey of the whole subject; but the immediate object of the writer is to unfold some of the leading causes in as brief a space as possible. It is obvious to remark that each of the topics here glanced at, in its effects on population, opens a wide field of inquiry, and in its various aspects and relations might afford material for a long essay or a distinct treatise. Any such contributions, through whatever form or channels they may come before the public, will be welcomed by all those who have paid special attention to the study of biology and social science.

REFUGEE LIFE.

THERE was a long pause after the Major had finished his account of the siege of Vicksburg, and more than one face turned tenderly on the speaker, who, dwelling with so much eloquence on the heroism of brother soldiers, on their steadfastness of purpose and noble forgetfulness of self, and, too, the endurance and fortitude of women, and even children, passed lightly over one engagement which resulted in his coat's being now worn with one empty sleeve, and of another when, to shield a brother, he had thrown himself in front, and received that long deep scar down his temple and cheek.

Suddenly my uncle, knocking the ashes from his well-browned little meerschaum, said to me, cheerily:

"Well, little woman, where are *your* war experiences? We are tired of hearing these boys spinning their yarns every night about trenches and mines and Heaven only knows what. *Place aux dames*, I say! You and your small fry were three years dodging about from pillar to post to avoid first one army and then another. First Richmond, then Charleston, then almost into the Gulf of Mexico. What are your spoils of war?"

I knew very well what the soft-hearted old gentleman was at, and for all he spoke so gayly I saw that his eye had filled, and that he had edged up to my aunt and taken her hand, as the Major spoke of some of those Mississippi battles in the early part of the war, for it was in one of them that their eldest born had fallen mortally wounded—I understood quickly that he wished my dear aunt not to dwell on the thought that came to us all of our gallant lost Frank.

Yes, said I, my experiences during my refugee life through the war are of all sorts and kinds; some very absurd, some pathetic, some so sad and dark that the memory of them will go with me to my grave. When the Major

spoke of the Federal General Grierson his very name recalled an incident of those terrible days to me. Toward the last of the war, and when we feared the Federal army might march down on our little town in the rear, and starve us all out, I gathered up my children and the few things our overcrowded railroads would allow us to carry, and after struggling through all kinds of hardships, and exposure to cold and wet, we arrived safely, but weary and half-starved, in the town of B——, in Alabama—a place chosen on account of its remoteness and insignificance in a military point of view, and very much too, I must confess, with an eye to creature comforts, for we all know that during those days the Confederacy was not a land flowing with milk and honey. My hospitable old school-mate, Mrs. Barringer, met me with open arms, and, what was equally delightful in our miserable plight, with open doors. “Rest with us, Mary, a week or two, and then we’ll let you go to your new home.” And she told me how faithfully she had tried, after receiving my letter, to hire me just such a resting-place as I needed, and how hard she had found the task; the rich did not like to run the chance of exhausting their supply of tea, coffee, and sugar for the sake of an utter stranger and her four children, no matter how liberal her tender of the now almost useless Confederate money; the poor refused plump and flat any such increase to their already stinted family circle. But at last a lonely, desolate woman, a widow, opened her heart and said, “Bring them to me, Mrs. Barringer. The Lord will provide.” So to Mrs. Martin went we. A still, quiet place it was, on the outskirts of the village, but that was its chief recommendation to me, after my year in Charleston, where the shells were flying night and day, our windows rattling with the reverberations of attacks on Battery Wagner, and our minds on the *qui vive* from hour to hour, fearing some fresh alarm.

It was a rest to me to look out on Mrs. Martin’s shady yard and flower-beds, and to see the good lady walking about inspecting her young broods of chickens, her fingers and glittering knitting-needles moving rapidly at their work. We had four young-lady boarders, who had come to B—— to enjoy the advantages of its school. These gay young creatures, Mrs. Martin and her three daughters, I and my four, made up the household circle. Not more peaceful and tranquil could life be within a convent’s walls than was ours for one brief week; when suddenly—while I was seated by my window, my little Katie reading “Bluebeard,” the three boys seated around with open mouths, eyes, and ears listening to Sister Ann’s mournful reply to Bluebeard’s wife—suddenly, I say, quick as a wink, a hatless, coatless, breathless horseman dashed up to our little green front-gate, and thumping on it with a stick until it was all in a quiver, shouted frantically: “I say, ladies! ladies! prepare! the Yankees are coming! they are only five miles off!” And so

saying he dashed his spurs wildly into his still wilder horse’s sides, and flew away as if Tam o’ Shanter’s crew had been at his heels, scattering confusion and terror around him wherever he appeared. In an instant our house, hitherto so quiet and well-ordered, became like a hive when the bees are about to swarm. Mrs. Martin, her three daughters, her four young-lady boarders, her men-servants, her maid-servants, the old negroes, the little negroes, *all* with one accord commenced weeping, wailing, and rushing to and fro like Bedlamites; they wrung their hands, they embraced each other (the ladies at least), they fell on one another’s necks, fainted, and then, finding no one paid any attention to them, *came to* again. Ward-robes were ransacked, drawers emptied, beds stripped, store-rooms and smoke-houses cleared out. “Carry them,” said Mrs. Martin, with a voice tremulous with fright—“carry them all, Daddy Ben, down to the negro quarters and hide them for me.” In vain I assured Mrs. Martin that the first “boy in blue” who came along could, with a twelve-inch switch in his hand and a scowl on his brow, make every little darkey she owned confess where was the hiding-place of all her household gods; that a secret known to sixty or seventy different people was no secret; that in all human probability her own negroes, a most disorderly, idle, thievish set at best, would be the very first to possess themselves of all her chattels, and then make off with them. But in vain; I might as well have preached to the winds. They were frantic with excitement. Even my little Katie entreated me to let her carry all her clothes to “Maum Betsey to hide,” and I overheard George saying to Henry, “I say, let’s take our marbles and tops and put them in the hollow stump down the hill.”

They provoked me with their nonsense and noise, and finding I could be of no use I fled to my own chamber for quiet, and sat down again to my knitting. At last a comfortable-looking, jolly-faced old farmer came jogging up, and called out to the pale faces in the doorway, “It’s all smoke! the Hail Columbias is all forty miles from here! not a feller coming to these parts! fry your chickens, ladies!” Whereupon books, pictures, plate, eatables, clothing, blankets, carpets, bushel upon bushel, pile upon pile, were huddled back into their respective places; every body grew confident and light-hearted; every body laughed at every body; and one girl even went to the piano and sat down to play and sing “Dixie.” For two blessed days Mrs. Martin’s knitting-needles click-clicked at the big clumsy socks, the chickens were counted, the girls studied “Butler’s Analogy,” and talked about algebra as though its depths were mere shallows to them, the boys’ tops hummed over my bedroom floor, and Bluebeard threatened to cut off Fatima’s head without being molested, when lo! I heard a combined shriek and clapping of hands from every female down stairs. “Oh, they’ve come! they’ve come! the Yan-

kees are in town! Mrs. Smith's house is on fire! her son was shot dead defending the family!" The first panic was a mere song compared to this, the girls fairly danced with fright, I made Katie put on as many clothes as she had physical strength to stagger under, put all my jewelry in two large pockets I had sewed to my crinoline, and then tried to calm my children, who by this time seemed to have an idea that the Federal army was composed of fiends with horns, claws, and fiery eyes, and flames pouring out of their mouths at every breath. Presently up into my room rushed a little negro about ten years old, the whites of her eyes showing all round. "Oh, Miss Mary! Old Missis say do pray come and comfort um, or she die wid de fright!" This message was from an old lady, a near neighbor with whom I was quite sociable. I set out with three of the children, leaving William, my eldest, for "home defense;" but as I passed the parlor-door poor Mrs. Martin came to me, saying: "Don't stay away long, let's all die together." I said what I could to reassure her, told her I did not think our last hour was come, even if the Yankees *had*, and went on to my old friend. Here my task was easy, for she wished to see me more from a desire to know what was going on than from any personal fear; and we were soon enjoying her hot, well-served dinner, and the quiet of her fireside. As I had anticipated, the wild rumors all settled down to absolutely nothing, the blue-coats were not only far distant, but continued to move in another direction.

But now a new and real trouble was mine. Mrs. Martin came to me with tears in her eyes. "She was so grieved, but she found she must give up all her boarders; she found she could no longer get supplies from the farmers as she had heretofore done, and her stock of provisions was getting very low." There was no help for it, we must hunt up a new home, and this time I determined on hiring a small house, and having, as it were, a home for a while at least. But to find a resting-place for our weary feet was no easy task. It was now nearly the close of the war, and every unoccupied dwelling in so attractive a town as B—— (attractive from its security and position) was already occupied with refugee families from different parts of the Confederacy. But a sad chance unexpectedly gave us the shelter I almost despaired of finding. A woman who had been taken ill some weeks before became worse and suddenly died. Her husband had not been heard of for four long years; her three little children were too young and helpless to remain at home after the mother's death. Their friends thought it best to take the little orphans among themselves and hire out the house, so as to raise a little money for the support of the children. I had heard almost daily in B—— the sad tale of the poor wife's sorrows and illness—how cruelly her husband had deserted her, and how, with a broken heart and failing strength, she had silently struggled on, working for her

children, and having every thing comfortable "against Tom's return home." I went with my children to look at the silent, sad dwelling, and the very sight of it filled me with gloom and foreboding. It stood far away from every other house in the town, deep down in a grove of low black-jacks; the grape arbor leading to the front-door was broken down; and the trailing vine, clad only with a few stray brown November leaves, cumbered the little pathway; the weeds around the house were breast-high, and as I parted them to walk around the premises a partridge rustled and rose and flew away with a loud whir. The window-panes were broken, the shutters flapping in the wind. Inside the house matters looked no brighter. There stood the bed whereon the forsaken wife had gasped out her last breath; there stood the half-emptied vials of medicine; a child's shoe lay on the hearth; a headless doll by it. It was too dreary and sad; even my children could not race over the new home as they had said they would, but stood silently by me looking on.

However, we had no choice—it was either that or nothing; and with an assumed cheerfulness we moved to our new quarters, and went to work with a will, brightening, mending, and "fixing up" for a winter's stay, at any rate. And in a week's time you never would have recognized the wilderness we first met in the clean, orderly home. But cheerful it could never be. The dark glen where the house stood spoke a language of its own, in spite of all that hoe and rake and brooms could do; it always gave me an uncomfortable feeling to go visiting any of the families in B——, and then return through the dark trees to our little home. Neither could I shake off the remembrance of the oft-told story of the poor soul who had lived within its walls, so heart-broken, for four weary years, and then at last died, worn out with a heavy, consuming grief and an incurable disease. One morning in spring William came in, his eyes all aflame and his cheeks blazing—"Mamma, there's great news! There's a truce proclaimed between our armies! They say Grierson is coming in town to-day under a flag of truce, with 7000 men! And oh, mamma! I heard the gentlemen in town saying we were going to have peace!" I felt stupefied, and could only take my boy on my knee and clasp my arms round him and lay my head on his shoulder. A flag of truce! peace! what did it all mean? But now ran in Phillis, my faithful maid, who had from my earliest childhood been associated with every home scene and sound I loved. "Mistress, run quick out to the road! Here's all the Yankee army passing down our hill!" and as she spoke martial music broke on our bewildered ears, and as we peeped out from behind the oleanders we heard the band of music strike up "The Star-spangled Banner." Our quiet village road was a dense mass of horsemen in blue. On they poured, like a resistless stream, one regiment after an-

other, until the eye wearied of seeing horses and horsemen, banners, army-wagons, glittering bayonets, and fire-arms.

They all swept on gayly, and soon our hill was again still and solemn, as it ever seemed to me. In a valley by the river-side, about half a mile distant, they pitched their tents, and when night set in, and the stars came out, we could hear faintly their songs and voices, and see their camp-fires. It was all like a dream. In a few days we heard that Grierson and his 7000 were to leave again; and although his men had molested no one, and things went on as usual, there was a dread in every one's heart, and we breathed more freely when it was told us they were all to go the next day. That very morning I had sent William and my second boy on a visit of a week to a friend a few miles distant. I did not wish them to be straggling about town among the soldiery, many of whom had been drinking. Later in the day I took my two remaining children and walked across the town to spend a quiet evening with Mrs. Barringer and her father, and talk over all the fast-coming rumors and ask for news. Just as my friend and I had come in from visiting the dairy and flower-garden the old gentleman came up the steps and advanced to meet us, but with so different an expression on his face from the bright one it usually wore that I involuntarily exclaimed, "What has happened, Mr. Barringer?" At first he evaded me with some light jest, but seeing our anxious faces he said: "It's no use disguising it, girls! I feel very much disturbed. It is said every where on the street that, as this is Grierson's last night here, he intends giving his soldiers license to do just what they have a mind to. I think I ought to tell you both the whole truth, and let us do what we can toward defending ourselves, if such a thing be possible. Mary, you and your little ones must stay with us until all this is over." I thought about what he said a little while, and then, in spite of all their anxious, loving entreaties to stay with them, I took my little children and returned to our unattractive home. I thought that this was my wisest course. All the clothing and supplies of every kind that the fortunes of war had still left me were there in that little home—our chest of plate, our family papers, the one or two portraits in oil so familiar and dear to you and me. Mr. Barringer was no protection to me: what could any one or any dozen men do against an army of thousands? The remoteness of our dwelling, the thick grove of trees round it, all made it improbable any one would find out so unpretending a little spot; for the house itself was but one story high, and was composed of only four chambers. I said, of course, not one word of what had happened to little Katie and Henry, and soon, with a heavy heart, undressed them and laid them in the little trundle-bed alongside mine, and waited until I saw them in the sweet sleep of youth. I then hunted up a hammer and a handful of nails, and with these

nailed up both back and front entry doors securely, also every window except one in my room; for it was now the month of May, and the low latitude of B—— gave us stifling nights. I wanted, too, in case of necessity, to be able to call to my two servants, who had sleeping-rooms in the yard near the dwelling-house. I watched and waited, and one anxious hour after another passed in silence and solitude, when, overpowered with weariness, I lay down on the low trundle-bed, and with Katie's soft, warm little hand in mine, soon fell into a deep sleep.

Suddenly I sprang up in bed with a sickening fear and horror. Even in sleep I had heard our little front-gate slam, with a sharp click of its latch. A moment more and the heavy tread of a man's foot came up the steps leading into the front-porch. Not stealthily did he come, as comes a thief in the dead of the night, but with the firm, deliberate footstep of one who has the right to come; and in the same open, above-board way did he try the front-door lock, shaking the whole door violently as he did so; but my strong stout nails resisted even the test he gave it. A moment's pause, and again the death-like stillness was broken by a sound as of a small saw working at the door. Gracious Heaven! who can tell the agony, the sharpness of death, that came over me as I heard that fatal sound! I have read of persons who in great agitation could hear their hearts beat. As I sat up in the thick darkness that dreadful night I felt through my whole frame the heavy thumping of mine. In a moment my whole life seemed to stand before me! Oh, could it be that here, in a lone distant land, away from home, the dear faces, and all I held most near and sacred, was I, a lone woman, to be murdered before my little ones' faces! I clasped my hands in despair; I did not dare place one on the dear innocent heads so near at hand, for in so doing I might awaken them, and a sound from their lips would betray us all. My hope was that the silent, dark house might give assurance of its being untenanted. The sawing was given up in impatience, and the door again shaken violently, but the nails did not give way. A moment more and I heard, near the front-gate, a low whistle. Lower down the hill the whistle was answered, and presently I heard voices in low, eager conference.

So wrought up was I that, no longer able to control myself, I sprang up and walked about in the darkness of my room, and leaned out of my window to try and catch my breath, which came with such an effort. The calm splendor of the unclouded heavens and myriads of shining stars seemed a mockery. As I stood trying to possess my soul in patience my back-gate suddenly was opened and swung to heavily, the same heavy tread crunched on the gravel-walk and came toward the house; but when nearly at the door turned and went to the well at the left. I heard a hoarse cough, and then the bucket was upset, and came with a loud crash

on the stone flags. Suddenly the thought came to me—it is only one man, the others have gone off; perhaps if he knows we are all awake he may go; and calling loudly from my window to my two servants, I succeeded in rousing them. “Phillis!” I cried, “come quickly and help me! There’s a man in the yard!” Now Phillis, knowing nothing of the rumor of soldiers roaming over the town at night, plundering and committing excesses, was in nowise intimidated; her only idea about it was a solitary thief, such as all times furnish; so, without a moment’s hesitation, she made a swift rush at the well, from which strange sounds still proceeded, and with an immense pair of kitchen tongs in her hand, shouted, “Come out, thief! Is this the way you treats lonesome women? I say, is—” but here her voice changed into a tone of unmixed mirth, as she called to me, “Miss Mary, go back to your bed; it’s de old sow come for hunt more little chickens and melon rind!” “A sow, Phillis?” but my answer came in the shape of a squeal and scampering and scattering of the gravel on the path as Phillis drove the intruder out of our yard with several well-directed blows from the tongs. Yes, uncle, a sow was my only intruder that night from *that* side. A moment after and silence and darkness once more were my portion, but not sleep—that was simply an impossibility; and seated in my window-sill I watched and waited until the gray dawn came, then the glad sounds of the twittering, early birds, the crowing of cocks; the rosy light stole softly into my room, and soon after the golden glory of the rising sun. Thank God! came involuntarily to my heart and lips; yes, God had preserved my dear little ones to me and I to them. “Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh with the morning.”

The children danced on before me, and I was in Mrs. Barringer’s piazza just as she came down the steps, bonnet in hand.

“Mary, I was just going to see how you stood the night. But what is the matter, dear friend? What has happened?” cried she, in alarm at my wild, white face.

I told her all I have told you; but with im-

patience she heard me through, and with the tears streaming down her face.

“Poor child! poor child! What agony—and all about nothing! Many’s the night, when I have been watching in that very house by poor Bridget Derry’s bedside, have I heard those very sounds in her front piazza, and would have been willing to have sworn before a magistrate that a robber was trying to break in.”

She explained then that when Tom Derry was at home, four years ago, he had a very large watch-dog, who, after his master left home, followed his example, and roamed all over the town, sometimes, however, returning to his old home and passing the night in the front-porch on the mat just outside the door. By pushing with his nose at the gate he managed to force his entrance in the yard. The slapping of his tail on the floor furnished the imaginary footsteps, and his panting the sawing; the shaking of his large heavy body against the door was the effort to force it open. Here, then, were two of my ghosts laid. But how to account for the whistling and answer, and whispering outside my front-gate? Even this mystery was cleared up, greatly to my peace of mind for months. At the foot of my hill lived an old man who had in his field a number of hogs and pigs. The pigs irresistibly suggested a vision of crackling; and, without any promptings of pen, so thought two negroes, who confessed, when the theft was traced out, they had made their plans for catching, gagging, and bagging several of the little porkers. Their mysterious signals and whisperings were overheard by me—and you know in what connection. I am sorry, uncle, to disappoint you, and not be able to tell of actual encounters with soldiers. But it all came down to this—a dog, a sow, and a bag with two stolen pigs. The only thing strange in the whole affair was the combination of circumstances.

Grierson and his men left B—— at noon that day. We stood on the little foot-bridge that crossed the stream, and saw them all filing past in the turn of the road—the bugles calling, horses neighing, banners waving, the men singing and talking gayly. How little did they dream of the terror they had inspired the night before!

STARS.

ABOVE me the shining shell of stars

Slowly slides o’er the hollow night,

And I watch the fiery heart of Mars

Wander across it with great calm flight.

No constellation fails in its place,

The pole forgets not its changeless course,

They seal creation on the face

With law unswerving, resistless force.

O stars, who are flaming ministers

That through God’s secrets go in and out!

O solemn skies, be my comforters

When tossed by trouble and torn by doubt!

You, whom fixed order and no wild chance

Visibly binds in eternal bands,

Forbid me the fear of all circumstance,

For I also, O stars, I am in God’s hands!

THE INSURANCE ON THE "HIGHFLYER."

PRETTY Mildred Sedgefield was not so pretty now as once she was, in the early days of her marriage-engagement to Roland Waterhouse. She had been the prettiest creature then of all the fair young things that wandered on the sea-shore when the summer evenings fell over Porthampton; her soft dark eyes had a starry brilliance in the midst of their shadow, while they looked at you in the pathetic pleading way that such eyes have; and damask roses never wore richer hues than those that went and came among her deepening dimples. Since that time, and during the long years of this engagement, much of the sweet bloom had been stolen away; but in place of the blushes that used to nestle on the perfumed velvet cheek there was a pleasant patience, more beautiful to see, because it was a perennial thing that time could never steal, and that must be as fresh and sweet about her memory when she was in her grave as it was now upon her lovely face.

Still she was pretty enough to all intents and purposes; and so Roland Waterhouse thought: he had not fallen in love with Mildred for her beauty—fallen? he never fell in love with her at all; the love grew up with them as they themselves grew up from childhood; a part of their estate and well-being, inseparable from themselves, they could never recollect the time when they were not dear to each other. Roland Waterhouse would not have had Mildred's youthful freshness back again if he could have done so at a word. He had a certain curiosity about her in the midst of his affection—a desire to see her as every new year would make her—a middle-aged matron—an elderly silver-haired lady—a risen angel. He frightened her once by telling her that he had often recalled those lines of Wesley's in thinking of the lovely appearance of death, if the dead were Mildred, when the singer asks what breathing beauty there is that can "with a dead body compare." It frightened Roland himself a little, if the truth should be told, until, after several weeks, he saw that she did not die in consequence of the remark. He had this same curiosity about himself—an itching desire to know how he would turn out.

At present he had not much chance of turning out any thing but a poor man, and a single one besides; for, struggling in the East India trade, which had but lately received a serious check, he had desperately embarked the whole of his earnings and gatherings—determined to make or break—in the *Highflyer*, a ship that sailed on one of the Calcutta lines, and of which he owned one undivided share, and in her cargo of gunny-bags, to dispose of which at a satisfactory advance he had manipulated the market in a remarkable manner. And now he waited every day for her arrival, which was to make him as wealthy a man as he wished to be this

year—that is, was to enable him to marry and settle in life with Mildred Sedgefield.

"I am afraid," said Mr. Sedgefield, who, a clerk on a small salary, looked up at his future son-in-law, an India merchant, with more or less awe—"I am very much afraid that you will never see the *Highflyer* coming into harbor again;" and he plunged back into his newspaper immediately, well knowing that the odium of ill news always clings to the bearer.

"How is that?" asked Roland from his chess, which game interested him as much as it interested Mildred, although he did not, as Mildred did, make sensational romances with the queen for a heroine, surrounded by her knights and commonalty, besieged in castle or on the open battle-field, telling these romances in a tragic manner as the game went on. "How is that?" asked Roland.

"She is three weeks over-due already?" asked the timid newspaper reader.

"Yes; I believe she is," was the reply.

"And the *Burser* brings word: it says to-night, of a cyclone in the Indian seas at about the time she sailed," said Mr. Sedgefield, nervously.

"Oh, I hope not!" cried Mildred, more in answer to her own thoughts than to any thing that had been said, and moving her knight into the jaws of death as she spoke, without a spark or word of pity for him.

"Let me see," said Roland, curiously, leaving the game, and standing up to look over Mr. Sedgefield's shoulder as he read. "In the European news? Let me see," he said again, this time in the meditative meaning of the phrase. "We had overland advices that she sailed on the 27th. This cyclone took place—when?"

"29th," Mr. Sedgefield answered, with more assurance, as his instinct taught him that figures can not lie—mathematical figures, that is.

"Well—on a fair wind—I should venture to say that—she had—probably—yes—more than probably—got beyond it. There's no telling, though—those cyclones are such raging demons let loose. I remember that the last one tore up the wood at Calcutta planted two hundred years ago, and did not leave so much as a root in the ground. No peace till the ship is spoken now!"

"And if it wasn't a fair wind that the *Highflyer* had?" asked Mildred, tremblingly.

"Then, there can be small doubt but that she's gone to the bottom—and our hopes with her!" said Roland.

"Oh, more hopes than ours!" cried Mildred. But he did not notice her words; he was feeling very indignant just then with Mr. Sedgefield, as the one who was responsible for this cyclone and its damage, on the whole, and incidentally provoked with Mildred to think his

pictured happiness with her was again deferred for Heaven only knew how long a time.

Every one in Porthampton said that Roland Waterhouse never did deserve Mildred—every one except Mildred, who knew that, by the law of correspondences, there must be something in her just as vexatious to Roland as the things which she found vexatious in him; and, indeed, she had ceased to be troubled by his trifling tempers, knowing they meant nothing, and blew away over the great tide of his love like the merest flaws.

Roland sat down, and began to shove his men about rather recklessly. In a minute, however, he was on his feet again, running his hands through his hair and walking up and down the room.

"No insurance?" Mr. Sedgefield made bold to ask.

"Oh yes, some. Enough to save a man from total ruin, I suppose. Not enough for such ventures, such expectations, such a purpose as that ship carried. Let me see—three weeks over-due—nothing unusual that. I don't know—I doubt—I doubt—"

"Too late to increase your insurance?" suggested Mr. Sedgefield, timorously returning to the charge, but always regarding it as a proud feather in his cap that he did so.

"That's an idea!" said Roland, after a moment, visibly brightening. "I'll see, the first thing when I go into town in the morning. Holcomb's an adventurous chap—"

"President of the Company?"

"Yes; and one of my best friends. Though that has nothing to do with it, for I never knew him to let friends stand between him and duty."

"Not what you might call accommodating?"

"No, but he's daring. And he has turned many a thousand over twice and thrice for his company by doing what other companies feared to do. That hasn't diminished his courage. Declare, if he'll only take it I should be willing to lose the few hundreds, be they more or less, for the sake of the extra comfort, even if she turns up all right next day. Yes, I shouldn't be surprised if he'd do my business!" And Roland sat down gayly, like the mercurial fellow he was, and brought his pawns up to the defense, and whipped Mildred's forces into an inglorious surrender. And, as if the little breeze had cleared his atmosphere, he felt very much happier than, on the whole, he had felt before he had heard any news of the cyclone at all.

When Mr. Roland Waterhouse opened his mail in town on the next morning he unfolded a letter from his agent at Calcutta with more than the customary interest with which he was wont to peruse that functionary's dispatches. It was freighted down the length of its four pages of thinness with full and enthusiastic accounts of the late terrible cyclone and its ravages; the writer, rather pleased with having any news to communicate, giving information of the ninety ships wrecked at their moorings in harbor, and dwelling on the great bore that

came roaring inward from the black outer sea, submerged one-half the town, and landed a man-of-war far up in a prostrate banyan grove. He detailed the list of disasters at length, and closed with the cheering intelligence that it was rumored every where that the *Highflyer* had been caught by the swift tempest, that traveled a thousand times faster than the breezes that any ship's linen could hold, and had been noticed bottom up within two days' sail from shore—a sailor who had seen her was said to have mentioned it; and the agent would make it his special business to discover him and learn the truth of the rumor, which at present all the merchants and sailing-masters doubted, as she had so good a start.

When he had read this encouraging epistle from date to signature, Roland laid it down almost in despair. Of what use was it, his going to Holcomb with such a letter as that in his hand, hoping to obtain more insurance on the *Highflyer*—on a ship that had already been seen bottom up within two days' sail from shore? And if he failed to obtain the insurance, he might as well give up all hopes of happiness and a home with Mildred for yet more years to come. For the small amount of insurance already effected was not enough capital for an East Indian merchant to continue business upon, with all the guarantees and backers in creation. Unless circumstances occurred which he had no right to expect, he would be obliged to withdraw and go into some small and safe affair, or else apply for some salaried office, and live Mr. Sedgefield's little cramped routine the rest of his weary life. And Roland vowed he would die first—and with his extravagant and generous habits, thinking no more of money than of the common air, it is very probable that he would.

Nevertheless, as the unfortunate young fellow sat there, revolving his ill-luck, wondering why the cyclone couldn't have capsized the bark of Mulready, that bloated old veteran of the trade, whose sails whitened every sea, instead of his one possession; and, with as many blue devils as it takes to make a nightmare contending in his thoughts together, the old copies of his writing-books rose before his eyes: "Try never was beat," "Faint heart never won"—insurance on the *Highflyer*! He crushed the letter into his pocket, put on his hat with determination, and went up to pay his friend Holcomb and his corps of underwriters a morning call.

When the usual greetings had passed, and Roland had taken his seat and his cigar—for Holcomb's inner office was a private den for casual good-fellows, where the decorums of strict business were dispensed with: "So," said Mr. Holcomb, "I suppose you've come up to talk over the *Highflyer*. Strange all you owners rely so much more on our judgment than you do on your own advices and your own ideas! Widesly and Brown have just been in, with their long faces, to know what we thought of the chances as to their property in her."

"Well, what did you say?" asked Roland, not intending any dishonest reservation, but, as he said to himself, thinking it best to see how the land lay before he proceeded with the document in his pocket.

"Told them I thought she was worth all she ever was," replied Mr. Holcomb, snapping off his ash indifferently—nobody has ever reduced the etiquettes and unuttered language of smokers to statistics, but there is a good deal to be done with it all in the way of saving oral conversation, especially as practiced by business men.

"Did you? I should like to know what you found your opinion on?" said Roland, with some defiance, puffing away for dear life in a total obscurity of smoke.

"Want your insurance, I see," biting his cigar between his teeth. "Well; she is registered, I believe, as A, No. 1. New ship, copper-bottomed, clipper-built, best of timber—Florida oak. Stanch and strong, thorough rig, well manned, commanded by Thurston, whose superior doesn't sail, and out of harbor with nearly two days' start of the cyclone—if there's been a cyclone; if you want a calculation of the chances, they're a hundred to one in her favor."

"I don't know," said Roland, doubtfully, the smoke curling round his fingers from the down-dropped Cabaña.

"What more do you want?" asked Mr. Holcomb, testily, as he liked to have his opinion taken as the best of authority, and the spark of fire at his lips becoming very red indeed. "We don't even know with certainty that there's been a cyclone yet."

"Oh yes, we do!" said Roland.

"You may; I don't. And admitting that there has—which I don't, remember—of course all the stories that reach us will be tremendous exaggerations, by reason of that insatiable desire which correspondents always possess to make the most of every thing."

"I don't think any such charge can be laid to my correspondent."

"Oh, you're determined to have it so, are you? Gad, I believe you'll be disappointed to hear that she's telegraphed from below next week."

"I'd like a little such disappointment," said Roland, skeptically, as he rolled a bit of paper round the broken stem of his cigar.

"Because your ship's a trifle behind time, reckoned loosely—and because the market's just ready for your gunny-bags, and you're impatient—and because an imaginary cyclone may have torn about some in those waters, at a time, by all accounts, after she had cleared—there you are then all flying about like so many hens whose ducklings are in the brook. Well!—confound this cigar—lend me your light—made in Connecticut, if it didn't grow ready-made in a swamp, I'll swear—well! the underwriters don't give her up yet, whatever the rest of you do."

"They don't?" demanded Roland, in Rip

Van Winkle's best combination of doubt, interrogation, and bravado.

"No, they don't. 'Twouldn't be such a sorry thing for us either, if it were so; she's only in for half her value."

"Rather think you'll find it a sorry thing before long."

"Well, if you think so, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll double your insurance!"

"You will! There's my hand on that. It's exactly what I came for. At what rate?"

"Just the same; yes, just the same. I'll take the responsibility. It's a dead sure thing. How much was your policy?"

"Come, now, Holcomb, that's very generous of you," tossing his cigar into the cuspidor, now that he had got down to the hard-pan of business; "but I can't let—"

"Nothing generous about it, thank you! I don't do generous things with the company's money."

"Very well. But I can't let you do it, as I was saying, till you read this black-and-blue letter of my agent's, and see if that doesn't change your mind."

"All the letters of all the agents in Calcutta wouldn't change my mind!" said Mr. Holcomb, and what he said was very true.

"It won't take you long to try the experiment," replied Roland. "There it is."

Mr. Holcomb tossed it down contemptuously in a few moments. "Never took a rumor for granted in my life!" he exclaimed. "And I sha'n't begin now, that's flat! Bottom up—a ship of fifteen hundred tons burden, and Captain Thurston in command—who ever heard of such a thing? Nonsense! Produce your papers, Roland; I'll stand by my word—and the company will make a pretty penny out of your premium and your ridiculous anxiety. How's Miss Mildred?" continued Holcomb, then, dropping the office. "You needn't color up so, young man, over an old affair like that, when I don't over a new one."

"You? You confirmed Cœlebs—aha!"

"Tell me the truth, old fellow—would this loss, if it were a loss, put you back out of sight? Now I ask on the square."

"There, there," said Roland; "this isn't the place for spoons."

"Then get out!" laughed Holcomb. "But look here first—if that's the case, I'm your banker for any thing in reason."

"No you don't. Thanking you just as much, you know. I'll not begin life with a saddle of debt on my shoulders."

"There's Brown again. Where do you lunch? At the Bell-in-Hand? See you there about one, then. Attend to these documents now," which, puffing like a locomotive, he proceeded at once to do; and Roland, feeling that he had not played his game ill, accordingly produced his papers, drew his check, and left the office with the insurance on the *Highflyer* doubled, and his future prospects in consequence, and comparatively speaking, safe.

When a month from that time had elapsed, and the *Highflyer* still gave no sign at the harbor-mouth, and no homeward-bound or outward-bound ship reported speech with her, and her name was not to be found in the shipping-lists of any port, and her place at the wharf was filled by other craft, Roland went into the insurance-office again, to see what the feeling there might be. Mildred and he were already of one mind about it—they had come to the unanimous conclusion that the *Highflyer* had gone where the good clippers go, and that there was no reason to wait for the sea to run dry before settling her accounts. But the authorities at their desks and figures, within the office, were still resolutely of the opinion of their chief, such a delay was no unheard of thing; they by no means gave her up.

At the end of three months more Roland wished decidedly that they would give her up, pay his double policy, and so be done with it, and in that view made another foray upon the underwriters. But Mr. Holcomb, though he must have felt a tolerable assurance that the bones of the *Highflyer* lay among the corals and ooze of the sea-caves, and like the clouds that lowered about the house of York, were "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried," yet refused to yield his point just at present; and perhaps vexed more than a little at his previous folly, he was determined that if he must pay the penalty it should be at his own time; for, as Roland had told Mr. Sedgfield, Holcomb never let friendship stand between him and official duty, or, as Mr. Sedgfield repeated it, never spoiled a joke for relation's sake. There was no longer hesitation in the minds of any but the captious underwriters concerning the fate of the missing ship; and the relatives of those who had doubtless gone down with her in the last dreadful hour had fallen from their long and cruel suspense into that sorrow whose indulgence is almost like relief. Mildred, whose loss—in the mere delay of her hopes that were sure to be fulfilled at last, if she lived—was so slight and unmentionable a thing beside theirs—Mildred went round from one to another with her comforting sweet face and gentle, tender words, till even those who had lost husband or child in the fated craft—for it had been manned out of Porthampton—remembering her connection with its fortunes, were as eager as Roland Waterhouse himself that he should have his insurance paid to him.

One morning, at this time, when Roland went into town as usual, and was on the way to his particularly dreary counting-room, he was accosted by an old acquaintance of the brief period when he sailed supercargo himself.

"Let's see," said his acquaintance, "you're one of the parties interested in the *Highflyer*?"

"Certainly," said Roland, in some surprise and indignation to think that the world was not generally apprised of the fact. "Certainly; I had a large interest there."

"Sorry for that. Insured, I hear?"

"Oh yes; insured fast enough—so fast I can't get any of it."

"They won't pay up?"

"Not yet."

"Doubt about it still? Holcomb's getting romantic, you know. He must think she's turned into the *Flying Dutchman*. However, if you'll go down to Russell's wharf, next to H, you know, you'll find a sailor sitting on a barrel, at least he was sitting on a barrel there half an hour ago, answering to the name of Isaac Robertson. And he'll tell you all you want to know about the *Highflyer*, and sign his affidavit."

You may be sure that Roland lost no time in following his friend's instructions, and equally sure that, according to his customary luck, no Isaac Robertson was to be found sitting on a barrel, or on any thing else, on Russell's wharf—though he subsequently came to light in a neighboring beer-garden, whither the sounds of a flageolet and a fiddle had allured him.

Finding that his real statement, and no palaver, was wanted, Mr. Isaac Robertson, having before his eyes the fear of courts and magistrates, which it had been the main object of his life to avoid, declared that he had never heard of any vessel by the name of *Highflyer* in all his life. But the attractions of a five-dollar bill, and then another added to that, overcame his scruples and timidities in great degree, and quickened his memory to the point of recollecting that he had heard the name of such a ship, it seemed to him, and of finally promising that, if the gentleman would swear that it shouldn't prove to his prejudice, he would tell what he knew, and perhaps he did know something, and sign his mark to it before a notary; but the notary must come to him—he wasn't going to venture into any such spider's-web as a lawyer's office.

He had sailed, according to his recital, from Liverpool to Calcutta in the English brig *Ben Adhem*. She was an iron craft—her hull, her masts, her bowsprits, her spars, were of the toughest iron; her ropes were of twisted iron wire—and to the best of his belief the captain was iron too. She was as stiff a thing as ever stepped along the sea, and there was the trouble with that kind, in Mr. Isaac Robertson's opinion—fly like birds in fair weather, and pay no heed at all to ordinary gales, but a squall snapped them up like pipe-stems. They made a good run down in the *Ben Adhem*, slid up the Madagascar coast, sails set on one tack, and launched off into the Indian waters in fine style, almost nothing to do, and as pleasant a trip as a man would want to take if his captain wasn't a Tartar. One afternoon—that was about the twenty-ninth of the month—as they danced along underneath a blazing sun, but with a steady wind aft, and within a couple of days' sail from shore, the captain came on deck from his snooze, and his first word showed something was wrong, and very wrong indeed. As it turned out, he had gone below leaving all

bright and fair as usual above, but not forgetting the sudden terrors of these latitudes, and when he awoke an hour later and glanced at his glass, it had fallen—fallen down to nowhere! So he rushed up the companion-way, and before you could tell what your name was all hands were in the rigging, letting down every spare scrap of canvas that had been spread to catch every breath that blew, clewing up every reef that was left, and stowing all snug and safe away; and wondering a good deal what was the matter with the captain now, and if his duff with raisins in it hadn't set heavy on his stomach so as to give him an ugly dream; and how long the brig was going to hang this way, without a rag on her bare poles, and waste that steady breeze blowing aft. There was a ship a mile perhaps to leeward of the *Ben Adhem*, whose captain didn't see ghosts and hadn't lost his wits; the *Ben Adhem* had spoken her an hour ago, and she had answered as the *Highflyer*, two days out from Calcutta, bound for Boston; she was still tacking off and on till she should get down into a latitude where she could have things more her own way, and she lay now under full sail like a great snowy bird upon the water, without a stitch of all her canvas having been taken in. It was thought afterward that perhaps her captain hadn't waked up yet from his snooze, nor run to see his glass; that being so, he never waked up at all, and never knew what ailed him. While the hands of the *Ben Adhem* were wondering what was in the wind now, the captain gave them but little time to wonder in; if he had expected Noah's deluge over again he would have made no more preparation to meet it; and meanwhile one old salt, who knew the ways of these waters and the tricks of all their tempests, told the men that it was death that was in the wind, and to say their prayers, for a cyclone was coming, a stiffener, as near as he could tell, and it was a matter of doubt if they'd ever see their black-eyed Susans again. A minute before the sea, as far as your eye could fly, was as blue and as smooth as a great mill-pond with the sun in it; now there hung a faint mist just steaming up from its farthest edge; the wind fell behind into a calm; it was blowing off there in advance in that mist; it traveled like the lightning; now the sea wrinkled before it; now the sky darkened; it was as if some almighty mouth were blowing in their faces; it struck the *Ben Adhem* in one great volume; every thing was as black as night; one man could not see the next in the blackness; the shivering, shuddering ship shook and sprung madly out of the water; the thunder of artillery was a whisper beside the long roar that cracked the heavens and split the air above. The great tide lifted and scattered to right and left; it yelled along with the cry of its terrific throat; light crept into the sky; the sea grew gray in all its billows beating mountain high; the *Ben Adhem* was lying like a log, with her mighty masts and all her iron shrouds snapped off like reeds, and the Lord

alone knew where; while as the fury of the ocean fell into the long and rushing swell that swung there for days and days, and the sun came out and lighted up its tumult, then those that had not been swept away looked about them for the *Highflyer*. In all the wide expanse, the rocking, foam-capped splendor of water, billow running on billow, there was not a single sign of her to be seen! They set up a jury-mast out of the great iron spars they had on board, and succeeded in making port at last, thanks to that Tartar of a captain and nobody else. And there was nothing more to say about it, so help him—Isaac Robertson!

The man told his story, after he had consented to tell it at all, in such a straightforward manner that one would have been of a more incredulous turn than Roland Waterhouse was before questioning it. The only thing that gave it a doubtful look was that he absolutely declined to go before the Insurance Board and repeat his statement—fearing lest he might put his foot in the mouth of some land-shark or other, he said; and having once let him slip through his fingers, Roland never caught sight of Isaac Robertson again.

Of course Mr. Holcomb and his brethren declared the affidavit to be but so much waste paper; and Roland accordingly hastened to send out to Liverpool a certified copy of it for the signature of Captain Hennessey, late of the British brig *Ben Adhem*, to be subscribed beneath, and give it authority and authenticity in an attest of its truthfulness.

Six weeks brought back Captain Hennessey's answer. He had never heard of the *Highflyer*, and he had never laid eyes on Isaac Robertson, whoever that individual was. And whatever reason Captain Hennessey had for denying the truth of the sailor's story, it was evident that he also declined to certify to any such statement as that the captain of the *Ben Adhem* was a Tartar. Meanwhile Roland was conscious that it was quite within the bounds of possibility to accuse him himself of having purchased the sailor's testimony with his two five-dollar bills, or at least to suspect—and with him suspicion was quite equal to accusation.

"Very well," said Roland, sadly, to Mildred, when he told her the failure of his last resort as they walked along the beach in the sunset. "Very well," said he; "we have six months' more dreary delay before us before the money can be paid—always provided the Company doesn't fail first—and six months after that before I shall feel warranted, by the returns of the business in which it must be invested, to take the step which is to give us our happiness."

"They pass so swiftly, after all," said Mildred, putting a stranded jelly-fish back in the water. "You have no idea how time flies when you are busy—"

"That is, when you are engaged," said Roland, mischievously.

"I mean," she answered, with the least blush imaginable on her cheek, "that if your thoughts

have been occupied by other things you do not know where the days have gone to when you look back at any event. It seems to me, for instance, only yesterday when you sent for Captain Hennessey's signature—and yet it is six weeks."

"That is because your days fly on the wings of good deeds. Cent. per cent. gives them only a leaden, lagging flight for me. That little home, so dear, so desired, looks so far off that I can not see it now."

"Perhaps it is just as well, dear," answered Mildred, as they stood still and wrote their names on the sand for the next wave to wash out. "It will be all the lovelier for not having become a stale thing in our imaginations—"

"Look at the wave running up, Mildred, carrying the sand back with it, effacing our names altogether which we have just written there. That is the way the next generation will wipe us and our place out of sight, out of memory. I want to enjoy my day while it is here!"

"But if we can not, Roland—we only imbitter what peace there is already by repining. If we are forbidden to be happy in one way, we are not in others; and I think there must be some providential meaning in it, even then. Perhaps you need to learn patience—I think you do. Perhaps I need—"

"As if you were not already perfect!"

"You must not say such things," she replied, the color streaming up her face in the remembrance of a thousand misdoings of her own. "But I will tell you, Roland dear, that if our future is delayed for years to come, I truly think, I am sure, indeed, that we have still much to be thankful for."

"I should like to see it!" exclaimed Roland, dismally, quite angry, in fact, at the idea of being grateful to Heaven for denying him the things he wanted.

"We are alive," said Mildred.

"Of course we are alive!"

"It is only natural, you think. But just remember that you ride sixty miles every day on the railway, at the mercy of one man and any rail of bad iron."

"Yes, I confess there is something in that. I forgot that. Yes."

"Well, then, we live here in this delightful place, in the midst of civilization; we were born Roland and Mildred, instead of Patagonians and Ashantees—"

"Too romantic by half. If I had been born an Ashantee I should have had you under my hut of palm leaves years ago."

"And have had me stolen and sold into slavery with an ocean between us too, just as likely."

"Well; let me hear some more of these negative kind of blessings that I'm to be thankful for. I haven't been hung yet; I suppose I should get down on my knees for that."

"You know best," said Mildred, laughing.

"But in seriousness, we are well, and strong,

and young. We have expectations—people are very wretched, you know, who have no expectations. And we love each other, and we have no trouble but money trouble in the world—"

"Good Heavens! There is no other!"

"Oh, Roland, there is death, and illness, and sorrow, and disgrace! Oh, we can afford to wait, Roland!" cried Mildred.

"You would convert a Manichee," said he, repentantly. "But I'm not a Manichee. Well, at any rate, we can feel that every year we lose now just condenses and concentrates the sweetness of those years that are to come. But as for Holcomb—he's a bachelor yet—and for all his envious looks at the little blue-eyed widow on Myrtle Street he hints about—or at her bank stock—if I don't find some way to circumvent him and lead him as long a lane as he leads me, unless he pays my demand when I present it again to-morrow, my name's not Roland Waterhouse!"

"Then we should have some cause for unhappiness," said Mildred. "Let us talk of pleasanter things. I set out a row of cherry-trees to-day; have you done any thing so useful? See how the last sunlight strikes that sail far, far out, till it looks like a solitary spire of flame on the horizon. Perhaps it is the *Highflyer*—who knows?"

"Something that never happened in my experience, or in any body else's that ever I heard of, if it were," answered Roland. "However," he added, determined to find no favor in whatever fortune fell, "I shouldn't be at all surprised, indeed, if she did come in, as the market is three months too late for all my gunny-bags."

"It wouldn't be too late for the poor wives and mothers whose people are on board, Roland," said Mildred, reproachfully.

"Mildred, you're altogether too good for me! Besides, I don't know as I want to marry an angel. Just utter one wicked idea to oblige me! I believe Heaven is opposed to our union, on the ground of the antipathy between good and bad, and interposes, with the delinquent insurance on the *Highflyer*, to divorce us."

Mildred could not find it in her heart to be disobliging, and taking her turn to be as wicked as he wished, roguishly replied: "Heaven couldn't do it—we are just as good as one already. It is a moral impossibility, and the days of miracles are over!" and arm in arm they wandered off down the dim, silvery beach, the sea growing purple and purpler as they strolled, and the sky darkening with violet shadows strewn with stars, till the first damp wind, blowing in from its open reaches and banks of mist, rolled up a wilder music of the salt tides, and warned them to safer trysting-places.

There was a message from Mr. Holcomb on the desk in Roland's counting-room that next day, requesting his presence at the insurance-office as early as convenient. In not the very best of humors he prepared to obey the sum-

mons, taking a parcel of documents with him, and resolved, if he could not obtain his demand, to take it out in a clearance of all the disagreeable things that he burned and ached to say.

Mr. Holcomb's face was as bland as the breeze of a May morning; evidently the world was going well with him; and, if you might judge by his suave tone of voice, if he had sown the wind, apparently he did not mean to raise the whirlwind. But Roland's face was dour with all the bitterness of November.

"Well, Waterhouse," said Mr. Holcomb, "where are your congratulations?"

"What!" cried Roland, half confounded by the man's audacity. "Did you send for me all the way from my counting-room for that?" and quite prepared to add that, as for offering him any congratulations, he would see him—in a very unpleasant predicament first!

"For that among other things," answered Mr. Holcomb. "You see, since I became a marrying man myself—now this is in confidence, Roland; I don't want to be reported as a simpleton all over town—I have found it possible to get up a little sympathy for other marrying men. And I have discovered, by the experience—of—of my preparations, that it takes money to marry—it does, indeed."

"An important announcement. New, too. Is that all?"

"Ten days furnishing my house," continued Mr. Holcomb, disregarding Roland's satire, "and a thousand dollars a day so far—what do you say to that?" he asked, suddenly.

"That I should like to furnish mine at the same rate!" answered Roland, with an unhand-some expletive that gave him great relief.

"Keep your temper, Waterhouse. I've had to keep mine ever since these bills began to be brought in. But then, in fact, I doubt if I should find one half so good if I really lost it. It's a pleasant temper; didn't you think so the day it got you the double policy on the *High-flyer*? You cunning dog, you managed that bit of business well, by getting my contradiction roused first—"

"Were these the other things which you wished to speak of, may I ask? Every one hasn't so much time at disposal as the president of an insurance company!"

"Some of them, certainly. However, if you're impatient, I'll not expatiate further than to say, I hope that the house, whose furnishing has just been in question, will have no more frequent guests than you and Mrs. Waterhouse."

"Mrs. Waterhouse!"

"Yes. I suppose there'll be a Mrs. Waterhouse at about the same time that Mrs. Holcomb blooms into being, won't there?"

"It looks like it!" said Roland.

"Never more so—" was the half-begun reply.

"Come!" cried Roland. "I didn't answer your note in order to be badgered. If you have any business, out with it!"

"If you're not careful, I don't know as I'll

tell you," said Mr. Holcomb, with imperturbable good-humor. "Well, I can feel for you," he continued, cheerfully, "as you shall see. And, in the first place, Mrs. Holcomb—Mrs. Holcomb that is to be, you understand—"

Roland would have heartily liked to say a naughty thing just then, but happening to glance up at his interlocutor's face, and seeing it such a picture of pleasure, he had not the conscience to let him do it, even under his breath, and so subsided into quiet listening.

"Has a brother," continued Mr. Holcomb, obviously. "A splendid fellow, who has been making a good thing in the wine-trade with Constantia; a vineyard of the grape of which he owned near Cape Town, on the Cape of Good Hope—and a delicious wine it is—"

"For Heaven's sake!" cried Roland, fairly exasperated, "what are Mrs. Holcomb's brother's Constantia wine and vineyards to me?"

"Well, wait and see," said Mr. Holcomb, coolly. "Maybe a good deal. This brother, hearing that his sister and I are going to live in future under one roof—we kept it private, indeed, till we should know that he had heard, and that's the reason I've not been down at the counting-room to tell you about it before this, Roland—this brother thought then that he would like to be present at the flitting; and accordingly, as Cape Town climate has not agreed with his health, and he had a desire to be among his own kindred and people, he has sold his vineyards, and has arrived here in America with a handsome capital, which, however, doesn't content him as it is, so that he intends to turn it over a few times, and is ready to invest in any thorough-going slow-coach thing, and is looking round him for a partner that knows the trick of the gold-sales in these latitudes, and how to profit by them."

"Wants money with his partner too?" asked Roland, moodily.

"Of course, of course; to be sure he does."

"There's Burnett, then, hunting for one—"

"Let Burnett hunt and be—blest to him! I'm talking to you!"

"But you said money was needed."

"So I did."

"Then I declare I don't see—"

"Nobody expects you to. Well, I said to him, when he came for my advice, that of all the men I ever knew, if I wanted a partner in business, Roland Waterhouse was the man I would select—capable, shrewd, honest, generous, none of your prigs, but a hearty good-fellow—"

"That's enough, though," said Roland.

"And the only man that ever had the wit to overreach me, all in the neatest and most above-board manner, and to clear the nest-egg of a fortune by it!"

"Very fine flattering, Holcomb," said Roland, sensibly softening. "But I should like to see the nest-egg."

"I dare say you would. But to go on. Then I said, moreover, that it was a thousand pities

the rules of the Insurance Company forbade us to pay him a demand, until the expiration of the year, whose payment would place him in a condition to enter into such a partnership on equal terms with the money obtained from the insurance on the *Highflyer*."

"I am going to give you a piece of my mind, Holcomb!"

"I have no doubt it would be valuable. But I had rather you would presently than now. Just hear me out. When I said that word *Highflyer*, my brother-in-law—that is to be—pricked up his ears, just as you are doing now, old boy, and asked me, in a sudden way, to explain myself; which I lost no time in doing, by adding that you had secured a double policy of insurance upon your undivided portion of the ship *Highflyer*, the ship being supposed at present, but not proved, to have been lost in a cyclone upon the Indian seas. With that my worthy brother-in-law cried out that if I found the partner he'd find the capital, and plunged out of the room like a diver, and reappeared again directly with a little panel of black walnut wood, considerably battered and splintered and worn. But it was the very panel that you and I saw our faces in—a part of the cabin-door—on the day the vessel sailed. And carved on it in raised letters, running like a woody vine-stem—the very design that we remarked upon that same day, if you recollect—was the name of the ship *Highflyer*. The panel had washed about in those seas—getting bruised and broken and defaced, but still legible—until some propitious current had drawn it in and brought it along that way, when a storm had washed it upon the beach. And there the brother-in-law found it—shut your mouth, Roland, it's staring wide open at this moment—when he went down to see what damage had been done along the shore. I took the panel before the directors of our company myself—hush, now, not a word!—and told them my own opinion, and made my oath to it. And though it doesn't exactly follow from the panel, yet I don't know why the panels of a ship's door should be floating about the ocean unless the door has gone to pieces, nor why the door should have gone to pieces unless the ship went first. But the directors came, without much deliberation, to a decision, and authorized me to do exactly what I thought best in the matter. And for my part, I give her up—she's down among the dead men. So I have accordingly drawn my check—and there it is—for the amount of your policies of insurance upon the *Highflyer*!"

Roland had listened breathlessly, without the ability to utter a syllable. He grasped Mr. Holcomb's hand, and still did not speak for a moment. I am ashamed to say that, if he had undertaken to say a word, he would have come to grief.

"I know just how you feel, old boy!" said the genial Holcomb, who certainly never ought to have been president of any sort of a company but a Pickwick Club. "There's nothing makes the whole world akin so much as—as—"

"As a fellow-feeling," gurgled Roland, fatuously. "I don't deserve it of you, Holcomb; and that's truth! For I came here holding you responsible for all your company's decisions, and full of wishes and intentions as sour and bitter as a green persimmon."

"Well, that's a fellow-feeling, too," said Holcomb. "I should have had them just the same with the tables turned. However, business is business, and such things can't be helped. Now I suppose you'll congratulate me," he said, with his resonant laugh. "And the next time you know of any ship that's been seen bottom side up in the Bay of Bengal or thereabouts, just come to me for an insurance on her. I'm the only one in the world that would give it, you may lay your head!"

Roland Waterhouse had a world of intelligence for the ears of Mildred when he went home that night. Never had any train trundled on in such safe slowness as his did that night; it was like traveling in a wheel-barrow—he would have been willing to break an arm for thrice the speed. But all things come to an end, and so did his daily journey at last; and when he saw the smiling face whose owner came down to the garden-gate to greet him, out came the whole budget at once. His insurance had been allowed; his check had been cashed; his partnership had been arranged; his business had been begun—and Mr. Holcomb was to be married that day fortnight, and, what was more than that, Roland Waterhouse was going to be married on the same day too! What did Mildred think of that?

He was going to have somebody else for a wife, then, he was told.

No, he was not. That day fortnight there would be no Mildred Sedgefield in the world. Did she hear that? Where was Mr. Sedgefield—what did he think of it—and was she going to disregard her father's wishes, and be an undutiful child at this time of life?

For, as for Mr. Sedgefield, he was cordially of Roland's mind, urged haste, and saw himself already superintending the marriage preparations, with one soft hand rubbing over the other, enjoying in the moment all the promise of the future, and, having first mentioned the loss of the *Highflyer* himself, never quite getting over the idea that, to the good offices of whomsoever all this happy stir and bustle might be attributed, he himself, unassisted and alone, had done the whole of it!

But I am glad to be able to say that, since women so seldom have their way, Mildred insisted upon hers; and it was only when the skies burned blue in the October days above the golden coronals of the elms; when the earth put on holiday dress, and every hedge and brake was laced and interlaced with a crimson intricacy of the wild woodbine; when all the countryside smouldered in the oaks, and bonfires of rejoicing fairly flamed out in the ripe splendor of the flickering leaves of the maple-trees, that the wedding procession wound in and out of the lit-

the sea-side church to the ringing music of its bell, that was rocking and tumbling head over heels in the belfry, and Mildred and Roland Waterhouse commenced life and good-fortune on the Insurance of the *Highflyer*.

LIGHT-HOUSES.

THE traveler who sails up that most delightful of all streams, the Rhine, sees on his right hand, when not far from Bingen, a pretty toy castle, which raises its perfect battlements high above rocks and mountains. On one of its tiny turrets floats the black-and-white banner with the fierce Prussian eagle in the centre; for the seat and the occupation of the robber-knight of old have both been assumed, though on a royal scale, by a prince of the house of Hohenzollern. If it is the good fortune of the traveler to ascend that part of the river in the sweet twilight of an autumn evening, he will soon after sunset see a strange reddish flame blaze up near one of the smaller towers; it hangs apparently free in the air, but nearly over the bank of the river, and sheds its ruddy glare up and down the dark waters. As he turns round the tiny promontory which serves as a gate to the long, open stretch on which the fire shines, he discovers at last that there is a quaint iron basket fastened by huge iron rods to the stones of the tower, and that inside the grating large logs are smouldering slowly in the damp night-air. As he looks down on the dark waters, with their strange red glow on every wave and the wash on the bank, he perceives here and there enormous blocks of stone nearly rising to the surface, which threaten the little skiffs with destruction, and are formidable even to steamers; and now he understands the friendly meaning of the warning fire on high.

He has seen here, in the heart of Europe, in the middle of the nineteenth century, the precise form and shape of the most ancient light-house that is known to our annals.

So, at least, we judge from the records left us in many a parchment and the designs cut on ancient medals. For the light-houses of antiquity have, unfortunately, crumbled into dust and debris with the Roman Empire itself, and all that we know of them we have gathered painfully from the numerous but vague descriptions of their contemporaries. As with many other things, so here also we would willingly exchange the many words for a few stones. The science and the ingenuity of a Rawlinson and a Layard would have read more in a handful of carved rocks that once belonged to the foundation of an ancient light-house than we can learn from countless pages written on the subject.

The Greeks attributed the first structures of the kind, almost as a matter of course, to their favorite Hercules, whose greatest labor must have been to bear the burden of all the wondrous things he was said to have accomplished.

But even he can hardly have been thought the builder of the numerous beautiful towers raised by the Libyans and the Cushites, who dwelt in the provinces of Lower Egypt, for the purpose of bearing great fires on their summits. Guiding stars in the night, they served in the daytime as points of observation; and many are the weighty facts of astronomy, on which all our knowledge of the universe depends, that were here first ascertained and recorded by the sages of antiquity. But as knowledge was in those days not only power, as with us, but worshiped as divine, these famous towers were temples also, and bore each the name of some great divinity, while grateful sailors, rescued from danger and death, enriched them with their votive offerings. Modern speculation has added still another attraction to these mysterious buildings—it looks upon them as depositories of all the geographical knowledge possessed by the ancients, where maps of the coast and charts of the navigation of the Nile were preserved, first simply drawn upon the walls of the building, and afterward transferred to papyrus rolls. It was thus that those temples were transformed into learned schools, and the priests changed into teachers, who imparted the knowledge of hydrography, and taught the art of sailing vessels by the guidance of the stars. These venerable towers were therefore light-houses in more than one sense. Within, the bright light of knowledge was diffused by zealous priests and learned sages to go forth to all the nations that then navigated the one great sea of the civilized world, the Mediterranean. Without, a machine of iron or bronze, consisting of three or four branches in the shape of a dolphin or some other marine animal, and connected with each other by garlands of beautiful foliage, contained large masses of fuel, which were faithfully watched over and renewed during the dark nights. A long iron bar of great strength, moving on a hinge so as to enable the priest to draw the colossal brazier to him, supported the bronze basket. The seas then swarmed with small vessels; and as each one of these also bore its fiery signal on the bow, to avoid disasters by night, and to show by its size and its height on the vessel the rank of the owner, fire greeted fire with delight, and the whole scene must have been one of great beauty and interest.

What these early light-houses were called is a matter of great dispute among the savans of our day, but does not, after all, matter much for practical purposes. Some, it is said, were named *Tor* by the Libyans; others, which occupied the highest eminence within the walls of a city, bore the name of *Bosrah*, a title which was afterward transferred to the citadel of Carthage. When they were situated in the open country they were generally built in the form of round towers, and then known as *Tith*, and the pretty legend was long current that the myth of the Cyclopes, killed by the shafts of the sun-god Apollo, meant nothing more than the manner in which the lights that burned on

the Cyclopean towers along the south coast of Sicily were extinguished by the rays of the rising sun.

The first regular light-house, which is even honored with the supposition that it had already a revolving light, is one represented in the Iliac Table and ascribed to the Ninth Olympiad. Its fame, however, dimmed by the remoteness of its existence, was entirely eclipsed by a later one, which has given its name in French and other languages to the whole class of similar buildings, even as Columbus lost the glory of leaving his name to our continent. This tower stood on the island of Pharos, near Alexandria, in Egypt, and became subsequently the model after which all other structures of the kind were built for many centuries. Such was the case, we know with certainty, when poor old Claudius built the famous tower at Ostia, which seems to have been the most beautiful among the many that lighted up the coasts of Italy. And yet Rome seems to have hung out her shining beacons with the same solid splendor that characterized all her noble structures at home and in the provinces; for we read in Pliny of the superb towers at Puteoli and Ravenna, and we know all about the great light-house at Messina, which gave its name to the straits between Italy and Sicily, where the far-famed rocks of Scylla and Charybdis were still the terror of sea-faring men. The magnificent temple, finally, which Tiberius in one of his caprices built in the very midst of his twelve magnificent villas on Capri was one of almost fairy-like beauty, and with its grand blazing fire lighted up the sea for miles and miles, so that the poor fishermen of the islands began to dread its weird splendor, as if it dared to defy the gods themselves, and believed more than ever in its magic nature when an earthquake leveled it to the ground, a few days only before the death of the terrible tyrant.

How sadly even then already the benevolent efforts of wise and sagacious men were defeated by the wickedness of others we learn from the description of another celebrated light-house, which stood on a lofty promontory where the river Chrysorrhoeas threw itself into the Thracian Bosphorus. "At the top of the hill," says Dionysius the Byzantine, "around the base of which the river flows, stands the tower Timæus, of marvelous height, from whence one overlooks a vast expanse of water, and which has been built for the purpose of insuring the safety of those who sail on it, by kindling large fires on the summit for their guidance. This was all the more necessary as there were no harbors on either side, and anchors could find no bottom on which to fasten their flukes. But the barbarians along the coast lit other fires at the highest parts of the shore, in order to deceive the sailors and to profit by their shipwreck. Now the tower is in ruins, and no light shines any more from its summit."

We know but little of the precise form of these ancient light-houses. Herodian, it is

true, asserts that they were built in the same manner as the catafalques of the emperors, but the latter were square constructions, adorned on the four sides with paintings and sculptures, while the light-houses were, at least in many cases, built in the shape of round towers. As such they appear on the only two ancient coins or medals on which a Roman port with a Pharos is represented. In both instances the latter consists of a round structure of massive stone, rising in four stories, diminishing toward the top, and crowned on the summit with a large blazing fire.

More is known of the great Pharos itself—for so it soon was called universally—which Ptolemæus Philadelphus is said to have built on the tiny island of that name which lies in the shallow waters near Alexandria; for it became so famous in times of antiquity by its colossal size and magnificence of ornament that it was placed among the Seven Wonders of the World. A few old writers, it is true, are gallant enough to ascribe the beautiful building to the good taste and wise foresight of the dusky queen, Cleopatra, the Mary Stuart of antiquity; but modern authorities are little influenced by deference to the sex, and stoutly deny her claims to such a distinction. A good Benedictine monk, Dom Bernard of Montfaucon, adds still another romance to the famous tower, and recounts how the ingenious builder of the tower, Sostrates, succeeded by a very clever stratagem in handing down his own name to posterity, while that of the great king, for whom he acted as architect, became dim and doubtful in succeeding ages. He cut, it is said, the words: "Sostrates of Cnidus, son of Dexiphanes, to the gods who save sea-faring men," deep into the hard stone on the face of the temple, and then covered the inscription with a slight coating of perishable material, on which the name of King Ptolemæus was written in gigantic characters. The coating and the name fell off in a short time under the influence of wind and weather, and nothing was seen but the legend that gave all the glory to Sostrates.

The story, if not true, is well devised, as the Italians say, and has found ready believers in all ages, few men being willing to admit that even among sovereigns such modesty could be found as would induce them voluntarily to relinquish the gratitude of posterity in favor of a mere servant. Other savans of our day, and among them men of the highest authority, like Champollion, have tried to escape from the dilemma by giving the honor to another Ptolemy; but we are disposed to agree with Edrisi's quaint but solemn conviction: "God alone knows the truth of the fact."

The tower itself stood upon a little island, the site of which is now covered with the buildings of the modern city of Alexandria. In those days, however, the island and the town were nearly a quarter of a mile apart, a distance which Homer poetically enlarges to a day's journey from Egypt. At a later period the island was con-

nected with the main land by a long causeway and a magnificent bridge. According to the minute but very obscure descriptions which we find here and there scattered in the works of ancient authors, the tower consisted, like Babel itself, of several vaulted stories, and, if we are to believe Pliny, the cost of erecting it amounted to the almost fabulous sum of eight hundred talents.

The very fact of its existence, however, has been doubted; how much more uncertain, then, must be its identity? It may have continued as late as the twelfth century, since Edrisi, the famous geographer of Nubia, who united in his person the rare lore of the Arabs with the gentle science of the Sicilian capital, has seen it. "This Pharos," he says, "has not its like in the world, as far as its construction and its solidity are concerned; for, independently of the fact that it is built of an excellent kind of stone, the courses of these blocks are joined to each other by means of molten lead, and the joints are so closely adherent to each other that the whole is impervious, although the waves of the sea beat on the northern side incessantly against the building. The ascent to the top is made by a staircase built in the interior, and as wide as ordinary stairs are in other towers. But the steps only go half-way up the monument, and there the building becomes, from the four sides, narrower than below. In the interior, and under the staircase, there are several rooms. From the gallery upward the light-house rises straight to the summit, becoming smaller and smaller, until at the top a man can span it with his arms. From this same gallery you ascend by means of a second staircase, but of much smaller dimensions than the lower one, and lighted by means of small windows in the outer wall, so as to give light to the persons who ascend, and to enable them to place their feet securely on the step."

The fire was kept burning continually, appearing by night like a brilliant star, visible to the enormous distance of nearly a hundred miles, and rising by day in the shape of a dark cloud to the heavens. This resemblance to a star seems to have been as fatal in those days as it still is in our time; for Edrisi says that many sailors had mistaken the fire for a well-known star, and directed their course accordingly, in consequence of which they had wrecked their vessels on the sand-spits near the shore. To avoid similar errors in our day many light-houses are provided with two lights, one above the other, so that neither can be mistaken for a constellation.

The credulous Benedictine, whom we have quoted before, has his goodly store of romances in connection with this great light-house also. He had learned from Arabs and sailors of other nations that, according to popular tradition, Sostrates built the colossal tower, for greater safety, on four immense crabs of glass! Nor is the monk alone in his statement, for greater authorities also repeat the same story on the

faith of an ancient manuscript, which pretends to give an authentic account of the Seven Wonders, and was actually studied by the learned Voss. Another marvelous story connected with the building, and long faithfully believed in, is the report that Alexander the Great caused a mirror to be placed on top of the tower, which was constructed with such wonderful art that it showed on its highly-polished surface every object at a distance of more than a hundred miles, and thus enabled him to recognize the hostile fleets that came to attack Egypt days before their actual arrival. The mirror, it was added, was destroyed by a daring Greek, who availed himself for the purpose of an opportune moment when the whole garrison was asleep. The only difficulty in the way is the fact that the great Pharos had not yet been built in the days of Alexander, and hence the good Benedictine winds up his account of this tale with the words: "It is rather in the genius of Orientals to invent such unreasonably marvelous things."

There is but one other light-house mentioned in the annals of antiquity of equal interest with the Alexandrian tower. Roman writers of indisputable authority tell us that when the mad Emperor Caligula returned from his fantastic expedition into England, which never went farther than to the shores of the Channel, and resulted in the picking up of a few shells, and laying these spoils of the ocean at their commander's feet, he ordered a light-house to be erected in honor of the fictitious victory, to guide vessels by night into the harbor that had been the scene of the glorious exploit. The place became subsequently more and more famous, and in the days of the great Napoleon was once more the scene of a vast assemblage of troops ready to invade England and to conquer the kingdom.

This famous tower of Boulogne shed its light for centuries over the stormy waves of the Channel. Already in 191 it was revered for its blessed influence; and Commodus caused a medal to be struck on which the light-house and the departure of a Roman fleet appear, in company with his victorious title of Britannicus. Its prestige continued as long as Boulogne remained the favorite place of embarkation for all the Roman troops that went over from Gaul to Britain. It appears next in the annals of Charlemagne, whose wise policy neglected no means of enlightenment, from the material fire on light-house and beacon to the spiritual light which was diffused by the countless schools he endowed in his vast empire. The place grew, and became in course of time a fortified place, as important by its vast works of fortification as by its natural position, which commands the Channel in front and the two banks of the little river Liane, which there falls into the Channel. The good people of the neighborhood were so deeply impressed with the grandeur of the wonderful tower, and especially with its great height, that they stood in constant fear lest the lightning from heaven should destroy it, as it had done with the tower of Babel. But its final

destruction came from the carelessness of the very men who were proudest of its magnificence. Although the sea beat incessantly against the foundation, and at the time of high tides even against the sides of the tower, no protection was ever raised toward the Channel; a number of springs, besides, worked underground, and undermined the structure slowly but surely; and, as if these agencies had not been threatening enough, large quarries were opened in the very hill on which the light-house rested, till at last the fortress, the tower, and the very cliff on which the whole had been erected, fell one fine day and tumbled into the sea. The catastrophe was followed by a most ludicrous lawsuit between the lord of the soil and the town of Boulogne, which had heretofore paid him a certain rental. As the soil had disappeared, the citizens considered themselves relieved of all obligations toward the owner; but the latter carried the suit up to the Royal Parliament, which in 1656 condemned the city either to pay, as heretofore, two thousand herrings annually, or to restore the place to its former condition. As such a restoration was not exactly in their power, it seems that they paid the herrings down to days of the French Revolution. The tower has in recent times been replaced by an elegant light-house with several lights; and though less famous than in days of old, it still renders eminent service to the numerous vessels that nightly pass the populous town.

Nearly opposite to the work of Caligula there rose, near Dover, a sister tower, built like the former by the hands of Romans, and like it destined to perish ingloriously by neglect and false economy. Its very place is uncertain, as some antiquarians recognize it in the large, heavy tower which rises almost from the centre of the grim castle, while others discover its ruins in the great mass of debris, of mortar and stones, which lies nearer to the town, and is often called the Devil's Drop by the common people. From both points the light could, no doubt, have been seen far away, as the cliff is high enough "to look fearfully in the confined deep," and even from the lower terraces the coast of France may on a clear day be seen distinctly.

Not one of the three ancient light-houses which we have mentioned can, however, for a moment be compared in magnitude and historic interest with the famous, though more than half fabulous, Colossus of Rhodes. Two thousand years ago Thucydides already complained that men received what others said about past events, even of their own country, with too great indifference, and in their indolence preferred to adopt what was thus presented without examination rather than to take the trouble of searching for truth. This experience has been amply proved by the long-credited reports about the Colossus.

Tradition has it, as is well known, that at the entrance to the port of Rhodes there was standing a gigantic statue of Apollo, with out-

stretched legs, one foot resting on a lower mole, and the other on a higher; holding a bow in one hand, and in the other, raised high above his head, an immense basin, in which a large fire was constantly maintained. The size of the statue, report added, was so colossal that the largest vessels could easily pass between the legs.

The facts unfortunately are, that the Colossus of Rhodes never served as a light-house, and that vessels never passed beneath it into the harbor.

The whole story rests upon the highly romantic account found in a very indifferent compiler of the seventeenth century, who for the first time mentions the Colossus as serving as a light-house, but carefully abstains from giving his authority for the statement. Another writer, of even less judgment, a translator of Philostrates, added subsequently the story of the vessels passing between the outstretched legs of the statue. This author, also, is discreetly silent as to the source from which he has derived his information.

What, then, is the truth about the Colossus? There is no lack of reliable statements concerning the statue. Strabo quotes a fragment of an epigram in Iambic verses in which the name of the architect, Chares, from Lindos, a town on the island of Rhodes, and the dimensions of his great work, seventy yards height, are both mentioned. He adds that the Colossus was, in his day, lying on the ground, having been overthrown by a fearful earthquake, which destroyed a large portion of the city. "The Rhodians," he says, "dared not raise it again, warned by an oracle," and that is literally all the illustrious geographer seems to have learned about the Colossus. Pliny, however, gives us additional and interesting details. "The statue," he says, "fell fifty-six years after its erection; but although thrown down, it is still a marvel. Few men are able with their arms to span its thumb; its fingers are larger than most of our statues. Its disjointed limbs form vast caverns, and in the inside are yet to be seen enormous masses of stone, by means of which it had been balanced. They say it cost three hundred talents—a sum which the Rhodians obtained from the sale of instruments of war left by Demetrius before their city when he abandoned the siege in despair." A clever engineer of the third century before Christ, Philo of Byzantium, is the third author who gives, in his interesting work on the Seven Wonders of the World—if it really is his—a still more detailed description of the statue; but, as has been seen, not one of these writers speaks either of a light-house or of the marvelous fact that ships could have sailed beneath the Colossus.

For nine hundred years the gigantic limbs remained lying near the entrance of the harbor, the pride of the inhabitants and the wonder of all travelers. In 672, however, the Arabs came, in the rapture of their first successes, to Rhodes also; and their general, one of Othman's lieutenants, caused the pieces to be cut up, and sold

the metal to a Jew, who is said to have loaded nine hundred camels with the precious burden. Thus every trace was lost of the far-famed statue, and even the name of the artist was long lost, although "he had made a god like unto a god, and given a second sun to the world."

Far different from these works of antiquity are, of course, the light-houses of our day, in which modern science has achieved some of its most brilliant triumphs. England stands naturally foremost in the number of such buildings and their mechanical perfection; for they are of the utmost importance to her vast shipping interests, upon which her great prosperity is mainly resting. It is in England also that, first of all European countries, the building and manner of lighting these towers was made a matter of grave state interest. The care for light-houses is there intrusted to a separate board in each of the three great kingdoms, among which, however, the Corporation of Trinity House, which controls those on the English coast, is naturally by far the most important. Unfortunately little is known as to the early history of this remarkable body, since a disastrous fire in 1714 destroyed the larger part of its archives. We only know that it owed its existence to a charter granted by Henry VIII., in which it is called the Brotherhood of the Trinity House of Deptford, of Strand, and St. Clement. The document begins with the quaint words: "According to the sincere and perfect love and like devotion which we bear the most glorious and indivisible Holy Trinity, and also Saint Clement the Confessor, his Majesty grants and gives license for the establishment of a corporation or perpetual brotherhood, to certain subjects of his and to their associates, men and women."

Originally the sole duty of these members, men and women, seems to have been confined to the saying of prayers for the souls of drowned seamen and for the lives of those who go down the great deep. Soon, however, more practical services were rendered by the Corporation, as appears from numerous successive charters granted by later sovereigns. The members were gradually intrusted with a general superintendence over all mercantile vessels, and, to a certain extent, even over the royal fleet.

The people had, however, anticipated their action in erecting light-houses, and long before the Corporation took the matter in hand beacons had been lighted all along the coast, and were growing in number as if by magic. Not that the English of those days were so wondrously solicitous for the lives of their seafaring brethren, or so peculiarly zealous in the love of their neighbors. The erection of a light-house entitled them, by a provision of ancient laws, to the right of levying a heavy duty from all vessels who passed by the dangerous place and profited by the light they had provided. Fortunately in this case the interest of the few became the advantage of the many, and although after James I. the crown claimed the

exclusive right of erecting light-houses and collecting taxes for their support, the number has never been seriously diminished. For the sovereigns found it as profitable as it was wise to grant or sell the monopoly to private individuals, and soon there was not a bare rock or hidden reef which was not laid hold of by some speculator in order to build on it a light-house and collect the dues. Thus Lord Grenville could find it necessary to make this entry in his note-book: "To watch the moment when the king is in good-humor, to ask him for a light-house!"

Unfortunately the system worked badly. Some of the fires were insufficient, others were neglected for weeks and months, and in all cases the duties levied on vessels were out of all proportion to the expenses actually incurred. This led finally, under William IV., to measures which resulted in a grant to Trinity House of all the royal light-houses, and of the right to purchase those that belonged to private individuals. Fortunately the Corporation was rich and could afford the heavy outlay required, especially as they continued to raise heavy tolls from all vessels.

The Corporation is nowadays divided into two classes, of which one, the Younger Brethren, numbering 360, are virtually excluded from all practical participation in the business of the society, while the Elder Brethren, 31 in number, with the exception of eleven honorary members, are the true managers of the whole department. These twenty working men are chosen from the great body of the Younger Brethren; they must have served at least four years as captains in command of large vessels, and pay a small entrance-fee upon their admission. To them is intrusted the whole care of keeping the coasts well provided with light-houses; besides which they examine and license pilots, watch over the navigation of the Thames, establish and maintain all sea-marks, admit the pupils of Christ Hospital who enter the navy, collect the revenues of the Corporation, and provide for the pensioners in their numerous asylums. The corresponding boards in Scotland and Ireland are simpler in their nature, and more or less under the control of Trinity House. England has one light-house for every fourteen sea miles, Scotland one for every thirty-nine, and Ireland one for every thirty-four.

France, formerly far behind Great Britain in the number and the character of her light-houses, has of late made such rapid progress in this direction that she has now one for every twelve miles, and these are nearly all of superior construction. The number of light-houses, which in 1819 amounted only to ten, has since risen to two hundred and twenty-four, and, like our own government, the French government also makes no charge for light-houses, but considers the duty of preventing misfortunes on the coast not as a branch of public revenue, but as a work of humanity. The whole department is under the direction of the three Min-

isters of Agriculture, Commerce, and Public Works, and represented by a board consisting of navy officers, engineers, members of the Institute, and other persons renowned in the sciences which bear upon navigation. Of our own Light-house Board little need be said here, as, like the Coast Survey, it is one of the most distinguished branches of our administration, and looked upon abroad as one of the best models, which has been copied, as far as the difference in the form of government would admit, in several foreign countries.

The light-houses of our day are as varied in their form and nature as those of antiquity were simple and uniform. Each one of them has, as it were, its own language, in which it addresses itself to the anxious sailor. One bids him welcome to a safe harbor; another warns him against a hidden reef. This tall tower sends its light to a distance of twenty-seven miles (60 to the degree); that small one can only be seen within a circle of five miles. One has a fixed light, and shines forever like a beautiful star; another, more mysterious, suddenly blazes forth from utter darkness, casts its welcome light far into the distance, and vanishes as unexpectedly, only, however, to reappear a few moments afterward, brighter than ever, on the horizon. Nor have all of them the same color. Some are red, others white, green, or blue.

In spite of this great variety among them all, there is nevertheless a general principle which governs their distribution. Almost all more enlightened governments have found it necessary to surround the coast with a triple circle of lights. The first of these consists of light-houses of the largest class, and simply serves to define the outline of the main land, so that the sailor arriving from the high seas may at once be made aware of the vicinity of land, and thus be enabled to avoid the dangers which thicken as he comes nearer in shore. Hence all the great capes which stretch out more or less far into the ocean, the low islands, reefs, or sunken rocks which threaten vessels with destruction, are chosen, and on these promontories or rocks light-houses are erected at such easy distances from each other that no vessel can well approach the land, unless it be in a thick fog, without seeing one or the other. When the first circle is passed the sailor encounters a second and a third range of lights, of inferior size and shorter range, which warn him against smaller reefs or sand-bars, or point out to him the often very narrow entrance to the harbor into which he wishes to enter. Thus the Thames is literally brilliantly lighted up from Gravesend to the London docks, and the mouth of the Gironde presents not less than thirteen light-houses of the three classes. Finally, when the vessel has actually entered into the narrow channel, a fourth class of still smaller beacon-lights greets it and guides it safely to its precise landing-place in the "desired haven."

Difficulties, however, seemed to multiply in

proportion to the increased number of lights, for it became more and more troublesome to distinguish one from the other; and yet a slight mistake of this kind might lead, and often did lead, to total destruction. Formerly this danger was guarded against by having three kinds of light—fixed lights burning steadily, and revolving lights with intervals of a minute or half a minute. But this difference soon ceased to be of practical value, partly because the number of light-houses increased too rapidly, and partly because merchantmen were too careless in noticing the small distinction in point of time. It was in this embarrassment that Fresnel came to the rescue, and made his name famous by the great improvements he introduced. Now there are seven different kinds of light in use: permanent lights; lights with a blaze, which show alternately five blazes and five eclipses, or more, in a minute; varied lights, which show a fixed light succeeded by a white or red blaze at intervals varying from one and two to three or four minutes; revolving lights, intermittent, alternating, and scintillating lights. Revolving lights increase gradually until they show to their full power, and then diminish into utter darkness, after which they grow once more in brilliancy, and thus they continue at regular intervals. In intermittent lights, on the other hand, the light appears all of a sudden out of perfect darkness, and disappears as suddenly again. The alternating light appears first white and then red, without any pause between the changes; while the scintillating light, the most recent invention, and due to French engineers, appears and disappears by seconds, and thus produces upon the eye the peculiar effects from which it derives its name.

There is, of course, no small skill and judgment required first to determine the most important, prominent points which have to be lighted up in order to prevent vessels from incurring great risks; and when that is decided, to vary their lights in such a manner as to avoid one being taken for the other. The number of light-houses along a coast is necessarily limited, not by any regard to expense, as the saving of human lives can not be estimated in money, but by the difficulties which would arise if they were so crowded as to present to the eye, at a distance, nothing but one confused line of beacon-lights. By reducing the number to the lowest possible demand, and by skillfully varying the appearance of the light in each, distinction is made both easy and sure; and in accomplishing this more ingenuity and labor is displayed than is commonly suspected.

Thus, when the light-house has been properly placed, the great question arises, how it is to be lighted. The ancients, we have seen, had very simple means—a mass of burning wood on top of a large tower. Their light-houses were magnificent structures—beautiful monuments of their skill and their energy; but they accomplished little. The Middle Ages made

hardly any progress in the whole question of light, and it was reserved to comparatively recent days to replace in our houses sorry tallow-candles by bright and cheap gas, and the costly masses of wood or coal on the open summit of light-houses by artificial lights covered in with skillfully constructed glass lanterns. How imperfect the methods even of the last century still were may be judged of by the fact that the light-house of Cordouan, at the mouth of the Gironde, and the finest in France, diffused with its eighty lamps, each burning before a reflector of highly polished metal, so feeble a light that the mariners in 1782 unanimously petitioned for a return to the barbarous system of former centuries. The trouble was, that the lamps were half the time in the condition of those of the Foolish Virgins, and even when well provided with oil their flat wicks gave but little light, but, on the other hand, an immense quantity of smoke. It was then that Dr. Argand, a distinguished physician, who had given much time and labor to the question of light, invented the burner still known by his name. A cylindrical wick, inclosed in a chimney of like shape, with a double current of air, gave all of a sudden a light such as had never been seen before. The original system was soon perfected in many details, and Carcel, especially, added the method of overfeeding the lamps with oil, by which the combustion was hastened, and the vitality of the wick very largely extended. Next came the turn of the reflectors, which received not only a better shape, but also a higher polish, and increased their efficacy a hundredfold when a method was invented by which they could be kept constantly moving around the lamp, and thus project the rays in every direction. This beautiful invention, first employed in the obscure port of Marstrand, in Sweden, was simultaneously published in France by Teulère, and at once very generally applied to all light-houses. The larger number of European maritime powers adopted it eagerly, and until within a few years it was the only one used on the coasts of Great Britain. In France this so-called "catoptric" apparatus is less generally employed, and almost entirely confined to narrow passes or specific purposes.

Science, however, is as apt and as quick to find out defects in new methods as she is slow to admit them at their first appearance. It was soon found that these beautiful mirrors not only were easily and speedily tarnished by the corrosive influence of the sea air, but that they also absorbed and thus exhausted a large portion of the light which they ought to have reflected. A Commission was appointed by the French government for the special purpose of suggesting a remedy for these defects, and fortunately the right man presented himself at once, who possessed all the requisite knowledge and genius. This was Augustin Fresnel, who had distinguished himself from childhood up by his successful studies of the great ques-

tion of light, and had earned the admiration of the great Arago, whom he aided as his secretary. He discovered the lenses now employed in the so-called dioptric apparatus, and found in an optician of high merit, who bore the significant name of Soleil (Sun), an efficient assistant for all the practical purposes of his invention. The man of the great mind and the man of the skillful hand put their united powers to the task, and the result was one of the most beautiful contrivances ever achieved. It is true that a name of great renown, that of Brewster, is mentioned in serious competition with that of Fresnel, the English claiming both the priority of invention and the superiority of construction for their own countryman; but, fortunately, the merits of both these illustrious men are great enough to be appreciated by all the world, even independently of the question connected with light-house lenses. Moreover, the improvements patented by Thomas Stevenson, the great engineer and builder of light-houses, a few years ago, and generally adopted by the British authorities, under the name of the holophotal apparatus, surpass all that Fresnel and Brewster have ever accomplished, so far as to threaten their names with comparative oblivion.

The lenses can, however, be truly efficient only when the light which they reflect is strong and steady. It has been well said that as the light which shines in front of the building is the soul of the light-house, so the lamp is the soul of the apparatus. Men like Arago and Fresnel did not overlook its importance, and introduced here also great improvements. The different light-houses are, however, provided with different lamps also. One may have a Carcel lamp, in which the wick is regularly provided with oil by means of a clock-work in the lower part; another one may be content with a moderator lamp, where a heavy weight, moving a wheel, produces the same effect; still others, of more moderate pretensions, preserve to this day the old lamp with an oil vessel on the same level as the wick. The famous savant, Rumford, who has given his name to so many inventions, from a soup to a chimney, first suggested the idea of increasing the illuminating power of common lamps by providing the burner with several concentric wicks; but he was unable to carry out his plan. Arago and Fresnel fell heirs to his idea, and by dint of hard labor succeeded at last in carrying it out; it is to them we owe the present improved lamp, which gives out an intensely strong white light, and yet continues to work for more than twelve hours without requiring any attention. The great advantage of this feature can only be fully appreciated when we bear in mind that these lamps have to remain burning during the whole time of the longest winter nights. Since this system was inaugurated light-houses of the third class have lamps with two concentric wicks; those of the second class have three, and the largest even four such wicks. It would

be an error to imagine that the flame itself is larger than ordinarily, although the larger apparatus produces a light equal to that of twenty-three Carcel lamps; the flame is only moderate, but of perfect whiteness and dazzling intensity.

The material used for illuminating purposes is oil of various kinds in England and our own country; in France rape-seed oil is almost exclusively used, though petroleum is beginning to supersede it in many districts. In one instance only an electric light has been tried; it is far superior to all others in brilliancy; but the expense is serious, and the danger connected with the process of production so great as to make it as yet unprofitable and inexpedient. There is no doubt, however, that it will ere long be made both cheaper and safer, as the electric light used on board large vessels, and first introduced by Prince Napoleon, has already proved itself of the very greatest usefulness.

If the light is the soul of the light-house, and as such all-important, it has, after all, to be clothed in a body, and the house requires for its part hardly less consideration. It has been shown that in ancient times the form was apt to be more or less fantastic; in our day it matters little whether the tower rises on a lofty promontory overlooking land and sea, or on an isolated rock surrounded by turbulent waters; its construction is subject to certain laws and rules which the engineer dare not neglect. He must provide for them a suitable form, great strength and stability, and perfection in all details.

The height of light-houses varies, of course, according to the place which they occupy: as a rule it has to be very great in order to enable mariners to perceive the friendly light from afar. Hence they are not unfrequently placed on top of a mountain or the summit of a cliff, and then the tower need only be sufficiently high to rise with its lantern above trees and buildings, and to be secure from wanton injury and the contact with small stones raised by the tempest. If, on the other hand, the light-house must necessarily be on the coast, or even out in the open sea on rocks nearly level with the surface, then towers are required of at least 120 feet, and there are structures of this kind on the English and French coasts which exceed even 200 feet.

The towers are now almost always cylindrical, and of small diameter. On land they are surrounded by buildings intended for the keeper and his family, the visiting engineer, and at times even for farming purposes. Those out at sea present, of course, a very different appearance. A strange ladder affords the only means of access. It consists of strong bars of copper let into the rock of which it is built, and carefully cemented. As we ascend we come to folding-doors of bronze, heavy enough to require the full strength of a man to move them, and hermetically closed so as to protect the entrance against the heaviest swell. A long narrow passage, looking as if it were cut in the live rock, receives us as we enter the lower story of the

light-house. Here are large quantities of wood, ropes, and timber stored away. A story higher we see the enormous tanks of zinc in which the oil is kept which feeds the lamp above, and the water on which the life of the inmates depends. In the third story is the kitchen and a store-room, on a level with the first gallery which runs around the tower. We pass the doors of three small rooms in which the keepers live, and continue to ascend till we come to the seventh story, where we are invited to rest for a moment in a snug little parlor of octagonal shape. This is the room reserved for the engineer, who comes from time to time to inspect the light-house. It is comfortably furnished, and displays in the arrangement of the furniture, which includes a large bedstead, all the ingenuity familiar to men on board large vessels. A few more steps on the spiral staircase lead us to the more important parts of the tower. The eighth story contains vessels for oil, spare lenses, reserve lamps, and a few delicate instruments for meteorological observations. Here the staircase ends, and we see a low vaulted ceiling supported on a slight pillar. A slender ladder of cast iron leads us into the room, in which every night one of the keepers is on watch. It is strangely ornamented with slabs of marble of various colors which cover the ceiling, the walls, and even the floor. We are told, in explanation of this apparent extravagance, that it is the result of necessity; for the illuminating apparatus hangs down from above into this room through a circular opening in the ceiling, and makes it necessary that the room should be kept in a state of scrupulous tidiness. This, it has been found, can only be permanently obtained by lining it throughout with highly polished surfaces. We ascend one more flight of steps, the tenth and last, and find ourselves in the cupola itself, in the centre of which is suspended one of those marvelous lamps which make the boast and the glory of modern science. The room is inclosed in a huge lantern of glass, and covered with a dome of copper, surmounted by a lightning-rod. The panes are extremely thick, and yet they are not unfrequently too weak to resist the wings of sea-fowl, whom the brilliancy of the light attracts. Even land-birds, traversing the sea by night, are occasionally overtaken by hard weather and dashed against the rigging of ships at sea or the sides of light-houses, and in the morning found dead on deck or among the rocks. It has been conjectured that, disliking the uproar in which they are enveloped by the storm, they make voluntarily toward the strong beacon-light in search of an asylum; but it is quite as probable that amidst the fury of the winds they lose the power of directing their own flight, and are dashed accidentally against the lofty tower. It was by flocks of such distracted birds that once all the nine windows of a massive lantern were broken in the same night; and in another instance a wild-goose, after having broken a pane, flew in between the costly mirrors and fell into

the flame itself, finding there a miserable death. How numerous these strange visitors are may be seen from the fact that one thousand sea-fowl were once taken in one night by the crew of a floating light-house, and converted by them into a goodly number of gigantic pies. Fortunately not all sea-birds are equally dangerous, and in one instance at least they have actually been taught to render mankind an eminent service. There is a superb light-house on the South Stack, a huge rock connected with Holyhead by a suspension bridge, and abounding with sea-fowl, who build their nests in countless caves. These gulls settle in flocks on the walls of the light-house, and warn by their piercing cries the mariners who might approach within a dangerous distance. Formerly the tower was provided for this purpose with a gun and a large bell, but the natural guardians were found to be so much more efficient that the cannon was removed to some distance, in order not to disturb and frighten the birds. On the rock itself the young gulls are seen playing with the white rabbits, who seem to look upon them as merry companions, and both are most pleasant society for the lonely keepers, shut up as they are in their tower, against which the winds and the waves are continually trying their strength.

For in speaking of the soul and the body of these light-houses we must not forget the poor fellows who are shut up within, and who often have not only their little joys and their long sufferings, but even their startling adventures, which have more than once furnished the material for soul-stirring recitals.

It is the custom of almost all countries possessed of a navy and large mercantile fleets to take the keepers from the vast number of disabled seamen. There are generally three of them in larger light-houses, and as a matter of course never less than two, even in the smallest. Their duty is simple, but exceedingly rigorous. It matters not whether their lonely home rise from the waters of the ocean, miles and miles from every human habitation, or whether it stand at the entrance to a large harbor, crowded at all seasons with a host of vessels; the waves may dash furiously against the sides of the tower, and try to send their spray into the very lantern above, or they may never do more than gently kiss the foot of the building; the sea around may be crowded with ships of all sizes, from the vast ocean steamer to the lumbering sloop, or the eye of the keeper may be strained in vain to perceive even the low sail of a fishing smack—as soon as the sun sets he must light his lamp, and as day breaks he must put it out again. During the day his time is taken up in cleaning the apparatus and making all ready for the hour of darkness. In the larger light-houses, where the number of keepers is greater, they can enjoy each other's company, have their houses and little gardens, and a certain amount of liberty, and even enjoyment. In the smaller towers, on the contrary, where the position is such as to make the

erection of buildings impossible, and where only two keepers, or even a single one with his family, are left to their own resources, life is necessarily sad and monotonous, almost beyond endurance. In summer they may amuse themselves by fishing; and ingenuity has taught them a novel method, invented by some unlucky man, whose tower stood so completely isolated amidst the waters that he had not standing-place enough on the rocks to cast a line. This led him to fasten a line at a certain height, but just below the entrance door, around the whole tower, and to this line he tied fifty or more smaller lines with baited hooks. When the tide rose the fish were seen swimming all around the tower, they were tempted by the bait and hooked, and when the tide fell there was seen hanging around the light-house a rich garland of all kinds of fish. On the other hand, the poor keepers have their trials also. At times the wind blows with such force that they are hardly able to breathe, or the weather is so bad that they are obliged to keep the tower hermetically shut for days and days, and see from their darkened cell nothing but impenetrable fog without, and the foam-crested waves like dim and dismal shadows. It is but rarely that light-houses become the scenes of great and startling events, as was the case in the well-known instance when brave Grace Darling rescued the shipwrecked passengers of the steamer *Forfarshire*, and made her name a household word with all who admire heroic devotion and true Christian courage.

In spite of the monotony of this life, it is yet not without its admirers, and Mr. Smeaton tells us of a shoemaker who applied for a place as keeper in Eddystone Light-house, because he was tired of the loneliness of his shop! He found that he was less alone on his rock than he had been in his narrow alley, and replied to those who expressed their astonishment at his choice: "Every body has his taste, and I have always liked independence!"

Another keeper, at the same forlorn place, seems to have had by nature a clear vocation for his profession; at least he had conceived such an attachment for his strange home that he would never leave it, and even refused the short leave of absence to which he was entitled every year. At last he was prevailed upon to give the outside world one more trial; but he had no sooner mingled with other men than he felt quite forlorn; he lost his self-control, and after having been for long years the most regular and correct keeper of a light-house, he suddenly became a drunkard, and committed all kinds of excesses. He had to be carried back to his tower, where he died after a few days' sickness and suffering. Others, on the contrary, have been attacked with insanity from constantly beholding the same scenes and receiving for years the same impressions. At the distance of about a mile and a quarter from Land's End, and on a group of granite rocks surrounded on all sides by water, there rises an old tower called Longship's Light-house. It

is built upon a rock of conic shape which raises its narrow summit nearly 45 feet above the level of the sea. In the winter the waves often rise to such an enormous height on this stormy coast that they completely hide the rock and the tower for a few seconds behind an impenetrable veil of foam and spray, and not unfrequently great injury is done to the building. Thus the sea once carried away the top of the lantern bodily, entered into the tower, extinguished the lamps, and could only be mastered by great exertions and remarkable presence of mind. Another circumstance contributes not a little to the horror of the place. Under the rock on which the tower stands the waters have washed out a deep cavern, which communicates by a narrow crevice with the open sea; when the weather is stormy and the waves are high the compressed air in the cavern produces such a fearful roaring that the men can not sleep, and a newcomer was once so terribly frightened by the unexpected noise that his hair turned gray in a single night. Six years ago the people on shore noticed two black flags fluttering from the flag-staff of the light-house. They surmised at once that some great calamity must have occurred. A boat tried to go over, but the weather was so bad that the brave men who ventured their lives in order to reply to the sad signal of distress had to wait for some time, and then only reached the rock at imminent peril. The scene which presented itself to their eyes was horrible. One of the three men who lived in the light-house had, when his turn came to go on duty, in a fit of despair cut open his breast with a large knife. His companions had endeavored to stanch the blood by stuffing pieces of tow into the wound, and three days had passed without their being able to obtain assistance. Even now the sea was so rough, and the difficulty of getting into the boat so great, that the wounded man had to be let down in a rope chair. In spite of every care and attention the poor fellow died a few days afterward, and the jury ren-

dered a verdict ascribing his death to temporary insanity, caused by his long-continued isolation on the rock.

Nor is it the least of the evils connected with light-houses that frequently men of most congenial temper are forced into unbroken intimacy by their common imprisonment on a lonely rock. A curious traveler who visited the famous Eddystone Light-house once asked one of the keepers if he was not, after all, quite happy in his tower? "Oh yes," replied the keeper, "we might be very happy here if we could only have a chat with each other. But here is my chum, he and I have not exchanged a word with each other for a month!"

Such are some of the marvels connected with light-houses, and such some of the features of their inner life. We may hereafter endeavor to state what noble efforts have been made in our day to improve these interesting structures and to surround them with varied auxiliaries. For, to the honor of our age be it said, the nations most interested in the subject, England, France, and the Union, have all well understood the duty resting upon them in this respect, and given to it all the attention it deserved.

For surely no expense ought to be spared, no amount of mental labor counted lost, which may contribute to the perfection of light-houses, when we remember that on the coasts of Great Britain alone, in a single year, nearly one thousand vessels were wrecked, of which half were totally lost, the rest stranded and seriously damaged. But the loss of treasure was insignificant in comparison with the far greater loss of one thousand and five hundred lives! Surely, then, nothing ought to be omitted by a great maritime people that could reduce the annual loss of lives, and thus render good service to humanity, and leaving out of consideration for the present the admirable life-boats of our day, no other means are more efficient for this noble purpose than the erection and judicious management of well-appointed light-houses.

THE MORNING HOUR.

With naked feet
Set in blue violet beds
I wander on
Gently and dreamily.
Whene'er the lightest zephyr treads
The fleecy snow of farthest curling waves,
Shaking his vaporous vans before the morn,
I forward fleet,
Upgathering sweet
The rarest scents of rose and rue
Among the shadows of the yew,
Since all night long I slept beside the graves.
The satyr and the faun
Start at my coming, from their wood-land hollows,
And with large shaded eyes prolong the view
That round my motion ever flits and follows,
Dance the great forest leaves their brows upon,
And earliest sunbeams and the sailing swallows
Mock 'twixt their sight and me,
While ever airily
Mantling in gleaming gauzes of the dawn
My milky shoulders from the merry crew

I forward fleet,
Passing the ascent a sad reflex meet
And glide down speedily—
Lest bewildered on my way,
Lost in lustre and astray,
I no more these paths pursue,
They no more remember me!
But sweet the note that pipes across the glen,
Sweeter the warble answering it again,
Till where I fare
Alike the earth and air
Tremble in broken music every where!
Yet beautiful the mist-bathed meadows there,
Fair the first flower, and fair the bending blue,
Fair the light cloud uncertain of its hue,
And the young sunshine dropping tenderly
Its glory on my hair.
What though the violets be wet
In which my naked feet I set—
Each step anew
More white and bright they meet the light
Splashed with the broken globes of dew.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WHEN a man is at the distance in history of Daniel Boone he has a romantic aspect which to many minds is irresistible. The imagination fires with a vision of Arden and the charm of sylvan life as it exists in poetry. Then, singing the "Hunters of Kentucky," it follows the bold pioneer as he leaves his family upon the side of the Yadkin "to wander," as he said, "through the wilderness of America in quest of the country of Kentucky," and accompanies him as, according to tradition, he retires before the civilization which he has heralded, and plunges deeper and further into the ancient forests, chafing if he hears of any other neighbor than a bear or a catamount. The ever-fresh fancy pictures him as lord of his leafy realm, a voluntary Robinson Crusoe of the wilderness, flying the footprint of the most amiable Friday; a human Orson, gentle and generous and just. The feeling that thus idealizes Daniel Boone is that which created *Natty Bumppo*. It is the civilized theory of the savage life—the frontier as fancied in the comfortable library.

The last time that this Easy Chair saw that noble and remarkable man, Henry Thoreau, he came quietly into the study of a famous scholar to get a volume of Pliny's letters. Expecting to see no one, and accustomed to attend without distraction to the business in hand, he was as quietly going out, when the host spoke to him, and without surprise, and with a cool, erect courtesy, Thoreau greeted his friends. He seated himself, maintaining the same habitual erect posture, which made it seem impossible that he could ever lounge or slouch, and which made Hawthorne speak of him as "cast iron," and immediately began to talk in the strain so familiar to his friends. It was a staccato style of speech, every word coming separately and distinctly, as if preserving the same cool isolation in the sentence that the speaker did in society; but the words were singularly apt and choice, and Thoreau had always something to say. His knowledge was original. He was a Fine-ear and a Sharp-eye in the woods and fields; and he added to his knowledge the wisdom of the most ancient times and of the best literature. His manner and matter both reproved trifling, but in the most impersonal manner. It was like the reproof of the statue of a god. There seemed never to be any loosening of the intellectual tension, and a call from Thoreau in the highest sense "meant business."

On the morning of which we are speaking the talk fell upon the Indians, with whom he had a sympathy which was unprecedented, and of whose life and ways and nature he apparently had an instinctive knowledge. In the slightly contemptuous inference against civilization which his remarks left, rather than in any positively scornful tone, there was something which rather humorously suggested the man who spoke lightly of the equator, but with the difference that there would have been if the light speaking had left a horrible suspicion of that excellent circle. For Thoreau so ingeniously traced our debts to the aborigines that the claims of civilization for what is really essential palpably dwindled. He dropped all

manner of curious and delightful information as he went on, and it was sad to see in the hollow cheek and the large, unnaturally lustrous eye the signs of the disease that very soon removed him from among us. Those who remember him, and were familiar with this truly heroic and virtuous life, or those who perceive in his works that spirit of sweetness and content which made him at the last say that he was as happy to be sick as to be well, will apply to him the words of his poem in the first number of the *Dial*, twenty-nine years ago:

"Say not that Cæsar was victorious,
With toil and strife who stormed the House of
Fame;
In other sense this youth was glorious,
Himself a kingdom whereso'er he came."

His talk of the Indians gave an impression entirely unlike that of the Cooper novel and the red man of the theatre. It was untouched by romance or sentimentality. They appeared a grave, manly race, intimately familiar with nature, with a lofty scorn of feebleness. The sylvan shade and the leafy realm and Arden and pastoral poetry were wholly wanting in the picture he drew, quite as much as the theory that they are vermin to be exterminated as fast as possible. He said that the pioneers of civilization, as it is called, among them are purveyors of every kind of mischief. We graft the sound native stock with a sour fruit, then denounce it bitterly and cut it down. What was most admirable in Daniel Boone was his Indian nature and sympathy; and the least admirable part was his hold, such as it was, upon civilization. He seemed to imply that if Boone could only have succeeded in becoming an Indian altogether, it would have been a truly memorable triumph. Thoreau acknowledged that the Indian was not only doomed, but, as he gravely said, damned, because his enemies were his historians; and he could only say, "Ah, if we lions had painted the picture!"

But the romantic, sylvan idea of Daniel Boone would probably have been very rudely shattered could he have been actually seen; and Thoreau's Indian was certainly not visible in the stories of other friends who had passed weeks among the Indians upon the plains. The pioneers, like Boone, are not romantic; their life is a hard toil and struggle; they are ignorant, often rude, and even repulsive. But their real work is that of the subsoil plow and the harrow. Without them, no soft waving field of golden harvest, no velvet lawn, no Palladian villa, no flower of art and culture—in a word, no progress, as we call it—however the shade of Thoreau may implacably smile. So when the Lady Cavaliere whispered from under her beaded veil, "Don't speak of it, but I am tired to death of reformers," it was only the artist's impatience of the plowman; it was Rupert and his men not only sneering at Praise God Barebones, and singing their mock prayer in the Lenten litany,

"That it may please thee to suppose
Our actions are as good as those
That gull the people through the nose,"

but heartily believing Cromwell and his men to be canting hypocrites.

And yet the Lady Cavaliere is too well in-

formed not to know that it was not the silken chivalry that planted the king's standard and defended it with all heroism, in whose praise the poets sang, who are still the heroes of romance, and whose life had the charm of grace and ease and accomplishment and *savoir faire*, that saved England and a great deal more. The lady has sauntered through the palaces where the Vandyck portrait of the king hangs upon the walls, the handsome, melancholy Stuart. She looked at it secretly, perhaps, with something of the same feeling that men think of the hapless Mary, as we call her. What a gentleman! how refined! how sad! how agreeable to the fancy! Yes, dear lady, and what a liar! what a false-hearted man, who would have had his own foolish way whatever happened to other men! He would have gratified your taste to the utmost; you would never have said under your breath, "How I hate reformers!" he would have perhaps carried your imagination and taste against your conscience and judgment. And it is for that very reason, because taste and imagination are so subtly seductive, that it is essential to challenge them. St. Anthony did not mind the devil as a dragon; but the devil as a siren—ah! how hard St. Anthony had to pray!

Now all change is apt to present itself in its unhandsome aspect. You would much rather hear a lute in the moonlight upon the lawn, and behold! a coarse plow and a frightful harrow. You like the smooth music of a silken court, the picturesque ceremony, the poetic tradition, the perfume, the splendor, and lo! a troop in jerk-pricking to the fray in horrible earnest, and blood, and ghastly wounds, and torture, and merciful death! One of the hardest battles that reform has to fight is this battle in the air—so to say: this contest with taste and imagination that cling to the myriad-hued moss and the delicate vine fringe upon the ogre's castle, and that find the donjon so much more picturesque than the house. The cause is seen through its pioneers, and taste and imagination are confused and confounded in the medium. A nature like Falkland's could not see liberty clearly through John Pym—how much less through nasal psalm-singers building a scaffold for the king. So, in our own time, the great question that so sorely rent us was seen by taste and imagination in the form of delicate, highly-cultured women, of a superficial tranquil elegance of society, of patriarchal tradition, of easy knowledge of the world, and the smooth habit of society upon the one hand: and upon the other, in the form of a queer medley of grotesque people, each more extravagant than the other, and uttering the wildest sentiments in the most absurd rhetoric. The Lady Cavaliere has not forgotten that the last retreat of the doomed system was the *salon* and the boudoir, where taste is law, and where decorous immorality is welcome.

By-and-by, when the reform is established and has become traditional, its pioneers become heroic and poetic. The Norman robber is then discovered to be a kind of blue-blooded gentleman, or at least the sturdy, aboriginal father of such. The rough and half-savage Boone is the ideal frontiersman, with a smack of Arden and the sylvan realm. And as for the coarse-toothed harrow—as my Lady Cavaliere sits upon the porch and sees the peacock unfold-

ing his glory upon the soft, thick sward, do you see that my lady wears a delicate trinket around her swan neck, and lo! it is a harrow exquisitely wrought in gold.

The feeling with which she breathed through her beaded veil her dislike of pioneer reformers is as old as human nature. But it was not the sign of wisdom, but of weariness, in my lady. There is a certain force in youth that resists the blandishments of taste recoiling from the pioneer, and that sees the soft sward springing under the harrow as it tears the heavy clods. And those in whom youth abides never outgrow that precious insight and foresight. One such, not less fair than my Lady Cavaliere, of the most tranquil and undemonstrative behavior, has long been to how many good causes one of the most valuable and efficient friends. She has not cared that Daniel Boone should recede into poetic distance before he seemed to her a hero. In his cabin as he smoked, in the hard winter day as he felled the forest tree, in the rough, unhandsome experience of every hour, he has been to her the forerunner of refinement and plenty and ease. If taste and imagination smiled or sneered at the squalor of the frontier, she remembered the greater squalor and the darker tragedy of the city slum. If the long-haired, shambling, shrill fanatic upon the platform was a contemptuous jest to my Lady Cavaliere, this fairer lady remembered John crying in the wilderness clad in goat-skins. I wish, she says, that mankind might sit at a sumptuous table, but I shall not scoff at the wooden spoon that feeds its hunger. She hangs one picture upon her wall: it is Christ sitting at meat with publicans and sinners. And so season after season, year after year, she carries her sympathy, her hope, her steady faith to all the pioneers. She is not a poet, but the world is to her enchanted. Under the sharp voice of the reformer she hears the music of the harmony which he discordantly foretells. With the distorted eyes of the ill-disciplined, ignorant enthusiast she beholds the symmetry of the future toward which he looks. In turn, the reformer and the enthusiast behold in her and vaguely comprehend the outward charm of beauty and grace and high condition which they blindly announce. It is as if Daniel Boone, shaggy and savage, suddenly saw his cabin and his rude clearing glorified: a stately, hospitable mansion, overlooking a placid landscape of rounded groves and blooming gardens and distant parks, murmuring with the song of birds and all domestic sounds. Her service to a good cause is more than eloquence, more than devotion—it is the perpetual presence of its ideal. There were plenty of Lords and Ladies Cavaliere who were tired to death of that solemn enthusiast and bore, Columbus. But when he saw the shore of San Salvador he must have recalled that he had long ago seen it in the patient faith of any unknown friend who had always hoped for him and believed with him. The Lady Cavaliere who finds Daniel Boone in early Kentucky, or Christopher Columbus pacing the shore and ceaselessly looking westward, figures so romantic, does not know that she sneered at both when she whispered, "I am tired to death of reformers."

It would have been a pity if the old monks, in the sunny seclusion of their cloisters, painfully

transcribing choice old manuscripts, and so preserving inestimable works, had decided that original composition was a much higher employment, and had left the good works to moulder while they painfully achieved bad ones.

"Certainly, certainly," said young Gunnybags—who but he?—to whom the Easy Chair made the remark as they walked through the collection of pictures which young Mr. Gunnybags had recently brought from Europe. "Certainly, certainly; and do look at this beautiful piece by Tintorettini. Isn't that marvelous color?"

It was marvelous color. The color was as remarkable as the total want of interest or beauty in the work itself. It was a delicious voice warbling the most stupid of commonplace ditties. "Dear, dear!" exclaimed the Easy Chair, "how splendid a copy of Giorgione's Fisherman of St. Marc Tintorettini would make!"

"Oh, I assure you," rejoined young Mr. Gunnybags, as he raised the shade to throw a brighter light upon some "gem," "Signor Tintorettini is long beyond that. He paints nothing but originals."

The more fool he, was the involuntary reply; but it remained unspoken, and the review of misapplied talent continued.

"Did you ever hear Alboni?" asked the Easy Chair, as the promenade brought them in front of a really admirably executed portrait of a horribly uninteresting model who posed for a cardinal.

"Yes, indeed! beautiful singer, wonderful. How she did sing *il Segreto*!"

"Did you ever hear her sing any of her own songs?"

"Her own songs—good Heavens! no; and shouldn't wish to. No, no; she could sing magnificently; but composition is quite another thing. You know the talents very seldom go together—"

"Very seldom indeed," rejoined the Easy Chair; "and what a pity that this clever painter had not sung Raphael's Leo Tenth or Julius, instead of this absurd old model!"

Mr. Gunnybags junior turned politely, but still did not seem to comprehend, and merely saying, "Yes, oh yes! certainly," he called attention to another choice bit of skillful execution. There was plenty of skill, but scarcely a picture in the collection. But if all these monks had but devoted their diligence to reproducing a canto of some lost Iliad!

A very few years since, when enormous sums of money were paid by intelligent connoisseurs for original pictures by some man of the moment, whose works were almost as much a mere fashion as the Grecian bend, there was an exquisite copy of one of the most interesting of Turner's great works, the old *Temeraire*, hanging upon the walls of a painter's studio, and to be bought at a most moderate price. Intrinsically, in the judgment of those whose decision would rule in such matters, the copy was worth very much more than multitudes of the originals that were sold at twenty times the sum asked. But who wants to buy a copy?

Why not buy a copy? Most of the clever painters, whose works we see in the collections—omitting those who are not clever—are like men who write an excellent, legible hand. Now you may employ them to devote that legible hand to an original essay of theirs upon Contentment a Blessing; but why be surprised that your neighbor prefers to have them copy in that excellent

hand Milton's *L'Allegro*? Make the case stronger. Suppose that *L'Allegro* could be multiplied only by transcribing, that it was lodged in a library alcove far away over the sea, and then which would you prefer, the essay on Contentment a Blessing, by Bristow Downstroke, M. N. I. (Member National Institute), or the poem copied by the same skillful hand? Or, since you are in the mood of sneering at copies, would you please to prefer one of the original Parian figures of women more or less nude, that are made so prettily in Paris and London, to a plaster cast of the Venus di Milo?

It is at this point that Mr. Gunnybags junior may be supposed to remark, caustically, that there is a large number of worthy people who are copyists in all the great galleries in Europe, and if any body wishes to buy a copy, he can be accommodated upon the most reasonable terms. A copy—yes: a chromo-lithograph. But a copy of the Madonna di Sisto, of the Foligno, of the Seggiola, which shall really reproduce those pictures, not merely imitate them, that is a work well worth doing, and not difficult to many a thoughtful and skillful painter, who can as truly reproduce Raphael as Alida Topp can play Chopin, yet who can not himself compose. So it is, after all, the painters who are mainly concerned. When T. T. and the Easy Chair walk together through the Academy Exhibition—and if there be a better companion for a picture-gallery, in the stinging liveliness of his comments, the Easy Chair has not encountered him—they—well, at least one of them sees often and often a charming touch, a delicate skill, and feels how admirable a copy of a Wouvermann, of an Arcadia of Claude's, of a landscape of Salvator, would be by the same hand. The careful study that makes the painter capable of doing this, in which not the thing itself, but the way of doing it, is so admirable, would in that case do also an admirable thing. It would make us all familiar with the famous works and the famous masters. We could study their treatment, their composition. If the copy of the *Temeraire*, of which we spoke just now, had been hung upon the Academy walls, a great many people who are accustomed to think lightly of the painter, T. C. Farrer, would have been compelled to recognize a very striking talent, and the picture would have been as remarkable as any in the rooms.

"And so you would have us all take to copying, you would have nothing in our National Academy exhibition but a second-hand museum, and you would smother American art in this base subservience to an effete European precedent! Never, Sir, never. You gentlemen who scribble—I mean write—in newspapers and magazines, have done your best to destroy the germs of our national greatness in this direction, but the immortal and irrepressible genius of our country, Sir, is a Hercules even in his cradle, as the serpents, Sir, the *serpents*, will find to their cost!" What an extraordinary shock it must be to any man who, playing with an innocent string, pulls over a shower-bath upon his innocent head! He strangles and sputters. He is clearly at a disadvantage. He is probably wrong. He is evidently wholly wrong. Now if the impetuous artist who flies at the head of the Easy Chair like a thousand of—drops in a shower-bath will but reflect, he will see his own injustice. It is not you,

dear artist, who should copy. If you had closely followed you would have seen that the Easy Chair spoke only of those who had not a talent for original composition, of such fellows as—you know who, of whose latest performances you have expressed your opinion in the most decided terms. Those are the men—why should they continue to do what you so very justly describe? You agree that their color is excellent, their drawing good, but you beg to be excused from their com-po-sition. Certainly, let us all be excused from it. Let those fellows, instead of giving us original pictures of King Arthur riding to the Abbey where Queen Guinevere is secluded, give as a good Teniers, not the butcher-shops and the slaughter-houses, but the jolly interiors that Burns would have loved to see, and indeed did see as much as possible. If all of them will not be persuaded, let us hope that some will be. Do you say that it is of no use, that the Academy will not admit copies, but only original pictures? That is a difficulty indeed; that is protection with a vengeance. But will not the Academy admit reason as well as original pictures? Are the æsthetic bishops and archbishops and cardinals who sit in the council as rooted in their traditions as the Hierarchy? Let them show in what way the cause of national art, which is merely that of the national cultivation in the sentiment of beauty, is better served by that picture of the worthy man who shall be nameless, but whom you know perfectly well, and whom you never name but to laugh at, than by that copy of the *Temeraire*. With the exception of your own pictures, and those by the particular friends of the Easy Chair (see *T. T. passim*), what more interesting and excellent work was there than the copy of the beautiful Turner? And what do you think, what does the never-to-be-enough-respected Council think of a regulation which admits any body's original rubbish and excludes a splendid copy of a great picture?

If—and now we enter upon a sphere of wild imagination—if the Easy Chair were an artist, and had been elected a member of the Academy, and had slowly and steadily risen from the Alpha of the first grade to the N. A., and so, stepping on from glory to glory, despite all the gnashing of T. T.'s teeth, had finally advanced into the very Council, and if the condition of the Academy question had been presented for discussion, it would perhaps offer a suggestion in terms such as these:

"Brethren, at our next exhibition let us not admit a single original picture, but let us have an exhibition of copies. All of us who have been in Europe have made most careful copies of really great and renowned works. We know where they are, and we have found by experience that our friends are never slow to permit their pictures to be exhibited at our request. Such an exhibition will enable many who have never seen and never will see some of the greatest pictures in the world to study them in excellent copies; and if it should seem ungenerous to exclude from the exhibition our brethren who have had no opportunity of making copies, let us give them a room, and the public can then decide which it likes best."

How do you think such a speech would be received; and would such a proposition be accepted? If the Council, with its accustomed wisdom,

should decide to follow the advice of its new member, there are certain copies beside the beautiful *Temeraire* which would instantly demand entrance to the exhibition by their remarkable excellence. Upon the very walls where the *Temeraire* now hangs there is a copy of Titian—a St. Michael victorious, is it not?—and all the purity and luminousness and depth and mellow splendor of Titian are there. Then there is his Madonna of the Rabbit, a little grotesque, but full of the same charm. And not far away the Seggiola, perhaps the finest of all copies in the country, possibly the finest ever made of that most copied picture. If the daring of the artist's skill who copied it has ventured to change the color in some details, the masterly reproduction of the work is not disturbed; and hung in a frame the fac-simile of that which holds the original in the Pitti, the shrewdest artist's eye would linger upon it with astonishment and delight. Did the genius that made that copy work less worthily in making it than when it painted the portrait of Solomon Gunnybags? That is a prodigious portrait; but would you exchange for it a Vandyck, a Velasquez, or that Raphael's Leo copied by the same hand?

Good copies, and not poor, are what we are to bear in mind. And when the Easy Chair is a member of that august Council, and this exhibition has been decreed, it will further suggest that only good copies shall be received. A copy may be as poor as an original; and if the Committee are not yet brave enough to keep out the poor originals, let us summon courage against the bad copies. But a good copy of a good picture is as welcome as Nilsson singing a song as Jenny Lind sang it.

CHRISTMAS is in the air, in the mind, in the heart. It makes no difference whether we are ten or fifty, whether we hang up our stockings or are ourselves Santa Claus, the holiday feeling descends upon us all, and a sense of feast and festival goes with us as we go, and assures us that the chimes duly ring, although we may be a little too far away—who said deaf?—to hear. This last time the week began in the softest way; there was as bright and delicate a morning as in those April days which are doomed to early clouding, because the weather is not yet equal to a whole day's round of hours of sunshine so perfect. It is in June that the year comes to flower in the heaven as well as upon the earth, in the weather as well as upon the rose-tree. So when the December morning began so like an April estray, the clouds were in the mind before they darkened the sky. It was not morbid apprehension—oh no! it was merely not confounding an honest and lovely maiden with an angel. And do you think the morning was less fair because of those expected shadows? No more than the being not too bright and good for human nature's daily food is less lovely because we know she has no wings.

Indeed, those of us who hailed the April that winter day, and did not expect the weather would move straight on and tempt violets and anemones, but knew that it was no Lothario, were saints compared with the cynics who said, dismally, as the vessels drifted by upon the river in the delicate haze and a vision of May glimmered over the town—"Dear me! dear me! a green Yule

makes a fat church-yard." There was a jolly Christmas greeting for you! There was a fellow likely to exhort his chickens to hang up their stockings by the largest chimney! There was a boon-companion for Santa Claus when he came shambling and slipping through the soot, without jarring a single plume of the glass peacock, or taking his pipe out of his mouth! "A green Yule makes a fat church-yard." Well, are you ready? The question is none too sharp for a fellow who would so deliberately insult that celestial morn.

And how cheerful the city was! How glad every body was to go Christmasing in weather that did not nip and tingle! And how delightfully conscious we all were that for all the sweet smiling of the opening week Christmas morning might land us in a snow-drift! And the philosopher, whose business is not to buy but to see others buy, what a soft day for him! Certainly the spirit of the season is infectious. The statistics would show how much more alms-giving and practical charity there are! Giving becomes almost a habit in that happy week, and what poignant suffering to discover that the store of bright pennies for the little beggar-boys who exasperate the waiter who attends the bell is exhausted!

The philosopher who strolls about the streets and loiters into the shops and surveys the blithe business of the holiday is, in one sense, an unfortunate fellow. If you think of him as the poor waif who has "no wife nor children, good or bad, to provide for," he may seem forlorn enough under the mistletoe which theoretically overhangs the earth. But, on the other hand, there is one of the Christmas pictures of Kenny Meadows which represents a benighted Londoner, a very Micawber, who, if he has no warm hearth awaiting him, has yet a light in his pipe, and with his rusty coat—it is no comfortable great-coat—buttoned tightly around him, and insufficient trowsers, and a crushed hat, stands leaning against the lantern while the shivering waits sing and play. It is a very extreme illustration of the street philosopher; but you see that he is getting a share of Christmas, and, although utterly friendless, can not be wholly excluded from the holiday feast.

But our other philosopher, not so very forlorn, and in a comfortable coat, and by daylight, observes the gayety of the season as the midnight smoker regards the waits. He hangs about the toy-shops and the confectioners', and all the special, improvised bazars. He sees the ermined mamma buying the stalled ox, and the quiet matron the bunch of herbs. If his fancy be nimble enough it slides up and down a thousand chimneys, and beams upon a thousand nurseries to which the ox and the herbs are being carried. And, upon the whole, this moralist of the streets and the busy shops is of opinion that in the ancient days, when he hung a stocking in the chimney and groped in the dim dawn to seize it and feel it and wonder, delighted, at its mysterious bulge, he did not more heartily and happily enjoy his Christmas than now, when he is somehow aware of a myriad stockings, and in imagination is Briareus-handed in the Christmas dawn.

But the man who has no Christmas in his soul—it is worse than wanting music! There are such—even in Christendom they may be

found. Shall an Easy Chair, however decrepit, forget that feast of Santa Claus—how many hundreds of years ago!—when, in the midst of the new world of toys and pleasures, the little neighbor came in, looked wistfully at all the beautiful horses and dogs and soldiers and dolls and drums, and said: "Oh dear! papa has forgot Christmas!" Forgot Christmas! What do such words mean? They convey no idea—at least they seemed to convey none then. But often and often since, when the mother was taken before the father from the little flock, the Easy Chair has inly prayed that he would not forget Christmas. What a domestic interior the words imply! The household that forgets Christmas is a harp unstrung.

Because it is so easy to remember, and so easy to celebrate! A year ago at this time Charles Dickens was trolling his "Christmas Carol" through the country. As we think of it, and of him, and of the many and many Christmas carols he has written—whatever he called them, and whether published at midsummer or not—who can help believing with Thackeray that the genius of Dickens has stimulated an immense kindliness of feeling at this happy time? It is the most beautiful and the most precious of all the holidays, and he revived its intrinsic beauty in our minds. The Christmas tales he told were like sermons preached from a pulpit hung with holly, heard all over Christendom, and converting every hearer. The fast is not to keep the larder clean, was one of the sermons that the very Reverend Robert Herrick preached two centuries and more ago; and Christmas is not a costly present merely, says the greater divine; it is a sentiment, a spirit, a feeling. Christmas is not an outward feast; it is within you—and lo! Scrooge and Tiny Tim.

It is so easy to keep Christmas! There is as much jollity and comfort to the baby in the squeaking duck, which it can immediately slobber so as to cover its hands and face with red paint, as in the most elaborate and exquisite mechanical chariot and horses that roll along the carpet and upset against the hearth-rug. The paper doll is not less welcome than the Paris belle with lace dresses. It is the novelty, not the richness, that delights; and a neat calico for Biddy in the kitchen, with the hearty goodwill of mistress and master, makes her Christmas merry. Then there are people whose mere coming, without any gifts, is a holiday. They are as conquering heroes as Santa Claus himself. Indeed, they sometimes seem better than the whole array of presents, for the children leave doll and wagon and crowd around him to play. Will ever the ingenuity of man invent any thing so droll as the spectacle which Longobaldo offered in his own proper person to the delighted children at the palace of the Duchess on this very Christmas evening last past?

Is he nine feet ten inches or somewhat more in height? And when, taking the hand of the wee Adolphus upon one side, and that of the wee Lavinia upon the other, he threw his head back, and lifting one foot, gravely hopped through the room with his minute companions, is it surprising that Jack-in-the-box did not seem funny any more, and that Hamlet and Horatio in the corner forgot to quarrel over the last caramel? To have Longobaldo in the house is to have per-

petual Santa Claus and unending holiday. Fancy him forgetting Christmas! Why, he has been known to take part in the healthful and familiar sport of "game-cocks," as if he were no higher than the rest of us, and, being properly backed, to open the contest with such animation that the next moment his heels were threatening the ceiling, and there was great fear among us younger and shorter spectators that the backers would not be able to reach the further end of him in season to bring him up to time.

Not all of us can have Longobaldo at our Christmas feasts; but, good lack! because we can not pledge old Santa Claus in Lagrima Christi from glass of Murano, must we therefore insist upon sucking vinegar from a cruet? Herbs with contentment—what a dish, and oh, what a sauce! "Dear mother"—is it not the touching tale with which the higher virtues are urged upon the youthful mind?—"Dear mother," said the

little beggar-boy lying under the wood-pile, "what do poor little boys do in the cold nights who have no log of wood to cover them?" You can buy as much Christmas happiness with a little money as with a great deal. And when the holy season overtakes you in Rome, and going from one splendor to another, from beholding the cradle in Maria Maggiore to hearing the midnight mass by the French Jesuits, you learn that the Pope has blessed the golden rose and sent it to that long-suffering heroine, Saint Isabella of Spain, or that warrior with Principalities and Powers, Louis Napoleon, you will feel that the golden rose of Christmas should be sent not to a mere monarch, but to that good soul in all Christendom who has made most hearts happy upon Christmas-day. Yes, as you say, how shall we discover him? But we can all try to deserve the rose. And that is about as well as having it. Ask Scrooge if it is not.

Editor's Book Table.

POETRY.

WE thank Messrs. Appleton for giving to the public in an inexpensive form the poems of FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, whom posterity will rank, not among the greatest, but among the most melodious of America's poets. Nominally edited by JAMES GRANT WILSON, they are really collated, and to a considerable extent annotated, by their author, under whose direct supervision they were arranged for publication. The collection embraces all his poetical publications, with some now for the first time appearing in book form. As our eye glances over this product of his lifetime the poet himself seems to stand before us, in his long coat of invisible blue buttoned up to his full white beard, and his never-failing umbrella tucked under his arm. We see him as we have often seen him in his village home, and hear him repeating, as he delighted to do, the literary gossip of his earlier years, the story of his first introduction to the public with his old friend and poet-partner, Drake. We hear him tell how, in sport, these then, young clerks struck off their first productions, "The Croakers;" how, with fear and trembling, hiding their names, they sent them in to the *Evening Post*; and how their warm reception, first by the discerning editor, and then by an appreciative public, gave to his career its literary character. We remember the genial interest he took in the literary life of Guilford, and the cordial encouragement he afforded to its juvenile Shakspeare Club, long after increasing infirmity forbade his participating in its exercises. A courteous and gallant old gentleman was he, with always a kindly greeting for the young; especially young ladies: one who could walk a mile or more, as we remember once he did, to return to its owner an album in which he had inscribed a sentiment and subscribed his autograph. A generous man, that proved his hospitality by the severest test which ever tries a *littérateur*—giving to his friends free access to his library, and making it a public benefaction. Gossipy, sometimes garrulous, in his old age, and as much delighted as a child with true appreciation; showing, with charming naïveté, to his friends the

photograph of Marco Bozzaris, sent to him by an unknown reader in Greece, a copy of which constitutes the vignette of his title-page. As we read over these poems of his earlier years, and note how few children of his old age are here, we can not but regret the rule he laid down for himself to write nothing in his later life, nor fail to feel that, had he chosen so to do, the store-house of his mind, filled as it was to overflowing with quaint and curious lore, might have given to the world many a treasure now lost to us. Alas! that such royal souls as his should ever seem to ignore the words of King Lemuel, the prophecy that his mother taught him: "It is not for kings, O Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine; nor for princes strong drink!" or that they should dream their life-work ended while they still live. But for this the corner house so long known as the home of the poet Halleck and his sister might have been not famous, merely, but sacred to his most blessed memory; so that all New England would indignantly resent the sacrilege which has now converted it into a common tavern.

PROFESSOR LEAVITT has undertaken, in the tragedies of *Afranius and the Idumean*,* to reproduce the life of the past. The task was a difficult one. On the whole it has been accomplished with decided success. The scene of the former poem is in the last hours of Rome. A Goth is seated on the throne. Afranius, a Roman, a Christian, bound to the king who has befriended him, bound more closely to his adopted daughter, with whom he has exchanged the vows of love in secret, is yet looked to by his countrymen to participate in schemes for the extirpation of the Goths and the emancipation of his native land, and is forced to join in them against his will. The conflict of patriotism, gratitude, Christian principle, and manly love are well portrayed; the atmosphere of the poem is that of the times;

* Afranius and the Idumean. Tragedies; with the Roman Martyrs and other Poems. By the Rev. JOHN M. LEAVITT. New York. 1869.

and if the ending is rather melodramatic, that, we suppose, must be looked for in a tragedy. In the "Idumean" Professor Leavitt has been less successful. The scene is laid in Palestine during the last days of Herod the Great. The chief actors in it are his children. For the portraits of Alexander and Aristobulus we fancy he would find it difficult to produce historic authority. And while the romancer may invent scenes, or even characters, he can not rightfully give historic names to his own creations. He may paint as many fancy faces as he likes. But if he undertakes to give us a portrait it must be true.

WHITTIER is the poet of New England, though there are at least two others who would contest with him the right to be crowned her Poet-Laurate. His themes are almost always chosen from his own home-life. His pen is never so happily employed as when portraying New England scenery and experience. With the quiet simplicity which belongs to his Quaker character he has done for her modern life what Longfellow essayed and failed to do for her past in his tragedies. Nothing more delicious has ever dropped from his pen than this last idyl of his, *Among the Hills*.^{*} The poem was originally published in the *Atlantic* under the title of "The Wife"—a better and more significant cognomen than its second one. A prelude has since been appended, nearly as long and quite as exquisite as the original. A string of pearls throughout, it is at no little sacrifice that we refrain from gathering from them a few for our own pages; but our limits forbid. Nothing but a transcript of the whole could convey its chief beauty, its simple moral—the value of mating the true and unaffected grace of the city to the honest, manly worth of the country, that toil may be redeemed from drudgery by a genuine grace, and labor may go hand in hand with love. Ten miscellaneous poems complete the volume.

FIELDS, OSGOOD, AND CO. also publish *Under the Willows*, a collection of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL's shorter poems. It does not profess to be complete, and only two of the poems are new. But collected from various sources, many of them will be new to the general reader, and the collection will whet the appetite of all lovers of this strong and singularly varied writer, whose pen is equally powerful in such an exquisite idyl as "The Vision of Sir Launfal," and such broad but genuine humor as the "Bigelow Papers," for the fulfillment of the hint afforded in an accompanying note of a fuller edition of his works at some future day. A complete collection of his poems is a desideratum in American literature.

A REMARKABLY exquisite little volume in typography and illustration is Putnam's republication, from the pages of his Magazine, of W. W. HOWELL's poetical romance of travel, *No Love Lost*, though the poem does not impress us as equaling in beauty the dress in which the publisher has clothed it.

IN collections of poems the literary world has

^{*} Among the Hills, and other Poems. By JOHN G. WHITTIER. Boston: Fields, Osgood, and Co. 1869.

made great progress since the days when Dr. Cheever published, in 1830, his "Studies in Poetry." Of such collections the most admirable of the year in all qualities which go to make valuable a work of this description is Dr. SCHAFF's *Christ in Song*.^{*} Unique in conception, devout in spirit, scholarly in research, and beautiful in typography, it will be welcomed alike as a gift-book by puzzled friends, as a contribution to the history of poetic literature by the curious, as a rare collection of religious poetry by all whose souls answer to its pulsations, and, chiefest of all, as a memorial to Christ by all who love Him. One who should look in on Dr. Schaff, see him at his desk, thinned and furrowed by excessive study, and surrounded by his favorite companions—volumes in German, volumes in Greek, volumes in Hebrew, or who should judge of his mental characteristics solely by that most elaborate and scholarly of theological publications, his American edition of "Lange's Commentary," would not select him for such a work as he has undertaken here. And yet, combining as he does, with rare scholarship and erudition, amounting almost to a bibliomania, a warm and loving Christian heart, aglow with living sympathies and earnest Christian experience, America could furnish no man so well adapted for this work as this divine, who imbues the scholarship of Germany with the life of America. In a beautiful volume of seven hundred pages he has combined all the richest offerings which song has ever poured forth at the feet of Jesus in every age and from every tongue. Originals are brought to the light. Modern alterations that are not amendments are done away with. Old hymns reappear in the original forms in which they issued from their authors' hands. And the briefest possible notes tell us in four or five lines the name of the author, his time, his character, and something of the history of the changes which his verse has undergone. The catholic heart and broad scholarship of the editor have enabled him to make his collection a representative of the adoration of the world. Above one-fifth of the hymns are translations from the Latin and Greek. Nearly as many more are from the German. Selections from Syriac, Portuguese, Spanish, French, Dutch, and Danish hymnology are all included. Every branch of the Church is with equal impartiality represented. Calvinist and Methodist, Roman Catholic and Protestant, lay down their swords of theological warfare, and unite in loving companionship in their song. For after all, battle as we may about religious ideas, in the realm of religious experience all sects are one; and no chemistry can detect a difference between the loving faith of Wesley and of Watts, of the Protestant Kelly and of the Roman Catholic Fortunatus. Not least beautiful in the selection are some new translations by Dr. RAY PALMER, an introductory (original) by him, and a *finale* (original) contributed by the publisher.

PHILOSOPHY.

WHETHER Professor NOAH PORTER's work on *Mental Science*† is a success or not depends upon

^{*} Christ in Song. Hymns of Immanuel, Selected from all Ages, with Notes. By PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph. 1869.

† The Human Intellect. With an Introduction upon Psychology and the Human Soul. By Professor NOAH PORTER, D.D., of Yale College. New York: Charles Scribner and Co.

what is really wanted on that subject. What he has aimed to do is admirably done. The aim alone is subject to criticism. If what the intellectual world needs is a well-assorted thesaurus of the orthodox opinions of accepted scholars on the subject of metaphysics, not thrown together in confusion, but carefully examined, digested, and arranged, with their best thoughts carefully culled and clearly stated, with the current answers to their opponents ably given, the whole expressed in language simple and perspicuous so that school-boys can comprehend it, and yet accompanied with detailed references so that scholars have a clew to further investigations—if this is what the intellectual world wants, then certainly Professor Noah Porter has admirably supplied the want. He is a disciple of Sir William Hamilton. He reproduces his master's method, and to a considerable extent his thoughts. Yet he has followed him to original sources, and studied himself in the same schools. His book is far less original than that of the Scotch philosopher, but is probably better adapted for a text-book. It is less comprehensive than Haven's, but more complete in detail; perhaps not more scholarly, but certainly more scholastic. And it is a welcome evidence of improvement since the days when Upham's "Mental Philosophy" was the approved text-book of orthodox thought in all schools and colleges. Professor Porter has very happily, too, availed himself of a typographical expedient long since employed in other scientific text-books, now first, we think, resorted to in metaphysics, and has distinguished the general principles by large type, the illustrations of those principles by a smaller type, and the detailed discussions of the different schools by one still smaller. Probably what our schools and colleges demand is not a treatise that shall teach their pupils to study each for himself the mind, and learn by personal observation its operations, but one that shall tell them what the scholars have thought about it. Professor Porter, therefore, has probably judged wisely, and written for the market.

Nevertheless, we confess that we have read Professor Porter's book with a feeling of real disappointment. It contributes nothing new; it simply gathers up the old. And the old is of very little value. Mental Science is a misnomer. There is no such thing. The simplest principles are in dispute. Hypotheses are substituted for facts; *a priori* reasonings for observation. It is now about in the state in which astronomy was during the Middle Ages. The inductive method has never been faithfully applied to it. It is true that Sir William Hamilton has interrogated consciousness—a little. It is true that the phrenologists have examined the organs of thought—in a crude and bungling way. But both are partialists. Both contend for a theory. While Science waits patiently, still veiled, like the Egyptian goddess, the inscription over her temple still the same, "I am she that was, and is, and shall be; and who is he that will draw aside my veil?" This Professor Porter certainly has not done. He inveighs against Materialism without defining it. He writes without appreciation, if not without knowledge, of the undoubted facts respecting the brain and its functions in mental life. Denying that it is the generator of thought, he but reluctantly admits that

it is her instrument. He that would learn astronomy must know how to use the telescope and to watch for himself the stars. He that would be a practical geologist must learn the language of the rocks. Professor Porter has studied the metaphysics of the books. There is nothing to indicate that he has investigated the mind for himself. Let him leave his library; let him watch with pains-taking the mental and moral life of the hundred or more of students that compose his college classes; let him run up to Hartford and spend a score or more of afternoons watching the mental life of the insane; let him observe the first outcroppings of thought and mental action in his own children; let him then come down to New York and attend Professor Dalton's course on the nervous system; let him dissect a brain or two, or procure from Professor Lemmercier one of his admirable models, and trace the net-work of nerves to ear and eye and nostril; let him pursue this course of original observation with the same patient assiduity with which he has studied the theories of Englishman and Scotchman and German, of ancient and modern; and then, putting together the results of his observations, careless whose theories they controvert and whose confirm, indifferent whether they be scholastically orthodox or heterodox, anxious only that they point toward the truth, and he will have taken the first step toward lifting metaphysics out of the slough of scholasticism in which it is now mired, and of elevating to the rank of a true science that which is entitled to be the cap-stone of the whole temple. Until some one shall arise with mind comprehensive enough to essay this task we must be content to learn by rote the theories of our fathers, and to welcome, in lieu of any thing better, such an admirable compend of them as Professor Porter has afforded us.

TRAVELS.

HARPERS give us the second volume of Dr. BELLOW'S European letters,* marked with all the admirable characteristics which have given to the first volume a peculiar popularity. The author possesses an admirable power of observation, which he uses with such good judgment as to give us graphic accounts of the things most entertaining and interesting to American readers, without the exaggeration on which writers of lively books of travel too often depend, and without the intrusion of purely personal and accidental likes and dislikes, which, however interesting to personal friends, have no interest to the general reader. In this volume the author takes us through Italy and the East. His political reflections, very brief but very pertinent, on the condition of Greece and Italy, possess a peculiar interest at the present time, when the Eastern question is agitating Europe.

THE Indian troubles in the West, the solution of which seems as distant as ever, save as the gradual extinction of the tribes removes it altogether from American politics, gives a peculiar interest to the two volumes of J. ROSS BROWNE.†

* The Old World in its New Face. Impressions of Europe in 1867-1868. By HENRY W. BELLOW. Vol. II. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1869.

† Resources of the Pacific Slope. A statistical and descriptive Summary of the Mines and Minerals, Cli-

The character of *The Resources of the Pacific Slope* is well indicated by its title. It is an official report presented to the Secretary of the Treasury. It is a voluminous and bulky volume, not intended for the general reader, nor likely to pass into general circulation; but a thesaurus of information for any one who desires to study the character of the Far West. Unfortunately, the utility of such reports is almost wholly lost to the public for the want of either index, table of contents, or even running captions. *The Apache Country* is written in the popular vein which has rendered Mr. Browne one of the most popular of modern writers of books of travels, and is composed largely, if not altogether, of papers with which the readers of this Magazine are already familiar. It is fortunate for the world that Sinbad the Sailor has descendants, and that there are men who can observe so accurately and write so felicitously as Du Chaillu and J. Ross Browne, who are drawn by an attraction, inexplicable to themselves, to leave the comforts of their own home for the hardships, the fatigue, and the hair-breadth escapes of the camp and the wilderness. The story of this tour through Arizona and Sonora is admirably told; and none the less authentic for the dashes of genial humor which enliven it. It is elaborately illustrated, but sadly needs a good map of the country.

DILKE'S *Greater Britain** comes to us with warm commendations from the English press. It unquestionably stands pre-eminent among books of travel, and is the work of a man of no ordinary character. The idea is unique; the very title taking. There is a greater Britain than Great Britain. Its empire extends wherever English thought has gone, English institutions have been planted, the English tongue is spoken. This is really the British Empire. To introduce his readers to it, to widen their scope of thought, to enlarge their ideas, first of their own race, then of humanity, to show to English people what England really is—this appears to be the author's design. For this purpose he has "followed England round the world;" has visited America, Polynesia, Australia, and India; and has told the story of his travel in a manner quite as original as the thought which prompted him to undertake it. No ordinary person would have planned such a tour. No ordinary person could have told its story. A man not only of quick observation, but of broad sympathies and of catholic views, able to appreciate ideas that in the lesser Britain he had never seen, his book is wholly free from that supercilious contempt for all things un-English which destroys the value of the books of so many of our transatlantic travelers; and it will be especially val-

ued by American readers for the new, fresh, and kindly views which it affords of American society, and of some of the most perplexing problems in American politics, by a foreigner in hearty sympathy not only with American progress, but with all that contributes any where to the advancement of the race in freedom, education, civilization. The book is illustrated and well provided with maps. It is incomparably the best, if not the only, adequate attempt to delineate the domain of the Anglo-Saxon race and its work in the world.

NOVELS.

WHILE our table is covered with books of poetry, illustrated books, and books of travels, we look in vain for an American novel, or in truth for an American novelist. We have, indigenous to the soil, humorists, poets, moralists, historians, very readable magazine writers; but our novels, with one or two single exceptions, are poor copies of transatlantic productions, while the most popular ones are reprints of English books, or translations from the French or German. No one has arisen to take the place of Cooper or of Hawthorne. And Mrs. Stowe, who, we had hoped, would do for us what Dickens has done for England, has laid aside the pen of the romancer for that of the essayist. Of the half-dozen stories that lie on our table we fail to find a single original one above the average merit.

Of these the *Gordian Knot*, by SHIRLEY BROOKS (Harper and Brothers), possesses the well-known characteristics of its author, is clever, in the English sense of that term, and readable, but no remarkable contribution to the literature of romance. *The Amazon* (G. P. Putnam & Son) is a translation from the German of FRANZ DINGLESTEDT, the director of the Court Theatre at Vienna; introduces certain phases of German society—chiefly its artistic and theatrical life—and possesses a certain superficial sparkle, which reminds one of the glare and tinsel of the stage from which it issues. The same house reprint from the pages of *Putnam's Magazine* *Too True; a Story of To-day*. This little book—for the story is a short one—gives promise of better things from the same anonymous writer in the future. The narrative is not overwrought. The characters are in the main true to life. There are some passages of genuine beauty. And if, as we judge is the case, it is penned by an inexperienced writer, we shall hope that the want of ease which characterizes much of its dialogue will be overcome by practice in future writing. *Gloverson and his Silent Partners*, by RALPH KEELER (Lee and Shepard), is a book of some value, tinged with the author's evident partiality for German literature, imbued with a peculiar humor, its best feature, and containing some characters, well drawn, that can hardly fail to give the reader a kindlier thought of his fellow-men and kindlier purposes toward them. The great defect, almost a fatal one, is the profanity which is put into the mouth of Gloverson. That a man may be warm-hearted and yet foul-mouthed we shall not deny; but we are as little inclined to introduce such a character to our parlors in literature as in real life. *Sidney Adriance*, by AMANDA M. DOUGLASS (Lee and Shepard), does not lack elements of power, but is overcrowded with characters, tedious in details, and

mate, Topography, Agriculture, Commerce, Manufactures, and miscellaneous Productions of the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains; with a Sketch of the Settlement and Exploration of Lower California. By J. ROSS BROWNE, aided by a Corps of Assistants. New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1869.

Adventures in the Apache Country. A Tour through Arizona and Sonora; with Notes on the Silver Regions of Nevada. By J. ROSS BROWNE. Illustrated by the Author. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1869.

* Greater Britain. A Record of Travel in English-speaking Countries during 1866 and 1867. By CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE. With Maps and Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1869.

unhealthful in its moral tone. The conversations of its hero and heroine are chiefly fencing matches with sharp swords of satire; and the chief lesson it seems to teach is how to couch cutting and disagreeable things under forms so far courteous that society will at least tolerate them. We hardly know whether to account MAYNE REID'S *Child Wife* (Sheldon and Co.) an American work. It is, we believe, the first product of his pen since he has become a naturalized citizen of the United States. The scene is laid partly here, chiefly abroad; the characters, some of them Americans, some foreigners, few natural; the plot impossible; the incidents unreal; the whole story of the most degenerate sensational school; a melodrama only worthy of a third-rate theatre.

THE DRAMA.

GENIUS treads close on the heels of madness; indeed it might be defined a kind of madness. Between the wild frenzy of the one and the erratic power of the other there is a singular similitude. Certain it is that the genius of the elder Booth was of the wild, weird kind which is cousin-german to lunacy. The very eccentrici-

ties of his character, heightened as they were in his later years by indulgence in the actor's vice—a resort to stimulants—intensified his fame and clothed all he did with a peculiar and attractive interest. The most uneven of actors and the most unreliable of men, “an extravagant and erring spirit, allied to madness, would sometimes take possession of him and bring him away from the theatre the moment the performance was to begin.” Mr. GOULD, who knew Booth personally, and who followed him through successive engagements, studying with enthusiasm his every word, accent, gesture, has undertaken in this memorial volume to reproduce his hero's representations, a task which leads him into delicate and appreciative criticisms of Shakspeare himself. His work will be accepted, not only as a memorial of the actor, but as a valuable interpretation of one of Shakspeare's best interpreters, and so a worthy and thoughtful critique, valuable to all who delight in the great poet of human nature.*

* The Tragedian; an Essay on the Histronic Genius of Junius Brutus Booth. By THOMAS R. GOULD. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1868.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 30th of December. Congress convened on the 7th, and a large majority of both Houses being present, proceeded at once to the transaction of business. The President's Message was transmitted on the 9th.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The Message opens by calling attention to the “disorganized condition of the country under the various laws which have been passed upon the subject of reconstruction,” which, he says, “after a fair trial, have substantially failed and proved pernicious in their results, and there seems no good reason why they should longer remain upon the statute-book.” The Message continues:

The attempt to place the white population under the dominion of persons of color in the South has impaired, if not destroyed, the kindly relations which had previously existed between them, and mutual distrust has engendered a feeling of animosity which, leading in some instances to collision and bloodshed, has prevented that co-operation between the two races so essential to the success of industrial enterprises in the Southern States.

The President proceeds to contrast the present state of the country with what it would have been had his scheme of reconstruction been carried out.—He urges the repeal of the Tenure of Office Bill, and of the laws which interfere with the President's constitutional functions as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and which deny to the States the right to protect themselves by their own militia.—The expenditures of the Government have since 1791 increased 8618 per cent., while the population has increased only 868 per cent. In 1791 they were a little more than a dollar for each person; in 1860, two dollars; and in 1869 they will be nearly ten dollars. “One hundred

millions annually are expended for the military force, a large portion of which is employed in the execution of laws both unnecessary and unconstitutional.” The receipts from internal revenues and customs have during the last three years gradually diminished. The public debt during the year will have been increased by \$46,500,000. The President recommends that immediate measures should be commenced for the payment of the debt within a few years. The rate of interest, he urges, should be diminished. The Secretary of the Treasury suggested 5 per cent.; Congress passed a bill fixing it at 4½, while many suppose that 3 per cent. would be amply sufficient. The President makes suggestions far beyond this. Bondholders, he says, receive 6 per cent. in gold, equal to 9 in currency; these bonds are then converted into banking capital, so that in all the holders of Government securities may receive 17 per cent. Moreover, the amount which the Government obtained “was in real money 300 or 400 per cent. less than the obligations which it issued in return.” The President thus sets forth his plan:

Our national credit should be sacredly observed; but in making provision for our creditors we should not forget what is due to the masses of the people. It may be assumed that the holders of our securities have already received upon their bonds a larger amount than their original investment, measured by a gold standard. Upon this statement of facts it would seem but just and equitable that the 6 per cent. interest now paid by the Government should be applied to the reduction of the principal in semi-annual installments, which in sixteen years and eight months would liquidate the entire national debt. Six per cent. in gold would at present rates be equal to 9 per cent. in currency, and equivalent to the payment of the debt one and a half time in a fraction less than seventeen years. This, in connection with all the other advantages derived from their investment, would afford to the public creditors a fair and liberal compensation for the use of their capital, and with this they should

be satisfied. The lessons of the past admonish the lender that it is not well to be overanxious in exacting from the borrower rigid compliance with the letter of the bond.

The President believes that there is now about \$450,000,000 of coin in the country, of which \$103,000,000 are in the Treasury, \$40,000,000 in circulation in the Pacific States, the remainder being in the banks. From this estimate he urges the feasibility of a speedy return to specie payments, which being done he recommends that no bills should be issued of a denomination less than twenty dollars.

In regard to foreign relations few changes have occurred. The difficulty with Paraguay is explained as follows: President Lopez charged our late Minister, Mr. Washburn, with having given asylum to public enemies, and even with personal complicity with rebels and traitors. Lopez also seized two American citizens, threw them into prison, and put them to torture in order to extort a confession. An adequate naval force will accompany Mr. M'Mahon, our new Minister to Paraguay.—Referring to the present condition of affairs in Hayti, the President states that he has been obliged to ask explanation and satisfaction for injuries committed upon our citizens. He suggests that the time has now come when even so direct a proceeding as a proposition for an annexation of that island would not only receive the consent of the people interested, but would also give satisfaction to all other foreign nations.—It is anticipated that treaties regulating the rights of naturalized citizens, similar to those ratified with the several German States, will soon be concluded with Spain, Italy, and Turkey.—Respecting the three open questions at issue between the United States and Great Britain the President hopes before the close of the present session to lay before the Senate "protocols calculated to bring to an end these justly exciting and long-existing controversies."—The President renews his recommendation, noted in the Record for September, 1868, recommending alterations in the Constitution respecting the mode of electing President, Vice-President, and Senators, and limiting the term of the appointment of Federal Judges.

REPORTS FROM THE DEPARTMENTS.

The Report of the *Secretary of the Treasury* is of the most special importance. He opens with an elaborate exposé of the evils resulting from our present financial system of irredeemable paper currency. He reiterates his own opinion that "a reduction of the paper circulation of the country until it appreciates to the specie standard is the true solution of our financial problem." But this policy having been condemned by Congress, he now recommends several other measures as "next best calculated to effect the desired result." These measures are: (1.) To legalize contracts for payment in coin: this would be simply "enabling citizens to do what the Government is now doing in its receipts for customs, and in its payment for bonded debts; it would merely authorize the enforcement of contracts voluntarily entered into, according to their letter." (2.) That after the first day of January, 1870, United States notes should cease to be a legal tender in payment for all private debts subsequently contracted; and after

the first day of January, 1871, they shall cease to be a legal tender on any contract, or for any purpose except Government dues for which they are now receivable. But the holders shall have the privilege of converting these notes into bonds bearing such rate of interest as may be authorized by Congress upon the funded debt.

The revenues for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1868, were \$405,000,000, and the expenditures \$377,000,000, leaving in the Treasury a balance of \$28,000,000. During the year ending November 1, 1868, the public debt has been increased by \$35,600,000. But of the expenditures about \$79,000,000 are set down as "extraordinary," the principal items being \$44,000,000 for bounties, \$23,000,000 chargeable to Pacific railroads, \$7,200,000 for purchase of Alaska, and \$4,000,000 interest previously accrued. Were it not for these items the revenue for the year ending November 1 would have exceeded the expenditures by nearly \$44,000,000.

The Secretary believes that for the next ten years the expenditures of the Government should not exceed \$250,000,000 a year, as follows: Interest on public debt, \$125,000,000; Civil Service, \$40,000,000; War Department, \$35,000,000; Navy Department, \$20,000,000; Pensions and Indians, \$30,000,000. With a proper system of Internal Revenue and Tariff laws he thinks that \$300,000,000 can be raised without burdensome taxation, leaving \$50,000,000 a year for payment of the principal of the debt. He assumes that there will be diminution in the receipts from customs, which must be made up by taxation. He objects to an increase of the tax upon spirits, on the ground that it could not be collected, and "would lead to a repetition of the frauds which have brought the internal revenue system into such utter disgrace." He objects to a renewal of the taxes on manufactures, upon the ground that these were partial and unjust, and could not be permanent. He recommends "an increased and uniform tax upon sales," for the reason that "it would be levied generally throughout the country, and would not be liable to the imputation of class legislation; it would be so equally distributed as not to bear so oppressively as other taxes upon individuals or sections; and no depression of one branch of industry which did not injuriously affect the business of the entire country could greatly lessen its productiveness."—The Secretary urgently recommends that Congress should, by joint resolution, declare that the principal of all bonds of the United States should be paid in coin.

The report is very long, and embraces a great number of topics, among which is the emphatic declaration that "there must be a decided change for the better in respect to the character of the officials connected with the internal revenue, if this system is to be rescued from its demoralized condition." He recommends the passage of the Civil Service Bill now before Congress, which provides for the examination of all officers, and prohibits their removal except for cause.

The *Secretary of War* reports that on the 30th of September the army numbered 48,000, which would be reduced on the 1st of January, by expiration of term of service alone, to 43,000. He thinks that during the year still further reductions can be made. He recommends that such

reduction be authorized by law to be made by ordinary casualties, the discharge of incompetent officers, and the consolidation of regiments. With a single exception, all the volunteer officers have been mustered out of service.

The *Secretary of the Navy* reports that the whole number of vessels is 206, carrying 1743 guns; but of these 125 are either unfinished, repairing, or laid up, leaving in present service, of all kinds, 81 vessels, carrying 693 guns; being a reduction, since last year, of 22 vessels, with 205 guns. Of the entire navy 35 vessels are of 2400 tons and upward; 37 from 1200 to 2400 tons; 76 from 600 to 1200 tons; 58 under 600 tons.—Of the vessels 52 are iron-clads, 95 screw steamers, 28 paddle-wheel steamers, 31 sailing vessels. The number of enlisted persons, including apprentices, in the Navy, is 8500.—Among other measures recommended by the Secretary are: An increase in navy-yard facilities; an augmentation in the number of naval apprentices; a survey of the North Pacific; taking possession of two recently discovered and uninhabited islands in the Pacific, having a good harbor, and lying midway between California and Eastern Asia, on the track of the mail steamships.

The *Secretary of the Interior* reports that during the year 6,655,000 acres of public land were sold, the receipts of the Land Office being \$1,600,000; 2,330,000 acres were entered under the Homestead Law. Upon the pension list are the names of about 170,000 persons.—Including reissues, 14,153 patents were issued.—In regard to the Indians, the Secretary sanctions the stipulations embodied in recent treaties, providing for the collection of the tribes upon reservations, "where they may be encouraged to abandon their nomadic habits and engage in agricultural and industrial pursuits. This policy, inaugurated many years since, has met with signal success whenever it has been pursued in good faith and with becoming liberality by the United States." The Secretary urges that the Indians should be compelled to remain upon their respective reservations; this being the only way in which collisions with other tribes and the whites can be avoided, and the safety of our frontier settlements secured.

The *Postmaster-General* reports that the revenues of the department were \$16,300,000; the expenditures \$22,700,000; an excess of expenditures over receipts of \$6,400,000. This excess is attributed mainly to the expense of putting into operation 48,750 miles of transportation in the Southern States—equal to nearly a third of the whole mileage at the close of the war.

CONGRESS.

Immediately upon the assemblage of Congress important bills were introduced into both Houses, although little conclusive action has been reached.

The Legislature of Oregon transmitted to Congress a resolution declaring that Messrs. Corbett and Williams, Senators from that State,

Have betrayed and misrepresented the people of that State in voting for the Reconstruction measures, for the Tenure of Office Act, for the act affecting the Supreme Court, and for the impeachment of the President, and instructing those Senators to resign, in order that persons might be elected as their successors who would fairly and honestly represent the State of Oregon in the United States Senate.

The indorsement upon these resolutions reads:

Resolutions of the Legislative Assembly of Oregon, instructing their Senators in Congress to resign, they having voted for measures plainly and palpably unconstitutional, which have overthrown civil liberty and free government, and consigned the citizens of eleven States to odious and despotic military dictatorship.

These resolutions were, in the House, and without division, ordered to be returned as "scandalous, indecorous, and impertinent."

Two important Bills for the resumption of specie payments have been introduced into the Senate. One by Mr. Sumner accords in general with the recommendations of the Secretary of the Treasury, except that the time for resumption is fixed at July 4, 1869, instead of January 1, 1870. The Bill legalizes prospective specie contracts; authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to issue bonds at 4 and 4½ per cent., having 30 and 40 years to run, the interest to be subject to the income tax; but principal and interest to be free from all other taxation; these bonds to be sold at not less than par, and the proceeds to be applied to the purchase of outstanding obligations of the Government. All laws making any thing but gold and silver money a legal tender to be repealed on the 4th of July next, except that for a year longer all notes now a legal tender shall be received for all demands due to the United States, including duties on imports. The Secretary of the Treasury to be authorized to borrow upon the credit of the United States such sums as may be requisite to carry out the objects of this Bill.

The other Bill, presented by Mr. Morton, is based upon a wholly different idea; that is, to render, and at as early a date as possible, the currency convertible into, and therefore of equal value with, gold. The essential features of the Bill are: (1.) No gold to be sold by the Treasury; but all, after paying the interest upon the public debt, and other specific uses specified by law, to be reserved for the redemption of United States currency. (2.) After July 1, 1871, the Treasurer of the United States shall redeem all United States currency which may be presented for redemption. (3.) After January 1, 1872, all National Banks shall pay in coin all their notes presented; and after July 1, 1870, shall reserve for that purpose all gold received by them as interest upon the Government stocks held by them; and also until January 1, 1872, their whole reserve of legal-tender notes required by law. (4.) The Secretary of the Treasury may cancel such portion of the redeemed notes as he shall judge necessary for a proper limitation of the currency. (5.) That after January 1, 1872, United States notes shall cease to be a legal tender, but shall be receivable for Government dues as now provided by law. (6.) The Secretary of the Treasury shall have power to issue bonds payable in 10 years and due in 30, to such amount as may be necessary to procure the gold necessary for the redemption of the notes.

The President's Message met with a very unfavorable reception from Congress. It was denounced in both Houses as a disrespectful and offensive document. In the Senate its reading was interrupted by adjournment; but was resumed on the following day. That portion, quoted elsewhere in this Record, relating to the National Debt was made the subject of special

animadversion, and resolutions directly or indirectly disavowing it were passed in both branches. The resolution of the House—the first clause of which passed by 154 to 6, and the remainder without a division—reads as follows :

Resolved, That all forms and degrees of repudiation of the national indebtedness are odious to the American people, and that under no circumstances will their Representatives consent to offer the public creditor, as full compensation, a less amount of money than that which the Government contracted to pay.

The resolution of the Senate, passed by 42 to 6, reads :

Resolved, That the Senate, properly cherishing and upholding the good faith and honor of the nation, do hereby utterly disapprove of and condemn the sentiment and proposition contained in as much of the late annual Message of the President of the United States as reads as follows :

Here follows the passage of the Message already quoted.—On the 21st Congress adjourned for the Holidays, to re-assemble on the 5th of January.

THE AMNESTY PROCLAMATION.

The trial of Jefferson Davis was commenced at Richmond, on the 3d of December, before Chief-Justice Chase and Judge Underwood. The counsel for the defense moved that the indictment should be quashed on the ground that by the 14th Amendment to the Constitution the respondent was punished by disfranchisement, that the punishment had already been commenced, and he could not be punished twice for the same offense. The Court was divided as to granting this motion ; it being understood that Justice Chase was in favor of it, and Judge Underwood opposed. The question must therefore be decided by the Supreme Court, and the proceedings were stayed. Meanwhile the action of the President has apparently removed all occasion for further action. On the 25th of December he issued a proclamation of Amnesty embracing all who had been before excepted. The proclamation, after reciting that the reason for these exceptions no longer existed, concludes :

Now, therefore, be it known that I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, by virtue of the power and authority in me vested by the Constitution, and in the name of the sovereign people of the United States, do hereby proclaim and declare, unconditionally and without reservation, to all and to every person who directly or indirectly participated in the late insurrection or rebellion, a full pardon and amnesty for the offense of treason against the United States, or of adhering to their enemies during the late civil war, with restoration of all rights, privileges, and immunities under the Constitution and the laws which have been made in pursuance thereof.

Among those embraced in this proclamation are Davis, Breckinridge, Thompson, Mason, and Slidell.

THE INDIAN WAR.

The winter campaign designed by General Sheridan has met with signal success. He reports that on the 23d of November General Custer, with eleven companies of cavalry, was sent southerly in search of hostile Indians. On the 26th he struck the trail of a war-party of Black Kettle's band. He followed this, and on the 27th "surprised the camp, and after a desperate fight, in which Black Kettle was assisted by the Arrapahoes under Little Raven, and the Kiowas under

Santana, we captured the entire camp, killing their chief, Black Kettle, and 102 warriors. The camp was captured, with 53 women and their children. Our loss was 21 killed and 16 wounded." General Sheridan adds : "It was Black Kettle's band that committed the first depredations on the Saline and Solomon rivers in Kansas.....One white woman and a boy ten years old were brutally murdered by the Indian women when the attack commenced." He states also that the war-party whose trail led Custer to Black Kettle's camp was returning to that chief with the scalps of three white men, among which was that of a courier bearing the mail, which was found in the camp, besides many articles taken in Kansas.—On the other hand, Colonel Wynkoop, late Indian Agent, affirms that Black Kettle had always been a firm friend of the Government, had incurred the enmity of a large part of his band on account of the protection which he had given the whites ; that several wanton attacks had been made upon his band, first by Colonel Chivington, when they were on their way to a point where the agent had ordered them to rendezvous to receive their annuity goods ; and afterward they were attacked by General Hancock, when on their way to their reservation ; and when attacked by General Custer they were peaceably on their way to Fort Kearney, and within fifty miles from the fort, in order to receive their annuities. In consequence of this transaction Colonel Wynkoop has resigned his position as Indian Agent.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

The insurrection in *Cuba* continues, but the reports of its extent and progress are still too vague and contradictory to warrant being placed on record.

On the *River Plata* the Allies (or rather the Brazilians, for the Argentines seem to have nearly withdrawn from the contest) have suffered severe checks in attempting to carry the Paraguayan position at Villette. It is reported that Sarmiento, the new President of the Argentine Confederation, has asked the mediation of Mr. M'Mahon, our Minister to Paraguay, to effect a peace.

EUROPE.

In *Spain* the revolutionary movement has assumed no definite shape. In some of the cities counter movements have been attempted, especially at Cadiz. This was put down after some severe fighting. It seems doubtful whether these movements are by the adherents of the Bourbon dynasty, or by those who desire a republic instead of a monarchy.

In *Great Britain* the Disraeli Ministry resigned when the result of the elections was decided. A new Ministry has been formed, Mr. Gladstone being at its head. Mr. Bright accepts a place in the Cabinet as President of the Board of Trade.

Difficulties have sprung up between Turkey and Greece, growing out of the action of the Greek Government in regard to the war in Crete. A Conference of the Great Powers has been agreed upon to settle this question. As yet neither Greece nor Turkey have acceded to this Conference.

Editor's Drawer.

THOSE old-time people who had the naming of the months gave to this second of the twelve the name of February, from the custom of offering at this season sacrifices to the manes of the gods. Ovid, in his *Fæsti*, thus speaks of the derivation:

"In ancient times purgation had the name
Of Februa; various customs prove the same;
The pontiffs from the *nex* and *flamen* crave
A lock of wool; in former days they gave
To wool the name of Februa.
In short, with whatsoe'er our hearts we hold
Are purified, was Februa termed of old.
The month in which the tombs were purified
Of such as had no dirges when they died.
For our religious fathers did maintain
Purgation expiated every stain
Of guilt and sin; from Greece the custom came,
But here adopted by another name;
The Grecians held that pure lustration could
Erase an impious deed or guilt of blood."

If February be the least pleasant month of the year, it has at least one pleasant day—St. Valentine's—devoted to love-letters and much doggerel. A reputable rhymster says:

"I firmly maintain that the prelate
Who gave us this festival fair
Was better than many a zealot
Who has filled the episcopal chair.
Love-making, half gay and half serious,
In a pleasant poetical way,
Would have suited one Caius Valerius
Catullus on Valentine's Day."

We suppose that the best stories of odd incidents in the career of ministers are told by clergymen themselves. Imagine yourself listening, as we were a few evenings since, to a grave Methodist preacher who spoke of having once passed a night at a rather rough house in the country, and just before going to bed suggested the reading of a chapter in the Bible and family prayer. The man of the house, after a hasty search, could find only a couple of torn leaves of the good book, which he laid on the table, with the remark: "I really didn't know I was so near out of Bible!"

QUITE as mal-apropos are the remarks sometimes interjected by inexperienced actors in the most affecting parts of a play, as was the case lately when *The Stranger* was played at Indianapolis. At the crisis of the piece—where Mrs. Haller is charged with her crime—the Countess Wintersen, as enacted by a Miss —, laid her hand heavily on the agonized woman's shoulder, and exclaimed, "Mrs. 'Aller, you don't make no reply!"

To gain the advantage of Commodore Vanderbilt in a matter of money is generally considered a difficult manoeuvre. He is generous enough in his way, but the beggar he regards with disesteem. Not many weeks back certain benevolent and cultivated dames, moved thereto by the distress of suffering friends at the South, conceived the laudable plan of raising money, clothing, food, etc., for their relief. One of the ladies, a very bright, charming person, expressed a desire to do something, but she knew not much about making garments, or how to pack boxes, nor any thing of that rough, practical sort. "Could she beg?" Well, perhaps she could do

that. She began; she succeeded. A call upon Commodore Vanderbilt was suggested. She was acquainted with him.

"No use," said a gentleman; "the Commodore is impervious to beggars."

"I'll make the experiment," said the lady.

"The gloves that you fail," banteringly replied the gentleman.

The Commodore was visited. Case stated. The answer—"No!"

"I'm so sorry! I get nothing, and lose a bet."

"How so?" asked the gallant old Commodore.

It was explained.

"You shall win. Here is \$—— [a nice donation]. *Take his gloves!*"

Neatly done! For delicate, strictly eleemosynary strategy commend us to the women!

A CLERICAL friend, who left the Methodist Episcopal Church a few years ago and went over to the "Water Cure" establishment, as he denominates the Baptists, where he is now laboring efficiently and acceptably, in a private note says: "By-the-by, did I tell you that some time since I started and sung in our social meeting the good old chorus:

"I will *sprinkle* you with water,
I will cleanse you from all sin?"

For this I was stoutly reproved by my deacons, until I referred them to Ezekiel xxxvi. 25. *We shall omit this passage in future editions of Ezekiel.*"

In a certain manufacturing village not a thousand miles from Gotham lives a small store-keeper named Bacon, whose extreme parsimony seemed to render him not altogether lovely in the eyes of his acquaintance. On one occasion a customer was giving vent to his opinion of the person when a by-stander inquired the name of the merchant.

"Bacon," was the response.

"Well," replied the stander-by, "I have traded with him myself, and knew he was a mean man, but I didn't suppose until now that he was 'hog' on *both sides!*"

MR. A. T. STEWART employs an army of little shavers who scamper to and fro bearing money received from customers. Curiously enough, one never hears them addressed as James, or Elihu, or Bob, or any such endearing appellative; the reason of which is explained by a lady from Ulster County, who made her first visit to New York quite recently, and on returning home recited her sight-seeings, etc., to the family. She visited Stewart's. "Such heaps of goods! Such lots of people! And then," said she, "there were so many pretty little boys in the store named *Cash*, and all about the same size! I didn't see Mrs. Cash, but I tell you she's got a mighty smart lot of young ones!"

THE annual session of the Legislature at Albany takes to that city many gentlemen from New York as well as from rural parts, whose only ambition is to do good to the State. (Is that doubted?) It may therefore be deemed not inappropriate to the place and season to mention

what was said of Albany by little Tommy B——, who, accompanied by his mother, went to visit an uncle in Madison, a minister. At the minister's house twice a day all bowed in family devotion. Tommy liked this, and prayed as devoutly as the rest. One day his mother found him alone upon his knees.

"Why, what are you doing, Tommy?"

"Oh, mamma, we must pray all we can in Madison, 'taus, you know dere ain't no Daud [God] in Albany!"

THAT was an apt reply of a gentleman who rode much on horseback, and by exercise preserved good health. On being asked by a medical friend what physician and apothecary he employed, he answered, "My physician has been a horse, and my apothecary an ass."

MR. ——— was a lawyer at Bloomington, Illinois, at the time Mr. Lincoln practiced at that Bar. He was noted for the interest he manifested in behalf of his clients. On one occasion he had a little appeal suit—in which, as usual, he became greatly excited. Late at night the case was submitted, and court was adjourned until next morning. He passed a sleepless night. Next morning, on his way to court, he heard that the verdict was adverse to him. Entering the court-room he met Mr. Lincoln, who asked: "What has become of your case?" "Oh, it is gone to ——!" "Very well," replied Mr. Lincoln, "you will then have another turn at it, where his Satanic Majesty is Chief Justice!"

"No man does his best except when he is cheerful. A light heart maketh nimble hands, and keeps the mind free and alert. No misfortune is so great as one that sours the temper. Until cheerfulness is lost nothing is lost."

AN admirable correspondent (who sends us nine subscribers from a very out-of-the-way place in Minnesota) incloses also a memorandum of some tolerably rapid praying, or competition in prayer, that he witnessed during the early days of Wisconsin. In what was then known as the "Milwaukee Woods" lived a man of the name of Brooks, a Methodist, by whom, as Mrs. Partridge would say, "the Gospel was dispensed with" to the benighted of that region. One of the brethren had the knack of never allowing any one to get the best of a story if he (Wilson) had the last chance. On one occasion, when Brooks was holding a sort of Conference meeting, and was urging the brothers and sisters to improve the time by speaking short and to the point, he remarked, as an inducement thereto, that he "had heard *one hundred* brothers and sisters speak in the short space of one hour." Hardly had he resumed his seat when Brother Wilson rose and exclaimed: "Bless the Lord! *I* have heard *one hundred and one* speak in the space of an hour!"

Wilson simply went "one better."

GLANCING recently through the columns of an English magazine we were struck with a little paragraph about "pleasant people" that is worthy of reproduction to American readers:

I knew a lady who was much in London society—a comely, cozy woman, "fair, fat, and

forty." One day when alone with her she began to talk of her experience of the world. "Now, as regards you men," she said, "what a number of clever and intelligent men there are! A clever man is no rarity. Also, what a number of good people there are—people (perhaps of rough, queer, awkward exterior) who give no sign of their goodness and kind-heartedness, but who, on the contrary, 'from the cradle to the grave,' are misunderstood; and who are very cross, too, at being misunderstood, when it is really their own fault, or rather the fault of their training. But if you want to know what is a *rarity* among men, it is a *pleasant man*—one who is *safe*; who never makes nor takes needless offense; who brings out the best points of *other people*."

As good old Deacon Weatherwax used to observe, "them kind o' people's mighty skurse!"

THE scenes witnessed in our courts just prior to the annual elections, when the rush to obtain the rights of citizenship is at its height, are often ludicrous. In the Common Pleas, for instance, an Irishman, accompanied by a witness as to character, approached Judge Brady, when the following colloquy occurred:

JUDGE. "You know this individual?"

WITNESS. "Av coorse I do."

JUDGE. "Is he a man of good moral character?"

WITNESS. "Well, your Honor, he rades the Boible, he plays on the feddle, he doesn't whip the ould woman, and now and then he takes a dhrop of whusky. Will that suit?"

The Judge arrived at the conclusion that it would not suit, declined to place his initials in the corner of the blank, and the twain quitted the presence.

Later a pair on the same errand entered Judge Daly's court:

JUDGE. "You know this person?"

WITNESS. "Y-a-a-s."

JUDGE. "Is his character good?"

WITNESS. "Mein Gott, Chudge! Of gourse it is: *he's a paker!*"

Further examining tending to corroborate this high standard of respectability, the Teuton stalked out a citizen of the Republic as well as a baker.

A SAN FRANCISCO gentleman gives us the following instance of Chinese dislike of American institutions:

A Chinaman, residing at Sacramento, having lost largely by the fire which destroyed that place on the night after the day of the Presidential election of 1852, and again having lost heavily about a month later by the great overflow which buried the ruined city several feet under water, and believing that the fire and the overflow were a part of the exercises in the celebration of the election of the President, expressed his extreme dissatisfaction of these customs by saying, "Me no like-ee Melikee man—he too much-ee burn, too much-ee wash!"

THE Chinaman's idea of credit differs somewhat from that of the American. Mr. ———, a tradesman of conceded wealth and unbounded credit in San Francisco, applied through his agent to purchase of a Chinese a cargo of rice on time. The agent, of course, duly set forth the opulence,

standing, etc., of his principal; to which Chinaman replied:

"Yes, Brown-ee welly good man. Me trust-ee Brown-ee. Brown-ee pay-ee me one-halp cash-ee, other halp when me deliber lice-ee. You sabe? Good-by, John!"

There's a little fog about the "good-by," but the fiscal principle is eminently sound.

THE recent decease of Dr. Longley, Archbishop of Canterbury, has elicited the fact that he was the fourth of the Primates of all England who had held the Archbishopric of York. It has also brought to light the following epigram, written over a century ago, when unobtrusive Hutton was succeeded by the famous Thomas Secker:

The bench hath oft posed us, and set us a scoffin',
By signing Will London, John Sarum, John Roffin;
But the head of the Church no expounder will want,
For his Grace signs his own proper name, Thomas
Cant.

WHILE writing of the divines, we have an anecdote of the Rev. Mr. Wilson, the predecessor of Albert Barnes in the First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, who used to carry his politeness so far as to say, when commenting on the third chapter of John, "There was a *gentleman* of the Pharisees called Nicodemus," etc.; and invariably, when speaking of the parable of the ten virgins, he called them "the ten *young ladies*," which took their lamps and went forth to meet the bridegroom."

It was the opinion of Sir Walter Scott that William Dunbar was superior to any poet Scotland ever produced. He was born in 1465, became a Franciscan, traveled in England and France, preaching and subsisting on alms. He wrote two verses that are of the sort adapted to the Drawer:

Be merry, man, and tak not sair in mind
The wavering of this wretched world of sorrow;
To God be humble, to thy friend be kind,
And with thy neighbors gladly lend and borrow;
His chance to-night, it may be thine to-morrow;
Be blythe in heart for my adventure,
For oft with wise men it has been said a forrow,
Without gladness avails no Treasure.

Follow on pity, flee trouble and debate,
With famous folkis hold thy company;
Be charitable and hum'le in thine estate,
For warly honor lastes but aery.
For trouble in earth tak no melancholy;
Be rich in patience, if thou in gudes be;
Who lives merrily he lives mightily;
Without gladness avails no Treasure.

Henry Ward Beecher preaches to the same effect in his sermon on "Old Age" (Volume II., recently published by the Harpers), when he says to the young: "I do not object to any amount of gayety or vivacity that lies within the bounds of reason or of health; but I do reject and abhor, as worthy to be stigmatized as dishonorable and unmanly, every such course in youth as takes away strength, vigor, and purity from old age.I think a man is not a thorough Christian who is not a cheerful, happy, buoyant Christian."

A GENTLEMAN who travels much on the New Haven Railway was boasting, a few mornings since, of the various attractions of Stamford, especially of the density of its fogs. A farmer had been speaking to him of a young man in his service who had been sent out to nail a few

courses of shingles on a barn, the roof of which was nearly finished. At dinner the young man came in and said:

"That's a mighty long barn of yourn."

"Not very long," sez I.

"Seems so, any how," sez he.

"Well," sez I, "you're a lazy fellow; that's all I've got to say."

After dinner I went out to see what he'd bin about, and I swow he'd shingled *more than a hundred feet right out on the fog!* That's so!

ARMY anecdotes being still in order, we give this of a zealous chaplain of the Army of the Potomac, who had called on a colonel noted for profanity, to talk of the religious interests of his men. After having been politely motioned to a seat on a chest the following dialogue occurred:

CHAPLAIN. "Colonel, you have one of the finest regiments in the army."

COLONEL. "I believe so."

CHAPLAIN. "Do you think you pay sufficient attention to the religious instruction of your men?"

COLONEL (*doubtfully*). "Well, I don't know."

CHAPLAIN. "A lively interest has been awakened in the — Massachusetts" (a revival regiment). "The Lord has blessed the labors of his servants, and ten have been already baptized."

COLONEL (*excitedly*). "Is that so?" (*To the attendant*.) "Sergeant-Major, have fifteen men detailed immediately for baptism. I'll be cussed if I'll be outdone by *any* Massachusetts regiment!"

PER last steamer we have an English anecdote showing that however astute the British barrister, his equal is sometimes found in gentlemen of other professions.

An eminent architect, Mr. Alexander, was under examination in a special jury case. It became necessary to detract from the weight of his testimony. After a preliminary question or two counsel addressed him thus:

"You are a builder, I believe?"

"No, Sir, not a builder—an architect."

"Ah, well! architect or builder, builder or architect; they are much the same, I suppose."

"I beg pardon, Sir; I consider them to be totally different."

"Oh, indeed! Perhaps you will state wherein this great difference consists?"

"An architect, Sir, prepares the plans, conceives the designs, draws out specifications—in short, supplies the mind; the builder is merely the bricklayer or the carpenter. The builder is the machine; the architect the power that puts the machine together, and sets it going."

"Oh, very well! that will do. And now, after your very ingenious distinction without a difference, perhaps you can inform the Court who was the architect of the Tower of Babel?"

"There was no architect, Sir; *hence the confusion!*"

THE ritualistic performances of some of our extreme High-Church brethren has moved a wretched Low-Church punster to denounce it, by saying that "if the St. Alban's people, and such, are permitted to go on unchecked in the introduction of their various '*Symbols*,' their practices may in the course of time culminate with

that of the very '*Banjo*' itself!" At all events, the two would be *intone*.

"RECONSTRUCTION" seems to have a different meaning in different localities. A New Orleans correspondent gives the following as its definition from the colored point of view in that city:

A "man and brother" went into a clothing-store and arrayed himself in fine apparel, but before consummating the purchase said to the clothier: "Before I buys dis coat I wants to know if you's de right stripe. Is you a Raddikle?" The party addressed indignantly replied, "Take the coat off, and leave the store; I'll teach you not to be impertinent in future!" "Well, boss, it's all right; I didn't mean no harm; I only wanted to know if you was a Rad-dikle, kase I'm a Democrat, and don't trade wid dem sort!"

Who does not rejoice that the pages of our dailies are no longer filled with speeches suggesting in pompous bathos how this nation can be easily put to rights? The remark is suggested by a reperusal of Sydney Smith's amusing criticism of the grandiloquent style of Sir James Mackintosh. "If," said the quaint Sydney, "Mackintosh had to write on Pepper, he would say: 'Pepper may philosophically be described as a dusty and highly-pulverized seed of an Oriental fruit; an article rather of condiment than of diet, which, dispersed lightly over the surface of food, with no other rule than the caprice of the consumer, communicates pleasure rather than affords nutrition, and, by adding a tropical flavor to the gross and succulent viands of the North, approximates the different regions of the earth, explains the objects of commerce, and justifies the industry of man.'"

A GENTLEMAN from Nebraska is kind enough to communicate a little incident of recent occurrence in that lively little State. A circuit preacher, who came to officiate in a certain town, became the guest of a gentleman who now and then took a little "red-eye," and, for convenience sake, carried a morocco-covered flask in his overcoat pocket. On going out to church the preacher mistook his host's overcoat for his own, and walking into the pulpit began the exercises without doffing the garment. Looking gravely at the congregation he began drawing from his pocket, as he supposed, his hymn-book, with the remark that the congregation would sing from a particular page, which he had selected beforehand, holding up the supposed book in full sight of the congregation, and endeavoring to open it sideways, but without success. The "situation" was realized in a moment, but, alas! too late. The good man was dreadfully embarrassed, the audience giggled, and the whole scene made ludicrous by a fellow in the back part of the congregation, not altogether too sober, who drawled out: "Say, Mister, kin we jine in that ar' hymn?"

The proposition was not exactly feasible, nor was the suggestion in really good taste.

ONE of our Judges of the Supreme Court is not more noted for his rapid way of dispatching business at Chambers than for his waggery. In this latter respect he is somewhat like that

eminent English judge who remarked that he "always felt delighted when the tedium of judicial proceedings could be enlivened by a little honest hilarity." A motion had been made in which one of the counsel asked for an adjournment till the following week, when, as it happened, a judge of more deliberate habit would be on the bench. His Honor said: "How long will it take to argue this motion?" "About three hours." "Nonsense! I can understand all you have to tell me in less time than that." "Yes, but it will take an hour and a half to read the papers." "Very well, have your own way; but if it takes three hours before *me*, it will take the man who sits here next week about *three years* to understand your case." Characteristic, but extra-judicial!

ONE of the oldest and most charming of versifiers writes:

"Mirth is the medicine of life,
It cures its ills, it calms its strife,
It softly smooths the brow of care,
And writes a thousand graces there."

A VARIATION in the manner of advertising for "good plain cooks" is suggested by a plain young husband, who thinks that if the phrase *good-looking* instead of "good plain" were adopted, it would perhaps give greater satisfaction to the "man of the house" as well as offer more ample scope for selection.

GENERAL SHERIDAN's recent experience on the Plains has satisfied him that the Indian of the period is a disgusting individual, though once in a while one is found who has a bit of drollery. A band of Indians, the General writes, had made a sudden attack on a detachment of his men, who fortunately had a mountain-howitzer mounted on a mule. Not having time to take it off and put it in position, they backed up and blazed away at the Indians. The load was so heavy that mule and all went tumbling down hill toward the savages, who, not understanding that kind of fighting, took to their heels. Afterward one of them was captured, and when asked why he ran, replied: "Me big Injin; not afraid of little guns or big guns; but when white man loads up and fires whole jackass at Injin me don't know what to do."

THE custom of addressing "the bereaved relatives" on funeral occasions is one that might perhaps be "more honored in the breach than the observance." The incident that follows shows that there are times when something may be said on both sides. An old-fashioned minister was attending the last rites of one of the members of his church, when, after praising the virtues of the deceased, he turned to the afflicted husband and said: "My beloved brother, you have been called to part with one of the best and loveliest of wives."

Up arose the sorrow-stricken husband, interrupting the minister with, "Oh no, parson, not the best, but about middling—about middling!"

THE utility of zeal in the distribution of tracts is freshly illustrated in an incident that occurred not long since in a Western State, on the occasion of a complimentary dinner given to the citi-

zens of A—— by the citizens of B——, prompted by the completion of the railway between those places. On the morning of starting a person whose hobby was tract-distributing went through the cars leaving one of those useful publications in each seat. As Squire —— came in he picked one up, and adjusting his specs commenced to read. As it happened to be a good tract its perusal occupied him during most of the trip. On arriving at their destination they proceeded to the hotel, where a first-class dinner awaited them. It was the first time the Squire had stopped at a hotel where bills of fare were used. Seated at table, the waiter placed one before him and awaited his order. The old gentleman waited to be served—the servant waited for direction. Every body around was getting on famously. Hunger began to gnaw; anger began to arise. At length a tardy knight of the soup-tureen placed a fresh bill before our friend, who, unable to bear it longer, became irate, and exclaimed:

"Here! take your —— old tract away, and bring me something to eat!"

The servant made "tracts," and soon returned with the desiderated victual.

A CORRESPONDENT informs us that the buffalo has discovered the novel luxury of something to scratch himself against on the plains in the telegraph-poles! The Telegraph Company is at a loss for a remedy.

"Ay, there's the rub!"

The same gentleman has traced the antiquity of the "Grecian bend" to the "divine William," who in *Antony and Cleopatra* (Act II., Scene 2) says:

"Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings."

FROM afar off in Maine we have mention of a Methodist preacher who held brief colloquy with a Baptist brother as to the practical utilities of their respective organizations. Said the Baptist:

"Mr. A——, I can not say I greatly admire your Methodist machinery; it is too complicated."

"Ah!" responded the Methodist, "complicated as it is, it does not take so much water to run it as the Baptist machinery."

THE same correspondent speaks of one of the back settlements in Maine, where certain errors in pronunciation are noticeable—the word "diphtheria," for example, being pronounced "dip-theory." He had visited the house of a lady in whose house that disease unfortunately prevailed. Concerning it she remarked:

"I've wondered many a time how it should come to have that name, and I've concluded it must have started among the Baptists, for you know they've always been partial to the dip-theory."

That, we believe, is the prevailing impression.

THAT the Sunday-school master and catechist are still "abroad" is the experience of a clerical gentleman, who, meeting one of his parishioners, John Cox by name, an old countryman, remonstrated with him because his wife never came to church.

"Well, passon," says John, "fact be, her be not a Christian, never was a Christian, and never

will be a Christian, but her says a prayer every night her gets into bed."

"What prayer does she say? is it the Lord's Prayer?"

"Well, passon, can't say I ever 'eered it carled by that name, but her deu say:

"Matheu, Mark, Leuk, and John,
Bless the bed that I lies on;
Feur carners to my bed,
Feur angels lying a-spraid [aspraid];
Teu teu fat and teu teu head [two to foot and two to head],
Feur to carry me when I be dead."

Geud-night, John Cox!"

THE admirable portrait of Petroleum V. Nasby, given in a recent number of *Harper's Weekly*, recalls a saying of his that may be commended to the consideration of members of Congress. Says Nasby: "There is a good deal of oratory in me, but I don't do as well as I can in any one place, out of respect to the memory of Patrick Henry."

THE two last lines in Bulwer's new play of "The Rightful Heir," recently published by Harper and Brothers, are worth the price of scores of copies:

"The world's most royal heritage is his
Who most enjoys, most loves, and most forgives!"

FOR delicacy and appropriateness in the way of advertising note the following, taken from among the marriage notices published in the *Toronto Globe* of November 17, 1868:

On the 12th instant, at the residence of the bride's father, No. 12 Shuter Street, CHARLES WHITTAKER GROSSMITH, son of J. Grossmith, Esq., of London, England, Distiller, Wholesale Prize Medal Perfumer, Author of Government First Principles, to EMILY, daughter of William Hudson, Esq.

JUDGE ——, who is between seventy and eighty, speaks pleasantly of the passing away of the "old-school gentlemen." Says he: "I was born at the wrong time. When I was a young man young men were of no account. Now, I am old, I find old men are of no account."

It has come to be a custom in this goodly city of ours, whenever a corporation gets into trouble, and parties interested commence to wrangle over the assets, that a receiver is appointed. And very modern history informs us that to be appointed a receiver is a good thing. A Boston correspondent mentions a rather slippery fellow, who by some means got appointed receiver in a partnership case. The not unexpected result was that, though a nominal balance was found, little or no money was forthcoming, though no actual fraud could be established. A number of lawyers talking the matter over, L—— broke in: "They say a 'receiver' is as bad as the thief—in my opinion, worse!"

It is a good thing for a public speaker to be favorably introduced to his audience. Squire G——, at a Fourth of July celebration in a town near Boston, thus brought forward a young orator: "Fellow-citizens, I have now the honor to introduce Mr. B——, from the granite hills of New Hampshire, the birth-place of the god-like Daniel Webster, and where John P. Hale—has walked with so much pleasure!"

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCXXVI.—MARCH, 1869.—VOL. XXXVIII.

POLICEMEN OF THE SEA.

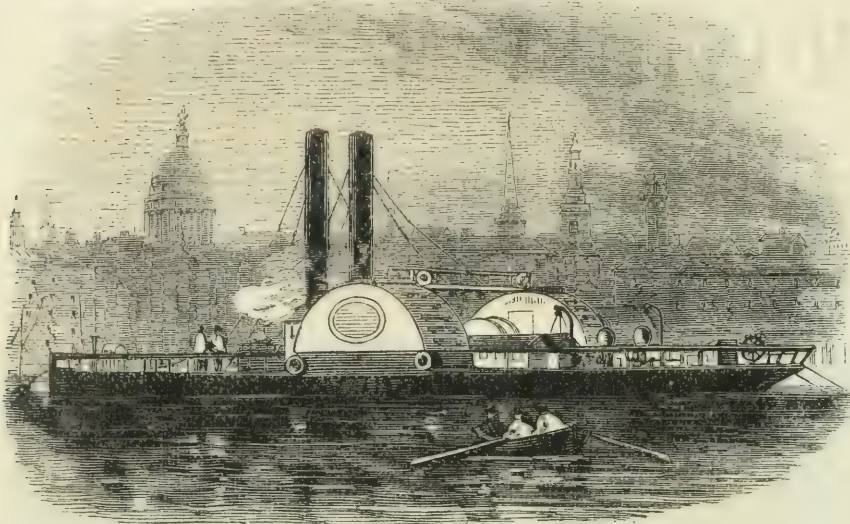


INCHCAPE ROCK LIGHT HOUSE.

THERE is no one of the many hard things which foreigners say of us more just than that in which we are accused of a criminal disregard of human life. The saying, which has come to be proverbial abroad, could have been made even more applicable if the words "and property" had been added. There is certainly no country of equal wealth and intelligence with the United States in which private individuals, commercial and benevolent associations, or state and national governments have done so little to organize means for saving life and property. We have invented, and possess almost exclusively, the best of steam fire-engines, yet have the least effective of all existing fire preventive and extinguishing organizations, and are absolutely without a marine or floating fire department, like that which gives such ample security to the magnificent docks of the port of London. We have the greatest length of railroad lines of any country in the world, and the least control over them by law or public opinion; ten persons

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

VOL. XXXVIII.—No. 226.—25



LONDON FLOATING FIRE-ENGINE.

are killed by the criminal negligence or parsimony of railway directors in this country to one in any other; yet not one-tenth as many of the guilty are punished with us as with the French, English, or Russians. We hold the maximum of military stations with the minimum of regular soldiers. We have more miles of inland navigation and a greater extent of sea-coast than any other nation, with the smallest number of light-houses. We are annually afflicted with more than our proportion of wrecks, and yet possess fewer life-boats than any other maritime power, and have no organized force of salvors. We have the highest tariffs, and consequently the greatest number of smugglers, with the smallest number of customs officers, and no coast-guardsmen, as preventives.

The sacrifice of life and property by conflagrations, railway and similar disasters on land, although very heavy, is comparatively insignificant if compared to the losses on our lakes, rivers, and sea-coasts, from causes which might be largely prevented. We have guarded against the lesser evil and shut our eyes to the greater. While the fire brigades of the various cities are large, and the railway force ample, the officers of the United States light-house establishment, the life-boatmen, the salvors or wreckers, and the customs detectives are really insignificant in numbers, and almost wholly without organization. The negligence which leaves our coast comparatively unlighted at night, its dangerous shoals and rocks unmarked by day—which makes no provision for the aid and rescue and comfort of seamen and travelers wrecked on our coast, and which permits the revenue of the country to be constantly affected by the inadequacy and incompetency of the customs employes and the too frequent change of the more experienced ones for political reasons, is culpable, wicked, and extravagant, and should be exposed and condemned. There is no department of the government which stands in greater need of prompt and vigorous reform than that which is responsible for the inefficiency of our

“policemen of the sea.”

Mr. David Stephenson, the English engineer, and a descendant of the famous Stephensons, relates that on one occasion, while inspecting the light-houses on the coast of the Orkney Islands, he spoke to the master of the small boat which carried him in regard to the dilapidated condition of his sails. The man instantly replied, in a gruff tone and with an injured air,

“Had it been God’s will that you came na here wi’ your lights, we might ’a had better sails to our boats and more o’ other things.”

The same authority says that before the building of the light-houses complained of by this pilot, who had doubtless been a wrecker in more ancient and prosperous days, when only the bell of the Abbot of Aberbrothock warned sailors of their dangerous proximity to the Inchcape Rock, disasters to shipping were so frequent on that coast that the Orkney Island farmers and wreckers used claret wine instead of milk in their barley porridge, and fenced their farms with Honduras mahogany! They bitterly opposed the erection of light-houses on their dangerous coasts, and when remonstrated with for their inhumanity were wont to answer, complacently, “that if wrecks were to happen they might as well be sent to their poor islands as any where else.” We appear to have fallen into the same complacent state of mind in this country. Our coast is very little better lighted than that of the Orkney Islands eighty years ago, and we do not display any greater disposition to improve affairs than the Orcadians did.

Commodore W. B. Shubrick, as Chairman of the United States Light-House Board, reports the number of light-stations existing on March 31, 1868, to be 486, with 695 keepers and assistants, directed and controlled by 12 inspectors, as many engineers, and 10 members and clerks of the Board in the office at Washington. The whole force is maintained, according to the report of Controller Brodhead, of the Treasury Department, at the annual cost of about \$2,194,651 18, or about \$4500 per light. Three hundred and sixty-six of these lights are along the Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific coasts; but 45 of them were extinguished during the rebellion, and have never been relighted. The remainder are along the Hudson River, the only inland stream in the country which is lighted along its entire course. The highest light is visible at sea for only the distance of twenty-eight miles, and that one is on the Pa-

cific, the least frequented of our coasts. As guides to coasting-vessels these lights thus insufficiently distributed are, as a matter of course, wholly inadequate; they serve only to prove or correct the mariner's calculations of latitude and longitude at sea, and as guides to certain harbors and estuaries familiar to him from other fixed objects of nature far more reliable than the lights. Our coasters should never be out of sight of a light-house; and harbors and bays, like that of Boston and New York, should be at all hours as well lighted as in the daytime, or as nearly so as the best character of electric light can make them. There is scarcely a mile of sea on the French and British coasts on which the ray of a light does not fall from such magnificent structures as the North Unst Light-House, the Inchcape Rock, or the Caskets off Alderney; and their mode of illumination has been so improved as to give each light a distinctive character, peculiar to itself, to prevent its being mistaken for any other. In this way a system of lighting has been established by means of which the mariner may navigate the English and French coasts by night as by day, in comparative safety.

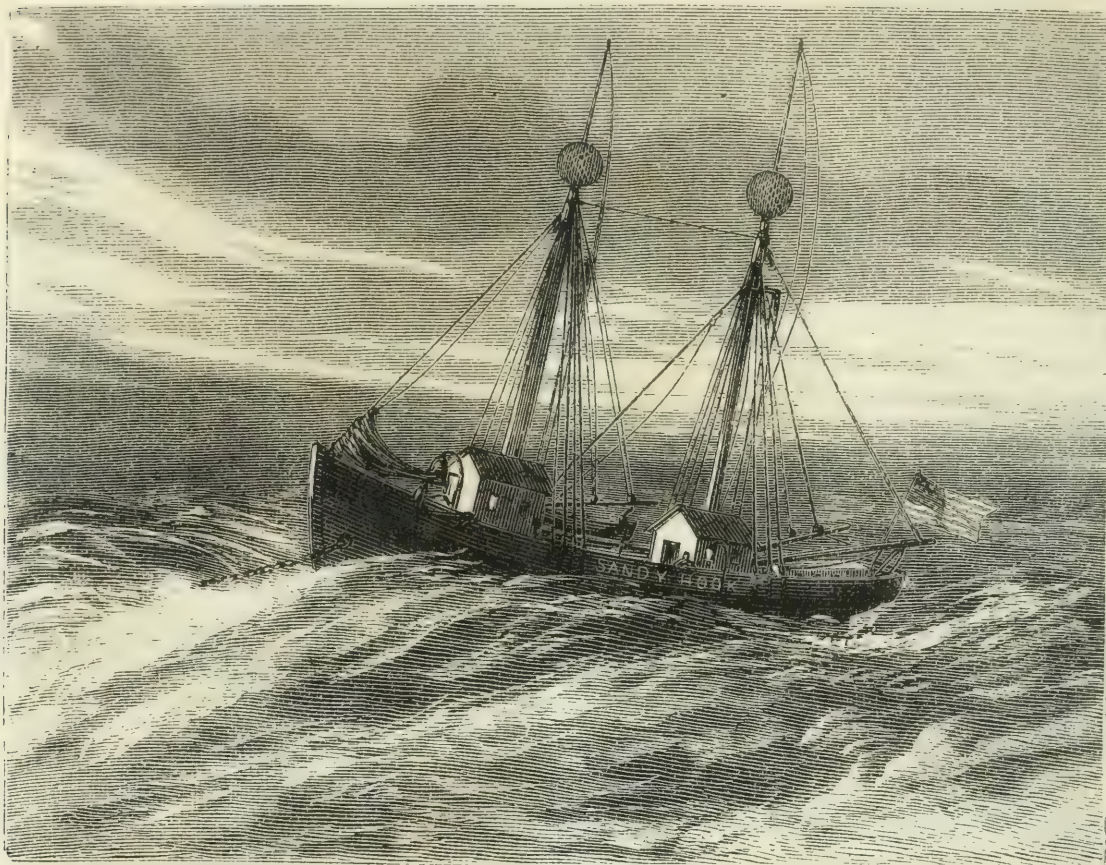
Under our incomplete system our harbors and coasts are as dark as the boldest river-thief and smuggler could wish; the line of coast between the lights is never patrolled, and no lookout to sea is ever kept for endangered vessels. The light-house keepers are under no surveillance; they are really trusted to perform their highly important duties with only quarterly inspections. And then the various inspection districts are so large, and the inspecting force so small, that not only are the keepers not constantly watched, but often not examined for months. The regulation time for visiting each light-station is once a quarter, but the inspecting force is so inadequate that a new rule of the Board has been lately adopted extending the term to suit the inspectors' convenience. So inefficient, too, is the force of inspectors and supervisors that collectors of customs have been authorized to act as "Superintendents of Lights." Later still (the order is dated January 1, 1868) the Board has been compelled to ask mariners to play the spy on the light-house keepers. The order is a request "to mariners and others interested in commerce and the preservation of life and property from loss by shipwreck, to give prompt information of cases in which lights are not lighted punctually at sun-



"NOT LIGHTED."

set and extinguished at sunrise," etc. In other words, the mariners for whose guidance and protection the lights are supposed to have been built, are expected occasionally to make their dangerous way into an unlighted harbor to report the failure of the agent to do his duty. Too frequently, trusting to the faithfulness of the light-keeper, he sails on to eventually discover that a light has not been "lighted punctually at sunset" by running ashore at the foot of the unlighted tower. One is too forcibly reminded of the pilot who carried a vessel into a dangerous channel with which he was not any too well acquainted. The captain, suspecting danger and doubting the nautical knowledge of his guide, remonstrated with him. "I thought you knew every rock in this channel." "So I do," persisted the stubborn pilot. As he spoke the ship struck. "There!" he exclaimed, triumphantly; "didn't I tell you so? That's one of 'em."

This very unreasonable request of the Board, which all mariners would be glad to comply with, is impracticable in consequence of the inadequate force of inspectors, and the difficulty of reaching them. Sailors are practical people, however, and they generally report information of this character at the nearest newspaper office; and it is mainly through the marine columns of the daily journals of the sea-port cities that the important information first reaches the inspectors, and the Board, and the seafar-



SANDY HOOK LIGHT-SHIP.

ing folk. I have more than once read in the ship-news columns of the New York papers notices of this sort in which it was stated that buoys, or beacons, or light-ships, had been missing from their places for a week or fortnight.

In the minor considerations of architectural proportions, beauty, finish, etc., the quarters of the keepers and their families, the quality of the lights, etc., our Government light-houses and ships are by no means equal to those of England or France, as they should be, and not superior to many less wealthy maritime nations. Sandy Hook light-ship, which stands like a vidette to mark, if not to guard, the entrance to New York Bay, is perhaps the best of all our light-ships, but it is by no means a superior vessel for its peculiar purpose. It carries two very uncertain lights, which mark the locality it is true, but shed no ray on objects temporarily near it, and with which passing vessels might come in contact. It has been more than once swept from its moorings and carried to sea. Of the remainder—there

are only thirty-three in all—only half a dozen are of the first-class. Among them it may be interesting to mention the poor old shattered *Arctic*, in which Elisha Kent Kane made his famous cruise in search of Sir John Franklin. She was originally built for a light-ship, but was fitted up at the expense of the Government for the Arctic voyage. Upon the return of the expedition the engines were taken out of her, and she was sent to Smithville, North Carolina, to mark the entrance to Cape Fear River. The rebels seized and sunk her to obstruct the channel which she had been built to mark. She was raised in 1866 and re-



NEVERSINK HIGHLANDS LIGHT-HOUSES.

paired, and now, painted a dull lead-color, with her famous name blotted out, and the uneuphonious title of "Hen and Chickens" painted on either side, she marks the dangerous reef of that name off the Massachusetts coast. The two towers which stand on the Highlands of Neversink, New Jersey, and mark with great clearness the northern coast of that State, are fine structures of much architectural beauty; but they are, in this respect, the exception, and not the rule in our system. They are the highest light-towers on the Atlantic coast, being 248 feet above the sea, and next to Parrallon, Point Conception, and Point Bonita—towers on the California coast—the highest in the country. They are visible at sea for a distance of 19 miles. The keepers' houses here are very neat and comfortable, but the majority of those furnished are little better than huts. In fact, this service, of such incalculable importance to all commercial interests and to the preservation of human life, and which is worthy of the best service of the best men, is in every respect poorly rewarded, and due credit and honor has never been awarded to the self-sacrificing men who have had the immediate charge of our light-houses. "A stormy night," says David Stephenson, "may rudely drift the sleet against our windows and disturb our rest; and perhaps our sympathies may be awakened for the men who patrol our dark streets as guardians of our property; but seldom in those dismal nights do our thoughts extend to the solitary outposts of our land, where, confined to the narrow cabin of a light-ship, or watching in towers perched on bleak headlands or sunken rocks, the true guardians of the country's naval greatness keep their quiet and unostentatious vigil, unthought of because remote and unknown. Whether we consider the important position which our light-ships occupy among the tortuous channels leading to our great ports, or the calm endurance of their ever-tempest-rocked inmates, they can not fail to arrest our interest, and inspire us with thankfulness that men are found ever ready to discharge the most unenviable duties in the important and humane work of protecting the lives of our hardy seamen." The life is one of great hardships, often of danger, and always of care and watchfulness. The man who accepts it must necessarily isolate himself from all the world save his own family, and be content with the society of wife and children only. Generally the men who obtain appointments as keepers are old sailors with families, and their sons, and sometimes their wives and daughters, figure on the pay-roll as assistant keepers. Often it is on the wife and daughter that the whole duty devolves, for the men and boys have often to eke out the subsistence of a large family in other ways. Attached to each dwelling, when the keeper's residence can be built apart from the tower, is a small garden, which the keeper cultivates. He is generally a fisher also; and often in the gloom of night, or that still darker gloom of the storm, the women trim the lamps weepingly.

LIFE-BOAT STATION.





STATION-HOUSE AT BARNEGAT.

The most neglected branch of our coast service is that which, in all senses, must always be the most important. The life-boat service of the United States, when compared with that of any other nation—whether with “*La Société Centrale de Sauvetage des Naufrages*” of France, or the “*Royal National Life-Boat Institution*” of England—is a reproach to the Government. We maintain on our entire coast-line only twenty-four life-boat stations; these are located at the most exposed and dangerous points, but of course in number are wholly inadequate for the purpose. An error not less disastrous to the efficiency of the service is the entire dependence on volunteer efforts in the saving of life. In the vital matter of the national existence we have depended, and may always depend, with confidence in the volunteer military system, but we have found it necessary to have educated and experienced men to direct it. Our life-boat has no such direction. I have seen it stated that the Government employs for each station an officer who takes care of the boat and apparatus, and who in an emergency directs the volunteer crew. I can, however, find no authority for the statement. The stations seem to be left to take care of themselves; and the boats are manned solely by coast farmers, wreckers, light-keepers, etc. There is no reward, pecuniary or honorary, held out to induce any one to save life. A rule of the Admiralty courts renders it necessary that a wrecker in establishing his claim for salvage shall prove that he endeavored to rescue all life endangered before attempting to save property; but this is the only regulation which makes it to the interest of the wreckers to do duty in the life-boats. The hope that rescued persons may prove generous is doubtless an incentive which induces many wreckers to risk their own to save other lives.

The life-boat stations are scattered along the coast, each being numbered. They are general-

ly, but not always, near a light-house or settlement of wreckers, and one of these or some coast farmer or the light-keeper is supposed to have the boat and car and rocket apparatus in charge. Each station-house contains, besides the life-car and life-boat, a sufficiency of kindling-wood or “pine knots” to build a fire in an emergency, rockets to be fired as signals to assemble crews, some rough clothing, medicines, etc. The boat and car are usually mounted on wheels in order to be carried to distant parts of the adjacent coast, but no horses are maintained at Government expense to draw them, those of the nearest farmer being “pressed into” the “volunteer” service.

The life-car is a peculiarity of the American service, and is due to the inventive genius of Joseph Francis. A full account of this very useful invention may be found in this Magazine for July, 1851.

It is difficult to speak of the efficiency of this part of our system, for the simple reason that no reliable data can be obtained from any sources as to the number of lives saved by this means. I asked Mr. J. C. Smith, of the Merchants' Exchange and News Association of New York, from whom I received many of the statistics used in other parts of this article, if he had ever kept any account of the losses of life by shipwreck. “No,” he answered. “I did attempt to do it, but I found they were not wanted. Nobody here cared for those figures. I have to condense my statements for the papers and the Board of Underwriters, and the column of ‘lives’ didn’t pay for the room. This, you know, is a mercantile, not a humane society.” Not even the numbers of lives lost annually is obtainable. I have found memoranda, among other documents in Mr. Smith’s possession, of the lives lost in particular wrecks, as, for instance, in that of the *Arctic*, when 300 souls perished; the *City of Glasgow*, 420; and the *Austria*, 500! In one month of 1861, in which

38 vessels were wrecked, the loss of life was put down at 200 and marked "very heavy." If the average for each week is put down at only thirty lives, it can be shown that during the last ten years 14,649 persons have been lost in American vessels, or about 1500 a year. Think of five drowned bodies being cast daily upon the sands of our coast! Is it any wonder that, before the sun is above the horizon, the industrious wrecker can be found making his "morning round" in search of what fortune the sea has thrown him from her depths? Is it to be wondered at that, grown callous and cold-blooded in long years of intimacy with disaster and death, he sometimes takes his fortune from the pockets of him who will need it no more?

The only official data obtainable at the proper department at Washington are in relation to the number and cost of the stations. Both figures are ridiculous. In 1867 the number of stations existing was twenty-four, and their cost to the Government was \$17,155 54, or \$714 40 each, though it is probable that the additional expense to the New York Board of Marine Underwriters, which supports the stations in connection with the Government, was much greater.

The recovery of shipwrecked property is very little better provided for than the rescue of human life; and only the pecuniary reward held out in the shape of salvage makes the wrecking service in any degree superior in effectiveness to that of the life-boat. The same complaint which has been made in regard to official igno-



THE LIFE-CAR IN ACTION.

rance on the subject of the life-boat service is applicable to the wrecking service. Although courts are maintained by the Government at heavy expense to license salvors and to adjudicate their claims, no information is obtainable as to the number of wreckers licensed, amount of salvage awards, the location of the wrecking stations or the regulations governing them, the number of wrecks on the coast annually, the value of property recovered from them, or the number of lives lost or saved. Such a thing as a wreck chart, like the most interesting and highly valuable one which the English Government publishes annually for the guidance of mariners, appears never to have been heard of at Washington, and the hydrography of the Smithsonian Institute is mainly confined to the preparation, two years in advance, of a nautical almanac without the slightest practical value to nine-tenths of the mariners in the merchant service.

I have been enabled to obtain a table of wrecks of American vessels for the past eleven years from Mr. J. C. Smith, which may be relied on as accurate, the figures having been obtained from owners and insurance agents interested in the lost vessels. This table will be found on the next page.

These figures are enormous, and if they were accompanied by the numbers of lives lost would be appalling. The average of vessels lost or partly lost, it will be seen, is over 35 a month, or one a day; in money, the average loss is nearly \$1,500,000 a month, or \$50,000 per day.



THE MORNING ROUND.



WRECKERS' HUT AT BARNEGAT.

Enormous as this may seem, it is but an insignificant portion of the total casualties of the whole world. In the year 1866, when the total loss of American shipping was 571 vessels, the total casualties of all countries was 11,711. In 1867 our loss was 536 out of a total loss of 12,513 vessels. Of course many of these are but partial losses. Those which attract attention by their magnitude and appalling character are but a small portion of the whole number. I do not mean to say that all of these wrecks happen on our coast. I can not even say what proportion of them do. Twenty per cent. of the 2343 vessels totally lost during the year 1867 were wrecked on the English coast; but it must be remembered that over seven hundred vessels begin or end "over-the-sea" voyages in English ports every day. The loss on the American coast for the same year is said to have been not over three per cent., about seventy vessels, or say about \$3,500,000.*

The legal principle involved in the system of salvage prevalent not only in this country, but throughout the world, is a very simple one. If a person finds a sum of money on the street, both law and morality require him to return it to the owner without asking a reward; it was found without risk or expense, and there is no ground on which to base such a claim. But if a ship-captain at sea finds another ship abandoned as lost he may take possession of her,

tow her into port, deliver her to her owners, and claim a certain portion of cargo and ship as a reward or as salvage. If a policeman of the city finds a lost child he is legally entitled to no reward, since the recovery of lost children is a part of his duty; but if a "policeman of the sea," cruising his beat in a wrecker's sloop, goes to the aid of a ship in distress he is entitled to a certain share of the proceeds of the sale of the property he may save. The amount awarded by the Admiralty courts having jurisdiction in such cases depends on the following circumstances: first, the degree of danger to the life of the salvor; second, the risk to the property of the salvor; third, value of property saved; fourth, dangerous condition of vessel when saved; fifth, skill displayed by the salvor; and, sixth, the time and labor expended. The average compensation to salvors in this country is said to be something less than fifty per cent.; that is, the salvor is entitled to recover the value of nearly one-half of all he saves; the rest goes to the owners and underwriters, or insurance agents. In 1855 the *Crescent City*, a very large ship from this port, went ashore on the northernmost point of the Bahama reef. The Bahama wreckers, chiefly negroes, saved about \$90,000 of the cargo before the vessel went to pieces. The salvage award was 65 per cent. This, and the governor's and the consul's claim, and the auctioneer's fees, left the owner, M. O. Roberts, Esq., five per cent. only of what was saved.

There are said to be about 4000 men engaged in the wrecking business in the United States, but I know no means of fixing the actual number. The great mass of the wreckers of this country live on the most dangerous parts of the sea-coast, a large majority of them being located on the Atlantic. The Maine and Massachusetts coasts, interspersed and broken by numerous islands, are favorite resorts. There is a large colony of them on Nantucket Island

* TABLE OF WRECKS OF AMERICAN VESSELS
FROM 1858 TO 1868.

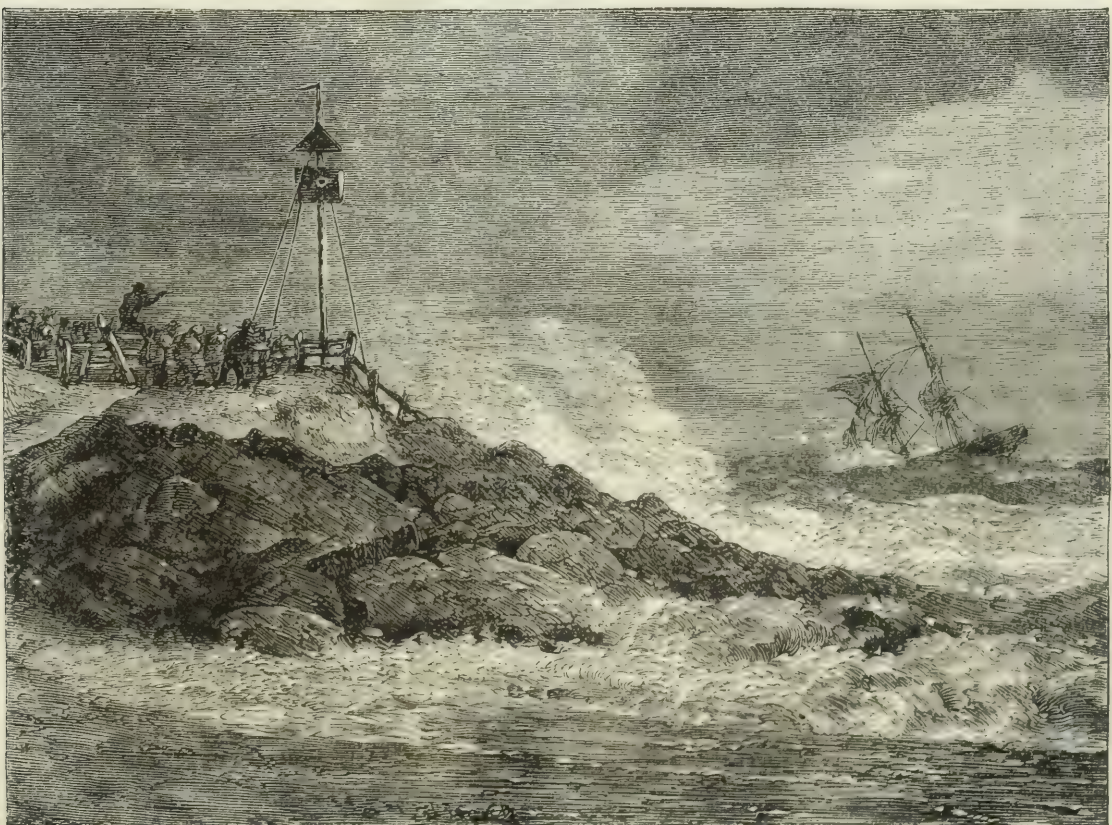
Year.	No.	Value.
1858	355	\$8,897,665
1859 (9 months)	300	8,389,271
1860 (11 months)	405	12,011,030
1861	558	17,367,100
1862	452	12,765,060
1863	452	20,531,800
1864	495	20,449,850
1865	592	33,794,300
1866	571	31,056,100
1867	536	21,742,200
1868 (9 months)	257	11,638,500
Total, 10 years 5 months, 4883		\$198,702,876

—the region of Martha's Vineyard Sound being one of the most dangerous on the coast. The wreckers' huts, half buried in the sand, may be seen at Barnegat, and along the numberless other inlets of New Jersey, in a profusion which clearly indicates the dangerous character of that coast. Indeed, the whole coast of the "pocket" formed by Long Island, New York, and New Jersey, is well peopled with wreckers, who know that it is one of the most dangerous localities in the country. Key West is also a favorite locality with them, and a large fleet of wreckers' craft may always be found cruising among the dangerous reefs of that region.

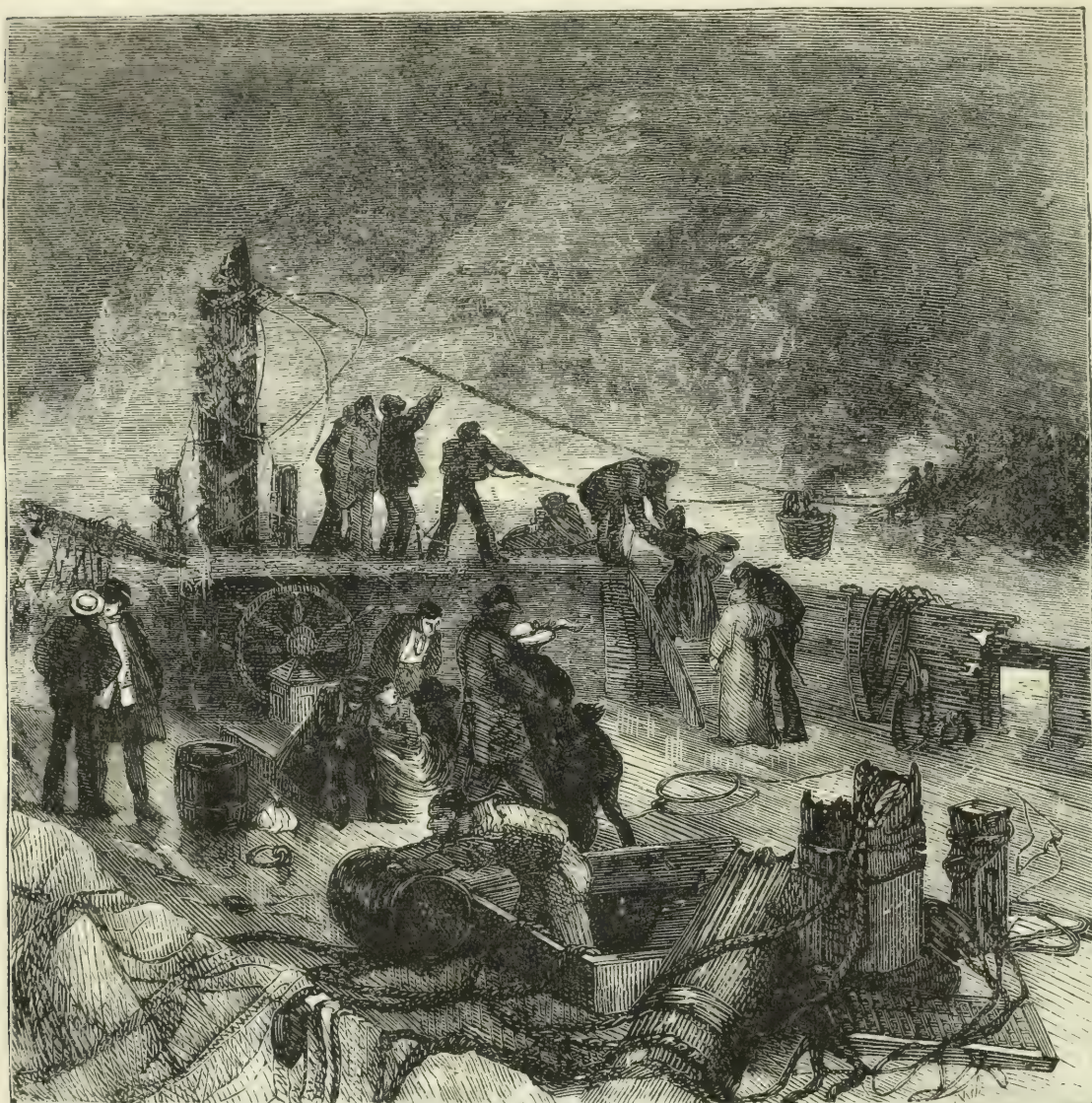
The organization among the various colonies of wreckers is not very extensive or complete. A few chief ones are owners of schooners and sloops about the usual size of pilot-boats—say from 20 to 80 tons—and give employment to numerous others. To stimulate the crews to activity no wages are paid, but each man has a proportionate share of the earnings of each cruise, after a certain part is set apart for the "flag" or vessel. As a general rule the most of the wreckers are what would be called "hard characters." They are usually old salts who have found life before the mast unendurable in consequence of the discipline necessary aboard ship. They are by nature brave and daring to an extent bordering on recklessness; careless of the present and indifferent to the future; too easy of conscience and too free of hand; their interests make them enjoy "a strong wind with a nasty swell and hazy withal;" and they look forward with keen zest and eager expectation for the wrecks which swell

and fog will bring; yet they are not wholly hardened in feeling. They will spring as readily to rescue life without reward as to save property for pay, and they hesitate not to face any danger to save life. They do it from a love of adventure and its excitements; the dangerous occupation by which they live is the labor of all others they most delight in, and its very hardships and dangers are charms to natures like theirs.

On the low flat coasts, which they most frequent, the storm signals at night or the gun by day readily concentrates the wreckers, in common with the other coast residents, for action in succoring a doomed ship. Owing to the provisions of the law which makes it their interest to save life before property, their first effort at succor, even when their humane feelings do not prompt it, is made in connection with the life-boatmen. Where the facilities of life-boat and life-car are at hand, the wreckers form no small proportion of the crews which risk life in the life-boat; and they are to be found hauling at the rope attached to the life-car. When the apparatus for the preservation of life is not at hand, the best means possible are resorted to. A frequent means of conveying a cable from the ship to the shore is to throw overboard from the former a cask, to which the line is attached. The cask is cast ashore by the waves, and the cable, seized by the wreckers, is soon stretched from ship to shore. A hardy sailor from the ship, or a wrecker or life-boatman from the shore, makes his cat-like way along the line, dragging a second line with him. To this is attached a strong



THE STORM SIGNAL.



WRECKED AND WRECKERS

basket, or box, or hammock, or any available article to be had on ship or shore; it is swung with block and tackle to the cable, and, human-freighted, it is dragged through the storm to the shore. A second line is attached by which to draw the improvised life-car back again; and it continues its trips until all are saved. The rescued persons are at once taken to the nearest huts, if a government station is not at hand, and are there attended by the wives and daughters of the wreckers. Persons are frequently carried to the wreckers' huts even when a government house is near by, for two reasons: the government houses are very seldom in proper condition to receive weak and exhausted persons; and, in the second place, the rescued persons who are carried to the wreckers' houses may prove to be rich and generous—or they may be robbed! There have been many complaints that the humane actions of wreckers in thus caring for rescued persons cloaked designs of robbery; but I am disposed to think that the motives which prompt such conduct in nine cases out of ten do honor to the wreckers.

All life being rescued the work of saving property at once begins. If the sea is too heavy to

admit of a sloop approaching the wreck the life-boat or improvised car lands a few of the crew on the vessel, and every part of the cargo which will float and which will bear wetting is thrown to the waves, and by them carried ashore. Here they are gathered together for future appraisalment by the underwriter's agent. They are not broken open and rifled as most persons suppose, but placed under strict guard. Occasionally a basket or two of wine suffers, and the wreckers have "a good time," or a bale of cotton goods or a case of clothing is sometimes confiscated to immediate wants; but the risk incurred of losing all salvage awards by such petty robberies renders them of infrequent occurrence.

When calmer weather permits the approach of the boats, the stripping of the wreck, if it should not have gone to pieces in the storm (the former process is resorted to only when it is probable that the ship will be totally destroyed), begins in grave earnest. The wreckers' sloops swoop down upon it like carrion birds upon a carcass, and gathering about it, take on board all the available cargo, and such of the rigging and appointments of the ship as are worth preserving. When only the bare and empty car-

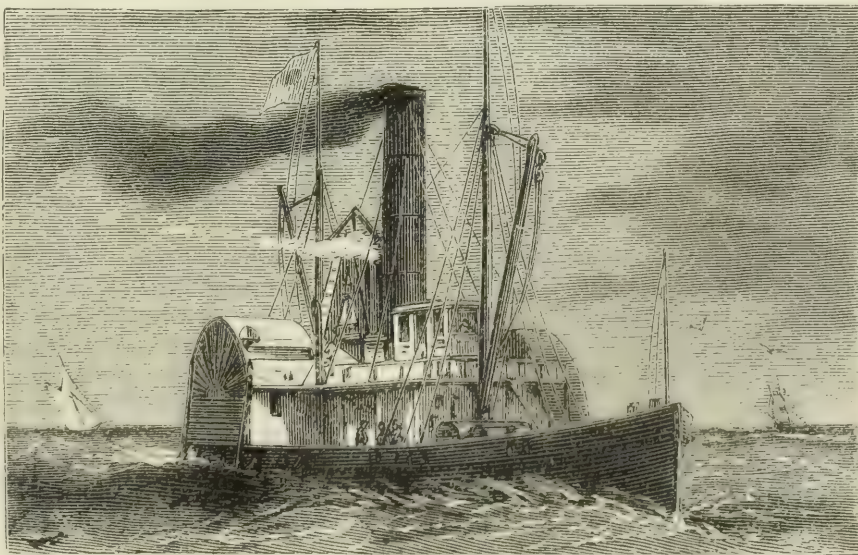
cass is left it is abandoned to the winds and waves, and to time which rots it, if the other elements do not scatter it far and near.

The foregoing account and description of wrecking applies to a system as old as wrecks themselves, but one which is still in existence in nearly all parts of the world. Of late years considerable has been done in the way of organizing and systematizing the wrecking service in certain localities by the establishment of large wrecking companies. There are several such companies now existing at this time in Boston, New York, Norfolk, and New Orleans. Each company has a fleet of steamers of all sizes and all kinds, fitted up with immense pumps for exhausting water from the hold of sunken ships, and a fire apparatus for extinguishing flames. They have also the various lifting powers—from the old style casks and the blocking process to the hydraulic press and the “gutta-percha pontoons.” The latter article is a unique invention. The “pontoons” are shaped like a balloon, covered with netting, and attached by hose to air-tanks. A number of them are sunk and attached to a submerged ship by the divers, and being simultaneously inflated with air they lift the ship to the surface. Other means have been found to be cheaper than this, and the “pontoons” are now little used.

As a general rule these boats can not always afford immediate aid in saving life, but the arrangements of the best companies are such that assistance is dispatched in a few hours after a wreck occurs. And in some instances life has been saved. In November last the large packet-ship *Isaac Webb* was rapidly drifting ashore at Sandy Hook in a heavy gale, and was in imminent danger of going to pieces in the breakers. The wrecking-boat *Philip*, belonging to the Submarine Wrecking and Towing Company of New York, was cruising in the vicinity at the time, and, seeing her signal of distress, ran alongside, dangerous as the operation was, and attaching a cable drew her from the reef into deep water, where she sank. “Had the *Philip* been half an hour later,” said the captain, “many lives must have been lost.” Such instances of prompt aid are necessarily rare, since the vessels can not always be near at hand; but in the ordinary course of business, so perfect are the arrangements of the New York company, that only a few hours elapse before assistance is sent. On Nov. 4, 1868, the packet-ship *Frontier* went ashore at nine o'clock A.M., near Hempstead, Long

Island. The telegraph announced the fact to Captain Samuel Samuels, the President of the Submarine Company of New York, at half past nine, and at ten o'clock the wrecking-boat *Rescue* was under way to her aid. The schooner *Mary E. Williams* went ashore at Jones's Inlet, Long Island, and springing a leak, soon had seven feet of water in her hold. The disaster occurred at two o'clock A.M.; at twelve o'clock the same day the pumps of the wrecking-boat *Philip*, Captain Charles Hazzard, were at work on her, and at four o'clock A.M. on October 13—twenty-six hours after the disaster—the schooner was being repaired at the dry-dock in New York. The arrangements are such, indeed, that the organized companies at a distance can act, as far as saving property is concerned, almost if not quite as soon as the wreckers on the very scene of the disaster.

The system of the various companies is not a little singular. The Boston company has a general supervision of the coast of New England; the *beat*, so to speak, of the Submarine Company of New York extends from Montauk Point, Long Island, to the capes of Virginia; Norfolk companies watch the coast to Hatteras; the old style wreckers at Key West cruise in their sailing vessels along the rest of the Atlantic coast and the Gulf coast as far as Mobile; thence westward the New Orleans companies claim and exercise jurisdiction. Let us take one of these beats as an illustration; that, for instance, of the New York company along the Long Island, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland coasts. The company has boats stationed at New York, Sandy Hook, Barnegat, and Atlantic City; and along the entire line of coast, living within sight of each other, numerous agents who daily patrol the coast on the look-out for wrecks. After every gale from the east the boats cruise along the coast in search of vessels in distress. Every morning the coast agents of the company, who are generally old farmers or fishermen living along the coast, are out with their glasses on their beat. If they



STEAM WRECKING-TUG.



WRECKERS AT WORK.

discover any vessel ashore or in distress they hastily ride to the nearest telegraph station—a line runs the whole length of the coast—and send a dispatch giving the information. This dispatch is addressed to the President at the head-quarters of the company, 62 South Street; but it is also “dropped” at all the boat-stations, so that the boats may be ready to act on orders from Captain Samuels. On the receipt of the dispatch the President sends by telegraph orders to the nearest boat to proceed to the aid of the wrecked vessel. The process pursued on the arrival at the wreck depends on the condition of the vessel to be aided, and is not materially different from those heretofore described. The superior arrangements and facilities of the company’s steam-vessels enable them to act with more promptitude and effect than the coast wreckers with their sailing vessels.

The organization of companies on the plan of the New York Submarine is rapidly producing a great change in our wrecking system; and will doubtless lead to the invention not only of superior appliances but superior boats. The business of these companies is already extending so rapidly as to lead to the hope that in a

few years hence the whole United States coast will be patrolled by the steam wrecking boats of organized and responsible companies as regularly as by the sloops and schooners of the old style wreckers.

It is a principle of maritime law that no claim for salvage can be established unless proof is adduced of the abandonment of the wreck by its crew, or that the captain or master in command has asked by signal or otherwise for assistance. Often when vessels have been run ashore, or are stranded on a shifting sand or sunk in shoal water, a master may decline assistance from the salvors, or may make a special bargain with them to aid in getting him off. Sometimes the wreckers, on the other hand, persuade a captain, unacquainted with the coast, to abandon his stranded vessel, and then taking advantage of their knowledge of the sands and the tides they manage to get her off and claim salvage. Of course these parleys are held only in regard to vessels to which there is no immediate danger, or where life is not in peril.

Those peculiar “apostles of free trade,” the smugglers, have always had their apolo-

Even Buckle, in his "History of Civilization," in portraying the condition to which a too high protective tariff had brought England, has suggested an excuse for them. Blanqui, an extremist among free trade economists, has boldly declared that "to smuggling it is owing that commerce did not perish under the influence of prohibitive laws." The sternest moralist returning from Havana may argue himself into carrying a few hundred cigars above the legal allowance, and yet be thought none the less moral by his fellow-smokers; and one rather admires the tact of the charming creature who tells him, without a conscious blush or the slightest twinge of conscience, that her rich Valenciennes was smuggled from France on some other part of her handsome person than that which it now adorns. But governments have never been known to talk of smugglers in apologetic terms, or look upon their deeds with pardoning smiles. Our government, though peculiar in many respects, is not singular in this, and the most perfectly organized department of our police of the sea is the Revenue Service. The Treasury Department may fail to oil its lights and restore its light-houses, and forget to man its life-boats, but its revenue marine is comparatively full and well served. Still, it is inadequate for its duties.

The extent of smuggling, and the consequent loss to the revenue of the United States, can not from the very nature, and doubtless from the magnitude of such operations, be enumerated in figures. The facilities for smuggling on our extended and varied frontier are so

great that it is utterly impossible to entirely suppress and exterminate the smugglers. Mr. Nathan Sargent, United States Commissioner of Customs, and the officer charged with the prevention of smuggling, has declared that the proposed repeal of a law offering inducements to citizens to expose smugglers of whose operations they may become informed, will make "smuggling not only a highly profitable business, but one that may be prosecuted with comparatively little risk." If the additional inducement of a high protective tariff is added, it is the opinion of men experienced in trade and political economy that we will soon become a nation of smugglers. The first step has been taken since Mr. Sargent wrote, and the second may yet be. At various times extensive combinations between large merchants in this country and others in Europe have existed by which the payment of duties may be avoided, much to the damage of all honest merchants. Unwise legislation on this subject may not only extend these, but turn our coast farmers and wreckers into ready and willing aids, or at least lead them to countenance the operations of the smugglers. If the coast residents have no inducements to expose villainy they will not go to expense and trouble to do it; and they will as certainly fail to complain of, or object to, the midnight impressment of their horses and wagons for the conveyance of contraband goods, as is now sometimes done, if an apology for the rudeness in the shape of a bolt of goods or other valuables is left in their stead. "No one," said Commissioner Sargent, alluding to the fa-



THE BARGE OFFICE, NEW YORK CITY.



BOARDING A STEAMER.

cilities for smuggling on our coast, "can fully realize them who has never traveled along our northern boundary line from Eastport, Maine, to Port Angeles, Washington Territory, a distance of from three to four thousand miles, or who has never attempted to stop blockade-running along our southern coast. But perhaps, after all," he adds, "the port of New York—a labyrinthine world of itself—affords as great, if not greater, facilities for defrauding the revenue, by evading payment of duties, as any other locality; and I have reason to believe that the most of what is done there is done on a large scale." And also on a small scale too, if we are to judge from the same officer's report; for he states that of the \$1,268,140 40 of seizures made in 1867 by inspectors of passengers' baggage in all the ports of the country, \$731,070 35, or considerably over one-half, was made in the port of New York alone.

To prevent smuggling the Government maintains a fleet of steamers, which is called "the Revenue Marine." It consists of 43 vessels, comprising 25 steamers and 18 sailing vessels. The majority of the steamers are large, ranging from 350 tons burden upward to most unwieldy monsters, and all painted black from stem to stern. Four of the steamers, however, are small steam-tugs employed in special boarding and inspecting service at New York, Boston, and New Orleans. The cutters are almost too large, and they are really intended rather to collect the revenue than to prevent its spoilation by smugglers. "They can be

seen afar off," says Mr. Sargent, "by the small craft, by means of which smuggling on the coast is done, and long ere the cutters can descry the latter they have taken shelter behind some island, run into some inlet, bayou, or river, within ten miles of which, perhaps, the cutters can not approach. What is needed, in place of these large and very expensive steamers, is small, light-draught boats, that have speed enough to overhaul any water craft, and which will require not more than five hands to man them. With such crafts smuggling along the coast may be prevented; with those now in the service, never."

The manner in which the Marine is used can best be explained by describing the operations of the inspectors in port—say in that of New York. The inspectors and special agents and detectives are required to assemble daily for duty at the Revenue Barge-office, a small, dingy, white, and peculiarly-shaped building located on the Battery, at the extreme southern end of New York city. Here one of the two tugs kept for boarding purposes is always in waiting. When a steamer is telegraphed from Sandy Hook as entering the harbor the tug steams up, and with its detail of inspectors, varied in number according to the size and character of the steamer arriving, puts off to meet the spoken vessel. When the two meet, the steamer, recognizing the Revenue flag with its vertical stripes, at once comes to; the tug runs up alongside, and the inspectors march boldly on board; that is, most of them; but one at least of the

more experienced detectives *smuggles* himself on board unobserved, and at once mingles among the passengers. He observes the actions of each, and picks out, with educated eyes, every smuggler on board; the old ones he knows; the amateurs betray themselves by manner if not by word. In the mean time the chief of the inspectors has examined the passenger-list, and is prepared to begin an examination of the baggage. On reaching the dock communication with the shore is prohibited; the passengers become prisoners, and baggage for once takes precedence of owner. When all the baggage is on the wharf the examination begins. Owners are called upon to point out their trunks, the keys are demanded, and the contents examined. When the passenger is suspected by the special detective, who conveys his suspicions to the inspectors by signs, or by the inspector himself in consequence of nervous manner and uneasy movements, the trunks are searched a second time more thoroughly, or perhaps the person of the passenger is also examined or "gone through." Where nothing contraband is found the trunks are passed through the gates of the dock and the passenger is at liberty. If contraband goods are found, but the manner of the owner leads the inspector to think he is ignorant of the fact, he is allowed to pay the duty and carry off the goods. But those dutiable goods found in suspicious quantities or places in the trunk or on the persons of individuals go to enrich the Government. Professional smugglers have been frequently captured in this port with fifty or more gold watches on each of their persons, with diamonds secreted in their boot-heels, and lace sewed in lap-rugs, soiled linen, and under-skirts. The present system of special inspectors has been only lately introduced, but its signal success will probably lead to its extension. The \$1,268,140 40 of extra seizures made in this way in 1867 cost the Government an extra expense of only \$116,582, showing a net profit for that year of over a million of dollars to the Government.

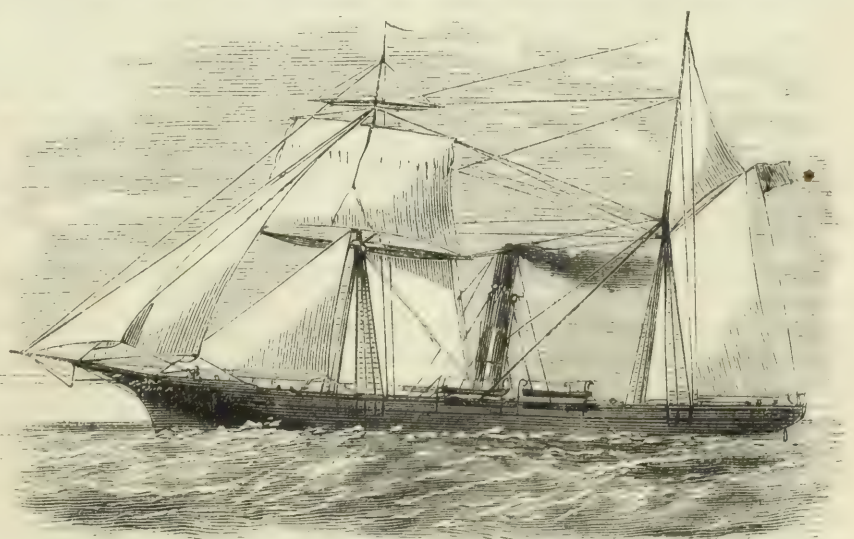
The most effective part of the system for preventing coast smuggling belongs to the land service. By an old law of 1799 he who gives information upon which seizures and forfeitures are made is entitled to one-fourth of the forfeiture. It is this hope of gain which has induced farmers, fishermen, and wreckers to give information to the officers of customs of smuggling operations near their habitations. They give such information invariably under

an assurance that their names are not to be made known; otherwise their property, if not their lives, would be in danger. In 1867 Congress in part repealed this law by withdrawing the pecuniary inducement. The effect is not yet visible, but it is not difficult to conceive what it will be. Legislation on this branch of the coast service has not been much wiser or more liberal than in the other not less important departments.

We might take a wise lesson in this matter from England. An organization on our coast similar to that known as the Coast-Guard of England would largely add to the efficiency of the light-house, life-boat, salvage, and customs services of the country.

The English coast-guard was first organized during the time of Napoleon I., and was originally intended to defend the coasts from sudden descents of the enemy, and to give warning of the approach of his fleets. The whole coast of England was patrolled day and night, and a semaphoric telegraph, or series of signal stations, encircled the "tight little island," rendering communication easy and rapid. When Napoleon died the English did not disband their coast-guard, but employed it in another direction, and attempted with it to baffle the schemes of the smugglers. At that time smuggling was very remunerative and extensive. The annual sum lost to the British Government by the importation of contraband goods from France alone was estimated at \$4,000,000 in gold. In 1822 fifty-two vessels as blockaders, 1500 men of the navy, and the whole coast-guard were engaged in suppressing smugglers. But in the end it was found that the expense of this preventive force was larger than the amount saved to the customs. The free traders came into power, and successive reductions in the duties put an end to smuggling in a cheap, legitimate way. But still the English did not disband the coast-guard; it was employed in still another direction, and was ordered to do battle with the tempests!

The coast-guard is now, and has been since



REVENUE CUTTER ON PATROL.

1857, when it became a part of the Admiralty and ceased to be a branch of the customs service, the marine police of England. It forms both a fleet and an army. The fleet consists of 38 watch-vessels, 12 guard-ships, and 48 cruisers. The force of the army I do not know precisely, but it is near 4000 strong. The coast is divided into districts, each commanded by a captain of the royal navy, with the usual sub-officers as staff. Each district is divided into stations, at each of which a certain proportion—from 10 to 15 men—of the force is lodged. The stations consist of groups of five or six cottages, surrounded by a wall and fronting the sea, and a watch-tower furnished with telescopes, etc. The wives and families of the guardsmen live with them in their cottages free of rent. The pay I do not know, but believe it is about the same as that of a man-of-war-man, which the guardsman must have been for seven years, and in which he must have distinguished himself, before he can get into the coast service. They are not admitted after the age of 35 years, nor retained after 65, but pensioned (\$100 per annum) after twenty years' service. It is the riches cast up by the sea which is the chief reward of the guardsman in active service. In cases of wreck, after all life is saved, the guardsman is permitted to do duty on his own account as a wrecker, and not a little of the aggregate salvage awards of England are made to the coast-guards.

Their duties are simple, but often dangerous. The navy cruises along the coast, keeping a look-out for ships in distress, and a sharp eye on suspicious vessels. The force on shore has little to do by day but to walk the beat or district, watch through their telescopes the sea and the clouds for ships and storms, and to communicate with the next post. At night the coast-guardsmen on their beat watch the light-houses and report their condition—thus proving constant spies on the keepers, and securing, by this surveillance, the faithful execution of their most important duties. They observe and report the movements of all suspicious craft, and by means of the electric telegraph, which now surrounds Great Britain, pass their information from station to station. They watch the barometers, and all the other natural and scientific storm indicators, and telegraph every meteorological change to Greenwich Observatory and the Admiralty House. They man in an emergency the life-boats which are attached to the stations, and often are among the first to volunteer service in the boats of the Royal National Life-boat Institution.

The latter organization, one of the most purely philanthropic associations which has ever existed, may really be considered a part of the coast-guard service. The coast-guard district commander is a member of the district committee of the Institution. Some of the coast-guards volunteer under the coxswain-superintendents in charge of the boats of the Institution in nearly every emergency. Of the 724 gold and

silver medals of honor issued by the Institution since 1824 to humane and intrepid persons who have risked their lives in saving others, 207 were given to coast-guardsmen. More coast-guardsmen wear the Albert medal, given by the Queen in person, than men of any other profession, trade, or service. But, though a distinct organization, the Life-boat Institution is now considered a part of the coast-police of England, and as such its operations are well worthy of our attention and emulation.

Its published history does not say so, but it is not improbable that the first idea of the Life-boat Institution was given by Anna Gurney, the "crippled lady of Norfolk," in whose honor Joanna Baillie wrote her "Night Scene by the Sea," and in which Miss Gurney,

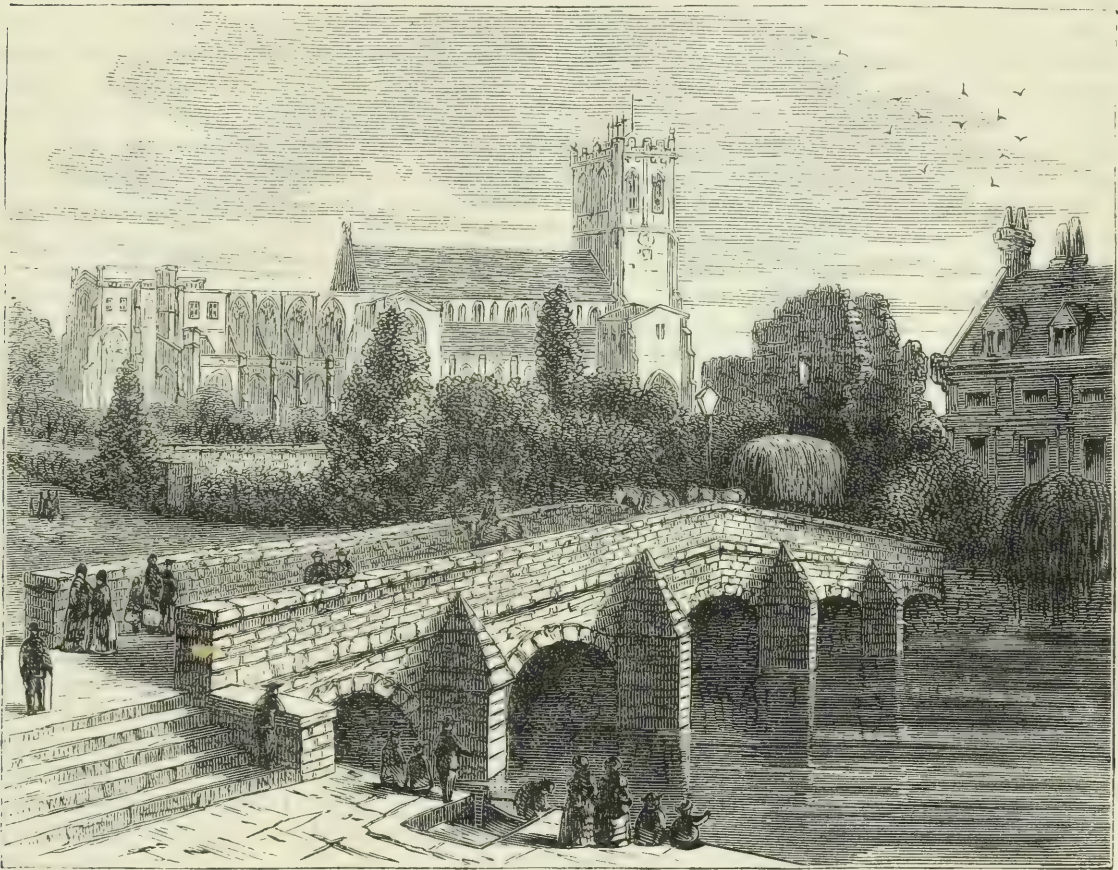
"One with limbs nerve-bound,
Whose feet had never touched the ground,"

is described as foremost in affording aid to shipwrecked seamen. Miss Gurney was the first person in England to maintain at private expense a life-boat, and she was accustomed to being wheeled in her chair to the beach during the wildest storms to superintend the operations of the boatmen. Her name does not appear among the list of donors of boats to the present Institution; but it is known that Miss Gurney left, at her death, all her means to establish life-boats on the coast of Norfolk. This example has been largely followed in England since; and the establishment of a life-boat on a dangerous coast is now looked upon by Englishmen as a most practical method of giving thanks to God for some mercy received. Since the organization of the Royal National Life-boat Institution in 1824 donations of this character have gone to swell its fleet until it numbered, in April, 1868, one hundred and sixty-eight boats. (The whole number of life-boats in England, including those of the coast-guard, harbors, and corporations, was 207.) A person giving a life-boat to the Institution has the privilege of naming her and designating the coast on which she shall serve. I find numerous donations of boats attributed, in the report of the Institution for 1868, to persons who had been rescued from shipwreck, or in the name of those lost at sea, and as "thank-offerings."

The Institution has now been in active operation since 1824. In that year the boats of the Institution, aside from those of the coast-guard, saved 124 lives. The number annually saved since has increased regularly with the increase of boats. In 1867 the number of lives saved was 1086; the total for 44 years was 16,987. In addition to the lives saved in 1867 thirty-five vessels were saved from destruction, and assistance was rendered to 19 others. Among other vessels saved from being wrecked by the life-boatmen was the *A. L. Routh*, of New York, with a crew of 16 souls. The lives of 20 other American seamen were saved from the wrecks of the *Nor' Wester*, of Boston; *Thornton*, of New York; and *Ant*, of Boston.

SOUTH-COAST SAUNTERINGS IN ENGLAND.

[Saunter XXX.]



CHRISTCHURCH.

AS I turned aside from the main line of the Southwestern Railway in Hampshire I found myself in a singularly barren and lonely region of broad, flat heaths, covered with ferns burned brown by the fierce heat of the last summer, which stretch down almost to the snow-white cliffs of the coast. And yet I felt myself only the last of a long procession of pilgrims who have in ages far past, and the age present, found something to draw them through these unattractive fields; for there, rising into the blue and gold of a pure Indian Summer day, stood the gray tower of Christchurch. And now, drawing nearer, the desolation is left behind, and green meadows and oak copses mark where the Avon flows. Beautiful river, what stories you have for those who can understand your murmurings! What an instinct you have for wandering into sacred spots! I have a fancy that the Avon becomes calmer and more silvery, and its lilies more profuse, as it passes the homes of Sidney and Herbert, or reflects now the peerless spire of Salisbury, and now the old Norman church there with its shrine of Shelley. (And yet there is a still more sacred Avon—a Celtic word, by-the-way, for water, related to the *Ahava* of the Bible.) The river preserves its aristocratic character down to its mouth, and though it never refused old Izaak

Walton* or his followers a good day's sport, it doesn't like to turn mill-wheels, and, even after it has been wedded to the Stour at Christchurch, it passes gently to the harbor through a mouth that will admit no ships of any tonnage. Nor is this marriage complete, the Stour for some distance keeping its darker waters aside from the blonde Avon. In Christchurch Bay, where the united rivers speedily make their lovers'-leap, occurs the phenomenon of the double high tide. There, too, stretches out Hengistbury Head, a bold promontory, whose name indicates those who first set foot upon it. Whether Hengist himself ever landed there or not, the place is scarred all over with the marks of Saxon, Danish, and Roman occupation. "The harbor," says an old chronicler, "was well adapted to their [Saxons'] small vessels, and their process on arrival was doubtless to draw up their vessels on the south side of the harbor; and leaving a garrison behind them

* I found in a book of this region (1798) an atrocious epitaph on Walton, who was buried in the neighboring cathedral of Winchester. Here are specimen lines:
 "Shall none thy virtues *hook* into a rhyme?....
 A *rod* himself who grants no *line* to thee....
 Skilled from the highest to the lowest *scale*....
 He who caught every thing last caught his death....
 As worms have food for him so often gained,
 Now food for worms himself is here detained," etc.

with their shipping, to issue out to battle and devastation; a thing so pleasing to them that they expected no other heaven after death than the pleasure of cutting one another to pieces every morning before they went to dinner in the Hall of Odin." On the northern side of Christchurch is seen Catherine's Hill, where stood a chapel sacred to St. Catherine. There, as the creed of the neighborhood ran in old Catholic times, the ghosts of the pagans who were buried in the tumuli of Hengistbury Head were wont to throng, seeking to be shriven. Legend also states that it was proposed to build Christchurch on that hill, but that the stones were supernaturally borne by night to the spot where the cathedral now stands.

And a grand old church it is! He who omits seeing it misses the finest relic of old Norman ornamentation to be found in these islands. The particular ornamentation to which I refer is on the outside wall of the eastern end of the oldest part, and consists of a basis of tile-carvings surmounted by a curving wall traced with large lattice-work in stone. Here in this great work were those reminiscences of the tiles and lattices of the cottages by which the Church in ancient times presented itself to the peasants as their larger home. They bear us back to the days when the poor, unable to have a private oratory and shrine in each of their cottages (as the rich had in their castles), combined to have a large religious home for all, as they combined to have a common carriage. But the fact has been so long past that the poor can not even trace it, and the poor sexton informed me that the tiles were "in general thought to be fish-scales!" The roof of the cottage still rises into the cathedral spire, bearing the old dormer-windows as its ornament; but instead of being, as it was originally meant to be, a landmark to guide the cottagers and pilgrims for miles round to its door, it is too generally the sign of a place to be avoided. Having represented for century after century the growth of the popular faith, they are now only the monuments of the past, oftener visited by the antiquarian than by the peasant.

Dr. Alford, the Dean of Canterbury, has recently declared that the whole cathedral system of England is falling between two incompatible theories: the first, that they are to be great centres of life to the diocese; the second, that they are to be places of dignified repose for men who have deserved well of the Church. The latter has been for generations the theory acted upon. Their vast revenues are now generally devoted to maintaining the luxury and comfort of a perhaps worthy, but probably moribund, ecclesiastic, who is prevented by age from doing any thing, and so lies in state, as it were, and dies by degrees before the mouldering altar; while all around is a needy clergy who can only give their left hand to parish work, the right being absorbed in the work of keeping the wolf from the parsonage door. Pitiably indeed are many of the poor country clergy of England.

Under the cathedral walls they and their families are often in want; nay, they starve intellectually too, in sight of the often unused library and leisure of their bishop's palace, and are the easy prey of Ritualism or any other superstition. The cathedral is thus a centre of isolation and jealousy; so that Dean Alford "must with pain confess that eleven years' experience has not removed, but has rather strengthened, the impression of former days, that the present influence, as a whole, of a great cathedral in a town is rather for evil than for good." The recent appointment of a young and eloquent Irish clergyman—Dr. Magee—to be Bishop of Peterborough, made people stare; it really looked as if hereafter such appointments were to be made upon the extraordinary principle of putting efficient men in places requiring work. One thing is certain: in this day, when the English people are entering into the political and intellectual heritages so long withheld from them, any institution that can not undergo the general transformation and adapt itself to the new age, will have at its doors a sterner spirit than that of Cromwell when he melted and coined the silver images of the apostles, so that they might leave an idle altar to "go about, like their Master, doing good."

King Athelstane, as some authorities say, built the foundation of Christchurch as a house for secular Augustinian canons; it was rebuilt by Bishop Flambard, and converted into a regular priory (A.D. 1150) by Baldwin de Revers. The last prior was John Draper—"a very honest, comfortable person," we are assured, who was very easy in yielding his privileges to Henry VIII. for a good pension. His grave is marked by a chantry and stone screen. Formerly there was shown a naked oaken beam in the ceiling about which the commonplace legend was told that the workmen had found it too short, and it had been miraculously lengthened; but when the present ceiling was put up, some years ago, the rector decided that this beam should be taken from the eye of the superstitious. The Mortuary Chapel was erected by Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, mother of Reginald Pole, who, at the age of seventy, was beheaded in the Tower of London. Mr. Froude has cast doubt on the tradition that she refused to lay her head upon the block because "only traitors should do so," and bade the executioner "get it off as he could." The Viscountess Fitzharris, who died young (in 1815), and is interred in Salisbury Cathedral, is commemorated here by one of Flaxman's most beautiful sculptures, representing a mother instructing her children. John Barnes has a monument carved by Chantrey. There is a very interesting old altar-tomb representing, side by side, Sir John Chydieoke—slain in the wars of the roses—and his wife. It was long believed that the scrapings of his tomb would heal divers maladies, and so the effigies of himself and lady are now in a sad plight. In the grave-yard there is an epitaph which is an enigma that has never been solved:

"We were not slayne, but rays'd;
 Rays'd not to life,
 But to be buried twice,
 By men of strife.
 What rest could th' living have,
 When dead had none?
 Agree amongst you:
 Here we two are one."

But I found the following, on an adjacent stone, more interesting:

"At the ester-end of this free stone,
 here doth ly the letle
 bone of Water Spurrer
 that fine boy, that was his
 friends only joy. He was
 dround at Milham's Bridg
 the 20th of August 1691."

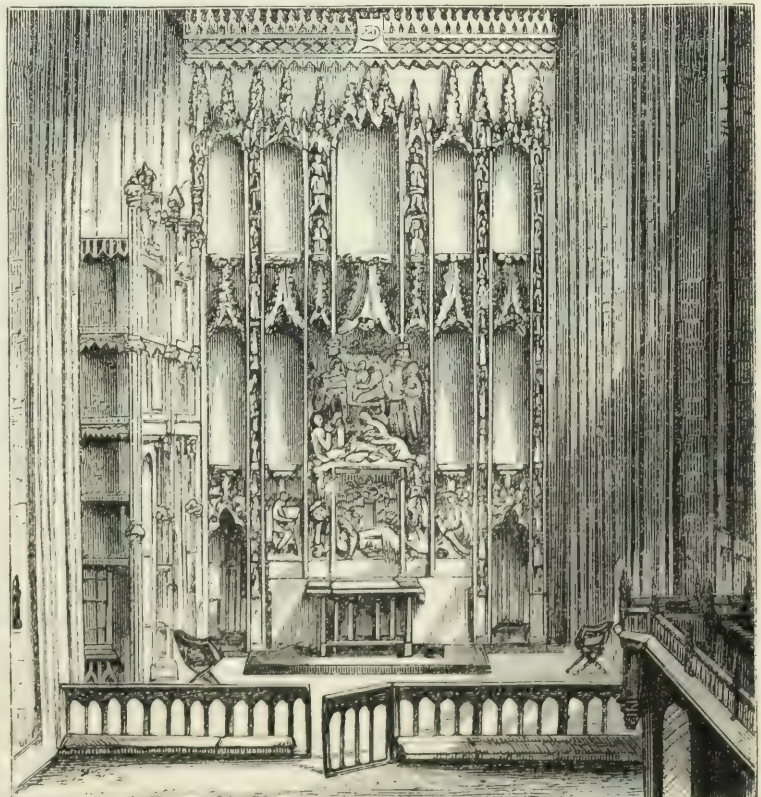
Christchurch is the only building in England in which I have been able to find any of those grotesque carvings and caricatures of which, unhappily, priestly indignation has left so few any where. Even those that remain on Strasbourg Cathedral are hardly more interesting than the carvings on wood in this choir. Each seat of those prepared for the chanting priests, when turned down on its hinge, reveals some figure, intended—in each case, as I think—to represent some one in torment. All their faces expressed pain; many of them seemed crushed under some unrecognizable burden; one is having his leg gnawed by a dog—the leg being abnormally lengthened for the purpose, in analogy with the well-known Dantesque conception; and among them was a crowned and sceptred king, receiving condign and doubtless merited punishment for his sins. That each priest in the old choir should have the figure of a lost soul and body beneath him must in those days have been salutary. But the carvings I have described are by no means so peculiar as others carved in bold relief on the backs and arms of the same seats. Here a fox, got up in the complete style of "the priest of the period," preaches to a flock of geese; and there, where a devout farmer prays kneeling and with closed eyes, a dog behind his back solemnly laps up his soup. The people and animals in all these carvings represent an ingenuity of ugliness which I had thought impossible; but among them all I saw no figure representing a devil or demon, a fact which seems to confirm Max Müller's assertion that the devil is, in all his human aspects, a comparatively modern and Teutonic form. There are, however, a number of dragons and predatory birds.

One of the finest things in the cathedral is a high and wide reredos representing the tree springing from Jesse's root. Jesse is represented

fast asleep beneath, with the tree's trunk growing out of him; the branches spread above very gracefully, supporting a large central niche, and many smaller ones on each side. The figures have fallen from many of the smaller niches, but the central one is very well preserved. It represents the Adoration of the Magi; the Virgin reclines and holds in an upright position the infant Jesus, before whom a king is bowing almost to prostration on the ground.

It is manifest that the Church had in that day already perceived the necessity of teaching kings a proper submission, and impressing on them their liability to share the fate of a very miscellaneous assembly in the next world. The satirical carvings to which I have alluded above probably suggested a queer but admirable work which is owned by Lady Stuart de Rosyth, and kept at her fine old mansion called High Cliff, in this neighborhood. It was the work of Mr. Hunt, a Christchurch taxidermist, who was assisted, it is said, by the suggestions of the Hon. Grantley Berkeley. It represents a criminal trial, in which all the figures are stuffed animals. Two owls are the magistrates; a weasel their clerk. Two bantam constables hold between them a culprit rat, who has killed a chicken, produced in court by a clamorous mother. The wife of the prisoner is near, with a baby in her arms. Rats, a hedgehog, and other animals, stand behind the bar. The expressions and attitudes of these animals are so oddly human that Mr. Darwin might well reproduce it as a frontispiece in his book to show us our zoological ancestry.

But it was not for any of these things that I came hither. It was to see the monument of



REREDOS, CHRISTCHURCH.



SHELLEY'S MONUMENT.

Shelley. It was made by Weekes, and placed here in 1854 by Sir Percy Shelley, who resides near. It is a fine work of art, representing Mary Shelley supporting on her lap the lifeless body of her husband just after it has been washed ashore. The prow of a boat near by suggests the dreary story which none can forget. The figures are of the size of life. On the base of the monument is the following passage from Shelley's *Adonais*:

"He has outsoared the shadow of our Night;
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn."

Though, as I have said, it is a fine work of art, it did not altogether please me. Mrs. Shelley is represented in an ancient Roman garb, which is too unreal; and her face is too round, plump, and placid to accord with that fearful day, when the torture sprung its force like a mighty engine upon her. "I can never forget," said Lord Byron, "the night when she rushed into my room at Pisa, with a face pale as marble, and terror impressed on her brow, demanding, with all the impetuosity of grief and alarm, where was her husband? Vain were all our efforts to calm her; a desperate sort of courage seemed to give her energy to confront the horrible truth that awaited her; it was the courage of despair. I have seen nothing in tragedy on the stage so powerful or so affecting as her appearance, and it often presents itself to my memory." The poet's face, however,

shines through the pale marble, and his half-naked figure is full of that sweet repose which he for the first time found in death.

How strange that Shelley's monument should stand as the most notable object of an ancient Christian cathedral! Nay, the wife and her dead husband might well, at first glance, be taken for a *pieta* representing the Virgin supporting the Saviour's body! He who said "he had rather be damned with Plato and Lord Bacon than saved with Paley and Malthus," is here chief among a long line of those whose only memorials were that they lived and died to serve the Christian Church. Even as I gazed on the pathetic stone, with the tragical story rushing upon my mind with a distinctness before unknown, I could not help asking what that marble form would do and say were it to throb with the life and consciousness of Shelley,

and discover itself among these Christian tombs and altars? If such an event should occur on some silent evening, might not the Rector, Curate, Wardens, and Sexton find some morning queerer caricatures in the choir than those already there? A spiritualist might suspect Shelley's phantom of having been already at work there; and indeed one may be sure that the surpliced fox preaching to geese was the invention of the Shelley principle in Nature. Yet no: vehement as was his reaction against the popular faith, the devoutest of poets has, one would fain believe, found ere this the subtle thread which connects his spirit with that which in love and aspiration raised these consecrated walls.

"The poet," says Schiller, "is the son of his time." The poets who rose on the horizon of England in the earlier part of this century were not the morning stars and rosy streaks of the new era, but the fiery shapes about an era whose day was setting in blood. Byron, Keats, Leigh Hunt, Coleridge, Shelley—I name the chiefs—they were all the ominous progeny of the French Revolution. From the teeth of that dragon, scattered far and wide, sprang up these armed men. Of them two will forever stand out as typical of the dread period amidst which they were born—Byron and Shelley. Strange destiny that through life brought these two men together, and kept them side by side—Byron, dashing through the world like some wild, demon-ridden horse, flashing fire from eye and nostril; Shelley, an Ariel, darting along the blue empyrean, yet burdening every wind with his moaning for some realm beyond the power of the Prospero whose wand still binds him to earthly offices.

Who can wonder that Mary Shelley, with these two men before her, imagined that wild story of the animal and human worlds incarnated in the fatal Being of *Frankenstein*!* Mazzini, in one of his admirable essays, speaks of Byron as being in the literary what Napoleon was in the political world, the summing up and final flower of the age of Egoism, about to be superseded by an age of Humanity and of public souls. The picture of Napoleon in "*Childe Harold*"—and no more impressive portrait was ever painted in words—might have suggested the relationship between the two to a less acute critic; but the fine generalization concerning the relation of both to human progress is one that could hardly have come from any other than the man who has himself above all Europeans been faithful to the spirit of the new age, raising the cause of Italy to be the cause also of humanity. We can hardly realize, in these days when skepticism and negation have organized themselves into systems and churches—Secularism, Positivism, etc.—into what a mad whirl of chaos those minds which witnessed the first crumbling of the old order after the American and French revolutions were hurled by pitiless Fate. But he will best comprehend it who studies best the mind in which it was all reflected—Byron. Shelley, however, was not, like Byron, engulfed in this wild flood. He sat above, ever gazing upon it; his wings were weighted with its spray, his eye was dimmed with its vapor. Or perhaps we shall get a clearer sight of that spirit hovering over his age, whom men called Shelley, by borrowing the eye of Byron himself; for he might well have thought of the man he worshiped, the only human being whom he ever envied, when, sitting by the flashing waters of Terni, he compared the perpetual rainbow spanning them to love watching madness.

"But on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering moon,
An Iris sits amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and unworn
Its steady dyes, when all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all its beams unshorn,
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching madness, with unalterable mien."

So to the melancholy children of Unrest in that day did Shelley seem a promise and proph-

* I can not forbear quoting here Trelawney's account of his look at Byron's dead body at Missolonghi (1824):

"No one was in the house but Fletcher, who withdrew the black shroud and the white shroud, and there lay the embalmed body of the Pilgrim—more beautiful even in death than in life. The contraction of the skin and muscles had effaced every line traced by time or passion; few marble busts could have matched its stainless white, the harmony of its proportions, and its perfect finish. Yet he had been dissatisfied with that body, and longed to cast its slough. How often have I heard him curse it! I asked Fletcher to bring me a glass of water; and on his leaving the room, to confirm or remove my doubts as to the cause of his lameness, I uncovered the Pilgrim's feet, and was answered—both his feet were clubbed, and the legs withered to the knee: the form and face of an Apollo, with the feet and legs of a silvan satyr."

ecy of the subsiding flood and fairer world. But, alas, what is the rainbow to itself? A thing woven of light broken and scattered through ever-falling tears.

The life of Shelley has never been written. When, after the death of her husband, Mrs. Shelley returned from Italy to England, she desired, first of all, to write his biography as she only could have written it. But she found herself and her only child, a son, completely in the power of Sir Timothy Shelley, the brother of the poet's father, who had inherited the estates and title of the baronetcy. This baronet had also inherited all the moroseness and narrowness of his elder brother, and he forbade Mrs. Shelley not only the writing of her husband's memoir, but even any book at all, threatening, if she did so, to "stop the supplies." These supplies consisted of an annual loan—not a gift—which he supplied to Mrs. Shelley on the faith of her expected reversion; and all these loans were repaid, Sir Timothy having unhesitatingly received them. It was a hard struggle with the poor widow between her duty to the memory of Shelley and that toward her son, whose welfare and education imperatively demanded the annual loan; and the result is, we have to thank the crabbed old baronet not only for our want of a real biography, but also for the silence of the authoress of "*Frankenstein*" at the period of the ripeness of her genius. After Sir Timothy's death the present Sir Percy Shelley, the poet's son, and his wife, fixed upon Mr. Thomas Jefferson Hogg as the most proper person to write the poet's life, and the selection was certainly a good one.

Hogg was the most intimate friend and companion of the poet during his collegiate life, and at the time of the ill-starred marriage with Harriet Westbrook. About the year 1810 these two youths, of nearly the same age—the poet was born at Field Place, Sussex, August 4, 1792—found themselves as Freshmen at Oxford, side by side at the dinner-table. Shelley was the son of a baronet and member of Parliament; Hogg was the son of a Tory squire in the north of England. They began their acquaintance with a vehement dispute concerning the relative merits of the German and Italian literatures, Shelley supporting the former, Hogg the latter, which ended with a mutual confession that neither of them knew the languages in question, or were acquainted with their literatures, other than through the then inconsiderable translations of them in English. They became fast friends; Hogg having, however, to overcome his repugnance to Shelley's single blemish, a shrill voice of "cruel intension." Shelley enjoyed Hogg's fine humor, which was an offset to his own melancholy disposition. One anecdote will give an idea of Hogg's quality. One day, walking near Covent Garden, an Irish laborer fancied Hogg had pushed him, and turned upon the young Oxonian, who was alone, with such angry abuse as brought a number of by-standers to witness what promised to

be a row. Hogg turned upon the Irishman and said, with calm severity: "I have put my hand into the hamper; I have looked upon the sacred barley; I have eaten out of the drum! I have drank and was well pleased; I have said *κὸνξ ὀμπαξ*, and it is finished!" The Irishman, thoroughly mystified and appeased, said, "Have you, Sir?" A woman in the crowd said, "Now, Pat, what have you been drinking?" Others called out, "What is it Paddy has had?" while Hogg turned solemnly away, leaving the bewildered Irishman to get out of his scrape as he best could, and to reflect how a bit of an old fragment of Orpheus still preserved its alleged power to soften the brute breast. Shelley, when he heard this, imitated it again and again, and for a long time, when he had ended a lesson, was wont to cry, "I have said *κὸνξ ὀμπαξ*, and it is finished!"

When the whole of the voluminous letters and papers connected with Shelley were placed in the hands of Hogg he went heartily to work, with the single aim of presenting to the world the poet and the man as he was, and the result of such a course was not surprising. In the first two volumes, which covered about half of the poet's life, such a free use had been made of the materials, and so little caution observed toward the living, that a swarm of hornets soon came raging about Hogg's head. Impaled tutors and professors who had ground Shelley under their dullness, men who had snubbed him, connections who had given him cold-shoulders,

all were now furious when, under the penwand of the remorseless Hogg, the ghosts of their unkindnesses to one whom all were mourning returned to haunt them. Of course the arm of Hogg must be held from further mischief, and so Lady Shelley, who, more than Sir Percy, had controlled the matter, withdrew the papers, and so the real story about Shelley remains but half told. Lady Shelley then sent for Leigh Hunt—then an old man—and after consultation she entered upon her "Memorials," which is certainly a well-written and valuable work, but by no means tells the whole story we wish to know. Medwin's "Life of Shelley," Middleton's "Shelley and his Writings," are also valuable as contributions; and rich glimpses of the poet are obtained through Leigh Hunt's "Correspondence" and Trelawney's "Recollections of the last Days of Shelley and Byron." Fragments all: but was not Shelley's life itself a series of fragments, which Fate never permitted even to be pieced together into the grand mosaic which each suggested?

When I arrived at the present baronet's residence, Boscombe, a charming old mansion situated in a fine park, I was sorry to find that he and his lady—they have no child—were off dashing about the Solent in their yacht cyleped *Nokom* (a Norse word for water-spirit). So my letter of introduction availed me little. The house contains a monument like that in Christchurch, and a Shelley-boudoir arranged by the loving hands of Lady Shelley, containing a lock

of hair, autograph, and other relics of the poet, a likeness of the poet and of his mother. There is in the house a fanciful portrait of Shelley, representing him seated near a ruin, beneath a withered tree, with paper before him and a pen in his hand. Shelley never sat for any one but a daughter of the celebrated Curran, when she was at Rome in 1819. She never finished it, and the portrait known to the public is one made by Clint on the basis of this by Miss Curran, and a water-color sketch (now lost) made by Shelley's friend Williams, about 1822. The portrait by Miss Curran is given here as the one which will be new to most readers. The portraits of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley (the poet's wife) and William Godwin, her father—the former painted by Rothwell, the latter by Northcote—are both from the authentic portraits at Boscombe. The portrait of the present baronet shows him as a small man with fair complexion; red hair, short beard and whiskers



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

of the same color, and a good profile; on the whole a handsome man, with a sanguine but somewhat blasé look. He is not the least of a democrat among his neighbors. Lady Shelley is a handsome, brown-haired lady, whom I should imagine *piquante*. She is an enthusiast about Shelley; goes about with Sir Percy in his yachting and other expeditions; and has a reputation for intelligence and pluck. I have also heard her spoken of as an ardent believer in "Spiritualism." They are about to leave Boscombe for the neighborhood of Cowes, the present shore being a bad one for the approach and protection of the *Nokonn*. The baronet has a passion for acting in theatricals, his parts being those of comedy and farce. He has fitted up at Boscombe a charming little theatre.

It was after a walk of several miles through the bland Indian summer, listening to the reminiscences of a white-haired poet (to be mentioned hereafter), that I sat down alone—whether in the body or out of the body my reader must guess—in the charming little theatre in Boscombe House. On the curtain was a dreamy Italian picture, and at the top of it was a shield with three conchs.* As I gazed I felt as if some spell were being woven about me; a wave as of cool, electrical air pulsed along the spine and overflowed my brain, bringing a sensation of pleasant drowsiness. At this moment, to my utter amazement, the curtains before which I sat parted and were raised, and there passed, one dissolving into another, the strange tableaux I now describe:

The scene is an old-fashioned English home, two-storied, long, with portico opening on a wide lawn, inclosed by deep woods. In a natural bower in these woods lay sleeping a beautiful child, whose hair seemed made of sunshine. Over him a spirit hovered, holding three conchs, and said: "Receive into thy heart, fair child, there to remain invisible, yet potent among men, these conchs, once intrusted to a hero, long re-

* The poet's pedigree is traced back, historically, to Sir Richard Shelley, who relieved the island of Malta when it was besieged by the Turks in 1565; and, traditionally, to Sir Guyon de Shelley, a Paladin, who, as the legend runs, had three conchs, tipped respectively with brass, silver, and gold. When he blew the first of these all giants fled before him; the second dissolved all evil spells and enchantments; while the sound of the third softened all hearts toward him who blew it, and wherever it was heard annulled the law of Satan and exalted the law of God. The three conchs form at present the arms of some branch of the house of Shelley.



MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY.

served for one of his line worthy to bear them. With this shalt thou put to flight the giants Superstition, Fear, and Oppression; with this second thou shalt dissolve the evil spells by which they have chained Youth, Genius, and Faith; through this last thy voice shall pass to many generations, winning all hearts, softening prejudices, and exalting the law of God even over the cruel and loveless idols whom men worship as gods. But not in thy flesh shalt thou see this."

The scene is a room in the same old mansion. The same fair child is distinguishable under his brown locks. He personates an old, white-bearded alchemist, and his sisters around him are dressed as spirits and fiends who obey his potent spells.

The scene is a school.* The boy is there, but will not join in the sports of the other boys; he walks alone, reading or thinking. The boys meet him and cry, "There goes Mad Shelley!" They snatch his books away, tear his clothes, point fingers at him. When they are weary the boy goes on weeping: he already feels that the school is a microcosmos. The world will one day treat him thus. At last he reaches his room. It is filled with retorts, chemical liquids, and there is an electrical machine. He is feeling his way—as the world did before him—from Alchemy to Science.

* Sion House, Brentford.

The scene is a larger school.* The new boy comes, and refuses to fag; teachers and pupils conspire to persecute him. He is called "the Atheist." Still he pursues chemistry; though the professors declare that study forbidden, all the more fascinating is it to him. A professor enters where he is experimenting. "What are you doing here?" he asks. "I am raising the devil!" He is already haunted by Destiny, and writes a wild fragment on the Wandering Jew.

The scene is a shaded path. There walks a noble youth, not now alone; by his side—hand clasped in hand—walks a lovely girl.† They read together Bürger's "Leonora," and now and then pause to write on a story they are jointly composing.

The scene is an ancient university.‡ The youth is seen in earnest conversation with a chosen friend. He is beginning now to transmute the immense quantity of alchemical and astrological superstition on which he has fed into wild theories about possible transformations of humanity. Instead of iron to be turned to gold, water and common dust are to be, by the magic of science, turned into food to relieve millions from drudgery. He almost foresees the telegraph, and confidently predicts aerial navigation. He believes already what Faraday believed, that all things are made of one element. He reads Plato, and has perfect faith in the soul's pre-existence. By this path he arrives at an enthusiasm for human beings, particularly those of classes generally despised.§ He hates King George III., and startles the dons with some wild political satires, attributed to a mad washer-woman named Peg Nicholson, then in Bedlam for an attempt on the King's life with a carving-knife. He reads every thing except what the professors wish him to read;||

* Eton. The name "Atheist," given Shelley at Eton, did not refer to any opinion of his; it was the habit of the boys to give each other such names as "the Governor," "the Bishop," etc., and he who most daringly resisted the tyranny of "the gods," *i. e.*, the tutors, was called "the Atheist," in the old Greek sense of anti-theist. How Shelley rebelled against them the reader of the "Revolt of Islam," will not need to be told.

† Harriet Grove, Shelley's first love. Together they wrote "Zastrozzi." She was Shelley's counterpart.

—"Her eyes,
Her hair, her features, they said, were like to his,
But softened all and tempered into beauty."

‡ Oxford.

§ Meeting, one day, a poor woman with a baby, he took the child in his arms and said, "Can your baby tell us any thing about pre-existence?" The woman suggested that it could not speak. "That is impossible," returned Shelley; "it is only a few weeks old, and can not have forgotten every thing in so short a time!" Then, turning away from the amazed mother, he said, with a sigh, "How provokingly close are these new-born babies!" He made friends with all the gipsies around Oxford, and is once seen feeding one of the swarthy tribe with a wooden spoon. He is fascinated by the glittering black eyes of a six-year-old gipsy girl, picking snails, and exclaims: "How much intellect is here, in how humble a vessel, and what an unworthy occupation for a person who once knew perfectly the whole circle of sciences!"

|| "It is of the utmost importance to be acquainted with Aristotle," said a professor. "Must I care about Aristotle? What if I do not mind Aristotle?"

among other things reads Hume; after which he writes a page or two of heresy, and is expelled from college with insults.*

The scene is the spot in Oxford where Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer were burned for heresy. Their sepulchre is well garnished by a beautiful monument. Two young men, sent by the children of those who have so garnished it away from the fairest opportunity of their lives, look sadly from the top of the stage-coach as they pass to exile, and recognize their brothers in the three grave forms on the monument.

The scene is near a castle.† The banished youth has fled for solace to the young heart on which he has so often leaned. But that heart is now withdrawn from a public heretic. There are merry bells pealing for a marriage; when their sound reaches him it is the knell of his first love—buried alive!

The scene is the old English home once more, with the smiling lawn. Whither should the young exile turn but there? There is father, with ample wealth; there mother and four bright-eyed sisters; they will fold their hearts around this pensive, delicate student, and charm away his griefs. What! The door is shut in his face!‡

The scene is an old gray court of the Temple, where lawyers live, in London. It is four o'clock of the dismal morning. An outcast stands at one of the dingy doors; he knocks and cries, "Medwin, let me in. I am expelled" (here a loud hysterical laugh); "I am expelled for atheism!"

A humble, poorly furnished lodging in London. There sits at his studies a youth as loving and as reverent as any that ever from earth aspired to heaven, and who now in heart, mind, and body bears every scar which Superstition and Oppression can inflict. He is already become the banner of the revolutionists of every

* It was but a poor argument with which to meet skepticism, but Oxford had no better. Hogg denounced the expulsion of Shelley so warmly that he was expelled with him. The event took place on Lady-day, 1811, and was a heavy blow to two of the very youths for whom Oxford was founded. Their morals were irreproachable: no youth was ever expelled from Oxford for immorality.

† Castle Goring, where Harriet Grove was on a visit at the time of Shelley's expulsion. The poet always believed that the heaviest result of his expulsion, her speedy marriage to another, was alone due to her parents.

‡ It is not known what the mother thought of all this, though some liberal sentiment is quoted from her lips; but the baronet certainly behaved as cruelly as a gouty, ignorant, and disappointed old man (he had wished Bysshe to succeed him in Parliament, etc.) could. That learning could be any thing but a servant to power and ambition had never entered his head before; and after Bysshe's expulsion he took such a hatred to books that he refused to employ even a steward who could read and write. He was violently opposed to the education of the poor; and though respectability demanded that he should send his younger son to school, he took care to say, "You young rascal, don't you be like your brother. Take care you don't learn too much;" an admonition which, so far as the world is aware, the lad filially obeyed.

camp—religious, social, political—in London: here is the man on whom they have poured their fury! So Godwin, Leigh Hunt, Owen, and many another, have gathered about him. That buried love for one has sprung up to the flower of love for humanity. That path from the university of the days of Aquinas has led to the opening of a university of revolutionary foundation, with a Head Master not likely to dismiss any one for heresy. The silver-tipped conch is doing its work.

And now the scenes on the theatre at Boscombe House began to shift and dissolve rapidly; there were scenes of confusion, of terror, and sometimes I seemed to detect the red eyes of demons at work behind them: the youth is married; there is parting, suicide, derangement, recrimination; and again peace and joy, and long sweet notes from the golden conch. Then—oh, horror!

I awoke with a cry that roused a hundred sleeping echoes in Boscombe House, which sounded like throngs of demons. The curtain had fallen. I crept away from the place without being seen, but bore with me the memory of faces that are more beautiful as they are brought out into the clear daylight. Shelley, Mary Wollstonecraft, Godwin, Mary Shelley—facts are the best foot-lights for that group of the faithful and the maligned.

Milton has somewhere described a forbidden book as a spark of truth that flies up in the face of him who seeks to tread it. How much more is that the case with a forbidden and trampled genius! We can not complain now of the way that the conventional world treated Shelley: the university gave us a great poet, whom it would have made into a metaphysical book-worm; Miss Grove released a lover of mankind; and Sir Timothy, M.P., enabled us to get out of his proposed politician a champion for humanity. The blight of Byron's early passion for Mary Chaworth may, as some think, have led to the worst of his excesses; but Shelley's nobler love led to noblest results. He merged his private griefs in those of his race, and remembered his wrongs only as signs and proofs of the smooth hypocrisies and cruel conventionalisms of the world. We have to thank the dogged intolerance and happy stupidity of Conservatism that when the baronet's son and heir was still under its roof (who knows what spell the Oxonian witch might have laid on him!), the silly panic over a couple of pages representing the casual mood of a boy gave him up to the People forever. He is poor now in London, but must help his fellow-poor, even if, as it once was, for that he must pawn his solar microscope. He is now also proposing to Leigh Hunt a Society of Radicals; a proposition which soon afterward Leigh Hunt had two years to meditate on in prison. At that day, said Leigh Hunt, Shelley seemed like a spirit that had darted from its orb and found itself in another planet. He an atheist! Such reverence, wonder, worship never before or since fed

as with their oil a purer spirit; and he lived in the contemplation of the soul's eternity. "I never knew such an instinct of veneration," says Hogg. "He was," said Leigh Hunt, "pious toward Nature, toward his friends, toward the whole human race, toward the meanest insect of the forest." So he himself wrote:

"Earth, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood!
If our great mother have imbued my soul
With aught of natural piety to feel
Your love, and recompense the boon with mine;
If no bright bird, insect, or gentle beast
I consciously have injured, but still loved
And cherished these my kindred"—

even such was his habitual life. Robert Browning has described Shelley's poetry as a sublime fragmentary essay toward a presentment of the correspondency of the universe to Deity. His early unbelief was but the mist that obscured a radiant insight which steadily rose to "the worship of the spirit of good within," and attained the faith that "the destiny of man can scarcely be so degraded that he was born only to die."

Shelley's first marriage is the step upon which his admirers must always look with least satisfaction, while they feel that it was due to a noble trait in his character. Circumstances led, during the first lonely months in London, to an intimacy with the Westbrook family, and the severity of the father toward Harriet roused in him all the old Paladin, who, in this case, certainly behaved much like a Quixote. Harriet was beautiful, and she loved Shelley; he did not love her, but she became to him, when forced to remain at a school she hated, like some legendary, rock-bound virgin guarded by a dragon. Brave as Perseus, he rescued her—by an elopement. The result was miserable every way. They became heartily tired of one another. "A man," said the prim Southey to him, "ought to be able to live pleasantly with any woman;" but Shelley was not Southey—he had once loved ideally, and now, though the unhappy pair wandered from spot to spot through the brightest regions of England and Ireland, nowhere could they find a home. After some dreary years they parted by mutual consent. While they were together Shelley treated her well. She went to her parents to live; they had means enough, but knew so little how to treat a woman in her position that she fell into a morbid state of mind. In her early school-days she had a mania about suicide, and declared she should one day destroy herself. These girlish declarations were remembered when one day—about three years after the separation—she drowned herself. The shock to the poet was so great as to produce temporary derangement. To his own heart, however, the tragedy brought no reproach; nor did it affect the judgment toward him of any who were acquainted with the circumstances. He sank, however, into sadness and ill health. The following lines remain in his works as poor Harriet's epitaph:

"That time is dead forever, child!
Drowned, frozen over, dead forever;—
We look on the past,
And stare aghast
At the spectres wailing pale and ghast
Of hopes that thou and I beguiled
To death on Life's dark river."

After this tragedy Shelley went to Bath to bring home his two children; but Mr. Westbrook induced the Court of Chancery to take them from him on the ground of his (Shelley's) "infidelity," and placed them with a clergyman to bring up. The poet's agony was unspeakable. Mrs. Shelley found among his papers these lines:

"They have taken thy brother and sister dear,
They have made them unfit for thee;
They have withered the smile and dried the tear
That should have been sacred to me.
And they will curse my name and thee,
Because we fearless are and free."

It was a strange, even romantic destiny which now intertwined the story of Shelley with that of the Godwins. About thirty years ago the most eloquent London preacher of that day, W. J. Fox, afterward member of Parliament for Oldham, said, in an address to the working class: "In that old St. Pancras, with its ancient burial-ground, at a remote corner, those who are disposed for such a pilgrimage may find a spot, an unobtrusive, unostentatious tomb, built some forty years ago by William Godwin for Mary Wollstonecraft, and where some few years ago they who had been united in life became blended in the grave. When people can rightly estimate their benefactors; when nobility is judged by intellect and spirit, and not by title and station; when woman's wrongs are righted, and man's rights are recognized; when achieved freedom throws its light and lustre back on those who toiled through the transition time, and were as stars that rose and set again before the coming day; then will crowds frequent that now solitary corner; laurels will be planted around that humble monument, and sculptured marble will tell what public gratitude awards to those who lived and wrote and spent the best energies of their lives in preparing the way for man's redemption from social and political bondage." In the year 1851 the widening of a street, or something of that kind, in St. Pancras disturbed many graves, and the present Lady Shelley removed the bodies of William and Mary Godwin to a church-yard in Bournemouth, near Christchurch, where they rest with their daughter, Mary Shelley. I visited their common grave in company with Henry Taylor (author of "Philip Van Artevelde"). The "sculptured marble" which fulfills Mr. Fox's prophecy is a simple, flat slab; but there are vistas of history opening from its brief records: "William Godwin, Author of 'Political Justice.' Born March 3, 1756. Died April 7, 1836." "Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, Author of 'A Vindication of the Rights of Woman.' Born April 27, 1759. Died Sep. 10, 1797." "Their remains were removed hither from the church-yard of St.

Pancras, London, A.D. 1851." "Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. Daughter of William and Mary Godwin, and widow of the late Percy Bysshe Shelley. Born Aug. 30, 1797. Died Feb. 21, 1851." The grave is fringed with ever-fresh roses, which seem to say,

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

Mary Wollstonecraft was born near London, in 1759. Her father was a tyrant, her mother his patient slave, her home a school in which she learned to hate the iron bond of marriage. Her father had squandered his property, but she had managed to obtain some education, and opened a day-school. This she left to accompany a female friend, who was in ill health, to Lisbon. Her friend having died, she returned alone to England; and on the way was the means of saving a French crew by the energy with which she forced the captain of the ship she was on to rescue them, at some risk. (I refer to the story from memory.) When she had arrived in England she wrote several small works, which brought her some money—all of which she devoted to the support of her father, and the support and education of her two brothers, two sisters, and the child of a deceased friend which she had adopted. About the time of the outbreak of the French Revolution she wrote a pamphlet in reply to Burke which excited attention; and her work on the "Rights of Woman" gained for her the friendship of some of the leading spirits of the time. She went to Paris in 1792 (the year Shelley was born), and was much admired by the leaders of the revolutionary party. There she met with the American merchant, Gilbert Imlay, whose democratic principles and personal magnetism won her. They were married in the new fashion, without intervention of magistrate or clergy. That was in England no marriage at all; so when it turned out that Imlay was a consummate scoundrel, and he deserted her with her new-born babe in her arms, the poor woman returned to her native country only to find every heart and every door shut against her. Beautiful, highly educated, gifted, she went wandering about those lonely fields around London, until at length her path led into the dark water beneath Putney Bridge, which had so often opened softly for those who found all else closed. She was rescued, however, from her intended suicide, and for the first time found bending over her despair the honest face of William Godwin.

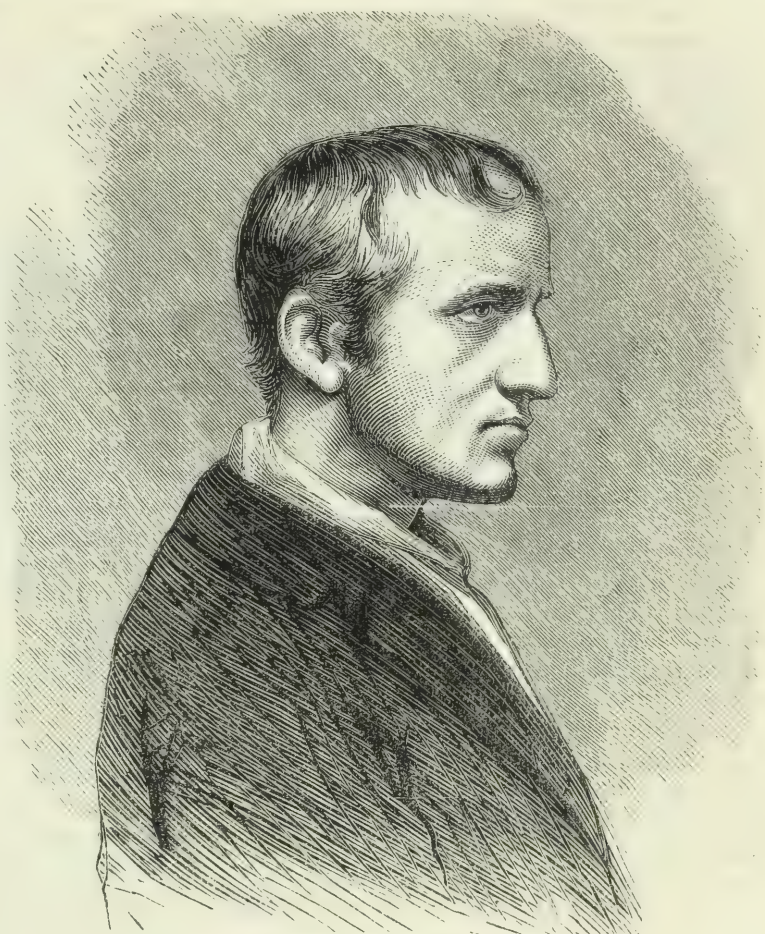
Godwin was in those days held in esteem as a political writer only second to Bentham. "He was," said Carlyle to me lately, "one of the marked men every where—grave, strong, and with some imagination too, as 'Caleb Williams' proves. He was, too, a fine-looking man, with a fair high forehead." Society saw in Mary the head and front of all the revolutionary morality of that age: Godwin saw in her a tender, loyal, and accomplished woman. They

were married ; and after a year of perfect sunshine she died in giving birth to the daughter who became the poet's wife. "This light," wrote Godwin of his wife, "was lent me for a very little while, and it is now extinguished forever. The strength of Mary's mind lay in her intuition. In a robust and unwavering judgment of this sort there is a kind of witchcraft. When it decides justly it produces a responsive vibration in every ingenuous mind. In this sense my oscillation and skepticism were often fixed by her boldness." "Never did there exist a woman who might with less fear expose her actions, and call upon the universe to judge them."

The daughter so sadly ushered into the world inherited some of the finest traits of both parents. She was beautiful, witty, and of a fine poetical nature, which Godwin trained admirably. When Shelley was free from the millstone which his first marriage had hung about his neck, there was but one woman in all his circle fitted in every way to be his wife, and with her he was ere long seeking some quiet retreat under sunnier skies, where the venom-tipped shafts of hate and slander could reach neither him nor his wife. Here, surrounded by Byron, Trelawney, and other gifted spirits, he seemed to enter, youth as he yet was in years, upon the golden afternoon of life. With ample means, with a faithful heart to lean upon, with little voices again calling him father, with inner clouds also clearing away, his life seemed bourgeoning out of the thorny stem to its flower.

Then came the tragedy. When the soft, gentle Italian atmosphere seemed to typify the life he was living, Shelley went out with his friend on a yachting excursion. But the storm arose, and ere it passed the sea had quenched as pure a spirit as any pearl hid in its clear depths.

Why rehearse again the terrible details—the agony of the heart-broken widow, the wild dismay of friends, the shudder that ran through England, as one by one the dread stories of the disaster came in? At last his body was found in the yellow sand; upon it a copy of Keats's poems, and of Sophocles. The quarantine authorities would not permit the body to be buried at Rome, so on the shore where it was found it was burned—with it the volume of Keats—his friends Leigh Hunt, Byron, and Trelawney pouring upon the flames oil, frankincense, and wine; a sacred sacrifice to Fate it was to them! And so the ashes of Shelley went to rest under



WILLIAM GODWIN.

the cypresses at Rome, until, as Florence recalled the dust of Dante, whom when alive she had exiled, England shall learn how great a son she lost that day, and shall bear them to receive their monument beside that now rising in honor of his most faithful comrade Leigh Hunt. Ever fringed with flowers, brought daily by loving pilgrims, is that grave at Rome, upon which the lines from Shelley's favorite play—"The Tempest"—are engraved:

"Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange."

How long he lived! And yet he was but twenty-nine when he died. And he seemed, after all his cares, even younger—a fair, blonde, slight creature, who (so a friend of mine was told by Leigh Hunt) was often suspected of being a girl in man's clothing as he passed through the Italian villages. "There goes another man whom the world will appreciate, now that he is dead:" so said Lord Byron (who, however, was himself afraid to defend Shelley in the presence of the high English society he affected to despise). But the appreciation of Shelley is even yet confined to a few. His reputation has undergone a remarkable vicissitude. While he lived and immediately after his death his friends were inclined to make a great deal of his poetry, and divert attention from the circumstances of his life. But later, as the real facts of his life and character have struggled into light, the man himself outshines

his finest writings. Great men, it has been said, serve us by what they do; greater men by what they are. Dante found in the *Inferno* some spirits who could see men and things clearly in the remote past, and had clear visions also of things and men in the ideal future; but near them, in the present, all seemed blurred and chaotic. It will for a long time be that the masses of men will be able to see greatness in the far past, or to see the shadows of the great in the future. Emerson said of Webster, "He knew the heroes of seventy-six, but could not recognize those of fifty-six when he met them on Boston streets." There is a reason for this. A statuette may be best seen by those nearest to it, but Mont Blanc demands many leagues of perspective; and the perspective which great men need to be rightly viewed by the common eye must be derived from time. But poets anticipate time. They take their stand far ahead, and see plainly the figures of the great moving in the light of to-day. I once had the privilege of entering the house of a poet who sometimes strays into the field of a neighboring art, and found him modeling a head of Shelley. I shall never forget the noble brow, the exquisite head-curve, which, rising above the soft features, preserved them from effeminacy, and involuntarily said, "That is Shelley as the world will one day see him!"

I thought also of these lines in one of Robert Browning's lyrics:

"Stand still, true poet that you are!
I know you; let me try and draw you.
Some night you'll fail us: when afar
You rise, remember one man saw you,
Knew you, and named a star!"

And of these, by the same hand:

"Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you?
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems, and new!

"But you were living before that,
And you are living after,
And the memory I started at—
My starting moves your laughter!

"I crossed a moor, with a name of its own
And a use in the world no doubt;
Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone
'Mid the blank miles round about;

"For there I picked up on the heather,
And there I put inside my breast,
A moulted feather, an eagle-feather—
Well, I forget the rest."

There are few things more striking than the love and reverence of the ardently Christian poet Browning for the memory of Shelley. The finest passage of his first poem, "Pauline," was of Shelley. When, twenty-eight years ago, he began writing "Sordello," he saw this one spirit hovering near him, and cried:

"Thou Spirit, come not near
Now—not this time desert thy cloudy place
To scare me, thus employed, with that pure face."

And the only echoes of another poet which a careful reader ever finds in Browning's verse is

an occasional one from the spirit that has so long haunted me. For example, Browning writes in "Christmas-eve and Easter-day:"

"For the loving worm within its clod
Were diviner than a loveless god
Amid his worlds—"

where Shelley had written,

"The spirit of the worm within the sod
In love and worship blends itself with God."

Perhaps my reader is unaware that some years ago Browning wrote an essay on Shelley. It is the only prose work he has ever published. About sixteen years ago there was much anxiety felt to get hold of any papers relating to the poet, and Edward Moxon, the publisher, purchased a package of his supposed letters. They were given to Browning to edit, but after publication were discovered to be spurious. They were accompanied by a remarkable essay by Browning of forty-four pages, which the instant suppression of the book has rendered comparatively unknown in England, and perhaps altogether unknown in America. I wish I could transfer to these pages the greater part of it; but I must content myself with a few sentences:

"Greatness in a work suggests an adequate instrumentality; and none of the lower incitements, however they may avail to initiate or even effect many considerable displays of power, simulating the nobler inspiration to which they are mistakenly referred, have been found able, under the ordinary conditions of humanity, to task themselves to the end of so exacting a performance as a poet's complete work. As soon will the galvanism that provokes to violent action the muscles of a corpse induce it to cross the chamber steadily—sooner There is none of that jarring between the man and the author, which has been found so amusing or so melancholy; no dropping of the tragic mask as the crowd melts away..... Whatever Shelley was, he was with an admirable sincerity. It was not always truth that he thought and spoke; but in the purity of truth he spoke and thought always..... He was tender, though tenderness is not always the characteristic of very sincere natures..... How shall we help believing Shelley to have been, in his ultimate attainment, the splendid spirit of his own best poetry, when we find even his carnal speech to agree faithfully, at faintest as at strongest, with the tone and rhythm of his most oracular utterances?..... Gradually he was learning that the best way of removing abuses is to stand by the truth. Truth is one as they are manifold, and innumerable negative effects are produced by the upholding of one positive principle..... As I call Shelley a moral man because he was true, simple-hearted, and brave, and because what

* Mr. Ruskin has spoken ungenerously of Shelley in his "Modern Painters," but it is pretty certain that his fine title, "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," was suggested by Shelley's lines to Liberty:

"Science, and Poetry, and Thought,
Are thy lamps—"

he acted corresponded to what he knew, so I call him a man of religious mind, because every audacious negative cast up by him against the Divine was interpenetrated with a mood of reverence and adoration.....I would rather consider Shelley's poetry as a sublime fragmentary essay toward a presentment of the correspondence of the universe to Deity, of the natural to the spiritual, and of the actual to the ideal, than I

would isolate and separately appraise the worth of many detachable portions which might be acknowledged as utterly perfect in a lower moral point of view, under the mere conditions of art."

Bournemouth is a beautiful sea-side village, embowered in Scotch fir, pinaster, and laurel, whose streets run into little parks and green retreats, with sparkling streams spanned by picturesque bridges. Every watering-place in England nearly has its long pier extending several hundred yards out into the sea, which constitutes the promenade of the place. From that at Bournemouth the fairy-planned village is best seen, while on the outward view are seen, on a distant point of the curving shore, a strange group of great snow-white rocks, called "the Giants." But it is shoreward one may gaze longest. Besides the village nestling between the hills there is a charming play of life all the morning which one is never weary of watching. Beautiful indeed are the English girls and children, with their wavy, sunshiny locks. Many



BOURNEMOUTH.

of them must, alas, disappear into the fat dowers whom Hawthorne has so fearfully described; but for the present they are spiritual enough to have justly furnished Wordsworth with the exquisite symbol of ante-natal existence in his "Intimations of Immortality." I think it must have been as he looked upon some such scene as that of the Bournemouth morning that he wrote:

"Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither—
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

"Bourne" (Scottish *burn*) is Anglo-Saxon for rivulet. The march of refinement has changed what was once "Bourne Bottom" to "Bournemouth." A famous physician, Sir James Clark, made its fortune by a sentence: "Bournemouth deserves a place among our best climates." Twenty years ago it began to exist; now there are five or six hundred houses. Now and then

one can find a sheltered nook in England which has in winter the temperature of the far south. The mean winter temperature of Bournemouth, for example, is 43.71, being thus warmer than Bordeaux (42.08). Yet it is within an easy day's journey of Kendal, whose mean winter temperature is 30.86. It is a favorite haunt of invalids; also of scientific men, who find here many pyrites, shells, and a submerged forest visi-



ENGLISH GIRLS.

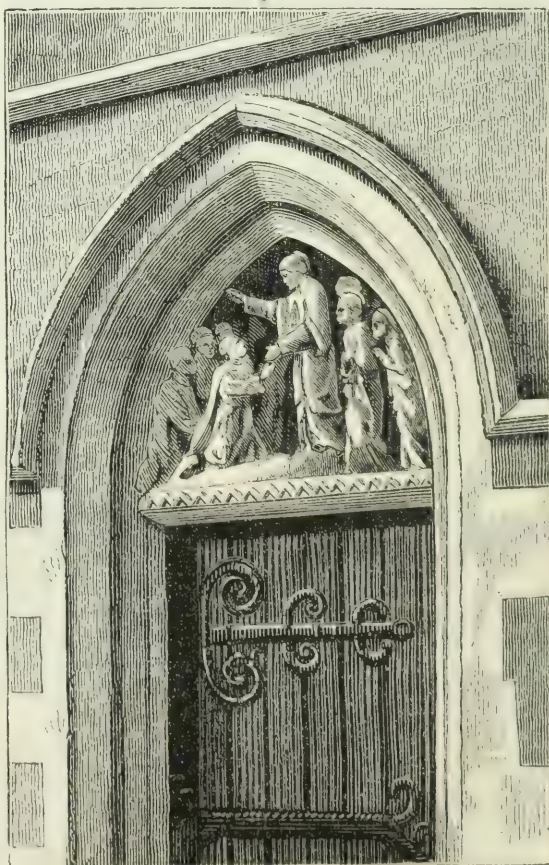


PULPIT, ST. PETER'S, BOURNEMOUTH.

ble at low-water. Charles Kingsley gleaned here many things for his "Glaucus." For the botanist it were difficult to find a richer spot. All manner of gorses, ferns, cotton-grass, sundew, bog-myrtle, dodder, water-lily, crow's-foot, arrow-head, samphire, wall-rue, hart's-tongue, spleen-wort, goosefoot will give him leave to bury them alive in his Latin names if he will only leave them still adorning the hills and valleys. So sheltered is the spot that the flora of miles around has crept here. Persian lilacs and laburnums, myrtles and pomegranates, flourish here through winter in the open air, and hollies and violets often blossom in Christmas week.

But the chief interest of Bournemouth is, like that of every other place, human, and much of it hovers about St. Peter's Church. It is as new as Christchurch is old, but it is so beautiful inside that I could wish every architect who has a church to design in America could see it. Every precious marble has been brought to this little country shrine, and every sweet symbol stands in the pure sculptures or flames on the passionate windows. The pulpit seemed to me a realized ideal. It is a circular, open arcade, with colored marble shafts and alabaster caps; the desk is supported by an angel standing with extended wings, bearing a scroll on which is written, "How can they preach unless they be sent?" Around are the heads of the Twelve Apostles carved in alabaster. All these faces, especially that of the angel, are most pure and expressive. Somewhere about the church all the most beautiful stories of the

Bible have traced themselves. The finest window in the church is that placed as a memorial of John Keble, author of "The Christian Year," who came to Bournemouth as an invalid in the last years of his life, and died here. He loved the little church, and was rarely absent. One would hardly, said a friend who knew him, imagine that the homely farmer-like man was the great High Church poet who drew more within the toils of Rome by his incantations than Newman or Wiseman by their arguments. The pictures in the window illustrate the *Te Deum*. The likeness of the poet is introduced with the motto, "Day by day we magnify thee." Keble is much venerated by persons of all church parties, and when this memorial was proposed the contributions far exceeded the amount required. It was used, as I understood, for the memorial window to Mrs. Keble, who died here a fortnight after her husband's death. Few books ever printed in England have brought more profits than "The Christian Year," and from them the poet built a handsome church near Winchester. Next to the pulpit the finest carved work seemed to me to be the door into the vestry, a model of purity and simplicity, the sculpture representing Jesus delivering a large key to Peter. The church is "High," but not exactly ritualistic. The English Church is in this last respect more definitively divided than the Episcopal Church in America. There is—1, the Low Church, which is the common Episcopal type in America; 2, the High Church, which abounds in the rural districts, where, I have sometimes thought, its greater attention to architecture, music, stain-



VESTRY DOOR, ST. PETER'S, BOURNEMOUTH.

ed glass, and picturesque altars and dresses renders it more agreeable to the common people by giving a little touch of beauty and art to their somewhat sterile neighborhoods; 3, the Ritualists, of whom so much has been said lately that they need not be further described here than by saying that they so closely resemble the Catholics that it requires more ecclesiastical knowledge than a layman possesses to detect the points in which their ceremonies diverge. The rationalistic branch of the English Church, the "Broad Church," is more frequently associated with Low Church, now and then, however, with High, but never with ritualistic, forms. The Ritualists and High-churchmen are apt to have services every day. I confess that I found something pleasant in seeing the quiet group of women and children gathered in the beautiful church at Bournemouth on a fair week-day morning. About one hundred were present, one-third of them a school, the master of which was the only *man*, except myself, in the auditory! The pew in which I chanced to sit bore the name "Clough," and no doubt belonged to two aunts of that poet, who have a charming cottage here. In the quiet that preceded the services that face I once loved to look upon—now transfigured by death—rose before me, and I thought how it might be that his hand may now be clasped more warmly than ever in that of his old friend and master, Keble, from whom he parted so sadly when Faith assigned them diverging paths—

"As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce, long leagues apart, descried."

The gentle strain of the organ steals out now, blending with the many-hued light. Then came the priest, attended by his little procession of surpliced choristers. The chants, the hymns, were all out of the ancient depths of human aspiration—strains by which holy men have worshiped in the caves to which they were driven, vesper songs of nuns and saints, chants of monks in days when monks were not phantasmal, hymns of crusaders. All these here preserved and sung to a hundred of us in a village church, Thursday morning! Is that not worth stepping aside from the roaring world for? But when the curate spoke he well-nigh upset all my pleasant thoughts with his harsh voice and whine and bad pronunciations. (He pronounced Psalm, Sam.) He had a heavy black beard, which surprised me, being rare among the priests of the Church which has been called "the apotheosis of decency," though it is not unfrequent among the clergy of the Broad Church. I felt it to be unfortunate that the exigencies of the Prayer-Book required him to read to his congregation of ladies and children the sayings in the New Testament about eunuchs, putting away wives, etc., for a lesson. But then there came the account of Jesus laying his hands upon little children, and next the passage about the difficulty with which the rich

can alone enter the kingdom. When this last was read I glanced at the rector of the church, whom I had heard spoken of as a very wealthy man. He seemed quite calm, as if he had no doubt of his ability to get through the needle's eye. And indeed it is likely he will have none, for he not only ministers here for two or three hundred dollars per annum, but has built and adorned the church chiefly from his private purse. He evidently believes his faith, and according to his faith so shall it be to him.

There were some curious circumstances, as I learned from good authority, attending the burial of William and Mary Godwin and Mrs. Shelley in the church-yard attached to this building. The rector declined to permit it. But Lady Shelley was determined, and one day actually came from Christchurch in her carriage, following a hearse which bore the bodies. She sat in her carriage before the locked iron gates, and expressed her resolution to sit there until the bodies were admitted for burial. The rector, dreading perhaps the scandal which would be caused, yielded; the grave-digger did his work with haste; and by night, without any ceremonial, the bodies were let down into their grave. When afterward the baronet and his lady wished to place a marble slab over the grave the rector again protested, on account, he said, of the inscription which said that Mary Godwin was the "Author of 'A Vindication of the Rights of Women.'" And it must be admitted that such were rather strong words for the consecrated ground of a High church. Lady Shelley asked him rather pointedly if he had ever read Mary Wollstonecraft's book, and he having confessed he had not, she said he had better read it and state his objections afterward. So she sent him the volume, and he read it. He then said he could not find fault with it, and so the inscription went on. I suspect, however, the rector looks rather apprehensively at the strangers who visit the tomb of the heretics; though I doubt not that if the saints and apostles which adorn his beautiful church could live and move they would gather about that grave and say, "Rest peacefully, brother, and you, sisters; ye also, like ourselves, had your crosses and bore them faithfully."

Once, it is whispered, a tall, dark figure, with heavy, long cloak and the wide-awake hat which always actually adorns his officially laureled head, flitted there in the dusk and paused beside the grave; the same that wrote:

"Now is done thy long day's work;
Fold thy palms across thy breast—
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.
Let them rave.
Shadows of the silver birk
Sweep the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave."

"Wild words wander here and there;
God's great gift of speech abused
Makes thy memory confused—
But let them rave.
The balm-cricket carols clear
In the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave."

At Bournemouth I found the venerable poet Henry Taylor, the author of "Philip Van Arteveld." He still holds his office in the Colonial Department, but passes half of the year here at a pleasant place called "The Roost," and transmits his work by the train to London daily. His household is worthy of a poet. His wife is an Irish lady, the daughter of Lord Monteagle, better known as Mr. Spring Rice, the name by which he acquired parliamentary eminence. They have several charming daughters, and the home might be selected by Matthew Arnold to represent one of his ideals of "culture." Mr. Taylor must be now near seventy, and is troubled with asthma; he has written five important volumes, besides the poem by which he is chiefly known; and he has been an industrious worker in the Colonial Office since 1824; and yet he is a vivacious, youthful old man, with an elastic step and a keen interest in all that is going on around him. I never saw a man who had so much the look of the poet. His fine figure and handsome face—with long, snowy locks falling around it—make him a favorite with artists, one of whom has represented him as King Lear bending over Cordelia. I found his reminiscences, and those of his accomplished wife, most entertaining. The first thing he remembered to have done in his office was to prepare the materials for a speech by Mr. Canning. (How much of the credit that is given to great statesmen is really due to scholars whose names never appear! A most important part of each of Webster's great speeches was, it is known, prepared by others than himself; and this system is more usual in England than in America.) Mr. Taylor has served under twenty-two Foreign Secretaries, and of these he liked best Lord Aberdeen. He had never received any money for his literary

works, and never thought of receiving any: they were purely labors of love. He seemed gratified by the responses they had brought him from America. He and his wife spoke very cordially of Charles Norton, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, who had just visited them. His heart lingered with his literary friends who have departed rather than those who remain. Like so many others, he loves to dwell upon the wonderful conversations of Coleridge, which, he said, after he had listened to them, deprived him of sleep. He and his wife knew and admired Wordsworth, and had many pleasant recollections of him. He had, as Mrs. Taylor humorously described it, so lived among rocks and woods that his naturally rough and homely face had gradually acquired a color and surface like stone or wood. Ah, he was very homely. Once, when talking with his wife, he said, casually, "That was when I was, as you know, my dear, better looking." "But, my dear," replied Mrs. Wordsworth, "you were always very ugly." A lady who took his portrait said she thought lichens and mosses ought to have been growing in the crevices of his face. Wordsworth rarely made a pleasant impression on visitors. If a gentleman had come from America to see him, and he chanced at the time to be interested in the mending of an old glove, he would go on about the old glove for an hour. The only man living at all equal to Coleridge in conversational power was, Mr. Taylor thought, Carlyle. He did not care much for Southey, and thought that toward the latter part of his life Southey's brain softened. The Taylors, somewhat to my surprise, seemed to be rather inclined to conservatism in politics, and were interested in the Church. Aubrey de Vere, the poet, is a brother of Mrs. Taylor. He was a very intimate friend of Archbishop Manning, and went over to the Church of Rome under his influence. He is a very tender and sweet poet, nevertheless, though his Muse is sadly hidden and cumbered under the late vestments she is compelled to wear. The morning I went to Boscombe Mr. Taylor walked some distance on the road through the firs with me, talking of the great men of the past. "How few of those who at one time seemed to spread themselves over the country have now any sway at all over the world! I remember when the one power seemed to be Scott; no two met but to speak of the 'Wizard of the North.' I knew several people who thought him greater than Shakespeare—seriously. But now the young people read Thackeray and Dickens, and think Scott dull. Even Byron has become tedious to the people, with their Tennyson and Browning; and Coleridge, Lamb, Southey—well, they last better, but their day of doom is coming. Wordsworth is one of the few who has gained with posterity. His 'Ode on Immortality,' however, is not so great as Coleridge's on 'Dejection.' But I am not a good reader. I find my office occupation keeps off ill health better than any thing else. When Disraeli became Prime Min-



LEAR AND CORDELIA.

ister I tried to read one of his novels, but found it too dull to get through with. I doubt if any novel of this day will live two generations."

At length he turned back toward Bourne-mouth; and as I stopped to watch his erect, venerable form passing down under the Gothic aisle made by the fir-trees over the wood-path, he seemed to be one of the fittest figures for an old English wood to weave its fragrant frame around. I went on, bearing with me an inef-faceable memory of a most beautiful home, en-riched with fine spirits; bearing with me, also,

a question whether there be not an increasing discrepancy between the private homes and the public life of England; whether its beauty and true influence must not hereafter be looked for outside of its governmental walls, in its yet vigorous line of thinkers, poets, idealists, and in the homes and hearts which are silently ab-sorbing and organizing those subtle influences. If ever England realizes Milton's dream for her, and "teaches the nations how to live," the les-sons will come from these, and *not* by way of St. Stephen's or Downing Street.

BRAINERD'S ROCK.

IN Berkshire, where two mountains lift
Their urns to cloud and sun,
Two streams—from each a crystal gift—
Are blended into one.

And there the hill-slopes yield them up
Unto the lowlands' care,
Kneeling to drink a parting cup,
And breathe a parting prayer.

Close by a giant boulder rears
Its gray and furrowed face,
A wanderer of primeval years
From some lost, rocky race.

Four lives ago around its throne,
O'er many an odorous rood
Foot-deep in amber spine and cone,
A hemlock forest stood.

Around the rock, in jeweled ring,
The Stockbridge Indians built
Their fires, when impulses of spring
Were felt by spawn and milt.

And David Brainerd thither came,
Through pathways dim and wild,
To preach the Everlasting Name
Unto the forest child.

The pale Apostle of the race
Whose wildness could not part
God's image from one shadowy face,
His love from one dark heart.
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And from the rock, when stars were pale,
And fishing toils were done,
He told the sweet, pathetic tale
Of Christ the Only Son.

Strange scene! The fires, the faces round
Upturned the words to hear,
The savage shadows on the ground,
Each leaning on a spear:—

The light in Brainerd's lifted eye,
The rock half-hid in shade,
Type of the Rock of Ages high
On which his feet were stayed:—

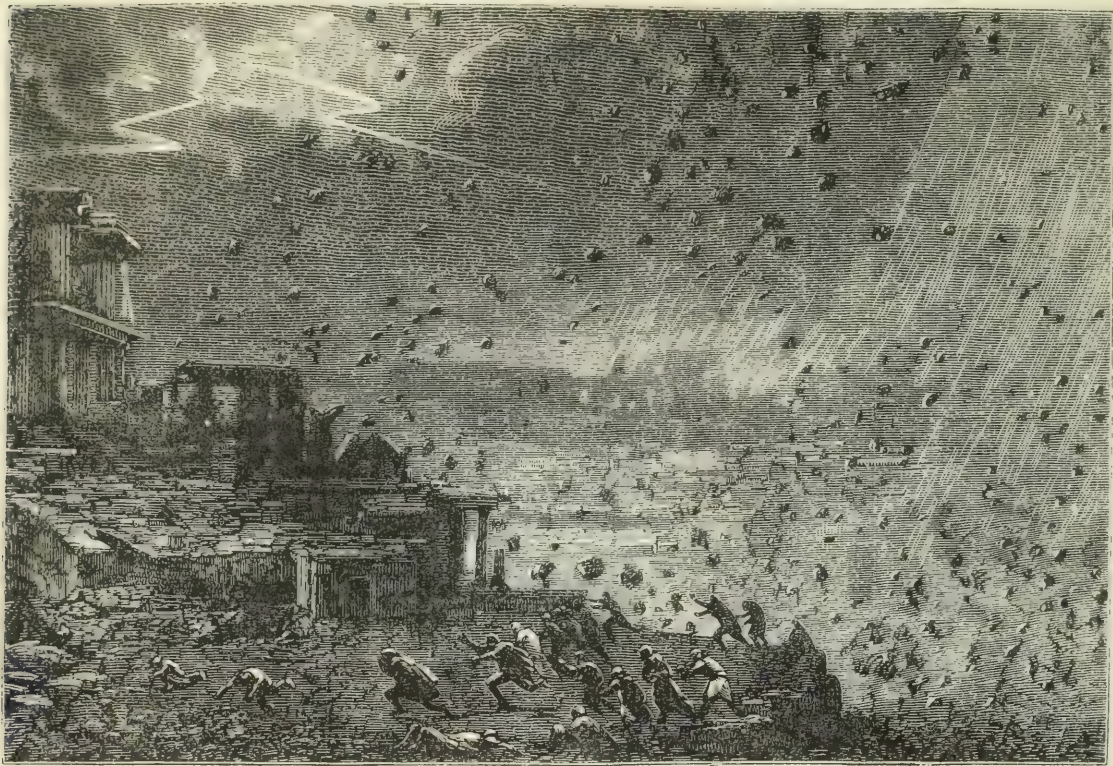
The gloom within the hemlock boughs
As of the endless night,
A new light on the savage brows
As of eternal light.

Strange midnight scene! Perhaps it lies
Within the Book above,
And angels turn to it their eyes
That only turn to love.

For by the brooks no hemlocks now
Drop amber spines and cones;
Dust lies on the Apostle's brow,
And o'er the Indians' bones.

Only the great rock's mighty will
Has conquered death and dust,
As if to keep the memory still
Of Brainerd's toil and trust.

THE LANDS OF THE EARTHQUAKE.



DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

CROUCHED amidst flowers and tropic foliage, in the gardens of the world, where the orange and the citron-tree bloom perpetually, and the olive covers the fertile earth with its fruit—where nature seems to smile forever, and man, one would think, might rest in his Eden without sorrow and without toil—the earthquake loves to linger. He comes the most terrible of destroyers. Neither the fierce hurricane that sweeps land and sea, the pestilence that walks by night, nor famine with all its dread attendants, works such wide ruin to earth and man. No danger so affrights the mind as that of the impending earthquake; no thought is so terrific as that of the firm land shaking and crumbling beneath us!¹ The calmest and strongest intellect of his age, Humboldt, confessed the terror it inspired. To man, he said, the earthquake conveyed the idea of universal and unlimited danger, and no familiarity removed the awful feeling.² “What is safe,” exclaimed the philosophic Seneca, expressing a similar sensation, “if the solid earth itself can not be relied upon?” And travelers who have gone to the fair lands of the earthquake, eager with curiosity to witness the new phenomenon, and full of confidence in their own perfect fearlessness, have no sooner felt the awful trembling and heard the hollow moans than they have lost all confidence forever. “At the first tremor,” said one of these boasters, “even

though in a deep sleep, I would rise, hasten toward the door, and find myself, before I was awake, nearly out of my house;¹ and whenever the earth trembles, however slightly, in those gay and brilliant climes, the sound of merriment is hushed, the dance ceases, the guests fly from the festal chamber, the noble and the rich abandon their palaces, the poor rush from their hovels, and all men, sinking upon their knees, cry out to Heaven for mercy.”²

Various traits in the usual action of the earthquake tend to give it this alarming character. One is the rapidity with which it desolates and destroys. The hurricane is slow, the conflagration dull, compared to the wonderful speed of its universal ruin. The shock of an earthquake seldom lasts more than a few seconds; sometimes a minute. Its effect is almost instantaneous. In a moment magnificent cities become heaps of ruins; territories as large as New York or Pennsylvania are tossed from their foundations, covered with the dead and the dying; hills are made valleys, and valleys hills; rivers are swallowed up, and yawning rifts open in the solid earth; flames burst forth in cultivated fields, and in the once crowded streets of ruined cities; and a fearful horror settles upon all living things, as if the end of life was near. In a few minutes the great city of Lima, filled with the wealth and magnificence of its Spanish conquerors, with cathedrals scarcely equaled in grandeur and opulence by

¹ Vivenzio, *Istoria e teoria de' Tremuoti*, etc., p. 5 & seq., gives a brief history of earthquakes.

² Humboldt, *Kosmos*, i. p. 212.

¹ Sutcliffe, *Chili and Peru*, p. 375. ² *Id.*, p. 375.

the proudest capitals of Europe, and with vast palaces teeming with the gold and silver won from the richest mines in Peru, was crushed into one vast ruin.¹ Not a house was left upon its foundation. At Lisbon a single shock of brief duration shook down churches, convents, and palaces, and buried sixty thousand dead beneath the ruins of their own city. The very earth seemed on fire, and flames were seen to blaze from the solid rocks. In Calabria a whole district of country, covered with flourishing towns, fertile, rich, and happy, was, in a few seconds, converted into a dismal waste. The most strange distortions of nature took place.² Cities seated upon hills were hurled down into the valleys below; the vales rose into mountains, and lakes spread out where had once been tall hills; fields were removed with all their growing crops, and the laborers in their midst, to strange and distant places; wastes of sand spread over what had once been land of rare fertility; and amidst the wild ruin of its cities and the strange distortion of its scenery, Calabria was so changed in that awful moment that its own inhabitants scarcely recognized their ancient seats.³

Nor does the earthquake give any notice of its coming. Not the most experienced observer, whose life may have been passed in the most favored land of the destroyer, can foretell by signs in the earth, air, or heavens when the dread visitation is at hand. Sometimes it comes when the tropic skies are cloudless, when the air is fresh with the scent of summer flowers, and the breeze plays with the orange-leaves; sometimes the stars are brightest, and night smiles upon the earth. At others the air is thick and heavy; a dull fog covers the skies, and a sulphurous stench sickens the sense. Sometimes it comes in darkness, and then in the broad daylight. Now in winter, when the air is calm and cool; and now in summer, when all nature melts beneath the torrid heat. At Lima, says a traveler, the inhabitants believed that they could foretell an earthquake when the rats ran swiftly over the rafters of the houses, or when the stars twinkled with an ominous brightness. But the next one came in a starless night, and the rats were unusually quiet.⁴ The Spanish conquerors imagined that earthquakes happened only once in a hundred years in Peru and Chili, until their terrible frequency proved to them that they were miserably deceived. The great convulsion at Lisbon came without a warning, when that city had felt no severe shock for more than a century. Caracas was overwhelmed in an instant, while all its people, without a thought of danger, gay and hopeful, had crowded into their churches to celebrate a high festival of religion.⁵ The churches

fell and destroyed the multitude of worshipers. Neither science nor observation, not the wise philosopher nor the presuming empiric, has succeeded in laying down any laws by which the dread destroyer consents to be bound.

The cause of earthquakes is equally unknown, although the most vigorous of human intellects, in every age, have labored to form some sufficient theory to account for their mysterious effects. The Chaldeans attributed them to the influence of the stars. The ancient philosophers supposed that the winds or the floods became imprisoned in the centre of the earth, and in their efforts to escape upheaved the land, and gave rise to fiery convulsions. Des Cartes urged that they were produced by inflamed gas. M. Thomas, who, in the middle of the last century, wrote an excellent *Mémoire sur les Causes des Tremblements de Terre*, contended that large quantities of bituminous and sulphurous matter, becoming suddenly inflamed, broke forth in violent fermentations.¹ But the theory adopted by modern philosophers is still less consolatory than the ancient.² It is asserted that the round globe which we inhabit is merely a thin crust of solid matter inclosing a sphere of molten fire; that we live on the outside of an inflamed ball, which has a constant tendency to explode; that the restless fires now and then succeed in making rifts in the outer crust, upheave volcanoes, hollow out the interior of lofty mountains, belch forth in wild eruptions and liquid streams of blazing lava; or, when checked in their subterranean courses, shake the solid earth in their rage and overwhelm the pride of nations. The thought is the very height of sublimity and horror. It is the poetry of the earthquake—a conception more wild and fearful than Dante ever ventured upon or Milton ever dreamed. If our fair earth, with its charming landscapes, its starry skies, its billowy ocean, and its balmy winds, be so dangerous and uncertain a habitation for its feeble tenants, we may well exclaim, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou visitest him?"

Whether earthquakes can be prevented by any human means, whether science or labor can do any thing to secure us from their worst effects, is a question that has naturally suggested itself to scientific inquirers, and has been generally discussed. In the simple confidence in their own theories, as Pliny tells us, the ancient philosophers believed that they had lighted upon a sure remedy.³ If the earthquake arose from imprisoned air or water, what more easy than to provide a means of escape for the prisoners? They suggested, therefore, that very deep pits should be dug along the sea-coast, which, reaching down into the depths of the earth, would serve as safety-

¹ Lima and Callao, p. 3 *et seq.* A narrative drawn up under the authority of the government.

² Vivenzio, p. 228. Also an official account.

³ Dolomieu Dis. on the Earthquakes in Calabria Ultra. Pink., Voyages and Travels, v. p. 263.

⁴ Sutcliffe, i. p. 376.

⁵ New York Lit. and Phil. Trans., i. p. 311.

¹ A. L. Thomas, *Mémoire*, etc., 1757; *Cœuvres*, iv. p. 141. Aristotle, *Meteor.*, ii. p. 7.

² See Daubeney, *Volcanoes*; Humboldt, *Kosmos*, i.; Volger, *Erdbebung der Schweiz*.

³ Pliny, N. H., ii. p. 79, 82.



ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS IN 1737.

valves for the accumulated vapor. The project was abandoned because it was feared that it might produce the evil it was designed to remedy. For who could tell with what force and fury the imprisoned elements might rush to the upper air? Since that time no other preventive has been suggested. M. Thomas considered the matter, but abandoned it in despair; and we may well adopt his concluding suggestion, that our only resource, if the earthquake comes, is to meet it with a good conscience and a stout heart.¹

Volcanoes have sometimes been relied upon as protections against earthquakes. Strabo thought that Italy and Sicily were shielded from danger by the volcanic activity of Etna; it was believed that the earthquake ceased when the eruption broke forth; that the cloud of smoke and flame rising over the mountain-

top and the steady flow of the lava-streams were proofs that the laboring earth had found repose, and that the danger had passed. Modern philosophers have generally adopted the theory. Humboldt, Daubeney, and others, notice that earthquakes have often stopped upon the breaking out of the volcanic fires; that sometimes when Vesuvius has poured forth its lavas Italy has ceased to tremble; or that the volcanic flames of Teneriffe have given tranquillity to the neighboring seas. In March, 1832, says M. Amédée Burat, Italy presented an instance of this: the trembling of the earth ceased when Vesuvius had restored the equilibrium by an abundant emission of lava.¹ Yet those who look upon the volcanoes as their protectors must often be led to doubt their efficiency. The lands of the earthquake are always those of volcanic craters and burning mountains. The earth and the sea palpitate with constant movements around the icy roots of Hecla; Vesuvius and Etna have wholly failed in saving southern Europe from the most dreadful of calamities; Teneriffe has proved no effectual safeguard to its surrounding islands; and one of the greatest earthquakes of the Pacific coast was ushered

in by a general eruption of all the fiery peaks of the Andes. One after another the mountain-tops flamed forth in a long and terrible line, sending up huge masses of molten or red-hot rocks; blackening the sky with sulphurous smoke, or piercing the night with sharp tongues of fire; seamed on their sides with torrents of lava, and glittering in darkness with an unnatural glory; while far below them on the uncertain plain the land was shaken, riven, and covered with its dead, and the tidal waves swept away the very traces of the desolation. In the front of the picture the earthquake worked its unparalleled horrors; in the back-ground went on the wild revel of the volcanoes.²

A close connection, however, seems to exist between the earthquake, the volcano, and the

¹ Description des Terrains Volcanique de la France Centrale, p. x., Intro.

² Sutcliffe, Chili and Peru, p. 377 et seq.

¹ Thomas, *Mémoire*, etc., iv. p. 189.

sea.¹ Volcanoes are almost always near the sea-shore or in the very midst of the waves. Volcanic islands abound: Etna and Stromboli, Iceland, Teneriffe, the volcanoes of the Javan seas, and many others less known, seem to draw their sustenance from the waves in which they live. It is no unusual occurrence for blazing mountains to spring up suddenly from the bottom of the sea, or even flames themselves to rise out of the waves. Thus water and fire are joined in unnatural union; the volcano often pours forth streams of boiling water and clouds of steam. Volcanic regions abound in heated springs or naphtha lakes; and Iceland, which seems to be altogether the product of internal fires, amidst its icy Arctic scenery, presents the strange spectacle of its magnificent Geysers, rising at times several hundred feet high in the frozen air.

An earthquake, in its most destructive mood, usually seems to strike the solid ground a heavy blow from beneath.² This is by far its most fatal form. Nothing can resist the concussion. The earth itself seems to rise into the air; the strongest buildings start upward, crumble into ruins, and fall in a confused heap upon their occupants;³ the land slides away from its accustomed place, and whole fields and towns are driven through the air to the tops of hills or to some distant region; men and cattle are shot out as if from a catapult, and fly like missiles over the land until they fall, bruised and bleeding, upon the earth; and, as if resolved to complete the labor of destruction, the fearful concussion is sometimes repeated three or four times, until the whole face of nature is changed into a chaos of ruin. At the great Calabrian earthquake a man was carried, in an instant, together with the field on which he was laboring, to a distant part of the valley;⁴ at Riobamba the bodies of the inhabitants were hurled through the air to the top of a neighboring hill.⁵ The Calabrian shock was described as resem-



THE GREAT GEYSER.

bling the explosion of a subterranean mine, which did its fearful work in an instant; in Chili a witness of one of the severe earthquakes describes it as a sudden explosion, accompanied by a noise like that occasioned by the discharge of countless cannon. So perfect is the change produced on the face of nature that lawsuits have frequently arisen after an earthquake as to the possession of lands and houses that have been wholly removed from their ancient bounds. In the indiscriminate destruction and removal it was impossible for men to determine what was their own.¹

The undulatory earthquake comes with less suddenness. A gentle oscillation is felt at first; then wave follows wave, each stronger and higher than the last; the earth seems to become liquid, and rises and falls a foot or eighteen

¹ Daubeney, *Volcanoes*, p. 376, 377.

² Dolomieu, *Pink.*, v. p. 283.

³ Humboldt, *Kosmos*, i. p. 201.

⁴ Vivenzio, p. 234.

⁵ Humboldt, i. p. 201.

¹ Vivenzio, p. 203. Fu sì subitanea che sembrò uno scoppio di sotterranea mina, e in un momento per tutti i Paesi, etc.

inches at each new impulse; strong buildings crack and yawn; tall steeples wave in the air threateningly; a deadly nausea seizes upon all men, and the prolonged danger breaks down the courage and affects the mind more deeply than the sudden concussion with all its rapid destructiveness. Here the ruin is slow, but often very perfect. The steady, wave-like motion rocks to pieces great cities, shakes down convents and cathedrals, or so injures their walls as to make them dangerous ever afterward; often splits the earth with deep ravines or caverns, from whence at times flame and smoke arise; and dissolves the crumbling land into a mass of disunited atoms that slide away on all sides, leaving hills bare that were once crowned with vegetation, and drying up springs and fountains that once gave fertility to whole districts.¹

But the most peculiar motion of the earthquake is the circular. Here buildings are whirled around or twisted, the walls are moved from their foundations, the position of the structure is reversed, and the change effected is so methodical as to appear the work of design. Several instances of this singular effect were witnessed in the Calabrian earthquake, as if the subterranean agents had seized upon buildings with their iron grasp and twisted them around on their foundations.

Noise does not always precede or even accompany the earthquake shock.² At times it comes in all its vigor without a premonitory sound. In one instance the loud roar was not heard until half an hour after the concussion. Yet there is a certain similarity in the sounds produced by all earthquakes, arising, probably, from their vastness and immensity, that makes them all equally terrific. They may be like the roar of countless cannon firing among the hills, or the low rattle of distant wagons; the howl of a tempest through a forest, or the beating of mighty sledge-hammers against the lower side of the crust of the earth; but the ear of both man and beast never fails to detect their meaning. The sleeper who in South America hears in his dreams the awful note springs involuntarily from his slumbers, and, before he is awake, has made his way out of his tottering house. Even sleep does not render the sense obtuse to the superhuman sound. Quiet families in England or America, in the villas of Leamington or the lowlands of South Carolina or Michigan, roused by their feeble earthquake, and the low moan of its distant voice, start up at midnight, or in the gray of morning, and call to each other for aid. Animals and birds faint and shudder at the sound. In Chili and Peru, at the first note of the earthquake all the people rush out of their houses, fall upon their knees, beat their breasts violently, and cry aloud, *Miser cordia! Misericordia!*³ But the subterranean

sound is not always followed by the earthquake. The roaring mountain of Guanaxuato in Mexico, seamed with veins of gold and silver, continued for more than a month to give forth most terrific noises and hideous moans.¹ The inhabitants, who were chiefly miners or were engaged in the mining business, fled from their villages and mines, abandoned their heaps of silver to the robbers, and could only be induced to return to keep guard over their treasures by the orders of the police. No danger seemed to accompany the noises; no earthquake or eruption; yet, rather than endure the constant agony of the awful sound, the people would gladly have abandoned home, wealth, and the richest veins of silver. Avarice and adventure died out before that ceaseless roar.

Two attendant spirits, the hurricane and the tidal wave, are usually companions of the earthquake. The three horrible agencies of mischief haunt the lands of the earthquake together.² How they are connected is scarcely known; but the tidal wave seems to be produced by a disturbance of the bottom of the ocean; and, in fact, in almost every earthquake the sea has been no less disturbed than the land; vessels are struck and shaken by an invisible blow when far from port; smoke and flame burst forth from the midst of the waves; the sea is sometimes discolored, and the waters roll black as ink against the shore; volcanoes rise above them for a moment, and then, as at Juan Fernandez, disappear; or islands start up, and are slowly moulded from fire-stained rocks to decent habitations for men; and it is quite probable that the rise and fall of the bed of the ocean produces that most horrible of phenomena—the tidal wave.

How many struggling mortals has it swept back into the deep! What countless ships has it crushed against the shores! What mighty cities has it plundered of life and wealth, strewing their fine streets with the ocean sand, and peopling their palaces with sea-monsters! For ages the lovely lands of the earthquake have been swept by their tidal waves, and the long line of their lotus-eating shores has been ravaged by a monster more dreadful than Typhon or Briareus. Along the western coast of South America the tidal waves have, at intervals, risen high over the land since the dawn of history; city after city, town after town, has been deluged in a moment; the Incas, the Spanish conquerors, and the modern Peruvian and Chilenos, have each been a witness of the destruction of their wealthiest ports; and the calm Pacific avenges itself in its moment of excitement for the quiet tenor of its customary flow. The stormless ocean has the most fatal tidal waves. One, in the last century, rolled over the walls of Callao; another, in the present, has just swept away a long line of cities. But the tidal wave is not confined to the Pacific.

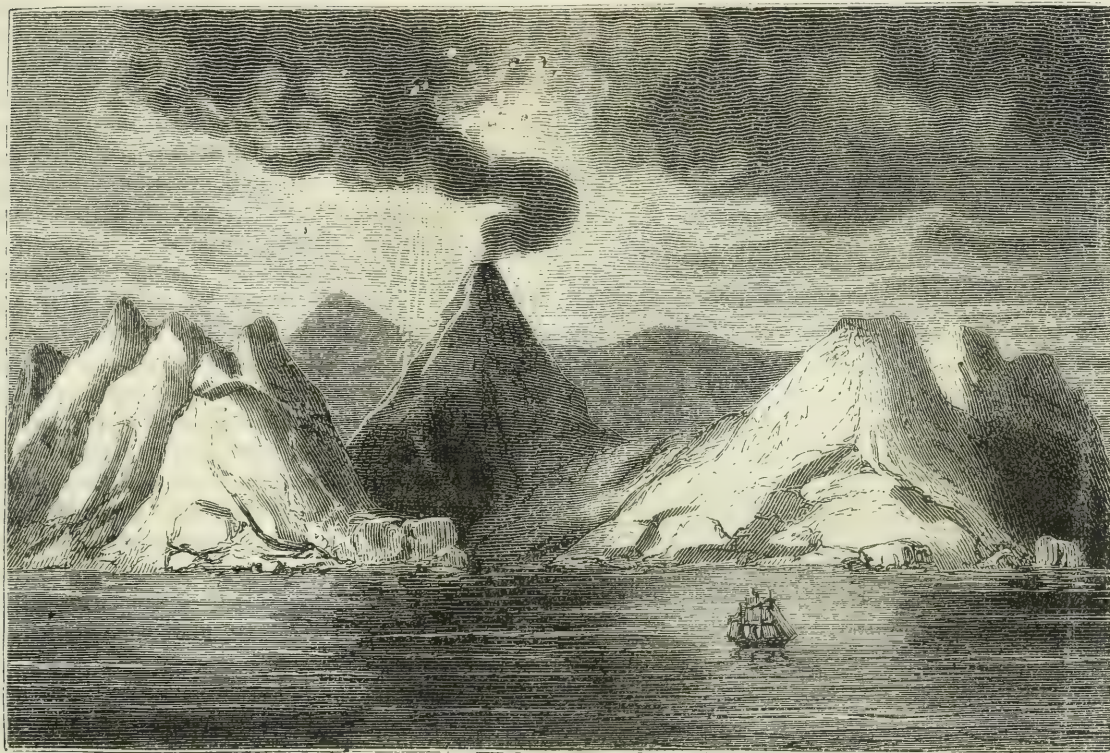
¹ Kosmos, i. p. 197 *et seq.*

² Dolomieu, *Pink.*, v. p. 281. In Calabria the shock came without noise or warning.

³ Sutcliffe, p. 377.

¹ Kosmos, i. p. 201.

² So in Java the three were united. Daubeney, p. 321.



BARREN ISLAND, NEAR SUMATEA.

It is but a short time since the Atlantic poured in upon St. Thomas, and carried great ships to land. When Lisbon was overthrown, in 1755, a great wave swept into the unhappy city and carried off thousands of its people.¹ In Calabria a throng of people were lapped up by a huge and greedy wave. In fact, the terrors of the earthquake are redoubled on the sea-shore when we remember that its work of destruction is only half completed until the ocean has come up to share in its dreadful deeds.

Close upon the tidal wave, or perhaps almost at the same moment, the hurricane, sweeping round in wide circles and flashing with electric tongues of fire, rides over land and sea.² The West India Islands have often been visited by the three destroyers at once. Tropical islands are the favorite haunt of the earthquake and the hurricane. The matted and rank vegetation of Java and its neighboring isles, the Azores and Cape de Verde, Jamaica and St. Thomas, and a throng of gorgeous coral islands in the Pacific, seem little more than the peaks of so many volcanoes, perpetually panting with hidden fires, and the chosen resort of the typhoon.

In history we may trace the earthquake back for nearly three thousand years. There was the fabled convulsion that tore Ossa from Olympus; the earthquakes noticed by Thucydides; the shock that was unheeded by the combatants when Hannibal was conquering at Thrasy-mene; the great earthquake that shattered Tyre and the Asiatic cities in the fourth year of Tiberius;³ the first ominous quiver that half ruined Pompeii and Herculaneum in the year

67; and the famous eruption of the hitherto harmless Vesuvius, whose brambly crater had afforded a hiding-place for Spartacus, but which in 79 broke forth into wide activity and became a sea of fire, whose torrent of thick smoke suffocated Pliny, and whose storm of ashes covered the twin cities in a ruin that has made them immortal.¹ Then follow various eruptions of Etna and Vesuvius; and at length, in the sixth century, we reach those fearful earthquakes which, in the ominous reign of Justinian (527-565), covered the earth with ruin; that crushed the law-students of Berytus beneath the pillars of their porticoes, and blotted from existence the finest law-school the world has ever seen; that shook Constantinople and shattered St. Sophia's;² that filled Europe with terror, and conspired with blazing comets, incessant pestilence, and countless woes to force upon men the conviction that the end of all things drew near.

And now obscurity falls upon the history of earthquakes for many centuries. Europe, in fact, seems never to have suffered from them in ancient times with any unusual severity; and it was not until the discovery of the East and the West that the earth began to unfold its terrible mysteries. The ancients, with their two volcanoes and their petty earthquakes, sank into nothing before the long line of blazing peaks that adorn the Cordilleras of the Andes, and the fierce shocks that in the New World made whole continents tremble.

The chronology of earthquakes from the discovery of America is quite startling. Vivenzio³ has gathered a lamentable series. Lima alone

¹ Kinsey, Portugal, p. 129. ² Daubeney, p. 321.

³ Vivenzio, Istoria, etc.

¹ Daubeney, p. 146. Florus, iii. p. 20.

² Gibbon. ³ Istoria, etc., p. 39.



SUBMARINE ERUPTION.

suffered severely in 1582, 1586, 1609, 1630, 1678, 1687, 1697, 1699, 1716, 1725, 1732, 1734, 1743, 1746, and has never since ceased its career of misfortune. In 1750 England was shaken; in 1739 Pekin was nearly destroyed, and Germany and Switzerland trembled; in 1755 Lisbon was destroyed; in 1769 Bagdad. In 1770 St. Domingo was desolated; in 1773 the splendid city of Guatemala was perfectly destroyed; and innumerable other earthquakes might be mentioned to complete the startling catalogue.¹

In the present century volcanic forces have been active in all parts of the world; but Europe has escaped any severe concussion. America, Asia, and the islands have chiefly suffered. In 1811 the United States were shaken by an earthquake that reached from Charleston to the lakes. Caracas was destroyed in 1812, and again in 1818. Earthquakes have prevailed constantly on the Pacific coast, and the recent horrible quiver of the land from Alaska to Valparaiso has again covered it with desolation.

In general the earthquake lingers near the equator, and seldom ventures far from the tropic seas, at least in all his sublimity. Northern Europe has always been exempt from any serious calamity. North America is equally fortunate. But in Asia severe earthquakes have desolated the Chinese and Japanese cities, half ruined Pekin, and destroyed Nippon. Kamchatka, a long and ice-bound peninsula, has often been violently shaken. Iceland is seldom at rest; and the examples prove that the earthquake is bound by no law of climate: he revels and riots in the snows of Kamchatka as well as in the orange groves of Syria. France, except in its lower provinces, is singularly free from the slightest tremor. Switzerland is often

shaken, and its valleys have sometimes opened with the shock.¹ Germany, Norway, and Sweden are subject to moderate disturbance. England has at times been slightly shaken. Canada, Massachusetts, the Northwestern States, Pittsburg, Charleston, Washington, and San Francisco are all liable to slight shocks.² The United States, England, and France seem less liable to earthquakes than any other portion of the globe; and New York, London, and Paris are of all cities the safest from their effects; only the slight tremor produced by distant concussions has ever been felt in those cities, and the course of nature does not change.

On the moral effect of earthquakes it would be easy to theorize; to draw, with a mod-

ern philosopher, the conclusion that they encourage superstition or tend to enervate the manners; and, indeed, the children of the lands of the earthquake have not, in the last few centuries, shown any trace of national vigor. The gay people of Lima and Peru laugh, talk, lounge, dress magnificently, and make their life a dream, until the earth yawns and swallows them up. Then the survivors elect some gaudy image, decked with gems and painted flowers, their guardian saint; carry it in timid triumph through the streets; and, with perfect trust in its protection, once more rebuild their city, and laugh, dance, and sin as before. Portugal has not changed in any respect since its capital was made a horror to all Europe. The Portuguese noble is as intensely proud, the common people as soft and self-indulgent, as if they did not know that at any moment they were liable to be swept into the sea by a huge tidal wave, or consumed by flames of fire. Even the presence of the awful visitant itself does not check the instincts of crime. Brigands and thieves thronged into Messina, when it was a blood-stained ruin, to plunder the dead and dying; the lower orders of people in Calabria are said to have exhibited the most "incredible depravity;" servants robbed their dying masters; friend refused assistance to friend; while mothers alone, the pillars of humanity, were seen sheltering their infants from the falling timbers with their helpless arms, and dying to save them. The farmers from the country rushed to the towns, not to lend assistance, but for the sake of pillage.³

¹ Volger. *Phänomenen der Erdbebung in der Schweiz* gives a minute catalogue of European shocks. In 1755 the Swiss fields opened in chasms and then shut again. Vol. i. p. 172.

² Mitchill, *New York Phil. Trans.*, i.

³ Dolomieu, v. p. 275, n. Vivenzio.

¹ Vivenzio, p. 33-50.

The intellect of the lands of the earthquake does not seem to advance. The sharp terror of a series of shocks may have deadened it. The perpetual roar of the earth, the rattle of its internal thunders, may unsettle and stupefy the mind. We can, indeed, hardly conceive how the intellect should remain unshaken in its seat amidst the wild vicissitudes of joy and terror that prevail in the haunts of the earthquake; how reason should sit unmoved while exposed every moment to annihilation; or how men should pause to think, labor, or study when the quiver of the earth and the mutter of the distant undulation are constantly warning them of danger. How can they become poets, philosophers, or heroes in the midst of such painful excitements? Who would labor, when the next moment he may sink into the caverns of the earth? Who would think, when his chief aim, it would seem, should be to escape reflection?

A certain unsettled giddiness must characterize these people; one moment plunged in the depths of terror, the next they rise to insane hilarity. They must be Sybarites who drown in a brief whirl of luxury and gayety the necessity of living; or wild fanatics who macerate flesh and spirit in the extreme of austerity. But surely wisdom, virtue, the tranquil life, the peaceful death can have no place in these lands of terror! Virtue can flourish only on the rugged mountains of the north; philosophy is the offspring of a composed and easy mind; literature flies from the torrid heats of the tropics to flourish only in the temperate zone.

Happily these speculations of philosophy are vain and idle. History refutes them: nature defies the limitation of genius; intellect flourishes in every clime, beneath every sun. "No fancied zones can circumscribe the soul;" and it is to the children of the earthquake lands, who have sprung up with the palm-tree and the olive, that we owe all our mental progress. Homer was a tropical production. He must have lived in Asia Minor or the Greek islands, within sound of the earthquake's voice. David sang from the volcanic heights of Jerusalem. The father of history lived in the charming city of Halicarnassus; and Greece, the land of oratory and song, was seldom free from undulations and shocks. Theocritus bloomed, a lovely wild flower, under the shadow of Etna; Ennius and Horace were born in the volcanic fields of lower Italy; Virgil, Dante, Tasso, Michael Angelo, Raffaele may be claimed as the children of the southern lands; and freedom itself was the production of those intellectual nations and states that clustered around the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, and, with terrible labors and sufferings, laid the foundation of European and American progress.

A solitary student upon a wild volcanic cape of Portugal planned and nearly completed the circumnavigation of Africa; a Spanish queen and a Genoese sailor opened America to the world. In the sixteenth century Italy, Spain, and Portugal led the nations of Europe to the

paths of discovery, and decided the destiny of man. To-day Italy, Spain, and perhaps Portugal seem about to take the lead in politics, and guide the wandering people of Europe to the haven of perfect freedom.

Earthquakes, indeed, are the common heritage of man. Never, it is said, is the earth perfectly free from them. Now it is some pleasant village of England that is suddenly awakened by a feeble shock; next it is Japan, the Great Britain of the Pacific, that sees its paper houses tremble with an unusual thrill. Sometimes the wandering Indian hears on the Kansas plains the roar of infernal artillery; then San Francisco rocks for a moment; next Charleston, Washington, or New Orleans; and thus the perpetual disturbance goes on, with a kind of magnetic irregularity that may finally prove a close connection between magnetism and the earthquake; for who shall say that science may not yet be able to define the causes of these disturbances, and control by some yet unknown agent the sources of subterranean commotion?

Great earthquakes are not numerous in history, and the most destructive are those that have occurred under the shadow of the Andes. It was here that the terrible fate of Lima and Callao, in 1746, presented to Europe a picture of what its own might be, and which was remembered with awe and minute attention when, in 1755, the Lisbon earthquake for the first time portrayed to European capitals the destroyer in their midst. The Lisbon catastrophe was followed, by that of Calabria, in 1783, a fearful prelude to all the Italian cities; while in 1811-12 a great convulsion passed over the American continent and seas, terrifying the citizens of Washington or New York, and at length concentrating its fury, in 1812, upon the unhappy people of Caracas. These four are the historical earthquakes that serve to usher in the subterranean storms of the present day.

Lima is painted by those who visited it in the last century, when it was yet slumbering under the Spanish rule, as one of the fairest of cities. Its climate was as soft and balmy as the breath of an Arabian paradise. No snows, nor ice, nor any chilling cold ever visited its people.¹ Rain never fell there, but instead a gentle fog ascended every day and hung like a veil between the tropic sun and the dewy earth;² and thus sheltered beneath the friendly cloud, the people seldom felt more than a temperate heat. It was only at rare intervals, when the fog was dissipated, that the climate was excessively hot; and only when a wandering blast escaped from the frozen tops of the Andes and came down to the sea-shore, that it showed a trace of northern cold. "It was a terrestrial paradise," said an observer, "except for the earthquakes." Seated in the midst of gardens, orchards, and groves of orange-trees, Lima looked upon a landscape of wonderful fertility.

¹ Lima and Callao, an official account of the earthquake, p. 39-98.

² *Id.*, p. 98.



ERUPTION OF COTOPAXI (1741).

It was on a plain about six miles from the sea. The fields around it teemed with tropical fruits and flowers; the heavy dews and the sheltering fogs kept the country perpetually green; the earth poured forth profusely all that its people required; and the rich plantations of the rural districts were managed with singular success. None of the choicest gifts of nature were wanting to happy Peru.

The city was built with broad, straight streets, and had been laid out with taste and care. It was the most splendid city in America. Here was the palace of the Viceroy of all the Spanish possessions, who ruled with an almost unrestricted sway over his South American subjects. Lima was therefore the centre to which flowed the wealth, the beauty, and the fashion of the land. It was rich with the spoils of the Incas and with the product of the mines of Peru. Its plaza was adorned by the magnificent palace of the Viceroy, by a cathedral

of rare splendor, whose tower rose high in the air, as if defiant of the earthquakes; by a fountain supported by brazen lions, and a range of public buildings unsurpassed in the capitals of Europe. The churches shone with golden ornaments and glittered with gems; and so devout or so penitent were the languid Peruvians that nearly one-quarter of the city was given up to convents and to monasteries.¹

Never was there a gayer people. Their houses were low adobe buildings of great extent, built round a court filled with tropical flowers. Here the dance went on incessantly in the soft evenings that were never unpropitious; the fair Peruvians dressed with a magnificence of lace and silk, besides diamonds and rare jewels, that often proved the ruin of their lovers and their husbands; divorce was common at Lima,² produced perhaps by the extravagance of the fair; and notwithstanding that divorced persons frequently married again, a hospital was built for divorced women. In fact, the moral tone of Lima does not seem to have been high. The priests were gay; the nuns not free from levity; but the processions, the music, and the figures of the Virgin arrayed in cloth of gold and bright with gems, the pomp

of the churches, the glory of the Roman ritual, made Lima one of the most pious of cities. Besides, the Holy Inquisition flourished with great luxuriance in the capital, and within its grand offices its secret charges, its sudden arrests, and ready tortures flowed on incessantly in a tranquil stream, and no heretic of native blood escaped the dungeon, the rack, and the Auto da Fé. It was plain that Lima was a most devout city.

A road about six miles long ran down to Callao, the port of Lima. Callao was seated on the low shore, not raised far above the level of the sea. It was a gay and busy town of about five thousand inhabitants. Its harbor was excellent, but the sea was so calm and gentle that a harbor was scarcely required. No storms nor gusts disturbed the still Pacific, and the languid waves scarcely rippled against the

¹ Lima and Callao, p. 74.² Id.

shore.¹ Along the sea ran a long low range of stone bastions sufficient to repel the attack of wandering cruisers; in front was the roadstead where the ships lay at anchor; and behind the ramparts spread out the town, rising on a gentle slope, and gay with palaces and churches. The road that ran back to Lima was surrounded by gardens and villas, and was usually filled with merry muleteers and the wealthier citizens of the capital driving in their calashes drawn by mules.

Such were Lima and Callao in October, 1746. Earthquakes had come, gone, and been forgotten. The people of Lima had built their tall churches, their beautiful towers, and lofty palaces as if all were secure, and the people of Callao slept by the side of their tranquil sea as if they could rest on its bosom forever. It was the night of October 28, at half past ten o'clock, when all the city was asleep. A shock awakened it. Fortunately the people sprang into the streets. Four minutes served to shake Lima to the ground—not twenty houses out of three thousand were left standing.² The whole city crumbled into dust; the convents and monasteries, the church-tower and the churches, the palace of the Viceroy, the pleasant adobe houses—all formed a heap of ruins, beneath which might be heard the groans of the dying, the cry for help, the agony of woe. The loss of life was not excessive, but nearly a thousand persons were dead, and the horrors of that dreadful night were increased by a succession of shocks that shook down what the first had spared. Many were crushed in the ruins of their houses, others were struck down as they fled through the streets, and the survivors watched wearily through the long night for the coming of the dawn.

Suddenly their horror was doubled by the intelligence from the port. Callao was now only a bank of sand. The peaceful sea which had slept so tranquilly at its side had risen in a vast tidal wave, swept over the city, and carried its whole population back into the deep. The ships in the harbor were borne over the town to the dry land, and as they passed they were surrounded by multitudes of floating people, and heard the shrieks of the great throng as it sank under the waters. Some few escaped. In the morning scarcely a trace remained of Callao. Wave following wave had blotted it from existence. A heap of sand marked the place where its ramparts and palaces once stood; and the new Callao which was afterward built was placed on a fresh site, away from the terrible memories of its predecessor.³

Captain Sutcliffe, a soldier of fortune, who visited Chili and Peru in 1822 to take part in the war of liberation, was at once invited to witness a revolution, a dance, and an earthquake. General O'Higgins, who had achieved the freedom of Chili by a bold march over the

Andes, had been deposed; a ball was given in the evening in honor of the political change; and in the night the gallant captain rushed from his falling house, pursued by a raging earthquake. He describes his feelings on a similar occasion as follows: "Our sensations were truly horrible. There was nothing remarkable in the appearance or state of the atmosphere; the moon and stars shone with their usual splendor."¹ Chili and Peru still continue the favored lands of the earthquake. In 1835 all Southern Chili was laid in ruins. The great city of Conception wholly disappeared, not a stone being left upon another. Valparaiso was destroyed in 1822, and was afterward rebuilt. Peru has been as unfortunate as Chili, and its history is marked by a succession of disasters. Yet both Peru and Chili are making considerable advances in material and mental improvement, and bid fair to rank high among the republics of the future.

From the Pacific coast we turn to Europe for the next important earthquake. No event ever created a more intense feeling in the European capitals than the total destruction of Lisbon in 1755. Until that period Europe had looked for no real danger from earthquakes. It was believed that they were confined in their worst effects, to the shores of America, the islands of the East and West Indies, or the coasts of Syria and the plains of Sicily; and it was scarcely supposed that any one of the great capitals of Europe would ever be desolated like Lima or Callao. Rome and Naples had trembled for several thousand years with minor shocks, and were still as safe as London and Paris. Lisbon and Madrid had never known any serious casualty. Even Syracuse and Messina continued to stand. And when it was told that splendid Lisbon had been crushed to the earth; that its people were lying dead beneath its ruins, or had been swept into the Atlantic by a tidal wave; that volcanic fires had flashed through its very streets, and the whole land had been shown to be the work of internal combustion, every city in Europe shuddered lest its own turn might be the next; lest it might discover that its foundations concealed a secret destroyer, and that its people might awake on some fatal night amidst the crash of falling buildings and the roar of the sudden earthquake. London and Paris, Vienna and Berlin, were seized with sudden terror, and a solemn gloom hung for a time over the gayest capitals of Europe.

Of all the fair lands of the earthquake the environs of Lisbon and its magnificent harbor, the romantic outline of the banks of the Tagus, the seven or more hills on which the city stands revealed, and the glorious back-ground of Cintra and the surrounding mountains, present the most entrancing scene.² It is grander than the bay of Naples, more imposing than the Hudson

¹ Lima and Callao, p. 3.

² Id., p. 137.

³ Id., p. 145 *et seq.*

¹ Chili and Peru, p. 397.

² Kinsey, Portugal, p. 10, 12.

at New York. The Tagus widens as it approaches the Atlantic, and in front of the city is about ten miles in breadth. Its banks are clothed in the richest verdure, broken only by frequent villas and overhanging cliffs, and its waters glide bright and tranquil to the sea. The tower of Belem and its surrounding village first strikes the traveler's eye on entering the harbor; then the splendid city of palaces and churches, stretching a narrow bright line along the hills; and far behind the mighty chain of volcanic mountains, studded with villas and gardens, and clad in tropic vegetation.¹ Lisbon, indeed, is set in a grove of lemon and orange trees, of the palm, the olive, and the cork; its skies are of the deepest blue, and its river always cheerful. But its air is often of a fiery heat; and in August and September a kind of torrid winter takes place, in which vegetation dies, the earth is heated dust, and which continues until the cool showers of October call forth the leaves and flowers.²

From the heat and noisome air of the city the Portuguese escape to famous Cintra. "It is one of the loveliest spots on earth," wrote Mrs. Quillinan, and the poet Southey was never weary of celebrating its charm. Cintra is part of a chain of majestic mountains that overlook Lisbon. The whole mountain-side is covered with wood-land, gardens, groves, and massive foliage, with dancing streams and the song of countless nightingales, with palaces, villas, and quiet rural homes. Its air is always fresh and cool, and the spirit of health and beauty seems to dwell forever in its midst.³

At the time of the great earthquake in 1755 Lisbon was comparatively a far more important city than it is now, and was more nearly the peer of London and Paris. Something remained to it, too, of that former glory which in the sixteenth century had made it the centre of commerce and discovery. The genius of the Portuguese had once snatched the trade of the East from the Venetians; Vasco da Gama revolutionized his age; the Portuguese ruled over a large part of Africa and Hindostan; and Lisbon became a port where merchants came from all parts of Europe to purchase the spices, the gold-dust, and the silks of the East. Holland in the seventeenth century had done to Lisbon what she had done for Venice in the sixteenth, and the spice trade and the silk trade were transferred to the wharves of Amsterdam. But still, even in 1755, Lisbon retained traces of its former wealth and power, and its churches and palaces were still adorned with the spoils and trophies of the Indies.

Portugal is a mass of volcanic rocks, mountains, and lofty capes, projecting into the Atlantic.⁴ Like most volcanic countries its soil is unusually prolific, and its internal fires seem to nourish and perfect all the fruits and flowers of the tropics. The earthquake, however, has

never ceased to visit it. The southern provinces below the Tagus had long been subject to severe concussions;¹ Lisbon had frequently been shaken, yet no danger had ever been looked for from this cause by its rulers or its people; nor can philosophy offer any explanation why this great capital should have been made the focus of a grand convulsion that reached from the Baltic on the one continent to the American lakes on the other;² nor why the fatal effects of this great earthquake, whose oscillations extended to Sweden, Germany, Switzerland, the Antilles, and to Canada, should have fallen upon the unhappy people of Lisbon alone.

Those who carefully noticed the course of nature just before the earthquake at Lisbon might have observed that for several years the land had shown various traces of volcanic action.³ The weather had been unusually dry; springs had ceased to flow that had once been abundant; the earth had frequently trembled with slight shocks; and the air had been oppressively hot. Yet never had Lisbon been more heedless of danger than at the moment of its destruction. For more than a century and a half it had known no severe earthquake. Its tall houses, four or five stories high, with their balconies of lattice-work stretching over the narrow streets, had remained for generations undisturbed. Its royal palace, more richly adorned with gold and silver furniture, and stored with more costly diamonds than any other in Europe, had been built with no expectation of danger from an earthquake; and its churches, still richer than its palace in gold and jewels, were gay with the spoils of the Indies. Its two great squares were lined with palaces and public buildings; and the magnificent church of the Dominicans, and the corridors and dungeons of the Holy Inquisition, marked the circuit of the greater of them, the Ruccio, which was placed in the centre of the city.⁴ It was here that some of the most fatal scenes of the catastrophe occurred.

The people of Lisbon lived for pomp and show. They were followed by great retinues of black slaves. Every family valued itself upon possessing a large number of servants; and a costly slave-market stood by the river-side, where the slavers discharged their cargoes at leisure, and sold their wretched captives. No white man would consent to perform any menial service. Labor was left to the slave. The pride of the Portuguese noble and the charms of the Lisbon women were noted in Europe, and their luxurious indolence had been fostered by the softening effect of their tropic clime.⁵

The morning of November 1, 1755, broke fair and warm over Lisbon. A soft east wind blew and the sky was cloudless.⁶ It was a high

¹ Kinsey, p. 87.

² Link, *Travels in Portugal*, etc., p. 165.

³ *Journal of a Residence in Portugal* (Mrs. Quillinan), p. 70.

⁴ Daubeney, p. 249.

⁵ Kinsey, p. 87. Link, p. 192.

⁶ Humboldt, *Kosmos*, i. p. 206. ³ Kinsey, p. 98.

⁴ *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1755, p. 555. Kinsey. Link.

⁵ Link, p. 172.

⁶ Kinsey, p. 98. *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1755, p. 557.

festival of the Roman Church; the chapels and cathedrals were filled with immense throngs of worshipers; the English merchants had not yet gone to their counting-houses; the royal family were still in the palace. Suddenly a roar was heard like the peal of countless thunder-bolts; a terrible shock struck the city and it fell. Several other shocks followed and completed its destruction. The royal family had just time to rush from the palace as it crumbled to pieces above their heads. The magnificent churches waved for a moment backward and forward, and then falling upon the countless throngs of worshipers, buried them in their ruins. The tall houses were dashed down upon the narrow streets and crushed their inmates as they strove to fly from the tottering walls. A sudden darkness brooded over the city, caused by the thick clouds of dust, beneath which rose the shrieks of the wounded, the wail of the living, and the cry of the fallen metropolis.

It is estimated that more than thirty thousand persons perished in that awful moment. Many of the survivors were killed by the fall of the buildings as they fled wildly through the streets. The Spanish ambassador was struck down and died as he was escaping from his house. Nobles and fair women, priests, monks, and nuns, the rich and the poor, who were yet unhurt, fled in a vast throng to the great square, until forty thousand miserable human beings had found a temporary refuge in its midst. But now the tidal wave came up to do its work. A wild storm raged over the city; while the sea, rushing into the harbor, overflowed the great square and swept away thousands into the deep. The people rushed madly toward the open country; clambered over the ruins of houses and churches; over the heaps of dead and the countless wounded; forgot in their terror the ties of nature or the claims of friendship; and made their way as they best could out of the accursed city. In this fearful flight many were destroyed by the falling ruins; others sank down from weakness and could go no farther; and the women, the children, and the aged often died from excess of terror.

At length the whole population that still survived had reached the fields, and only a horde of thieves and murderers remained in Lisbon.¹ But now came the crowning horror of this great catastrophe. The city took fire. The flames broke forth in the churches, where the innumerable wax-candles used in the sacred rites set on fire the draperies of the altars and the dresses of the dead; the houses were also in flames; and to complete the terrors of the conflagration, the banditti, who prowled amidst the ruins, fired several of the churches and convents in order to conceal their depredations. All night long the fugitives in the country watched the fire stealing swiftly over the ruined city and consuming whatever the earthquake and the sea had spared. The accumulated wealth of centuries, the fruit

of terrible tyranny in the East, or of the horrible traffic in slaves; the costly offerings of the pious in the churches; the savings of the industrious and the subsistence of the good, melted swiftly away and were converted into ashes. The royal palace, adorned with tapestry of unequaled elegance, and filled with silver and gold, was totally consumed. The churches, richer than the palace in gems and gold, shared its fate. The fire raged for eight days; no one ventured to enter the blazing city to check its ravages or to save his property from the flames; and when at last it died out the fairest portion of Lisbon was only a heap of blackened ruins.

Many of the particulars of this famous earthquake are narrated by English residents who escaped from the scene. An English merchant had just sat down to breakfast when he saw the walls of his house shaking above him. He did not at first understand the cause; but when he saw his neighbors rushing into the street he joined them, and began his struggle for life. It was dark as night. He ran with the terrified throng to the public square; the waters rose, and he turned to fly to the hills. He climbed, crept, or ran, amidst the horrible din, over the ruins and the heaps of dead; escaped the tottering walls and the rising flames; made his way through a ruined church at the very moment that another severe shock shattered it anew; and at length reached the open country. Here he watched through the night the fires breaking out through the deserted city, and saw its final destruction.

Ten days passed during which the people of Lisbon lived in tents or huts, half clad and starving; at length they began to return to the city. An English merchant with his servant made his way to the former site of his warehouse to endeavor to recover the remains of his property. They shrank terrified from the spectacle. They passed among the dead, over a blackened waste where the streets were obliterated and scarcely a trace of the buildings remained.

Another eye-witness was on shipboard in the harbor. He felt the vessel agitated beneath him, and rose in surprise. He turned toward the city, and there beheld a scene of horror. He saw the tall churches and palaces wave to and fro and then fall to the earth. He saw the people rush wildly to the public square, and the wave rise upon them and sweep them away. He heard the wild scream of terror that rose from the throng, the crash of the falling city, the roar of the angry sea. He witnessed the swift rush of the flames over the waste; and the dreadful picture of the destruction of Lisbon was never erased from his mind.

At the very moment of the fall of Lisbon a wild commotion prevailed over a wide circle of sea and land.¹ Cadiz was swept by a great tidal wave that carried away many of its people; Milan was so severely shaken as to in-

¹ Gentleman's Magazine, p. 557.

¹ Gentleman's Magazine, 1755, p. 583.



EARTHQUAKE AT MESSINA (1783).

jure several of its finest buildings; Switzerland opened in fissures; the firm rock of Gibraltar trembled to its base; the earthquake was felt all along the Rhine, and even in the lowlands of Holland. It was noticed in Norway and in England. All Northern Africa felt the convulsion, and the city of Meqinez was destroyed. Far out upon the Atlantic flame and smoke rose from the waters; and in Boston a shock was felt soon after that drove the people from their houses in alarm. The shock that destroyed Lisbon is computed to have been felt over a portion of the earth greater in extent than Europe.¹

In modern times Europe has known but two important earthquakes, and of these the greater was the Calabrian. It formed an epoch in the history of Italy, exclaimed Vivenzio;² it spread terror throughout the peninsula, and it taught Rome and Naples to tremble at every quiver of the land. Nothing since the overthrow of Pompeii and Herculaneum had brought the danger so close to them as the desolation of Calabria and the ruin of Messina.

Calabria Ultra, the scene of the catastrophe, lies at the southern extremity of Italy, and projects into the Mediterranean Sea. The Straits of Messina separate it from Sicily, and the city of Messina stands on the opposite shore. This city was involved in the ruin of the continent.

Calabria is said to have been fertile beyond description.³ Its fields were covered by enormous olive-trees, its vines grew to a vast size and were laden with grapes, its harvests were

abundant, and in every thing but a government it was one of the happiest portions of the globe. Rivers of wine and oil flowed from the fortunate land. The peasantry lived in plenty and ignorance; and a great number of cities, some of them remarkable for their feudal castles and their massive convents, covered the hills and the sea-coast.

The land was covered with flowers. On the hill-sides and in the valleys bloomed an infinite number of rare plants that in Paris were only found in the hot-house. Like most of the lands of the earthquake, it was the carnival scene of nature, where life flowed on beneath the brightest skies, amidst the fairest landscapes; where a pleasant languor softened the rude brow of labor, and the song and the dance went on perpetually in the gay cities and cheerful hamlets of the plain. On the 5th of February, 1783, an explosion took place beneath the surface of Calabria; a subterranean roar was heard, and all Southern Italy rocked and trembled. Two minutes sufficed to level the cities of Calabria to the dust. Nothing could resist the shock. Stones of great size were ground against one another and broken into pieces. The foundations of houses were shot from the earth, and whole cities were tossed into the air and fell upon the ground a mass of undistinguishable fragments. No warning noise, or even tremor, preceded the earthquake; it came upon the people at noon, when they were looking for no danger; and, in a moment, twenty thousand of the inhabitants of Calabria lay dead beneath their ruined homes.

The earthquake is the natural foe of cities; it is upon them that its stroke falls heaviest; to them it is more fatal than sack, siege, or con-

¹ Humboldt, Kosmos.

² Istoria, etc., de' Tremuoti, p. 203. *Che formera epoca nell' istoria d'Italia.*

³ Dolomieu, Pink. Voyages, v. p. 280, note.



CALABRIAN PEASANTS ENGULFED BY CREVASSES (1783).

flagration. In Calabria the numerous cities crumbled in a moment into dust. The fate of the flourishing town of Terra Nova was particularly noticed. It stood upon an elevated plateau, on three sides of which ran deep gorges or ravines, and below it spread out a fertile plain covered with olive-trees and fresh with verdure. Its elevated position was the source of its utter destruction. The plateau on which it stood was riven by the shock, and rolled down into the ravines below; not a vestige of its houses remained; men, women, children were buried in the earth; and it was impossible to distinguish where the site of the town had been. Castellace, another pleasant village seated upon a hill, was thrown down into the valley, and not a trace of its former position remained. Entire fields, covered with vines and olive-trees, were, in many instances, carried away from their natural seats and transported to a distance, with their trees still erect and growing; and rivers that had once flowed swiftly to the sea were filled up and spread out into miasmatic lakes. The city of Scilla, near the coast, was nearly destroyed, and its people fled to the level shore for safety. Here, about one o'clock in the morning, a tidal wave rose over the land and swept the Prince of Scilla and a thousand of the people into the waves.

On the opposite side of the straits, in Sicily, stood the fine city of Messina. It was built around a bay, in a semicircular form, and a row of splendid palaces, three stories high, lined the front of the harbor. The upper stories of all these buildings were thrown down, and the lower so shattered as to make them a pile of ruins. The other streets were heaps of ruins, impassable and deserted. An awful silence reigned

through the abandoned city; the inhabitants fled to the woods and fields for safety; and for a long time after the first shock no human voice was heard in Messina; no sound but the rattling of doors and windows, and the sighing of the wind through the shattered waste.¹

Calabria continued to rock and tremble with frequent concussions for many months after the first earthquake, and when Dolomieu visited it in 1784 he felt several slight shocks. One evening as he was trying to sleep in the temporary shelter provided near one of the ruined convents, his mind filled with the spectacle of the great catastrophe, and seeking to picture to himself the emotions of the people when their houses were crumbling above them, he felt his bed shake beneath him. He sprang up, about to fly in terror; but when he saw that his companions paid no attention to the slight tremor, he returned to his couch and sought once more to sleep. The attempt was vain, and he remained terror-stricken through the night, expecting every moment the return of the dread destroyer.

It is said that all animals seem to have a foreknowledge of the approach of an earthquake, and that their agitation and cries add to the terrors of the scene. The howling of the dogs at Messina was so violent that they were ordered to be killed. At the same time human beings were changed into monsters. The country people rushed to the plunder of fallen cities. Instead of aiding in rescuing the sufferers from the ruins, they snatched the jewels and rich clothes from the bodies of the wounded, and

¹ Spallanzani, *Travels in the Two Sicilies*. Dolomieu, p. 287.



MOUNT EREBUS, AN ARCTIC VOLCANO.

left them to die; and hundreds who might have been saved by proper care perished unassisted. Robbers roamed through the deserted streets of Messina, and for a long time it was unsafe to venture within its walls. By the sudden death of so large a part of the population great changes took place in the distribution of property. Persons who had lived in poverty became suddenly heirs to large estates; whole families were swept away; and distant relations inherited fortunes of which they had never any expectation. The wealthy suffered oftener than the poor, and those who lived in hovels were more fortunate than the tenants of palaces.

Calabria rests upon a foundation of granite rocks, covered with a deep soil, seamed with fertilizing springs, and undulating with sandy hills. It is supposed that the earthquake struck the granite surface with a sudden blow; the ground above crumbled and melted away; the sandy hills were riven and thrown down into the valleys; the buildings of the cities were tossed into heaps together; and thus the destruction was more complete than that of any other earthquake; for the houses were not only thrown down, but the whole site of the city was broken up and displaced. The deep roar of the earthquake seemed to roll onward from Messina, under the granite foundations of the land, toward Calabria; and Dolomieu believed that Etna had broken a passage through the caverns of the earth, across the Sicilian straits, and that a sudden explosion had been occasioned by the fires of the volcano coming in contact with the cold waters of the interior.

In the year 1811 almost every part of the United States was shaken by an earthquake.

It was an ominous year, a year of terror, when fierce comets swept across our skies, and hurricanes of sleet and snow desolated Massachusetts and Long Island; but the chief alarm that brooded over men's minds was the consciousness that the earth beneath them was in commotion. From every part of the country news came to New York and Philadelphia that the land was being shaken by an earthquake.¹

The first shock occurred December 16, at about half past two o'clock in the morning. At Washington houses were shaken, and doors and windows rattled, men grew sick and giddy, and furniture trembled in the rooms. A great alarm arose, and it was feared that a more dangerous shock must follow. At Richmond the bells rang in the houses, and the people rose in terror. At Columbia, South Carolina, houses rocked and quivered; the State House shook to its foundations, and the plaster fell from its walls. At Charleston a rumbling sound was heard like distant thunder, and the bell in St. Philip's steeple was rung by invisible hands. In Savannah there were flashes of light and a subterranean roar. In Louisville four shocks were observed; houses were vigorously shaken; chimneys fell, and life was in evident danger. The earthquake extended over Ohio, Michigan, and Illinois; the Indians told how they had seen the lakes boiling and foaming amidst the prairies; and the fresh springs of Kentucky were tainted with sulphur.

But the vigor of our earthquake seemed to expend itself in the low valley of the Mississippi. The bed of the river was violently dis-

¹ Mitchill, New York Lit. and Phil. Trans., i. p. 281 *et seq.*

turbed, and beat against the keels of passing vessels; the water rose in wild tides or eddies; trees and logs came up from the bottom of the stream; boats were tossed about as if on the ocean. On all sides the alluvial plain was shaken, cracked, and distorted; here rising several feet, and there sinking to an unusual depth; now opening into deep caverns, and now rising into little hills. At New Madrid, a small town situated on a bend in the river, families were roused from their sleep by the rocking of their houses and the falling chimneys, and fled to the fields for safety. A dull, sulphureous air brooded over the place. The shocks came rapidly in succession; the land on which the town was built sank twelve feet; and the citizens, afraid to venture back to their homes, remained all winter encamped upon the high ground. Along the prairies a constant undulation went on; lakes were raised into uplands; dry land became lakes; and fountains of sand and water gushed from the riven soil.¹

But this was all. No lives were lost; no lasting injury followed the great earthquake. New York and Philadelphia probably did not feel the shock. Its chief vigor was shown in the alluvial regions of the Mississippi, as if it were too feeble to shake the solid rock.

The next year, January 23, 1812, the earthquake was felt anew. Richmond and Charleston were again shaken; Pittsburg felt a strong shock, and the people ran screaming from their tottering houses as if it were in Chili or Peru. The earth continued to tremble along the Mississippi at intervals until 1813. New Madrid seemed a centre of disturbance, and its people were often encamped in the woods; fissures six feet wide opened in the solid land; the river banks were constantly falling in; it is said that in some places the stream made for itself new openings, and that the earthquake gave a new direction to the Mississippi. At length, however, a guardian Providence stilled the fiery waves of the restless earth, and from that time the valley of the great river has rested in comparative peace.

Meanwhile the earthquake, which had sported so gently with the cities of our dawning republic, had expended its fiercest rage on the lands of the south. On the 26th of March, 1812, Caracas fell to the earth smitten by a terrible shock. It was a beautiful city of Venezuela; its climate charming, its landscape rich with the wild luxuriance of the tropics, its streets lined with tall churches and houses, and its people wealthy and gay. They had no thought of danger. The air was soft, the sky clear, the sea flowed calm and low, and the gay people, clothed in their richest dress, had thronged to their forty churches to celebrate a solemn religious festival. There were gorgeous processions, noble music, and the chant

of richly robed priests; the air was heavy with the scent of costly incense; the tall arches and well-wrought naves re-echoed to the song of choristers and the prayers of the devout; when in a moment the earthquake came with a roar like the sound of thousands of cannon. The terrified people saw the stone arches and pillars, the fretted roofs and towering steeples, hurled upon them from above, and were all crushed to death by the fall of the sacred buildings. "I was there at the time the dreadful catastrophe happened," said a traveler, "and escaped by running from the house into a large court-yard in which nothing could fall on me, where I remained until the danger was over."¹

The earthquake came from the east. On its first approach it appeared as though there was a discharge of thousands of cannon in the neighborhood of the unfortunate city; a moment afterward the ground rose nearly a foot and a half, and rolled in waves of about that height for two seconds. The earthquake altogether continued for a minute and a half, during which time it prostrated more than two-thirds of the houses, and rendered the rest uninhabitable; killed one-half of the inhabitants, and wounded many others. The boldest imagination and the most vigorous pen, it was said, could not paint the dismal scene. Words could not describe it; no intellect could grasp the awful idea. Amidst the crash of falling houses and churches was heard on all sides the cries: "My wife! My husband! My child! My sister! My brother! Where are they? They are dead! They have perished!"

La Guayra, a neighboring city, perished at the same moment with Caracas. "When the first shock occurred," said a resident of the town, "I ran out of my house—a tall building of several stories—and in my amazement I turned round and beheld it rocking like a cradle, while the roaring of the earthquake, the screams of the people, and the crashing of perhaps a thousand buildings, made the scene horrible beyond description."²

Such are some of the traits of the earthquake in history: its fearful aspect, its unannounced approach, its inscrutable origin, its awful voice, the wide ruin it occasions, and its continuous shocks; the horrors of its tidal wave, the fury of its hurricane, have made it in every age the terror and the scourge of those lovely lands in which it delights to linger. Without it they would indeed be a terrestrial paradise, and with it they are Edens haunted by the demon. Not all the scent of the orange flowers and the perpetual glory of his gardens; not the charm of his dewy skies, the swift succession of his ever-golden days, the glitter of his gentle stars; not the magnificence of his treasure-laden cities, nor the boundless wealth of his fertile clime, can ever take away from the Peruvian the consciousness that his dread destroyer is always

¹ Mitchill, *id.*, p. 292, 297, *et seq.*, can not decide as to whether the earthquake was felt in Philadelphia.

¹ Mitchill, *New York Lit. and Phil. Trans.*, i. p. 309.

² *New York Lit. and Phil. Trans.*, i. p. 313.

near; and at the first tremor of the uncertain land the cities are filled with terror; the people fly to the fields; home, ease, and grandeur are abandoned and forgotten; the intellectual and the feeble-minded, the weak and the strong, tremble together, or when the danger is over burst into a wild mood of insane hilarity.

Will the earthquake in all its terrors ever visit us? Will our cities ever be shorn of their prosperity, reduced to heaps of crumbling ruins, and made as desolate as deserted Messina? Must our teeming ports be swept by great tidal waves, while their gay and busy throngs are hurried far into the deep, and sea-monsters sport in their shattered mansions? Is New York ever to be humbled as was commercial Lisbon in the last century, or Pittsburg and Chicago tossed from their foundations like the wealthy cities of the Calabrian plain? Must San Francisco become a new Callao, and sink into a mound of sand beneath the raging waves of the treacherous Pacific?

If we have ever for a moment entertained such fears, history at once reassures us. History, mother of science, points to the unchanging unity of nature. Man and his creations vary, fade, and die. Great empires fall before moral revolutions; wealthy cities sink into solitudes with the revulsions of commerce and the alterations in the course of trade; nations that were once strong in intellect and vigorous with the elements of progress have become the prey of savages and barbarians; and all that is human is liable to change. Not so the Divine work. The laws of nature are immutable. From age to age the monsoons have blown across the Indian seas, and the Gulf-stream pierced the Atlantic with its tepid wave; the stars rise and set as they did of old; the sea-

sons come with their wonted regularity, and summer feeds us every year as it fed the Assyrians and the Greeks; the ocean keeps its appointed bounds; the tides ebb and flow with calm monotony; and the great sun, whether gas or fire, cloud or comet, is always the same to us. And hence history assures us that even the terrible earthquake is bound by the unchanging laws of nature to a single path, from which it is not permitted to diverge.

And history marks out upon the map of the world where that path lies. It is one so nicely defined and delicately drawn as to produce the most striking distinctions; yet it is as clear as the Gulf-stream and regular as the monsoons. Rome and Naples, for example, lie close to the path of the earthquake, and have been subject to slight shocks for centuries, yet they are probably as safe as London or Paris; Messina lies above the path, and has been torn by frequent convulsions. It winds sinuously under the seas, visiting certain islands with disaster and wholly sparing others. It penetrates to the northern latitude of Nippon, Kamchatka, and the Arctic mountains; it reaches to Lower California. Yet San Francisco is as safe as Rome or Florence, and the North Pacific shore as the coast of England.

History, in fact, assures us that ours is not one of the lands of the earthquake; that our exemption from its terrors is as certain as that the seasons will not vary or the summer fail to come; that maternal nature has sheltered us from the destroyer that we may enjoy her gifts at leisure and unfold her vast resources by incessant toil; and that He who holds the earthquake in check has ordained that we may do His work unimpeded by the perpetual horror that broods over other lands.

A CHILD'S WISDOM.

By ALICE CARY.

WHEN the cares of day are ended,
And I take my evening rest,
Of the windows of my chamber
This is that I love the best;
This one facing to the hill-tops
And the orchards of the west.

All the woodlands, dim and dusky,
All the fields of waving grain,
All the valleys sprinkled over
With the drops of sunlit rain—
I can see them through the twilight,
Sitting here beside my pane.

I can see the hilly places,
With the sheep-paths trod across;
See the fountains by the way-sides,
Each one in her house of moss
Holding up the mist above her
Like a skein of silken floss.

Garden corners bright with roses,
Garden borders set with mint,
Garden beds, wherein the maidens
Sow their seeds, as love doth hint,
To some rhyme of mystic charming
That shall come back all in print.

Ah! with what a world of blushes
Then they read it through and through,
Weeding out the tangled sentence
From the commas of the dew:
Little ladies, choose ye wisely,
Lest some day the choice ye rue.

I can see a troop of children—
Merry-hearted boys and girls—
Eyes of light and eyes of darkness,
Feet of coral, legs of pearls,
Racing toward the morning school-house
Half a head before their curls.

One from all the rest I single,
 Not for brighter mouth or eyes,
 Not for being sweet and simple,
 Not for being sage and wise:
 With my whole full heart I loved him,
 And therein my secret lies.

Cheeks as brown as sun could kiss them,
 All in careless homespun dressed,
 Eager for the romp or wrestle,
 Just a rustic with the rest:
 Who shall say what love is made of?
 'Tis enough I loved him best.

Haply, Effie loved me better—
 She with arms so lily fair,
 In her sadness, in her gladness,
 Stealing round me unaware;
 Dusky shadows of the cairngorms
 All among her golden hair.

Haply, so did willful Annie,
 With the tender eyes and mouth,
 And the languors and the angers
 Of her birth-land of the South:
 Still my darling was my darling—
 "I can love," I said, "for both."

So I left the pleasure-places,
 Gayest, gladdest, best of all—
 Hedge-row mazes, lanes of daisies,
 Bluebirds' twitter, blackbirds' call—
 For the robbing of the crow's nest,
 For the games of race and ball.

So I left my book of poems
 Lying in the hawthorn's shade,
 Milky flowers sometimes for hours
 Drifting down the page unread:
 "He has found a better poet;
 I will read with him," I said.

Thus he led me, hither, thither,
 To his young heart's wild content,
 Where so surly, and so curly,
 With his black horns round him bent,
 Fed the ram that ruled the meadow—
 For where'er he called I went:

Where the old oak, black and blasted,
 Trembled on his knotty knees,
 Where the nettle teased the cattle,
 Where the wild crab-apple trees
 Blushed with bitter fruit to mock us—
 'Twas not I that was to please:

Where the ox, with horn for pushing,
 Chafed within his prison stall;
 Where the long-leaved poison-ivy
 Clambered up the broken wall:
 Ah! no matter, still I loved him
 First and last and best of all.

When before the frowning master
 Late and lagging in we came,
 I would stand up straight before him,
 And would take my even blame:
 Ah! my darling was my darling;
 Good or bad 'twas all the same.

One day, when the lowering storm-cloud
 South and east began to frown,
 Flat along the waves of grasses,
 Like a swimmer, he lay down,
 With his head propped up and resting
 On his two arms strong and brown.

On the sloping ridge behind us
 Shone the yet ungarnered sheaves;
 Round about us ran the shadows
 Of the overhanging leaves,
 Rustling in the wind as softly
 As a lady's silken sleeves.

Where a sudden notch before us
 Made a gateway in the hill,
 And a sense of desolation
 Seemed the very air to fill:
 There beneath the weeping-willows
 Lay the grave-yard, hushed and still.

Pointing over to the shoulders
 Of the head-stones, white and high,
 Said I, in his bright face looking,
 "Think you you shall ever lie
 In among those weeping-willows?"
 "No!" he said, "I can not die!"

"Can not die? my little darling,
 'Tis the way we all must go!"
 Then, the bold, bright spirit in him
 Setting all his cheek aglow,
 He repeated still the answer,
 "I shall never die, I know!"

"Wait and think. On yonder hill-side
 There are graves as short as you.
 Death is strong."—"But He who made death
 Is as strong, and stronger too.
 Death may take me, God will wake me,
 And will make me live anew."

Since we sat within the elm shade
 Talking as the storm came on,
 Many a blessed hope has vanished,
 Many a year has come and gone;
 But that simple, sweet believing
 Is the staff I lean upon.

From my arms, so closely clasping,
 Long ago my darling fled;
 Morning brightness makes no lightness
 In the darkness where I tread:
 He is lost, and I am lonely,
 But I know he is not dead.

MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER IX.

LILLA WOULD SERVE ME.

MEANWHILE I am free to own that I liked the company of my pretty pagan; indeed it brightened life very much to me. When I was most lonely and unfriended these people had been strangely kind to me, and our common poverty and struggles made us—I was almost about to say unnaturally—certainly unusually familiar and friendly. Of course no young man of my age could ever be wholly indifferent to the company of a pretty and attractive girl; and I really grew quite fond of Lilla. I was not in the least in love with her; nor did she, I feel assured, ever think of me in the light of a possible lover; but we were very friendly and familiar, and indeed, in a sort of quiet, confident way, attached to each other. A happy Bohemian independence of public opinion emancipated our movements. She and I generally walked out together on Sundays in the desolate suburbs, or across the swamp which was undergoing slow conversion into a park. Sometimes, as I came home in the evening after giving some music-lessons—or, for that matter, tuning a piano—I met her going toward town, and I turned back and walked with her. Much amazed I used to be at first by her close knowledge of the shortest way to get every where, and of every shop where the best things to eat, or wear, or drink were to be had at the lowest possible prices.

Our talk was generally lively enough; but there were days when I became so saddened by my memories and my dull prospects that I really could not brighten; and then Lilla, in order to encourage me, told me all kinds of stories of her own occasional trials and distresses, as well as of people she had known, who, having been reduced to the very depths of despair, fell in with some lucky fortune, and were raised at once to high position and affluence. Most of those stories, to be sure, were told of young women reduced to serve in shops, whom some men of enormous wealth fell in love with and married; so that I could scarcely derive much encouragement from their application to my own personal condition. But it was easy to see with what a horizon fortune had bounded poor Lilla's earthly ambition. She had no genius for any work that did not directly conduce to personal adornment, and she had a very strong desire for wealth and ease.

"My only chance," she said frankly one day, "is to marry somebody who has money. I am sick of this place and this life. If I married a rich green-grocer even, I should be far, far happier than I am. I should have a home for my mother, and a cart to drive about in on Sundays, when the green-grocer did not want it for his business; and then mother and I would leave him at home on the Sundays to smoke in the back-kitchen while we went out for a drive;

and we could call for you and take you with us. I *must* marry somebody with money."

"Suppose, in the mean time, somebody without money comes in the way, and you fall in love with him?"

"Love? Nonsense! Love is a luxury beyond my means, Sir. Besides, do you know, I think debts and poverty make some of us cold-hearted or no-hearted, and we are not capable of falling in love. Seriously, I don't think I could be."

"Then I hope no friend of mine will fall in love with you."

"I am sure I hope not—unless he has money. I don't believe I have such a thing as a heart."

"You ought to have told me all this before, Lilla. How do you know what agony you may be inflicting on my heart?"

I thought she would have laughed at this, but she looked at me quite gravely, and even sympathetically.

"Ah, no!" she said, quietly; "you are safe enough—from me at least; I can see that."

"Why, Miss Lyndon? Pray tell me."

"Don't ask me; but don't think me a fool. Have I not eyes? Can't I see that your heart is gone long ago in some disastrous way or other, and that you can't recover it; and don't you think I am sorry for you? Yes, as much as if you were my brother."

"Ah, Lilla, you have far more heart than you would have me think. Not your eyes saw, but your heart."

And we neither spoke any more on that subject. But I knew that under my pretty pagan's plump bosom there beat a heart which the love of lobster-salad, and the hopes of a rich husband, and all the duty of dodging duns, could not rob of its genial blood-warmth.

Lilla had, like most London girls of her class and temperament, a passion for the theatre. She knew the ways of every theatre, and something about the private lives of all the actors and actresses, and who was married to whom, and who were not married at all, and who was in debt, and who made ever so much money in the year, and spent it or hoarded it, as the case might be. She pointed you out a small cigar-shop, and told you it was kept by the father of Miss Vashner, the great tragic actress; she called your attention to a small coal-and-potato store, and told you it was there Mr. Wagstaffe, the great manager, began his career; she glanced at a beery, snuffy little man in the street, and whispered that he was the husband of the dashing Violet Schönbein, who played the male parts in the burlesques and pantomimes, and whose figure was the admiration of London. Her interest did not lie so much in the stately opera-houses, or even the theatres where legitimate tragedy yet feebly protested its legitimacy and divine right, as in the small pleasant houses

where comedians and piquant actresses could always fill the benches. She knew where the best seats were, and how to make use of an order to most advantage; and, indeed, seemed hardly ever to have gone to a theatre except in the company of somebody armed with such a missive. She had been to parties of all kinds—to Kew, to Richmond, to Vauxhall (yes, I think there was a Vauxhall then), to Greenwich, to Dulwich, to Rosherville. She appeared to have an intimate knowledge of all places where supper was to be most comfortably and cheaply had in the neighborhood of each theatre. She had been to the Derby; and she never missed seeing the Queen going to open Parliament, or even the Lord Mayor's Show. She knew all about the great people of London—the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Palmerston, and the like; and, by some strange process of information, she often used to get to know beforehand when grand balls were given in the neighborhood of Belgrave Square or Park Lane, and she loved to go and watch at the doors to see the ladies pass in. Her uncle, she told me, had often promised to take her to the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons to hear a debate, but as yet he had not carried out his promise. He took her to the National Gallery and the Royal Academy's Exhibition; but she did not much care about these places of entertainment, and could not tell the name of any picture or painter afterward. Mr. Lyndon, M.P., clearly wanted to impress her with the necessity of some sort of mental culture, for he sent her a new piano and a heap of books, and made her promise to learn. She might have mastered most studies quickly enough had she but shown the same aptitude for them which she had for picking up the private histories of actresses and great ladies, for turning and trimming old dresses, for reviving decayed bonnets, and for stimulating flat porter, by the application of soda, into a ghastly likeness of bottled stout.

I thought her naturally so clever, and indeed I felt such a warm interest in her, that I set to work to teach her something. The piano she played very badly, and that I could teach her; singing I was likewise qualified to instruct her in; and French I spoke fluently enough. These, then, I offered, and in fact was determined, to teach her; and she was very glad to learn, and, when she was in humor for it, very quick and docile. What she went about teaching in the families where she had tried to be governess I never could guess. Just now I was glad she knew so little, and that there were some things I could teach her. I had nothing to do half my time; I was lonely and unfriended; these people had been kind to me, as indeed kindness was a part of their nature, and I felt so grateful that I was only too glad to have any chance of showing my gratitude. So I became Lilla's music-master and French teacher when I could and when she would; and Mrs. Lyndon was delighted. The good woman trusted

me entirely. She had so often told me what her dreams and hopes for her daughter were, that she knew so poor a caitiff as myself would never be mean enough to play Marplot by making love to Lilla. We were all poor together, and Mrs. Lyndon felt that hawks would not pick hawks' eyes out.

Little or nothing in this story turns upon my pupil-teaching of Lilla. In a direct sense, nothing came of it. I mention it here only to explain the fact that Lilla and her mother got to think themselves deeply indebted to me, and that Lilla in particular was determined to make me some return.

One evening I was walking rather listlessly along Sloane Street, feigning to myself that I had business in town, when I met Lilla returning homeward. She was all flushed and beaming, evidently under the influence of some piece of splendid good news.

"I have such news for you!" she said. "I have been to my uncle's, and I have talked to him about you."

"About me?"

"Yes. I always wanted to speak to him about you, and I made up my mind to go up specially to-day and do it. I told him all about you; how you were living in our house, and how kind you had always been to mamma and me—which I'm sure we don't forget—whenever we needed it; and Heaven knows we always do need it, for we never yet were able to pay any thing at the right time."

"Well, well, pass over all that, and come back to Mr. Lyndon."

"Yes, I told him all about you, and how you were better than a colony of sons to mamma, and a whole schoolful of brothers to me, and how you teach me this and that—every thing in fact. I can tell you your ears ought to have tingled, for such praise as I gave you mortal man never yet deserved. I told him what a singer you were—ever so much better than Mario, I said; at which I promise you he smiled very grimly, and grumbled out that he had heard of too many singers who were ever so much better than Mario. But I told him that you were, and no mistake. And then I said you wanted to get on the stage, only that you had no friends; at which he smiled again, and said a man who could sing better than Mario didn't much stand in need of friends."

"Well, but, Lilla, I don't quite see."

"Don't you? No, I dare say you don't; but I just do. Why, did I never tell you that my uncle knows all the great swells about the theatres? Oh yes. He once had a share in a theatre with a tremendous swell, Lord Loreine, and he adores operas and singers, and he gives dinners at Greenwich to *prima donnas*. He is constantly behind the scenes every where—odd places for him to go to, I have often told him—and every great singer who comes out he always meets. Who is Reichstein? Is it a man or a woman?"

"Reichstein is a woman."

"Who is she?"

"A singer—a great success in Paris, I'm told. I don't know much about her—hardly any thing, in fact. But she is new in Paris, and I believe a success."

"Well, he has been to Paris—indeed, he only came home last night—and he is in such a state about Reichstein, who is to come out in London and make a wonderful success. I was ashamed to confess that I never heard of Reichstein before, and didn't know, in fact, whether it was a man or a woman; and besides, I told him I wanted to talk about you, and not about Reichstein."

"What did he say?"

"He laughed, and said 'Reichstein could do more for your friend' (*my friend, you understand*) 'than I could.' In fact, he was in such a delightful good-humor that I might have said any thing to him to-day. You are to come and see him. Oh yes, you are; you'll find him very friendly."

"But, indeed, Lilla—"

"No, no; I can't hear any modest pleadings. You are to come; I am to bring you. You may be sure he'll like you; and, do you know, I really begin to think your fortune is made. Perhaps you may sing as *primo tenore* with what's-her-name, Reichstein, some time. And I shall go to hear you, and fling a bouquet to you—mind, not to her—so be sure you keep it for yourself; and then you must redeem your promise, and take me to the Derby."

"Hear me swear! You shall accompany me to the Derby. We'll have a carriage and, at least, four horses the very first Derby-day after I have sung as *primo tenore* with Mlle. Reichstein."

"Well, you may laugh now; but I promise you I'll make you keep your word. Far more unlikely things have happened. But now tell me when you are coming to see my uncle."

I had not the remotest idea of presenting myself or being presented to Lilla's uncle. All I had heard of him pictured him to me as a cold, purse-proud, selfish, sensuous man—not, indeed, incapable of doing a generous thing for a poor dependent, but quite incapable of feeling any respect for poverty of any kind. His photograph, which Lilla often showed me, quite confirmed my notions of him. Egotism and pride were traced in every line of the face—of the straight square forehead, of the broad jaw—even the unmistakable sensuousness of the full lips and the wide mouth did not soften the general hardness of the expression. I can not tell why, but I always detested the man. Patronage of any kind I must have hated; but to be patronized by this rich man was utterly out of the question.

Yet I could not but feel grateful for the kindly manner in which poor Lilla had endeavored to serve me. This was surely disinterestedness on her part. She so often had to solicit favors of her uncle upon her own account, that one might have imagined a shrewd

and worldly girl would be very careful indeed not to weaken any influence she might have, not to discount any future concessions, by asking his good offices for another. Therefore, while I attached not the slightest importance to the promised influence, and would not have availed myself of it were it really to make my fortune in an hour, I took good care, the reader may well believe, to let Lilla see that I was not ungrateful. Nor did I dash her little pride and triumph by telling her that I would not go to see her uncle. But I temporized; and fortune gave me a ready way of doing it. I had been for some little time in negotiation about an engagement to join a company who were to give concerts in some of the provincial cities and towns; and this very day I had accepted the terms, and duly signed the conditions. I had therefore to leave town at once, and should probably be away for two or three months at the least.

This therefore gave me a satisfactory plea for postponing my visit to Mr. Lyndon.

Lilla was a little cast down; but as she knew I had long been anxious to secure this very engagement—my first of any note—she brightened up immediately, and gave me her warm congratulations.

"When I get back, Lilla, you shall make my fortune."

"How glad I shall be! Do you know that I really hope you may not quite take the provinces by storm, and so find the way made clear to you, without my having any thing to do with it? I do, indeed. I want so much to be the means of doing some good for you."

"You need not fear, Lilla. Fortune will be in no hurry to interfere with your kindly purpose."

"But stop. I *have* actually done something for you already. I have given you a name."

"Indeed! How is that?"

"Well, of course you can't call yourself Banks when you go on the stage. Banks would never do; there couldn't be a great Banks. Then you always say you never would consent to take any ridiculous Italian name."

"Never."

"Well, I have given you a delightful name, which is all your own, by the simplest process in the world. Temple Banks is absolutely ridiculous; people would always keep calling you Temple Bar. Now don't be angry."

"Indeed I am not."

"You got quite flushed when I laughed at your name, though; but no matter. Leave out the Banks altogether, and there you are—Emanuel Temple! What can be prettier and softer? All liquids, positively. Well, I have made you Emanuel Temple, and nothing else. I spoke of you to my uncle as Emanuel Temple. He has written down your name in his memorandum-book as Emanuel Temple. I have launched you as Emanuel Temple, and Emanuel Temple you shall remain."

Nobody much likes any chaff about his name. I did not at first quite relish my young friend's remarks, but I soon saw there was some sense in them. I had indeed, for many reasons, determined on changing my name in some way, and this slight alteration would do as well as any other. So I went through the provinces as Emanuel Temple, and I have never since been publicly known by any other name.

CHAPTER X.

I MAKE A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

SOME few weeks of professional wandering among chilling audiences in country towns, meeting with tolerable success in most places, brought me to Dover, and the first glimpse of the sea I had enjoyed for years. I felt boyish again at the sight of my old confidant; and the shining track of the moon across the water seemed to mark out a bright path back to the delightful dream-land, the far-off, fading Island of the Blest, with its "light of ineffable faces," whither my boyhood and my first love were banished, the one seemingly as much lost to me as the other. Not for years had I thought so bitterly, so passionately, of Christina as during my short stay in Dover by the sea. And yet she seemed to me almost like a creature in a dream—like some beautiful spirit-love, which had descended upon me while I lay in ecstatic delirium, and faded with my waking. I can almost believe the stories of men who have fallen madly in love with the daughters of dreams, and pined and sickened away their lives in longing after the unreal, and were glad to die, that they might be relieved of the vain tormenting wish.

I pass, however, from recalling these purely personal and egotistical recollections to the subject which I meant to speak of when I recurred to my visit to Dover. An accidental meeting there threw me in the way of making an odd acquaintanceship, which had no little influence afterward on one part at least of my fortunes, and those of two distinct and divided sets of persons, whose histories make indirectly a chapter of mine.

One evening, after I had sung at a concert and been somewhat applauded, I went to have my customary stroll by the sea. I turned into a cigar-shop in one of the steep, stony, narrow little streets, chiefly made up of oyster-shops and public houses, which alone are astir in Dover after nightfall. I asked for a cigar, hardly observing that somebody else was being served with something by the young woman who stood behind the counter.

"Glad *he's* come in!" said a full mellow male voice; "very glad. *He'll* decide; he looks a sort of person who ought to know."

It did not occur to me that this could well have any reference to myself, and so I asked again for a cigar. I noticed then that the girl was flushed in the face, and was biting her lips, half amused and half angry.

"Shall I refer it to him?" said the male voice again.

"I really don't care," replied the girl, "whom you refer it to; I've told you the price and the quality, that's all."

I looked round, and saw that there was seated on a chair at my left a short, stout, well-preserved elderly personage, with black, beady, twinkling eyes, shining white teeth, a ruddy complexion, and a black wig. His opened lips had a full, sensuous expression, and there was a dash of something in his whole face which vaguely spoke of cruelty, or marked eccentricity, or something else that is out of the commonplace character of the everyday Briton. There was an odd, indefinable mixture about his appearance and manner of the broken-down gentleman and the artist. I should say that he was probably a naturalized Bohemian—one not born among the gipsies, but who perhaps had strayed into their encampments in early life, or got changed at nurse. His uncommon appearance and queer ways struck me at once. I observed that his hands were small, fat, and beautifully white.

"Then we refer the case to arbitration," complacently remarked this personage; and, still remaining in his chair, he touched his hat very graciously to me, and with a wave of his hand invited my attention. "We have had a dispute, Sir, I and this young lady—her name is Fanny; I address her by her name because we are old acquaintances; I have been here twice, I think—touching the quality of these cigars. She declares them to be prime Havanas, and has the conscience to ask eightpence each. I represent them to be rather inferior Veveys, and suggest one penny each, or seven for sixpence. On these terms I am willing to treat for one shilling's worth. I tell her frankly it is no use trying to deceive *me*. I have been to Havana, and I have only just come back from Switzerland; and I remark to her that I rather think I saw the light at least a year or two before she did, and that, generally speaking, I have not knocked about the world for nothing. She refuses to admit the force of these arguments. Fortunately you have come just in time to arbitrate. You seem to me a man who ought to know tobacco from dock-leaves and brown paper. Come, then, how say you—Havana or Vevey?"

"I am afraid I must decline to arbitrate. I have not been to Havana."

"But you are not a Dover man? You don't belong to this confounded dirty, disgraceful little place? Don't tell me."

"No, I am not a Dover man."

"Of course not; I knew it.—You see, Fanny, it's no use trying to deceive me. Take example, sweet girl."

The sweet girl only tossed her head and looked remarkably sour.

"If you're not going to 'ave the cigars," she said, "I just wish you'd put them down, and not bother."



"NO, I AM NOT A DOVER MAN."

"Fanny, you rush to conclusions with the impetuosity of your sex. It must be something, I fancy, in the nature of petticoats that makes the wearers of them so quick in their conclusions. No, Fanny, I shall not put the cigars down, because I do mean to 'ave them,' as you express it, with the delicious disregard of aspirates peculiar to our common country. I mean to 'ave them' and to pay for them, fair being, even at your own price; but I am anxious to convince you that, though you may extort my money—"

"Extort, indeed! I don't care, I'm sure, if you 'ave them or don't 'ave them."

"'Ave them or don't 'ave them.' Innocent accents! As I was observing when I was interrupted—pray don't go, Sir, one moment—I want to convince you that you can not cheat me, or confound my sense of justice. You may fret me, but you can not play upon me. I am only for justice. All my life through I have stood up for justice, and I never could get it. The whole world and his wife were against me, may God curse them all!—Look here, Sir!" And he jumped off his seat, and came close up to me, throwing his hat back off his forehead as he did so, and much disarranging his wig meantime. "Have you ever been conspired against, and hated?"

"No, I think not; I don't know at least; and pardon me if I say I don't much care."

"And do you think *I* care. Not I. They have done their best for years, and I have stood out against them, and defied them, and bade them go to the devil; and just because they wouldn't go, and wanted me very particularly not to go either, I did my utmost to go there as fast as possible."

"Which I do believe you're going," muttered the girl, with a glance at me.

"I am a victim, Sir, to my sense of justice, and my determination not to be conquered. I left England when they wanted me to stay here; I come back now because I know they want me away. I'll spoil their game. There are people would rather see all the Beelzebubs and Molochs and Asmodeuses, and the rest of them, than me. Therefore I come. 'Confound their politics; frustrate their knavish tricks!' Good-evening, Sir. Or, stay, are you walking my way, and will you permit me to walk a little with you?"

I was about to decline very firmly the proffered companionship, but a supplicating look from poor Fanny seemed to beg of me to take him out of her way, wheresoever he might then desire to go. So I was pleased to be able to oblige the perplexed lass, who seemed half talked to death already; and it really did not much matter to me whether I endured my new acquaintance's company for a few minutes longer or got rid of him at once. So I expressed myself as quite delighted to have the pleasure of his company, and I was thanked by a glance of gratitude from under Fanny's eyelids.

"Good-night, then, Fanny. Farewell, a long

farewell, my Fanny; perchance I may revisit thee no more. I take these six—Havanas we'll call them—at your own valuation. This gentleman and I are too much pressed for time to enter on the business of an arbitration now; and besides, I don't think I could trust him—for he is young, Fanny, and inexperienced—to arbitrate between me and so pretty a girl as yourself. Between man and man is easy arbitration, Fanny; but between man and woman is trying work. Six cigars at eightpence each; six times eight, forty-eight—four shillings. The roof does not fall in, Fanny! I perceive that the Powers above have no intention of interfering to punish or prevent fraud; and I have only to pay. There are the four shillings. Farewell, Fanny; repent, and remember me!—Now, then, Sir, at your service."

I followed my whimsical acquaintance. I observed that all his clothes were of foreign cut and fashion, and looked rather decaying. Indeed, he might have been taken for a shabby old Frenchman who had once been in good society, but for his voice and accent. These were unmistakably English. His voice was peculiarly sweet, full, and mellow, and its natural intonation when he dropped the manner of roistering buffoonery, which seemed to me purposely put on, was decidedly that of an educated English gentleman.

"That's a pretty little devil," remarked my friend as we emerged from a dark street suddenly into the moonlight of the quay.

"The girl in the shop?"

"As if you didn't know at once whom I meant! Of course the girl in the shop—I dare say you'll be found dropping in upon her again."

"Not likely at all."

"Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! Don't be offended, Sir; I have only been quoting Jack Falstaff."

"I know, and I am not offended."

"Thanks; I begin to think you are rather a good sort of fellow in your way, and I only offend people I don't like. But you know very well, you sly rogue, you'll be looking in upon little Fanny again. I saw telegraphic glances passing between you."

"I don't care one rush ever to see her again, and I don't mean to."

"How odd! They tell me young fellows in England are greatly changed since my time. Apparently so. When I was your age I should have liked to see such a girl more than once. Even now, I can assure you, I am a martyr, a positive martyr, to my general affection for the petticoat. But look there! God! how can a man talk of petticoats, and such frubbles and *frou-frou*, when he has a sight like that before him?"

He pointed to the sea. We had reached a part of the road from which you looked, on the one hand, at the grand old castle and the white cliffs; on the other, out across the waves, whereon the soft moonlight of late summer seemed floating. The muffled, gentle thunder of the

waters rolling languidly and heavily on the strand was in our ears; the scent of the salt sea in our nostrils; the summer air all around us; the moon and the sea before our eyes. It was indeed a scene to refine even vulgarity, to solemnize frivolity.

My friend took off his hat, and stood gazing on the sea. Presently I heard him murmur, in his deep soft tones:

"For I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of thy house, and the place where thine honor dwelleth."

He presently turned to me:

"Do you think it will avail a man hereafter to plead that he has loved the beauty of His house?"

"Surely, surely; at least I hope so."

"Then you are an artist." This was said in the tone of one who has suddenly made a gratifying discovery.

"Well, a sort of artist; at least not wholly without some kind of artistic taste."

"You believe in beauty, don't you? Now, don't give me any vague commonplace answer—I hate cant and parroting of any kind. If you don't believe in it, or if you don't quite know what I mean when I ask you the question, then say you don't, and let there be an end of it. A man may be a devilish good fellow although he has no more soul for beauty than that rock yonder; and let me tell you a man may be a devilish bad fellow, and guilty of pretty well every sin that ever came in his way, although he is open at every pore to the contagion of beauty wherever it shows itself, in a wave or a moonbeam or a woman's bosom. The thing is, do you believe in beauty? Because, if not, we had better walk on, and talk about oysters and cigars."

I never was fluent with confessions of faith on the spur of the moment; and I was not quite clear about the perfect sanity of my companion. However, I answered quite truly that I thought I might describe myself as, in his sense, a believer in beauty.

"Good—we are companions. Now, then, let us look at that scene for a little, and, like a good fellow, don't keep talking all the while." (I had not uttered six sentences thus far during our walk.) "Such a sight must be enjoyed in silence. It is holy; yes, damn me, but it is."

After this pious affirmation he relapsed into silence—only, however, for a few minutes.

"I have been an artist," he said; "at least I tried to paint pictures. I think they were very good, but they didn't come to any thing; in fact, with me nothing comes to any thing. I was brought up to be a gentleman, and that didn't prosper much with me. I've been a ballad-singer—fact! give you my word on it. I've sung in London squares, outside the windows of houses where I've many a time dined; and they've sent out the confounded flunky to tell me to move on. True, every word of it!" And he burst into a loud peal of laughter which waked the echoes of the cliffs, and sounded like

a startling, hideous profanity of the stillness and the scene.

"The singing did not prosper?" I asked, calmly, not out of any particular curiosity, but to interpose any question which might check his dissonant mirth.

"Not it! Nothing, I have told you already, ever does prosper with me; and yet they can't get rid of me, I can tell you."

"*They?*"

"Yes, they. What is it to you who they are, or what their accursed names are?"

"I assure you, I don't want to know at all."

"They? I'll tell you who *they* are. The Pharisees, the publicans, the respectable hypocrites, the cold, confounded, bloodless, sinless devils. Look here, and answer me truly—did you ever do a virtuous action?"

"Really, that depends—"

"No, it doesn't; it depends on nothing. Did you ever do any thing that was really virtuous and self-denying, that you would much rather not have done, but did because virtuous people asked you to do it? Any thing of that sort have you ever done?"

"Well, if you press me for an answer, I must say I don't believe I ever did."

"Of course you never did. Well, I did once! You'll not catch me doing such a thing again, I can tell you; it played the devil with me. I've done—and I had done before that—about every foolish and bad thing a man could do; but I might have been forgiven every thing except the one sacrifice to virtue. And it was *such* a sacrifice! If you only knew! No matter. Are you leaving Dover soon?"

"In a day or two."

"Going over, no doubt?"

He nodded in the direction where the French coast lay, now, of course, wholly lost to sight.

"No. I am going to visit a few towns here in the south."

"And then?"

"Then to London."

"Where you live?"

"Where I live."

"Good. I am going to live there too—unless I happen to starve there—for a while. I have a few coins left. I should think a week of very rigid economy would play them out, and Heaven knows into what company of thieves I may fall meantime."

Something prompted me to say, with more emphasis than if the words were merely formal, "I hope we may meet in London."

He laughed a short laugh.

"Well," he said, "*I* hope so too; but if, as the final result of our meeting, you are particularly glad of the acquaintance, I think you'll be about the first that ever had occasion to express such a sentiment. And yet I love mankind; and I really don't try to do harm to any body, except to some very, very near and dear relatives.—I suppose London stands where it did, and is much the same as usual?"

"Just as it was so long as I can remember it."

"I thought so. All the young men wise, and all the young women virtuous. All the marriages made in heaven, and all husbands devoted to their wives. All brothers, of course, living together in love and harmony. A blessed place! Naturally just the place for me: so I am going there. I have not been there for years; but I am glad to hear that its beatific condition remains still unaltered."

He snapped his fingers, and turned abruptly away from me. Just as I thought I had got rid of him, however, he wheeled round and came sharply up to me again.

"Do you know any body in London?" he asked.

"Very few people. In your sense I should perhaps say nobody."

"Any members of parliament, for example?"

"Not one."

"Ah, that's a pity! Some of them are such noble fellows; *I* know some of them. I know one in particular, and I am very fond of him. His name is Tommy Goodboy. An odd name, isn't it? But it's his name. Don't look in Dod when you get home for Tommy Goodboy, Esq., M.P., because he doesn't give his real name when he goes to the House of Commons. But he's Tommy Goodboy. You remember the story of Tommy and Harry? Harry didn't care; and so a roaring lion came and ate him up. That was convenient for the good people, the respectable and well-behaved people. The deuce of the thing would have been if Harry didn't get eaten, but came back all alive, and kept tormenting Tommy out of his wretched, pitiful existence, disgracing him, crouching at his door like Lazarus, and offending the guests whom Tommy invited to dinner.—By-the-way, I take it for granted you are hard up?"

"Well, I certainly am not Dives. No beggar would care to wait at my door."

"No, I thought not. You dress well enough; but there is something unmistakable about the cut of the man who is hard up. 'Poor devil' is written in every line of *you*; and yet I should say you are a sort of fellow who will burst out of all that and get on. Unlike me in that respect; *I* am a poor devil, and I never shall get on. Good-night. I dare say we shall meet again somewhere. I am going back to the town. I know a very pleasant place where oysters are eaten, and brandy is drunk, and songs are sung; and I am a sort of king of the feast there. They are all low scoundrels, and I'm a kind of lord and patron among them. I don't suppose it's any use asking *you* to come."

"Thanks, no; not the slightest."

"No, you don't seem just the sort of person to enliven a convivial gathering. I know what's the matter with you. Don't be cast down, man; you and she will meet again yet."

His idle words did, I suppose, make me give a slight start; for he laughed his chuckling, rolling laugh, and said:

"So I have touched you! I thought as much. Confound it, man! you're as fortunate as one

of Virgil's rustics, if you only knew your own good luck. The best thing that can happen to you is never to see her again; and to keep up your poetry, and romance, and despair, and all the rest of the nonsense. Take my word for it, if you have the misfortune to marry her, you'll soon find the poetry and the romance sponged out, and you'll be glad to join me at the oysters and the brandy! Despairing lover, I envy you from my soul! By God, I do! I would give the crown of England, if I had it, to be young like you, and to be disappointed in love. It's glorious! Confound it, you've made me so envious that I'll leave you with a parting malediction. May the devil inspire her to marry you!"

He burst into his laugh again, and trotted away at last townward. I was glad to get rid of him; indeed, for the last few minutes of the conversation I was plagued by a strong desire to kick him—a performance hardly practicable, seeing that he was old enough to be my father, and only half my size. Yet it was strange with what interest I had been studying his face, his voice, his gestures all the time that he was speaking. I felt perfectly satisfied that I had never seen him before, and yet there was something tormentingly, tantalizingly familiar to me in his features. It was some shadowy, quick-darting resemblance which every now and then seemed just on the point of revealing itself, but always vanished at the most critical moment. As one tortures himself in trying to recall a name which is every instant on the tip of the tongue and yet will not come out, so I perplexed myself in vain endeavors to read the riddle of his face and voice. Strangely, too, it seemed to remind me, as well as I could understand my own sensations, not of one, but of two faces I had somewhere seen. The upper part of the face, the bright twinkling eyes, the straight short nose, the cheek-bones just a little high, the white forehead—these were features which reminded me of something that brought with it genial and kindly associations; while the sensuous lips and cruel jaw recalled something which was harsh and displeasing to remember. I racked my brain again and again; and indeed I think that I dreamed of the creature half through the night, and thought I saw him turning before my eyes into the successive resemblances of nearly every man I knew. But I awoke in the morning with the riddle still unexplained, and at last I resolutely put it aside altogether.

CHAPTER XI.

MY NEW FRIEND IN A NEW CHARACTER.

THAT night we gave another concert; it was well attended, and successful. When I came on to take part in a duet with some woman I naturally looked round the hall, and to my mingled amusement and vexation I saw my friend of the previous night seated in the reserved

part of the hall, and listening with his head a little to one side, and all the manner of a professed connoisseur. He beat time gently with his fingers; he nodded his head and smiled a sweet approving smile when some passage was specially well executed; his brows contracted and he shook his head in indignant remonstrance at any thing out of time or tune. To do him justice, he really did seem to know something about the music, which hardly any body else among the audience did. Therefore he took quite a leading part in the reserved seats, looked blandly but commandingly around, and intimated with eye or gesture where applause might properly be awarded; frowned fiercely down any untimely burst coming in at a wrong place; shrugged his shoulders and shuddered when a breath of wholly unmerited approval floated past him; cried *bravo* to a singer, *brava* to a songstress, *bravi* when more than one performer conquered his approval; expressed in audible tones his final verdict on each performance; and, in short, conducted himself quite as one whose judgment artists and audience had alike agreed to recognize. Whether he remembered me or not I could not guess, for his face gave no token of recognition. But when I came on, I observed that he took, with an air of gracious friendliness, the programme from the lap of a lady who sat next him, and raising a double eye-glass which he wore, looked down the bill apparently to discover my name. He was very patronizing in his treatment of me; only shrugged his shoulders once or twice, and several times tapped his palms together and cried "bravo!" Indeed, I think he encouraged, at all events he permitted, an *encore* of one of my ballads. He showed to most advantage, however, during the second part of the concert, which was made up of selections from an oratorio. Impressed strongly by his manner, and apparently anxious to do some act of homage to so accomplished a critic, the lady next him offered to allow him to read from the score of the oratorio she had with her. His manner of surprised, amused, pitying, condescending rejection of the proffered kindness was sublime. The shrug of the shoulders, the raising of the eyebrows, the graceful, lordly waving of the disclaiming hand, the bend of the head, the benign, superior smile, all said as plainly as words could have spoken it: "My dear Madame, do you really suppose there is one note, one half-note of this music that is not familiar to me as the letters of the alphabet? A thousand thanks for your well-meant offer; but pardon me if I say that it really *does* amuse me."

When I was leaving the hall at the end of the performance I caught another glimpse of my friend. He was making himself painfully attentive to two ladies, perhaps those who had sat next to him, by insisting on opening their carriage-door for them, handing them in, arranging their skirts, and otherwise playing the gallant, much to their apparent vexation. He

then shut the carriage-door, took off his hat and bowed profoundly, and in a loud tone gave the coachman his order for "home." I watched him for a while with considerable amusement. He then stood on the pavement and scrutinized the crowd coming out. A lady and gentleman came out, talking together in French. The sound struck my friend's ears; he at once approached them, took off his hat, made a bow, and addressed them in a voluble stream of French, accompanying his words with such gestures and shrugs and elevation of eyebrows, that he seemed to have transformed himself into a very Frenchman all in a moment. I do not know whether he was really passing himself off as a Frenchman, but the persons he addressed stopped and conversed with him for a moment or two, then seemed to be puzzled by him, then evidently became anxious to shake him off, finally nodded a good-humored, peremptory adieu, and literally broke away from him. Whereupon my friend first stamped on the pavement, muttered something about *canaille*, then swore a round Saxon oath or two, then burst into a loud laugh, and went laughing and stamping down the street.

I passed him quite closely. He did not observe me; at least he took no notice whatever of me. He was talking to himself.

"The society of the just declines to have me this night," I heard him say. "I have given it the chance, once, twice. The stuck-up Britoness scorns my attentions, confound her! I wish she was Boadicea, and I one of the Roman conquerors, furnished with a good birchen rod. Neither will the frog-eating, fantastic fribble of France invite me to sup with himself and his wife. Afraid to run such a risk with her, no doubt. I don't wonder. I can't sit at good men's feasts to-night. No help for it. There are worse things than bad men's feasts, that's one comfort."

I did not care to give him the chance of fastening on me, whether he chose to regard me as of the good or of the bad; so I hurried away, and so far I escaped.

I walked and smoked a good deal by the seaside that night, and enjoyed the solitude and the beauty of the place. In a very few days I was to return to London, after an absence that had now spread over some months—my first absence, even for a week, since I had come to live in the great city. I thought of Lilla and her good-natured undertaking to make my fortune through her uncle's influence, and wondered how I should be able to get rid of the offer without wounding her, or seeming ungrateful for her kindness. If I could only spread out my provincial engagement for even a fortnight or three weeks longer, the season would be over by the time I had returned to town, and Mr. Lyndon would probably have betaken himself to Ems, or Baden, or Florence, and the difficulty would be obviated for another season at least.

I could not think of such things without

meditating rather sadly over my own dreary life and blank future, and then falling into the old, old track of thought about my lost Christina, who had so literally disappeared out of my life. Strange, that in wandering about London I had never met even Ned Lambert, our quondam bass-singer; who might perhaps have told me something of her—whose face would at least have recalled more vividly the associations of the dear, fading days of long ago. Poor Ned Lambert! he must have suffered much. But, good Heavens, what could his sufferings have been to mine! He at least was not first raised up to happiness and then flung down to despair; while I—O Heaven, how happy I was once!

Of late I found myself growing quite moody and moping. I began to think I was getting prematurely old, and to look out of mornings for gray hairs—at eight-and-twenty!

I turned away from the sea-shore, and walked homeward through the town. Passing through one of the streets I heard noise, clamor, shouting, cursing, stamping—apparently going on in a low public house, the light from whose windows was the only bright spot along that side of the street. As I came up to the place its swing-doors were suddenly flung open, and the “row” streamed out upon the pavement. It assumed the form of a little crowd of men hustling and rushing round some central figures. There were shouts of “Give it him!” “Let ’im ’ave it!” “No!” “Shame!” “Don’t hit him!” “Knock him down!” “Damnation Frenchman!” “Dirty foreigner!” “Call the police!” and so forth. I could see that the fat, bare-headed landlord, and the almost equally fat bar-man, were wildly endeavoring to restore order, or keep the whole company out, while the bar-maid stood at the door and vainly screamed for the “Perlice!”

I do not feel much interest in “rows,” and would gladly have passed on, but the “row” broke around me, so to speak, split into waves upon the sudden and unexpected opposition of my advancing form, and I found myself somehow in the very midst of it. Then I saw that the central figures were a big, stout, lubberly-looking cavalry soldier, and a small man, who was clinging to the hero’s neck. In the latter figure I at once recognized my fantastic friend of the black wig. He was jabbering away in a jargon of French and broken English, and was clinging to his antagonist like a savage little bull-dog. Just as I was rushing in to endeavor to get him away, the big soldier succeeded in shaking himself free from my friend’s grip, and then took the little man bodily off his feet, and flung him on the pavement, amidst a yelling chorus of cheers and laughter, broken by a few cries of “Shame!”

“For shame, you cowardly ruffian!” I exclaimed, utterly ignorant as I was of the merits of the quarrel. “Don’t you see he is an old man? Fight your match, you blackguard, if you want to fight!”

I fully expected to have had to accept a prac-

tical challenge on my own account, and stood therefore quite ready, the first moment the soldier made an attack on me, to hit hard and home. He was a floundering, awkward sort of fellow. I was stout and sinewy at that time, and had some little science. I did not despair of finishing off the battle in a well-employed minute or so.

But to do the honest warrior justice, he seemed rather ashamed of his part in the transaction.

“Who wants to fight him?” he asked in a growling tone, and with a sheepish expression. “He ain’t that old neither; but I didn’t want to have any thing to do with the dirty little Frenchy. ’Twas all his work. Why didn’t he let me alone? Why did he keep badgerin’ of me, and worryin’ of me, and insultin’ of me and my red coat, all the evening?”

There was a chorus of approbation, and the bar-man cried, “Hear, hear!”

Meanwhile my little friend jumped to his feet again, and began to dance around us on the pavement without hat or wig, presenting so outrageously ridiculous a spectacle that I could not wonder at the roar of laughter with which he was greeted. I kept between him and the soldier as well as I could, and I at last seized him fast round the arms, while he, endeavoring to break away and get at his antagonist, dragged and whirled me round on the pavement in a manner the most grotesque and ludicrous.

“Let him come!” roared the absurd little beast, in his ridiculous jabber. “*Cochon d’un Anglais!* God dam John Bull! Poltroon of *militaire!* I am not so old, *moi*, but I can teach *ce gros militaire* his own *boxe*. Coward English! English dam! Fight you all round! *Sacré-é-é-é!*”

The absurdity and whimsicality of the whole scene, and of this ridiculous little being’s nonsensical part in it, were altogether too much for me, and I too joined in the burst of laughter.

“Come, come,” I said at last, shaking my old friend rather roughly by the collar, “don’t make a fool of yourself any more. You have had enough of this for one night. Come away with me.”

“Will *ze gros militaire* make apology?”

A renewed burst of laughter followed this, in which the *gros militaire* himself joined.

“Do take him away, like a good gentleman,” said the landlord to me. “I do think he’s the most worriting little creature as ever I saw. He’s been insulting every one in my bar to-night. He kissed my bar-maid, and he wanted to kiss my wife; and he’s been so down upon that there soldier as flesh and blood wouldn’t stand it, telling him the English soldiers were all cowards, and that the French were coming over to thrash us all and carry off our wives. And I tried to get rid of him quietly, and he wouldn’t go, and I tried to keep order; but you know it’s hard for Englishmen to stand being insulted by a d—d little Frenchman; and the

soldier didn't hit him at all, but only wanted just to put him out of the place."

"Well, take all these people in again, and I'll get him out of this.—No, you sha'n't." This last assurance was given to my impetuous friend, who was plunging and struggling so that it sometimes took all the vigor of my eight-and-twenty years to keep him back, and indeed I sometimes felt tempted to let him rush on and get smothered or set upon by the cavalryman. The crowd, however, seeing that the fun was probably over, began to straggle back, laughing, into the public house; the bar-man and the bar-maid had returned to their duties; the soldier was only too glad to get out of the whole business; and I was nearly master of the situation.

"Here's his hat," said the landlord.

"And here's his wig!" exclaimed a by-stander, with a burst of laughter.

The soldier having by this time disappeared behind the swing-doors of the public house, his antagonist allowed himself to be quietly *coiffé*; and having shrugged his shoulders several times, and exclaimed that the *chasseur* acknowledged himself *vaincu*, he made a low bow to the few remaining spectators, thanked *ces braves Anglais* for the fair play of the *boxe*, and, leaning on my arm affectionately, consented to be led away. The disgust I felt at the whole business no words can express. But that I looked at his withered face, and saw the deepening ruts of Time's track so plainly in it, I should have regretted that I had not left the soldier and himself to settle the business between them.

When we had got a few paces from the scene of conflict my companion burst into a long peal of rolling laughter.

"That was capital," he chuckled. "Did you ever see such fun? I suppose I may drop the Frenchman now, and return to my allegiance as a native-born subject of happy and glorious, long to reign over us,—Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland."

"What on earth led you to carry on all that absurd buffoonery?"

"If I know, may I be condemned to the eternal society of British respectability! Give you my word, my dear young friend—whose name I have not yet the honor of knowing—I can no more tell you why I chose to assume the manners, prejudices, and lingo of Albion's hereditary enemy than I could solve the mystery of man's hereafter. What then? We are all creatures of impulse. I have been especially so from the date of my first misfortune—of course I mean my birth. I looked into that atrocious den there with no object whatever. I might have come harmlessly away in five minutes, when the evil destinies would have it that my wandering eyes fell upon that hapless soldier. He was the centre of an admiring bumpkin or costermonger group; he was telling, I think, his adventures—atrocious lies, of course, every one—in China, or the Khyber Pass, or Syria, or some other place; and he was evidently immensely proud of being a British soldier. May

I perish if I could resist the temptation to make him and the rest of them uncomfortable! The one thing I hate in life is smug and sleek respectability and self-conceit, in any sphere whatever. In that moment I became a Frenchman—positively for the time being I was a Frenchman. I soon disturbed the harmony of the festive hour. I confuted my red-coat with impromptu facts and impossible geography. I bewildered him so far that before long he couldn't have told whether he did or did not take part in the battle of Plassy, and whether Marshal Ney did not lick the English there. I contradicted and chaffed him, every word he said; I kissed the bar-maid because he seemed spoony about her; I winked ostentatiously at the landlord's wife, until mine host grew purple with jealousy and fear—I really believe I kissed her too; and finally—"

"Finally, they kicked you out."

"No, they didn't. The soldier tried to put me out and couldn't, and then the whole of them fell on me somehow; and I have no doubt they would all have wreaked their base vengeance on me but that you came gallantly up to the rescue. I owe you something for that. So much the worse for you. The people I owe any thing to are seldom any the better for it. Yet I like you; I did from the first. You look so confoundedly out of sorts."

"Thank you."

"Yes, you do. I hate success and respectability. I hate virtue, and domestic happiness, and the proprieties, and all that revolting stuff. I detest children and wives, and people who parade their chubby, insolent happiness. Stand there—just there—in the moonlight a little, and let me look at you."

I complied with his wish. He planted me as a painter might his model, fell back to a proper distance, and steadily surveyed me with his piercing, glittering, small black eyes.

"Yes, that will do," he said, reflectively.

"Nothing about you to offend me. You don't seem to me to have tasted much success in life, or to be particularly happy. You, I should say, are at odds with the world, and likely to be for a time at least, and then, perhaps, you may come out all right; and if you do, I don't want to see any more of you from that time forth. Did you ever hear of Swift and his *sæva indignatio*, which could only leave him with his life?"

"Yes, I have heard of Swift, and know all about his *sæva indignatio*."

"Well, I think that's my curse. I writhe under it, and I live to make others writhe. That one resemblance—you need not tell me it is the only one—I bear to Jonathan Swift. How the devil, though, do you know it is the only one?"

"I didn't say I knew any thing about it. You may be twice as great a man as Swift for aught I know to the contrary."

"Of course I may—to be sure I may. Then why did you sneer when I spoke of a resemblance between Swift and myself?"

"I didn't sneer. I smiled at the notion."

"Don't smile any more until you know what you are smiling at. However, I don't mind being frank and humble for once, and confessing that in the matter of genius I am decidedly inferior to Swift. Also that the world has never recognized me as it did him. But one thing is certain: Swift never locked up in his heart a greater treasure of hate than I do. How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight, I think, or thereabouts."

"Don't you find the world a devilish place?"

"How devilish?"

"Full of devils. Here, there, and every where—devils all around us. If I were inclined to be an atheist—which, thank God, I never, never was—I should be forced to believe in God because I see so much of the devil. Don't you think with me?"

"Oh yes, quite so; no doubt. In fact, I am rather in a hurry now, and can't stay to discuss theology."

"Another sneer! This time an inexcusable one, for it is a sneer against religion. Young man, whatever you do, be religious always."

I was turning away, utterly disgusted at the hideous profanation of his language. He saw disgust painted on my features, and he seized me by the arm:

"Stay; don't go yet. Don't—you sha'n't. You think me a hypocrite?"

"I do; and I am sickened by such talk. Let me go, and good-night."

"No; just listen to me. I am not a hypocrite; no, by God! He hears me, and He knows! If I had been, I must have succeeded in life, and been respectable, and had carriages and fine horses, and sat in Parliament as Tommy Goodboy. But I could not; I would go my own way—to the devil if need be—and yet loving religion all the time. What else is my hope and my consolation? Do I not read in the Psalms of David how he curses his enemies?—and these words teach me how to curse mine. Do I not read how Dives at last went down to hell—"

"For shame, for shame! You are growing old, and should read the Holy Scriptures to some other purpose, or not at all. Let us say no more of it—and good-night."

"Good-night, then—and go to the devil. I say, shall we meet in London?"

"I hope not."

"Then I hope we shall—and I am sure we shall; I see it in the future that we are to be thrown together a good deal somehow."

Confound it! This very thought was at the moment pressing painfully on my own mind. Just as I still kept thinking his face not unfamiliar to me, and wondering where I could have seen one like it before, so I began now to be weighed down with a hideous foreboding that this creature and I were likely to be brought together in some close and disagreeable way hereafter. The very nourishing of this thought drew with it a hesitation which unconsciously check-

ed my abrupt breaking away from my companion. Involuntarily, irresistibly, I once more set myself to scan and study his features, in the vague hope of reading there some clew to my forebodings.

"I see you don't like the prospect," he remarked, with a chuckle; "but *you* need not much fear: you have no money, I know. Lucky for you, for I must get money somehow; and I am *such* a hand at billiards and cards! But I can't wait for these slow and steady acquisitions when I get to London. I must have something to open the campaign with. *Gare to Goodboy!* Good-by to you for the present; we'll meet again. Just now take your face hence. Thanks for defending me so valiantly. Next time that, in the capacity of a discharged *caporal*, I am engaged in vindicating the honor of France against some gigantic beef-eating Briton, I'll endeavor to have *you* close at hand."

At last he went away; and I could hear him trolling *Partant pour la Syrie* in a wonderfully sweet and mellow voice as he disappeared from my sight.

Much relieved by our separation, I went briskly home; sincerely, though somehow not very hopefully, praying that London might prove kind enough to hold us two without bringing us together.

OUR PRESENTATION AT COURT.

FROM time to time the great clothes question has painfully agitated the diplomatic world of America. From the inner to the outer circle has this agitation awakened the supposed subtle and learned intellect of diplomacy, to receive no satisfactory solution, and be quieted down only to break out afresh with increased aggravation.

The grave question of clothes is this: Immemorial usage has established as law at the courts of Europe that at all social gatherings graced by royalty your diplomat shall appear in court costume. And this means the dress the diplomat wears on like occasions when in the presence of his own sovereign. But our American diplomat has no sovereign other than the people, and no court that calls for more in the way of dress than a whole coat graced by clean linen. If, then, our accredited agent of the State Department, residing near the court of some European sovereign, complies with the social law concerning dress, he is forced to adopt the costume of some other court than his own.

Now, is not this a grave and subtle question? Is it not worthy the profoundest study and the most delicate handling? Unfortunately it has to be considered, and finally settled, by our sovereign, the people; and our sovereign, the people, does not consider profoundly or handle such questions with much delicacy. "Why," is indignantly demanded, "shall a proud representative of the great Republic be forced to put on this absurd dress, that is, after all, a base livery, marking an inferior class in an effete des-

potism? No, never!" And so our gracious sovereign, on the stump, and through the press, settles the great clothes question.

Such had been the consideration, and such the settlement, when our worthy Minister, the Hon. John Y. Mason, arrived in Paris as the accredited diplomatic agent of the Government of the United States at the court of St. Cloud. Mr. Mason, in common with all our diplomats then abroad, was sorely puzzled by Mr. Marcy's instructions to appear, on all occasions, in the plain dress of an American citizen.

Mr. Buchanan, with one eye on the exigencies of the situation at St. James, and one on the orders of his superior in Washington, sought to compromise by putting his dignified person into a suit of plain black, with a snowy vest and white choker, and had in consequence been mistaken for an upper servant by one of the effete aristocracy at a court entertainment, and requested to make himself lively with an overcoat and umbrella.

Pierre Soulé, on the other hand, not being blessed with Mr. Buchanan's peculiar powers of vision, that enabled him to look on both sides at one time, got up a fancy dress of black silk velvet, that was something of a cross between Ben Franklin and the Prince of Denmark. Mr. Sanford, who preceded Mr. Mason at Paris as *chargé d'affaires ad interim*, alone complied with the instructions, and appeared before Napoleon III., the Empress, and their brilliant court in the simple dress of a simple citizen.

From this compliance with the instructions of our Secretary of State, on the part of Mr. Sanford, came all our grief. The Hon. John Y. Mason, whose name, by-the-by, the court printer would persist in publishing as John y., and the students of the Quartier Latin innocently called old Johnny-cake, had taken the clothes question under careful consideration, and had, moreover, consulted one of the ablest diplomats we then had abroad. This eminent person was an American citizen of African descent, and rejoiced in the plain name of John Diggs.

This colored diplomate had been taken from Philadelphia to Europe as a servant by Mr. Rush, and left abroad by that Envoy Extraordinary. John had turned his attention to a study of diplomacy; and acquiring a knowledge of languages the distinguished politicians sent abroad by our Government seldom possess, and blessed with a common-sense our educated diplomatists are prone to lack, he was eminently successful. He had, above all, a practical knowledge of the intricate and delicate ceremonies connected with court life. These rare accomplishments came in time to be known and appreciated; and the gentlemen of this free land of ours, who are taken from the political arena to make a part of the most cultivated, as well as the ablest, class connected with the governments of Europe, generally engaged John to meet them at Liverpool, that they might learn

something of their untried and much-dreaded duties. Among the American diplomats thus dry-nursed by the accomplished Diggs was my corpulent and good-natured chief, Mr. John Y. Mason. Of course on this delicate and difficult question of clothes John was consulted, and his opinion closed the discussion.

"I'll tell you what it is, Sah," he said, with great deliberation, balancing his tall figure on one leg, while the other permitted his toe to lightly touch the floor, in a pose worthy a study, "I'll tell you what it is. You come here as de Minister, an' de Emperor or Monsieur Drouyn d'Lhuys 'll be glad to see you ef you come in y'r shirt-sleeves. But when de Empress, or Madame Drouyn d'Lhuys, invites you to de dinner or de reception, and puts on de card *en uniform*, you can do one thing or de udder; you can put on de uniform an' go, or you can keep off de uniform an' stay at home. It won't do to go dah in y'r shirt-sleeves an' say dat was Mr. Marcy's instructions. No, Sah. You can mind Mr. Marcy an' stay at home. An' my observations has taught me dat most of dis diplomacy is done at dese entertainments."

"I'll be hanged!" exclaimed his Excellency, in the vulgar tongue of the Old Dominion, "if the nigger hasn't uttered more good sense on the subject than I have heard yet."

And so it was determined to don the court dress in violation of orders. I was somewhat surprised to find that, after all this deliberation and debate, as if the conclusion were held in abeyance, that his Excellency John Y. had been possessed of his court suit from the first.

A grave difficulty met the Minister on the threshold. Of our diplomatic corps abroad, Mr. Sanford alone obeyed instructions in reference to clothes. It is true that he had not been very successful in impressing upon the decorated despotisms of Europe the charming simplicity of our republican government. Being only a Secretary of Legation, acting *ad interim* as *chargé d'affaires*, the decorated despotisms regarded the move as an ill-mannered act on the part of one so insignificant that it was beneath serious attention. What John Diggs had said was true enough. To obey Mr. Marcy was to decline invitations to all court ceremonies and entertainments. For a secretary to ignore the usages of his class and the wishes of his host or hostess was simply an impertinence, and was treated with contempt. For a minister to do so would be considered a grave affront, and as such would meet with quick resentment.

Mr. Sanford, however, had obeyed instructions, and he now refused positively to accompany Mr. Mason to the first court ball of the season, where quite a number of American citizens were to be presented. Of the ceremony attending a presentation the American Minister knew little, and his lately appointed secretary, quite as ignorant, cared less. The unhappy old gentleman begged the late diplomate, of the simple citizen's dress, in the most beseeching and piteous manner to accompany him, but the

austere representative of republican simplicity positively declined.

It was a trying moment, and involved much talk and a heavy consumption of tobacco, to which last-named article the Minister resorted with increased energy when his diplomatic brain was vexed by some intricate question, as the one now demanding solution. The Judge would assure me that "it quieted the nerves, cleared the brain, opened the pores;" and I can add that with magical effect it gave to a Virginia gentleman all the *aplomb* necessary for the most trying occasions, and if it did not improve the mind or polish the manners, it at least lifted one above the embarrassment of feeling the deficiencies.

Sanford was obstinate, and Mr. Mason found that he would have to throw up the presentation or undertake it without assistance. The gentleman who had filled the several positions of Judge, Congressman, and Attorney-General was not to be daunted by "the fringe-work and flummery of a court presentation;" and he swore a great oath that he would present Muggins and Co. or die.

It requires something more, however, than the experience of American official life, even when sustained by the best of whisky and the purest tobacco, to enable one to look calmly through the gilding of a court such as that imperial tailor and upholsterer, Louis Napoleon, has created. Mr. Mason was not of that class who can pierce the outer seeming to the real substance, and retain a self-possession from an inner sense of superior merit. The rattling roar of carriages, the glare of lights, the gorgeous stairway, made beautiful by flowers and imposing by the *Cent Garde*, up which swept a living stream of beautiful women and decorated men, struck awe into the soul of the Virginia diplomat. How he found his way to the presentation room remains a mystery. When there his troubles began.

The room reserved for Americans was the one given also to the English. Mr. Mason was immediately surrounded by citizens of our free land, done up in court costume that, either through the awkwardness of the wearers or from the fact that the hired dresses did not fit comfortably, made them resemble the armies on the stage in spectacular dramas, that stalk about conscious of the jeers and laughter of the audience. Crowding about their unhappy Minister, they begged to know what they were to do, where place themselves, and how to act? The appearance of the diplomatist was as ludicrous as his position was pitiable. The back of his unbuttoned coat made a straight line from collar to tail. That part of his rotund person which the satirical Benton said was content only when filled with oysters, seemed to round out to twice its ordinary size, while his cocked hat was fixed firmly to the back of his good-natured old head. Firmly grasping his dress-sword, he rolled to and fro, using language more remarkable for its force than polish in

reply to the troublesome questions of the excited crowd.

Strange to relate, an English *attaché* came to the relief of the perplexed Minister. He begged pardon for his intrusion, and said that he saw the Minister and his *attachés* were new to the business, and begged leave to suggest that if Mr. Mason would place his compatriots on one side of the room, in a line, he, the Minister, could observe the manner the English Ambassador went through the ceremony. It consisted merely in walking backward before the Emperor, and presenting each one by name, with his or her residence.

The line was soon formed. A new trouble presented itself. The people to be introduced, each by name, were strangers to Mr. Mason. He did not know their several cognomens, and walking up and down the line he demanded earnestly that they should "sing out their names." But when their names were so sung out he found that he could not remember them.

While thus engaged the Emperor and suit entered, and the presentation of the English began. Mr. Mason ceased his demand for names, and gazed earnestly at the process being gone through with, that he might learn something of his duties. The Americans ceased talking, and settled in a fixed stare at the world-wide celebrity before them.

I know of no shock more positively disagreeable than one's first view of Louis Napoleon on foot, and near enough for accurate criticism. He sits tall, and in carriage or on horseback appears at his best. But on foot his short, thin legs and long body make up an awkward figure, below the medium height; and one looks in vain at the retreating forehead, weak chin, narrow, drooping shoulders, and broad hips for any of the well-known and distinctive marks of the Bonaparte family. One gazed hopelessly into the dull, glazed eyes, that have an unpleasant resemblance to those of a deceased mackerel, at his red bottle-nose, and retreating chin to find evidences of intellect and character. He was dressed on this occasion in tight breeches, that showed to a disadvantage his short, slender legs, while the close-fitting coat was so clumsy that it suggested concealed armor. He strove, evidently, to hide a slight limp, the origin of which I never heard explained.

The English presentation came at last to an end, and Mr. Mason's task began. Remembering the name of his first victim he succeeded, without blunder, in making the American Muggins and the Third Napoleon acquainted with each other. But with the next our Minister came to a full stop. He could not remember the name, and the poor man tried in vain by a stage whisper to communicate the magic word. The Emperor waited with that calm indifference which is far more aggravating than any expression of impatience. He waited without result, and he might have so waited an indefinite time, for the wretched man whose introduction stopped the way suddenly grew red in the face,

and lost all power of articulation. Judge Mason saw apoplexy before him, when relief came in the shape of a happy idea that struck his diplomatic brain. Stepping back a few paces he exclaimed:

"I have the honor to introduce your Majesty to all these good people. They are all Americans."

This mode of presenting, by platoon, was new to his Majesty aforesaid; but accepting the situation, he withdrew a few paces, so as to take in the entire line, and then began his usual speech on such occasions:

"You have done me a great compliment, ladies and gentlemen, by coming so far to visit my court. You come from a great country. I remember your country—I was once there myself—"

At this point a tall, awkward New Englander, looking at the court thus referred to through a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, thought it about time to say something to relieve the general sense of restraint, and so cried out, in a very insinuating, soothing, though rather nasal, tone:

"And we were very glad to have you among us, your Majesty."

A burly gentleman, full of conceit, and gorgeously decorated with a medal some enthusiastic fire company had presented him, indignant that any other than himself should presume to speak, added, in a loud voice:

"And we hope soon to see you there again, your Majesty."

The proposition, made so heartily, to resume travels once more that had proven so mean and miserable, disconcerted his Imperial Majesty to such an extent that he abruptly terminated the review, by gathering up his side-arms and going off almost at a canter. This absurd scene was acted quietly enough, the disposition to laugh being controlled by the politeness so general in the polished capital of France, and by the restraint necessary to success in establishing the elaborate etiquette of a new court. One, only, failed to hide his intense satisfaction. A large man, in a very gay court dress, found afterward to be the Master of Horse, indulged in a grin that extended from ear to ear the moment the Emperor's back was turned, and the Master of Horse saved himself from a horse-laugh by punching violently his companion as they marched away.

The line of presented Americans immediately broke ranks, and, surrounding the two unfortunates who had thus unexpectedly terminated the imperial interview so dear to the American heart, poured out their indignation in language more pointed than polite. The elongated nuisance from New England, who had opened the conversation with the Third Napoleon to relieve his embarrassment, seized on a very fleshy woman, and begun waltzing to the first notes of music that smote upon his ear. As it was in violation of court etiquette for any one to waltz before the imperial quadrille had ended, a num-

ber of flunkies started in pursuit of the wrongdoers. This created some confusion, and in the midst of it came the cry of "Make way," "Open a passage, will you?" and above the crowd was seen a tall yellow feather, violently agitated as the pennant of a ship in a head-sea. Directly the Minister and family were discovered being conducted to the diplomatic benches, where seats had been reserved. On reaching the place designated Mr. Mason found that the stout gentleman from New York with the fire company's decoration, and bravely flanked by seven daughters, had been mistaken for the American Minister, and was in quiet possession of honors and comfort.

"Well," exclaimed Mr. Mason, "I'll be—"
But words failed to do the subject justice.

Thus ended our Presentation at Court.

ABOUT HEAT.

WHEN any one touches an object, be it what it may, and pronounces it hot or cold, he ordinarily does so with a positiveness that evidently shows that he has no anticipation of the possibility of contradiction. His assertion, however, may be false; and lest he should be surprised at any one having the boldness to deny it, let us place him in a position where he can refute himself, and prove to his own conviction that his senses are not worthy of the faith he has in them.

Take three bowls, put in the first iced water, in the second water of the ordinary temperature, and in the third tepid water, and then let our positive friend, after thrusting his right hand into the bowl of iced water and his left into the bowl of tepid water, plunge both hands into the bowl containing water of the ordinary temperature. Now suppose that his right hand had an organ of speech exclusively its own, what would it say? Simply this, that the water in the second bowl was hot; and his left hand, if similarly endowed, would as positively deny the assertion, and declare that the same water was cold. If in the course of his domestic peregrinations he should have occasion to go from his warm parlor into the cool cellar, he would on his return pronounce the moderately heated apartment hot; and if, on the contrary, his visit should be to the warmer kitchen, he would no doubt as emphatically declare the same to be uncomfortably cold. It is thus that a temperature say of 60° may be considered both warm and cold according to the season. With the thermometer at that degree in midwinter we should suffer from the heat, and be disposed to take off our coats and throw open the window; and in midsummer, chilled by the cold, we would seek comfort by crouching about a blazing fire. The senses, therefore, are not likely to be of much aid in our investigation, for they evidently are often incapable of distinguishing heat from cold.

The philosophers, moreover, have not yet been able to give us any very clear insight into

the nature of this principle, the phenomena of which are so familiar to us all. They have, however, at different epochs started more or less plausible theories. Until some forty or fifty years ago heat was generally regarded as material consisting of a fluid substance that flowed into various bodies, passing between the molecules which composed them. It was called caloric, and a body was said to be cooled when some of it was emptied out, and warmed when poured in. According to the favorite hypothesis of our day heat is immaterial, being simply a movement of the particles of a body which, in proportion to its rapidity or slowness, becomes warm or cold. Its transmission from one substance to another is like that of the wave of a fluid which spreads from the point of impulse throughout the whole. This, which scientific men call the dynamic theory, is with all its plausibility only a speculation as yet, and can be of no aid in the study of the facts of heat, to which our attention must be confined.

The chief and most familiar source of heat is the sun. This great globe is a glowing mass fourteen hundred thousand times larger than the earth, and, with its rays of warmth and light diffused throughout space, animates all nature, bestowing upon it life and its attendant blessings of joy and fertility. That nations should have bowed down before and worshiped the sun, when the greatness and beneficence of its power were every where so manifest, is not surprising. The fire-worshippers of ancient Persia and Mexico, being without the guide of revelation, were naturally led, as they daily contemplated the glorious luminary pouring its full tide of effulgence over the earth, and ever renewing its glad harvests of abundance, to regard it as the vital principle, and therefore Deity. Manco Capac, conscious of the veneration of the Peruvians for the sun, pretended that he and his wife were its offspring, and thus succeeded in acquiring such a hold upon the superstition of the people that he established a dynasty which lasted through the long series of Incas, of whom he was the first. His descendants were called the children of the sun, and being supposed to be of divine origin, were alone deemed capable of reigning. The royal race always cultivated a field with their own hands, to symbolize their descent from the great source of productiveness.

The philosophers can, by an ingenious instrument which they possess, measure the quantity of heat emitted by the sun, and by its use they have found that that which reaches us in one year is sufficient to melt a mass of ice large enough to cover the whole earth with a thickness of a hundred feet. This, however, gives us but a very inadequate idea of the sun's annual heat, of which a very small portion indeed comes to this planet. The whole quantity is two thousand three hundred million times as much, and would be sufficient, as can be exactly measured by the scientific instrument of which we have spoken, to melt a mass of ice

spacious enough to cover the whole globe of the sun, which is fourteen hundred thousand times larger than the earth, with a thickness of 1500 leagues! The stars are also sources of heat, but are so remote as to produce hardly any sensible effect upon this planet. The earth itself, moreover, is a constant source, its centre being composed of a hot fluid like the burning lava which flows from a volcano. The temperature rises about one degree, Fahrenheit, for every fifty feet we descend, and thus at certain depths the water is always hot, and lower down, if not greatly compressed, in a state of vapor.

Another source of heat is what the chemists call chemical action. The fires which we make in our stoves and grates are familiar examples of this. We use wood and coal ordinarily because they are abundant and cheap, but there are many other combustible substances. When two different bodies combine to produce a new body heat is always the result. In slacking lime we have a familiar illustration of this. The water poured upon the solid substance combines with it, forming what chemists term a hydrate, and there is given out, as is apparent to the touch and sight, a great deal of heat. The philosophy of an ordinary fire is simply this: The combustible wood or coal is lighted and burned in a current of air which enters the room through every crevice of door and window, and passing over the coals in grate, stove, or open fire-place, goes out at the chimney. Heat from without has to be applied at first, as is done by match or otherwise, in order to separate or destroy the cohesion of the atoms which compose the combustible substance, wood, coal, or what not, that they may be free to unite with the air. This air is composed chiefly of two gases, oxygen and nitrogen. The former alone bears a part in the chemical action which constitutes the fire or combustion, uniting with the carbon, the principal constituent of the fuel, and forming carbonic acid gas, which escapes up the chimney with the superfluous nitrogen. The heat and light are the familiar phenomena which accompany this chemical action or combustion, and may be supposed to be evolved by the sudden shock of the atoms of carbon and oxygen, which have so great an affinity or fondness for each other that when brought near enough they rush together with a clash, like flint and steel.

In all our ordinary fires the combustion is incomplete, and hence the black smoke or unconsumed carbon which escapes by the chimney. The more of this there is the greater is the waste. The ashes which are left are the various earthy substances mixed with the fuel, and do not combine like the carbon with oxygen. Those grates, stoves, and furnaces are the most perfect which emit the least smoke, and they might be made, though probably the expense would be too great for economical purposes, to consume the whole of it. Carbon, in whatever form it exists, may be entirely burned if the supply of oxygen be sufficiently abundant. The

diamond, which is pure carbon, can be thus readily consumed. Take, for example, the finest jewel in the French crown, the Regent, as it is called, which weighs nearly an ounce, and is worth over three millions of dollars, and after having heated it to redness set it in a jar of oxygen. In a short time it will be totally burned up, and nothing left but a quantity of invisible air. This will be about $11\frac{1}{2}$ gallons of carbonic acid, composed of all the diamond and the gas, which have combined together in the act of combustion. A grate full of diamonds, with a brisk draft of oxygen, would make the most brilliant as well as hottest of fires, emitting no smoke and dropping no ashes, and be by all means more comfortable than the most glowing anthracite or cannel-coal. The expense might certainly be an objection; but if the comparatively poor Cræsus of the past have warmed their hands over burning sandal and cinnamon wood, we do not know why the richer Cræsus of the present, with their incomes of twenty millions of dollars a year, with which the late Rothschild has been credited, should not make themselves occasionally comfortable with a blazing fire of brilliants.

Ordinary folks, however, will be forced to content themselves with the common fuel of wood and coal, and will be only too well satisfied if, with the rapidly increasing prices, they shall be able to secure a due supply of these. The poor man's fire-place is still an undiscovered boon. The stove, which he is now compelled to use for economy's sake, is a good heat-producer, but is at the same time a generator of noxious gases, and wilts while it warms. The open grate, on the contrary, gives out comparatively little heat, but, being a good ventilator, carries off all noxious vapors. Its advantages, however, are purchased at too great a cost of money for common use. If further experiment shall confirm the results of the observation of the French men of science, that heated iron allows the passage through it of the noxious gases produced by the combustion of ordinary fuel, it will be necessary to interdict the use of stoves made of such material. The porcelain ones of Germany and France do not throw out sufficient heat for our cold winters, and we must contrive something else. Properly constructed boilers, with pipes to distribute the steam, are the best means we have yet hit upon for the purpose; and these might, by a convenient understanding between landlords and tenants, be applied so as to warm at the same time all the apartments of the large, or several of the smaller, houses occupied by the poor, and thus a comfortable warmth might be secured at the lowest possible cost to each individual. For cooking purposes there should be a kitchen and cook, too, for the common service. By such means the poor would be saved an expense they can ill afford, and what is more important still, preserve their health, which is damaged probably by no such frequent cause as the noxious exhalations of their iron stoves.

We have another familiar illustration of the chemical action called combustion in our lights of nightly use. The gas we burn is generally obtained from coal heated in close retorts, which gives out a gas which is made to pass into a great reservoir, from which it is distributed through subterranean pipes to the various places of consumption. By means of a pressure applied to the reservoir the gas escapes in a jet upon the opening of the stop-cock, and on the near approach of a lighted match takes fire and burns with an illuminating flame. The gas is composed of hydrogen and carbon, both of which combine with the oxygen of the air—the first forming water in a state of vapor, and the latter carbonic acid. The result of this double combination is a strong heat, producing a flame which keeps up a continuous burning of the gas as it escapes.

Each flame of burning gas coming from the single hole of a burner is composed of three parts: the dark central part, where there is no combustion, but where the carbon begins to separate from the hydrogen; the luminous stratum (represented by the white portion of the accompanying diagram), where the carbon is for the moment free and heated to whiteness; and the exterior bluish one, which is the hottest, and where the combustion is most complete. When the purpose of burning gas is solely light, it should be the object to increase the middle or illuminating part of the jet and diminish the two others—the inner and outer. In other words, care must be taken not to burn the carbon too little or too much. For this purpose enough air should be supplied to the flame to prevent the gas from passing off in smoke, and not so much as to consume it too rapidly and completely. If heat be the purpose, and not light, all parts of the gas-jet should be well exposed to the oxygen of the atmosphere, that the carbon may be thoroughly consumed.

The sources of heat are so abundant that the fears which have been expressed of the consequences of an exhaustion of the present supply of wood and coal seem to be groundless. In England they have been greatly agitated upon the subject, and the calm mind of the philosophic Mill was so far disturbed by the prospect of a scarcity of fuel in the course of a hundred years or so that he favored the passage by Parliament of a law to check the wasteful consumption of coal in Great Britain. It is safe to presume that science will discover a means of supplying the deficiency long before it is required. The heat is superabundant, and all that is needed is an economical mode of applying it to human purposes. Already a French chemist is said to have discovered a process by which oxygen gas may be made at so small a cost as to render it available for daily use. With a



cheap and abundant supply of this great supporter of combustion, there are thousands of substances which, before practically useless, can now be burned for the purpose of supplying heat and light. Suppose, which is probable, that means should be found of making pure hydrogen cheap as well as oxygen, we then should be able, by combining these two, to have at our daily service the most powerful heat and light producer, the great power of which is displayed by what is known as the oxyhydrogen blowpipe. Hydrogen gives out in burning four times as much heat as charcoal of the same weight, and with ten gallons of this gas and five gallons of oxygen we can melt a pound of platinum, the hardest of known metals.

It is not necessary, however, to seek in the laboratory of the chemist for sources of the greatly needed heat. All nature is replete with it. The mere movement of certain substances upon one another is sufficient to develop fire; and it may be supposed that the savages, who are found universally to employ this means, were originally led to it by discovering dry limbs of trees inflamed by their rubbing together through the action of the wind. Friction is a familiar source of heat. We notice it in new and badly adjusted machinery. It has been a frequent cause of railway and other conflagrations. To prevent this consequence oil and other fatty matters are frequently placed between the opposing surfaces of metal. The light obtained by striking together a flint and steel is an example of the generation of fire by friction. The hammer which strikes on an anvil heats it, and a leaden bullet is occasionally melted by the heat generated by its contact with an iron target. Count Rumford experimented with a casting intended for a cannon while on the lathe to be bored. A cavity was made at one of its ends, and a blunt borer adjusted, so as to develop intense friction at the bottom of the cavity. The borer being set to work hollowed out the piece, and produced heat enough in the course of the action to reduce to vapor in two hours and a half nine quarts of water. The effect of friction is not only shown by the movement of solids, but also of liquids and gases. With a glass syringe the air can be so compressed as to set fire to tinder. A careful calculator has estimated that the falls of the Rhine, the finest cataract in Europe, generates enough heat in one day to melt 12,000 cubic metres of ice. What, then, must be the daily solvent power of our mighty Niagara! Every trickling brook and rushing river, and the great ocean above all, with its ceaseless movement, are heat producers. The sailors tell us that the sea is warmer when rough than smooth, and science confirms their statement. The mutual attraction between the moon and earth pulls the ocean, as it were, out of its place, causing the phenomena of the tides, and thus creates an inequality of surface which acts as a drag upon the motion of our planet, and by the friction which results must produce a large quantity of heat. It has

been calculated by an ingenious philosopher that if the earth were retarded in its revolution until it stood still, that the quantity of heat evolved would be equal to that emitted by the sun in eighty-one days.

"It has been prophesied by the Apostle St. Peter," said Professor Tyndall, "that the elements shall be dissolved in fire. The simple motion of the earth comprehends all that is necessary and sufficient for the accomplishment of this prophecy." The annual revolution of the earth round the sun is made at the rate of 1100 miles a minute. If this movement were to be suddenly stopped, a heat would result sufficient to reduce the whole of our globe into vapor; and if the earth fell into the sun, it would by the shock disengage as much heat as a ball of pure charcoal six thousand times bigger would while burning in oxygen.

We are all familiar with the intense heat often produced by lightning, which will fuse together the great links of iron cables, dissolve bell and clapper of lofty tower into one indistinct mass of metal, and burn large houses and mighty ships. With his various instruments the chemist can imitate on a small scale these effects of that powerful and mysterious agent, electricity. The most intense heat known is that obtained between the two charcoal points of the wires attached to the opposing zinc and copper plates of a galvanic pile when brought together. A light indicates the nucleus of action, which is called the voltaic arc.

Animal and vegetable life, moreover, are sources of heat. A chemical operation is ever going on in every living body, which is a slow combustion; and plants, though they are rather consumers than producers of heat, are all, to a certain degree, the latter. There are chemical combinations constantly taking place in the roots, buds, flowers, and fruits during growth, which are accompanied by an evolution of heat, though not in large quantities.

The burning fuel by which we warm ourselves, whether in stove, grate, or on open hearth, throws out the heat in straight lines or *radii*, and the process is hence termed radiation. The heat from the sun, and most sources in fact, comes to us in the same manner. Wherever there are two or more bodies so placed relatively in space that their mutual action may not be interrupted, the hotter continues to send its heat to the cooler until an equality of temperature is established. For convenience of illustration it may be imagined that there is an ethereal medium through which this communication takes place, in waves like those widening circles produced by the fall of a stone on the quiet surface of a lake. In the case of the fire or the sun, if this be the mode by which their heat is propagated, it is impossible, from the excessive speed of its extending circles of motion, to see them as we do in water. An idea of this speed may be formed when we recollect that the sun is ninety millions of miles distant from the earth, and that traveling on an ethereal rail-

road at twenty miles an hour, it would take more than five hundred years to get there. Thus the journey could only be accomplished by means of relays of ages composed of many successive generations of mankind. The solar light, or heat, for they are supposed to be identical, however, flashes over that immense course in eight minutes! The ordinary fire in the grate diffuses its warmth precisely in the same manner, and may be considered a little sun of brief duration.

There are two kinds of rays of heat, the dark and luminous. Both are alike in this respect, that they are intercepted by certain bodies, as wood, for example, but differ from each other inasmuch that the dark can not, while the luminous can, pass through glass. When the sun throws its bright, warm rays upon the window they instantly traverse the panes without even heating them immediately. The bright heat of the blazing fire would pass with equal ease through a glass screen. A wooden one, however, would intercept the rays of both sun and blazing coal. Some sources of heat emit luminous and dark rays; the former only are transmitted by glass, while the latter are arrested in their passage. Others, again, give out only dark, as, for instance, a vessel of boiling water. In foundries the workmen use glass screens to protect their eyes from the flow of molten metal; they thus receive only the luminous rays, which are less burning than the dark ones.

The surface of a body has a wonderful influence upon its emission of heat. If we take a square copper vessel and blacken one side, whiten a second, leave the third of its natural dullness, and polish the fourth, and then fill it with boiling water, we shall find, upon applying a thermometer, that the greatest heat will be given out from the dark and the least from the bright, while the other two will indicate intermediate temperatures. The water in a kettle of a dull exterior surface will boil much sooner than that in one of brilliant polish; but the latter will, by way of compensation, retain its heat much longer than the former. It is easy to draw from these scientific facts a useful lesson of domestic economy. The labor of the housewife should be rather expended upon the silver tea-pot of the parlor than the copper of the kitchen; and if warmth, not elegance, is her object, she should hold fast to her old rough stove of cast iron, and reject the new-fangled heater with its more polished exterior. Dr. Franklin took a number of pieces of cloth of different colors, and placing them on the snow exposed to the sun, found that it melted most rapidly under the black, and least so under the white. This the men of science explain by the statement that the latter is more absorbent of solar heat than the former; but long before the philosophers had thought of theorizing and experimenting upon the subject mankind had been making a practical application of the principle. The Arab, from the earliest days of his wandering over the parched desert, has wrapped himself in his burnous of white wool, because

he felt it to be the best protection from the sun. White clothing is certainly more suitable, as far as its color is concerned, than black for summer, because its power of absorption of heat is less, and for winter because it retains longer whatever it acquires. Black, when exposed to the sun, receives heat readily, but on being placed in the shade it gives away more freely still what belongs naturally to the body. Nature has for this reason given to animals in the polar regions, where the sun is so chary of heat, garments of white fur, that they may retain the natural warmth of their bodies. In some parts of the world, where the seasons alternate in temperature, the coat is only changed to white during the rigorous winter. The best means of preserving a body from being heated by radiation is to give it a polished surface. Nature has supplied the negro with a contrivance deprived of which, his sable suit becoming insufferable, he would be compelled to strip off his flesh and, as Sydney Smith recommended, sit in his bones. The black skin of the African has the advantage of radiating heat in the shade with great facility, and thus tempering the broiling effects of the tropic; but it would have the great disadvantage, too, of absorbing warmth in the sun, were it not plentifully supplied with a natural oil which keeps it in a constant state of shine. Its whole surface in this way becomes a good reflector, which throws back harmless the darting solar rays. A plank upon which letters in gilt had been inscribed was exposed to a large fire. The wood was charred all around, but the characters remained untouched, the rays of heat having been absorbed by the former, but reflected by the gilding of the latter. Gardeners paint their walls black, that they may absorb the sun's heat and subsequently radiate it upon the ripening fruit, which thus receives a double supply of mellowing warmth.

We all know, or may know if we please by trying the experiment, that we can hold a bit of wood, say an ordinary match, in the blaze of a candle until it is burnt up almost to the finger ends; while a piece of metal, for example a brass pin, thrust only for a moment into the fire, will become instantaneously too hot for the hand. The movement of heat, which is so different in the two substances, is called by the chemists conduction; and the metal is termed a good, and the wood a bad, conductor, because this action takes place with facility in the former, and with difficulty in the latter. Solid substances differ greatly in conducting power. Wood, charcoal, wool, cotton, and the like, are generally bad, and the metals good, conductors. These, moreover, vary greatly from each other. If we plunge in the same vessel of boiling water a silver and a pewter or iron spoon, we shall find that the handle of the first will become hotter sooner than either of the others. This proves that silver is the best conductor of heat of the three metals.

We are all aware that in the same room, heated in every part to an equal temperature,

the various objects of furniture or what not which it may contain will, on being touched, give different sensations. The rug or carpet will feel warm, the marble slab of the pier-table cold, and the metal door-knob colder still. The sensation of heat or cold depends upon the degree of conducting power or facility possessed by the objects touched of withdrawing the warmth from the hand. Thus the poor conductor, wool, feels warm; the good conductor, stone, feels cold; and the better conductor, brass, feels colder.

The bad conductors may be rendered, by change of form, incapable of any power of conduction whatsoever. Thus a red-hot cannon-ball can be safely conveyed in a wooden wheelbarrow filled with sand or stone reduced to powder. Ice is so well preserved in saw-dust, which is nothing but wood cut up into fine particles, that it can be sent, as it often is, from Boston to Calcutta as a profitable article of commerce. The philosophers account for the loss of power of conduction through these changes of form by the fact of the destruction of molecular continuity by the minute division of the substance, and the interposition, in consequence, of layers of air between the particles of the body thus separated.

The various tissues used for clothing derive their fitness to our wants from their conducting powers. Experience, it is true, had anticipated the discoveries of science, and the Esquimaux had clothed themselves in furs and fed upon blubber long before a Davy and a Liebig established the philosophic necessity of the one and the other. Nature, neither retarded by the slowness of experiment nor diverted by the vagaries of theory, but acting from the first with the certainty of fixed law, has anticipated the philosophers, as she will be found on more intimate knowledge with her works always to have done. Animals and vegetables, by her unerring skill and provident care, are supplied with such coverings as are best fitted to resist all changes of temperature. We have benefited by the wise suggestions of Nature, and borrowed the tissues from her loom, cutting them, however, to our own patterns. All the material of our clothing is formed of substances which have served once to cover plants and beasts. Warm-blooded animals require, particularly in cold countries, the warmest coverings; for, according to a well-known chemical law, the warmer a body is than the space by which it is surrounded the greater is the facility with which it grows cold. Thus Nature provides the arctic beast with thick furs, and the bird with a plumage which is even a worse conductor, and consequently a better preservative of the natural heat of the animal. The numberless filaments which compose the hair or a feather, in themselves very bad conductors, render the integuments to which they belong still worse conductors by the layers of air they admit among their endless subdivisions. The air, in fact, is the worst possible

conductor. It is thus not only the fibre of the wool of which our winter garments are generally made that renders them warm, but more especially the air which is always interposed between the spaces of its loosely-woven tissue.

Although liquids have more or less power of conduction, they are generally heated by a process termed convection in science, but which means nothing more than the simple English word conveyance. When water in a glass vessel is exposed to heat there will soon be observed a continued series of particles rising in the centre and falling at the sides. The former is the water expanded by the heat below, where it is directly applied, and being in consequence lighter, ascends to the surface, where it is cooled, and acquiring weight from condensation, now descends as the latter. The whole mass becomes thus heated by the convection or conveyance of the heated particles up the centre and down the sides of the vessel. Water and many other liquids, however, are conductors, but such slow and imperfect ones that their surfaces may be made to boil while their depths are solid with ice.

Experience has taught most housewives that the effectual way of boiling fluids is to apply the heat to the bottom of their pots and other vessels. If any one, however, should be disposed to doubt what both practice and theory teach on this subject, let her try to boil her kettle with heating only its top and sides. If, before taking her breakfast, she awaits the issue of her experiment, she will probably be obliged to postpone that matutinal meal to the next day. Gases are heated in the same manner and with greater facility by convection. Many of the most interesting phenomena of nature, such as the course of the Gulf-stream and other marine currents, with their wondrous influences upon climate, and the existence of the warm polar sea discovered by Dr. Kane, are easily explained by the action of this physical law. The atmosphere is evidently subjected to the same; and the winds, hitherto deemed so fickle as to pass long without question as the best illustration of caprice, are found, after all, to be guided by a fixed principle.

Heat can be reflected and refracted, just as light. The properties of the two are so alike that many men of science regard them as identical. With a couple of concave mirrors properly adjusted, a piece of red-hot iron in the focus of one may be made to melt a lump of ice in that of the other placed at a great distance off. There is no scientific difficulty in believing that Archimedes set fire with his huge reflectors of metal to the Roman fleet during the siege of Syracuse. Buffon, in comparatively modern times, burned wood with a mirror at a distance of two hundred feet. With convex lenses, however, more certain and powerful effects may be produced. It is a curious fact that an intense heat has been obtained by means of ice. A lens ten feet in diameter was made of this cold material in England,

and, on being placed in a proper direction to the sun, ignited a quantity of gunpowder exposed to its focus.

If we take a rod of iron which, when cold, exactly fits a ring of the same metal, and heat it, we shall find that it has become too large to pass. This is in consequence of the expansive power of heat, which is particularly great in metals. The wheel-wright, in order that the iron tire may cling firmly to the wheel, makes it so small that it will not fit until enlarged by exposure to heat. When hot it is easily put on, but on becoming cold it is as difficult to get off. It is common for an apothecary to remove a firmly fixed stopper from a glass vial by applying heat to the neck, which is thus expanded and its mouth widened so as to allow of the easy exit of that which closes it up. In all structures where metals are used it is necessary to make provision for expansion by heat. Thus the iron rails of a railway are never laid with their ends closely attached, but a space is always left between them. In a railway two hundred and fifty miles in length the iron rails will measure nine hundred feet longer in summer than winter; and if there should not be left a free space for such an expansion the road would be so twisted out of shape and broken as to become impassable. Fluids and gases are subject to the same law; and the familiar thermometer owes its usefulness as a measurer of temperature to the expansibility by heat, and consequent contractibility by cold, of the mercury or spirit of which it may be composed.

The form of all matter is essentially dependent upon heat, which can convert solids into liquids and liquids into gases. By it the hardest iron is melted into a running stream, and the falling water raised to a floating vapor. With a sufficient increase of temperature the whole aspect of the earth would be changed, and its adamantine rocks dissolved into a fluid and its seas dissipated into air. The point of fusion or melting of substances greatly varies. Gold requires twenty times as much heat as wax to liquefy. There are certain substances, of which carbon or charcoal is one, which resist the power of fusion of any degree of heat at our command. There are others which can only be fused under pressure, as, for example, marble, which has been melted by inclosing it in a gun-barrel hermetically sealed.

Water, under the influence of heat, is turned into steam, the might of which is due to its expansive power. Heat thus, as may be made manifest through the steam and caloric engines, is indirectly a source of mechanical motion. It is, however, more than this; it is a motive power itself; and from this fact, but lately discovered, there is reason to anticipate for the future a development of natural force which, under the control of man, is destined to give him, in his mastery over the material world, a strength in comparison with which all past effort will seem but weakness. In all machines, human or mechanical, where work

is done through the agency of heat, it can be proved that this principle in nature performs a recognizable part of it. In the steam or hot-air engine it is found that with the same quantity of fuel burned there is more heat expended, which consequently disappears when the machine is in operation than when at rest. So it is with man. When in perfect repose he uses up less and therefore disengages more heat than when he is at work, although the quantity of oxygen consumed, and consequently the animal combustion, be exactly the same. That increased activity generally warms the body does not really, though apparently, contradict this fact; for when this occurs there is access to air and a greater consumption of oxygen, with necessarily a brisker combustion. While more heat is used up in motion, there is also a larger supply obtained through an augmented respiration in an atmosphere abounding in that vital gas, which is the quickener of human and all other fire.

With the discovery of the fact that heat is a motive force, and the invention of mechanical means of concentrating, storing, and applying the abundance of it which flows from its great natural source, the sun, we are encouraged to believe that we are on the eve of a revelation to man of a future dominion over nature to which in his loftiest imaginings he has never aspired.

MISSING.

NOT a day passes but persons go from their homes on the ordinary business of life, leaving behind them an expectancy of the usual return, but are never seen or heard of more, unless it be that after an absence, often protracted for years, they are found, or they return of their own will as suddenly and for as little reason as they disappeared. The more notable cases preserved in the police traditions of New York afford materials for sketching this constantly increasing army of the vaguely dead. Names are used only when there is no danger that the publicity will cause pain.

A leading case is that of William Harrington, more generally known, however, as "Boss" Harrington. In his time and way he was a noted personage, and very few men had a wider circle of acquaintance. He was an amateur pugilist, but retained his gentlemanly instincts, and never gave evidence of possession of the brutal instincts that disgrace the supporters of the prize-ring. In earlier life he had been a butcher, and by strict attention to business had amassed a competence, and had retired from active pursuits to enjoy it. For several years he was a leading authority on sporting matters, and was better known and more generally respected than any man of his class. If comparisons were not odious it might be said that he occupied very nearly the same position that Hon. John Morrissey now holds, except that he did not have the political power of the latter.

Harrington was an unromantic man. He was the last person in the world to be suspected of doing any thing because of sentiment. Shortly before his disappearance he had met with severe pecuniary losses, and was generally considered to have been "done for" as to pocket, but his most intimate associates never discovered that he had become desperate in consequence. He was a little low-spirited at times, but never dropped a word to lead to the belief that his fortunes were irretrievable, or that it was out of his power to continue his life of *insouciance* for any number of years.

One evening, some four years ago, he was drinking with a party of friends in the Hone House in Broadway. He was in his usual spirits, chatted in his usual way on bar-room topics, and did not give the slightest evidence of mental depression or aberration. Remarking that it was time to go home, and bidding his friends good-night, he passed out the door into the street alone. From that moment he has never been seen by any person who ever knew him. He did not go home, but where he went or what befell him was never known. The most diligent inquiry upon the part of his friends, aided by official search, failed to obtain the slightest clew to his fate. Whether he is dead or alive, or, if the former, whether he was murdered or committed suicide, is equally unknown. He stepped, in an instant, from the glare and glitter of a drinking-saloon into the realms of unfathomable mystery, and love and curiosity have been alike powerless to follow him.

An equally singular and more ancient case is that of Joseph J. Smith, a paper-hanger. It is now many years since he was employed to paper a house on Murray Hill, in New York. He was a poor man, absorbed in his daily toil, and utterly unaware that life had in it any thing beyond the endless struggle for the necessities to sustain it. On the day in question he worked steadily all day, and at the usual hour in the evening started to go home. He left the implements of his trade and his stock of paper in the house, with which to resume his work on the ensuing morning, and gave a promise that he would complete the job as soon as possible. It so happened that he met so many acquaintances that his homeward route was subsequently accurately traced until he was crossing the Elysian Fields and nearing his suburban home beyond Hoboken. There he disappeared as completely as though the ground had opened and swallowed him, for no trace of him was ever afterward discovered. Surmise even was at fault. He was a sober man, and had not, therefore, fallen into the river and been drowned. He was a poor man, and the thieves, who are generally well posted on the pecuniary resources of their victims, had not made way with him. He was happy in his home relations, and it was not likely that he had voluntarily deserted them. He had disappeared, and that was all there was of it.

The more recent case of Henry Y—— is of a different type. Ten years since he was a young merchant of New York, doing a prosperous business, and, to all appearance, on the high road to fortune. In his home he was equally blessed, and with a beautiful, amiable wife and three lovely children, established in a luxuriously furnished house, his lines seemed cast in most pleasant places. Suddenly the wife sickened and died, and Y——, who was of a nervous temperament, was completely unstrung by the event, and his very nature changed. He neglected his business and his children equally, and was a mere automaton, performing the animal functions of life without any intellectual volition. A few mornings after the burial of his wife he kissed his children mechanically, and saying he was going to the store, passed out of the house. He never was seen again. It was supposed that in a fit of mental anguish he had committed suicide; but, for all his friends know, he may have wandered away and been picked up in some far-off State, where even yet he may be lingering out a horrible vacuity in a lunatic asylum.

One of the most remarkable of the many cases on record is that of E. R. C——n, agent of the Adams Express Company in an Eastern city, which made a great sensation at the time of the occurrence. He was a man of fine business capacity and regular habits, and enjoyed the full confidence of the great corporation in whose employ he had been for many years. In his domestic relations there was nothing amiss, and he was a thorough *home* man. He was not addicted to dissipation of any kind, and was hence an entire stranger to the fastness of these times. Rather unsocial in his nature, he never picked up chance acquaintances to lead him astray, and he was never known to get into difficulties. His experiences were all of the eminently respectable class; but he had been sufficiently long in a position to know the guiles of the world, and being a strong-minded, passionless man, there was no one better able to take care of himself under all possible circumstances.

Friday, December 20, 1867, he left the house of a friend in Fifth Street, New York, to go to the New Haven *dépôt*, where he had made an appointment to meet a friend who was to accompany him on his homeward journey. He was watched from the house he had left until he turned into Third Avenue out of Fifth Street. In making that turn he passed out of human knowledge. The friend at the *dépôt* waited impatiently, and finally lost the train.

C——n was the most punctual of men, and the friend proceeded at once to ascertain the cause of this first lapse from his accustomed ways. That friend has never succeeded in the task assumed with a belief that a few moments would suffice for its accomplishment.

As soon as it became certain that he had disappeared steps were taken to discover the cause.

With the usual human charity it was surmised at once that he was a defaulter and had absconded. His accounts were therefore submitted to a most rigid examination, only to prove that he had been scrupulously honest and exact in all his monetary dealings. The Express Company began then to value the missing treasure, and offered a reward of \$1000 for information of his whereabouts or fate. This prospective prize naturally had a stimulating effect, and the search for the missing one became active and exhaustive throughout the country, but especially so in New York. The city was thoroughly ransacked by expert detectives as familiar with it as is a school-boy with the ink-stains of his desk. The cards issued by the Express Company, bearing a photograph of the lost agent and a minute description of his person and clothing, were scattered all over the Union and sent to the police authorities of England and the Continent.

Probably no man was ever searched for with more rapacity, and no search was ever less productive. No clew to the missing agent was ever obtained. In the glare of noonday, and in one of the most crowded thoroughfares of a great city, he had been resolved, as it were, into an impalpability, and had left not a trace of his existence any where on earth. After a time the search for him flagged, and was finally abandoned a few weeks since by the withdrawal of the reward by the Company. His case has been laid away in the memories of detectives as one of their many queer experiences.

The case of Chancellor Lansing is now preserved only in the traditions of a generation that in a few years will be unrepresented among men. It is full forty years since he left a New York hotel one afternoon to take the Albany boat for his home. He left carrying a small carpet-bag; and the porter who handed it to him at the door was long remembered as the last person who had seen him, knowing who he was. He never reached the boat, for he was perfectly well known to all of its officers; but notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts, no knowledge of his fate was ever obtained. He was a man full of years and honors, and of great wealth and high official and social position. There was nothing in his character, temperament, or antecedents to warrant the belief that he had been guilty of self-destruction, or had unwittingly fallen a victim to metropolitan snares. His place on earth had been made vacant, but there is not, and can never be, any record of how, or when, or where. He may have died that day; he may have lived for years afterward. He may have become food for the fishes of Hudson River; he may have been buried under the sands of Sahara. The lapse of time since his disappearance has only brought to his descendants the consoling knowledge that he is dead. If they have been robbed of the priceless memory of having watched over his last hours, they are no longer haunted by a sense of the miseries of earth he may be endur-

ing, and that is something worth waiting forty years for.

The cases of persons who have darted out of the home circle and been mourned as dead, but have subsequently reappeared, are very numerous, and some that I have garnered are of a very startling character. I venture to give the first of these only after having obtained indubitable proofs of its truth.

Many years ago a family named W——g was settled in one of the upper counties of New Jersey. The father and mother were then nearing middle life, and the eldest of the four sons was verging upon manhood. One day this son suddenly disappeared, but his absence did not for some days create any uneasiness, for it was supposed that he had gone to New York, and would soon return. After a time, however, his continued absence caused anxiety, and a search was begun. The neighborhood was thoroughly scoured, but it ended without result. The police authorities of New York were applied to, and made some exertion in the matter, but finally reported that no trace of him, dead or alive, could be found any where in the city.

Years passed on, and he was at last given up as dead. The father and mother were put away in the church-yard, and one of the sons succeeded them in the old homestead. He too married, and his children grew up around him. At last, after the lapse of twenty-five years from the date of the disappearance of his elder brother, this Jersey farmer had occasion to visit the wild pine region of his county. While there he happened to fall in with a farmer bearing his own name of W——g. This coincidence led to inquiries, and the younger W——g was much astonished to find in the man before him that elder brother who had disappeared twenty-five years before, and who during all that time had lived within forty miles of the old homestead. It appeared from his explanations that the elder W——g had merely wandered away in the first instance from a youthful impulse, and chance, rather than purpose, directing his course, had reached the pine region of his own county. There he met a farm-girl of whom he became enamored, and engaging himself as a laborer with her father, he finally married her. Up to the time of his marriage he had always intended to return home at an early day, and had not, therefore, sent any news of himself to his parents; and after his marriage he became so engrossed in his new ties and duties that the remembrance of his boyhood associations gradually faded from his mind. In due course of time his father-in-law died, and he had succeeded to the farm, which he managed so well that when the brothers met he had become the richest man of his section. During all of these years the brothers had lived continuously in the same county within forty miles of each other, and the younger in the firm belief that his elder brother was dead. There must have been but little intercommunication in those days in New Jersey, and the

State may, after all, be all the better for the Camden and Amboy. In these times of restlessness and fast trains this incident could not be repeated even in New Jersey.

Very often these sudden flights from home end at last in personal ruin, as was the case with Charles A——r. His father had been wealthy, but was suddenly reduced in circumstances, and being shortly afterward made helpless by paralysis, the family had a hard struggle for life. In this emergency Charles, then a boy of fifteen years, seemed made of heroic stuff. Obtaining work as clerk in a shoe store, he served his employer faithfully. At home he was the strong right arm of the family. Robbing himself of the sleep so necessary at his age, he labored before going to his work at the store, and after his return at night, in the menial home duties, in order to lighten his mother's tasks. He always brought to her his pittance of a salary intact, never reserving even a penny for himself. No boy was ever a greater blessing to his parents; none ever better fulfilled the obligations of filial love.

One night he did not return from the store. The next day passing without his appearance, dismay came upon the bereaved parents. Making such inquiries as they could, they found that he had left the store as usual, but they could trace him no farther. They had such absolute faith in him that they never harbored the thought that he had thus left them without a word of warning, and they therefore settled at once into the belief that he had in some way been overtaken by death. The blow was a severe one, and the father, who had partially recovered, and had become in some measure self-helpful before the loss of his son, then struggled on alone. Some two years after the disappearance the father was taken by the business of his employers to Louisville, Kentucky, and there unfortunately encountered his lost boy. Charles had become a maudlin drunkard, an incorrigible loafer, and an associate of thieves and harlots. He had, after all, become suddenly weary of his noble part, and determined to rid himself of the burden. He had wandered away under this impulse, and had worked his way through the country until he reached the Ohio River, where he embarked as a pantry-boy on a steamboat. The gradations of his after-life were easy, and he had run down hill as naturally as the river he traveled. He manifested no emotion of any kind when he met his father, and flatly refused to return home, or to make any promise of reform. Thenceforward the black day in that family was the anniversary of that on which the lost was found.

There are numerous cases of disappearances on record that are of such recent date that it is too soon, as yet, to class them as permanent. Some of these, however, are interesting as showing how suddenly and completely a man may be lost in a great city.

Tuesday evening, November 20, 1868, about

5 o'clock, G——t F——s left the store of his son in Seventh Avenue near Thirty-fifth Street to go to the residence of his daughter in Forty-seventh Street. He did not go there, nor did a thorough search the next day of all the hospitals and police stations give any information of his fate. He was a man about sixty-five years of age, with gray hair and whiskers, and a large, fresh face. He was of noticeable appearance any where, and trace was lost of him in a neighborhood where he had resided for the years of a generation, and where he was well known to a large portion of the inhabitants. He was a man of most temperate and regular habits, and was still engaged in the business of cattle-broker, at which he had amassed a competence. On the day of his disappearance he had been engaged in his routine duties, and it was subsequently ascertained that he did not have any very great amount of money about him. Perfectly sober, and in the possession of all his powers, mental and physical, this plain, matter-of-fact old man, who never did any thing romantic in his life, was thus suddenly lost. The vacuum he left will never be accounted for, unless a time shall come when some trace of him is discovered.

These cases might be multiplied to any desired extent, but the one given is sufficient for my purpose, as it is, in the leading features, a sample of the others.

The statistics upon this subject are not, as yet, very voluminous, for the reason that it was not until quite recently that the Police Commissioners began to make any permanent record of the applications made for aid in searching for missing persons. The last quarterly report of the Inspectors, who are in charge of all detective business, shows that during the quarter 258 applications were made. Of these missing persons 151 were recovered, and 73 returned voluntarily, leaving 34 still unaccounted for. At the date of the previous report there were 24 still unfound, but 11 of these were subsequently recovered, leaving 13 to be added to the 34 of the last report, and making a total of 47 vacuums.

These figures do not include the very large number of persons who are continually disappearing in the city, but who are found again within a day or two. These absences are generally due remotely to whisky, and primarily to confinement in a police prison for drunkenness, or in one of the hospitals from a bodily injury received while drunk. Saturday night is the time when these temporary vacuums usually occur, and the Inspector on duty Sunday morning at the Central Police-office is kept busy for hours by a constant succession of inquirers for those who failed to return home on the previous night. These anxious people also repair to the police courts, which are in session on Sundays until noon, with the hope of there finding the missing ones arraigned before the magistrates for intoxication, or some petty violation of the law. Very generally, at one place or the other,

they are successful in their search, and it not unfrequently happens that they gain very little by it.

One of the most pathetic sights I ever encountered was on a late Sabbath morning, when a poor, laboring Irishman, carrying a puling, emaciated infant of three months, presented himself at one of the courts in search of his wife. The man had a haggard, unkempt appearance that was full proof of his story, that on the previous evening he had returned home hungry and tired, and found that his wife had gone away, leaving the child alone, and without having prepared his supper. All night long he had paced the floor with the hungry, wailing babe, and in the morning started out, weary and heart-sore, to search for the truant wife. He found her in the prison, where she had lain overnight, after having been picked up in the street in a state of maudlin intoxication. She was scarcely sober when he took her home, and it was impossible to believe that the poor fellow was much the gainer by the recovery of such a wife.

These Sunday morning inquirers are very often completely baffled, and kept on the rack of anxiety for many additional hours, by the stupidity or false pride of the persons for whom they are searching. If Jones, being in a respectable station in life, happens to be a little the worse for liquor, and is picked up by a policeman, when arraigned before the sergeant at the station-house he is very apt, from a desire to keep the knowledge of his adventure from his friends, to give a fictitious name. If he is taken when a great deal the worse for liquor, Jones can only stare about him in hopeless imbecility, and often does not recover his faculties the next day until after he has been taken to court, and been committed by the magistrate as John Doe. In either case it is apparent that all clew to Jones is lost. His friends may be as persistent as possible without finding any trace of him, unless it should happen to occur to them that it would be a good thing to visit the thirty station-houses and four prisons of the city, and make a personal inspection of all the inmates, provided they can obtain permission to do so. As this will be difficult to get, and the operation will, besides, be one requiring much time and some trouble, it will be better for Jones not to get drunk. If he must, then let him give his own proper name to the authorities, or, if he intends to become fuddled beyond his power to do so, let him beforehand label himself with a card in his pocket. He may thus save his friends much anxiety, and give himself the pleasure of disappointing the birds of prey who roost about the New York prisons, ready to become carrier-pigeons for any prisoner fortunate enough to have one dollar to be paid in advance for the service.

When the vacuum in the family has existed for several days—if nothing can be said to exist—and the proper material for filling it can not be found in any of the hospitals or prisons, the

searchers become feverishly anxious, and the authorities begin to have a semblance of concern about the matter.

In every case of disappearance the relatives imagine the worst, and for the time the whole business of their lives is comprehended in the search for the missing. They flit in and out of the Central Police-office every day, and the patient and sympathetic official who has charge of the Missing Bureau is seldom, during business hours, without some of the grief-stricken at his side. They crave to know surely, even though it be to know the worst, and the thirst for this certainty soon becomes as that of him being scorched with a fever for a plunge in the cool waters that seem, in his delirium, to lap his couch with a pleasant, babbling sound. It is in vain to tell these people of the many cases within official experience where the missing have come back in a week or a month safe and whole, and with valid excuses for the absence. The searchers are ready to admit that this might be true of others, but in their cases they are sure something has happened, and, unless the officers can bring back the estrays at once, they insist on murder at least having been done.

The chances are only as one in a thousand that murder has been done, and only as one in one hundred that the missing person has met death by accident or suicide, and there is, therefore, abundant room for hope that he is alive. He may be sick, or destitute, or driveling in some lunatic asylum; but there is almost a surety of life, and no occasion for despair.

It is proverbial that relatives can never assign any reason for a voluntary disappearance, but the keen detective instinct rarely fails to find one. So successful, indeed, have the authorities been in this respect that they are able to state the causes of these constantly recurring vacuums as few in number, and generally commonplace. This earth has a broad surface, and it is within the power of any one to straggle off into one of its by-ways, out of the ken of his people, and hundreds do it for the same reason. Young girls are sped by their passions into the abysses of sin; boys are led away by the unbridled love of adventure, or snap the reins of parental authority when injudiciously tightened; husbands flee from hen-peckery, and wives desert bearish husbands; men are called suddenly away by business, and persons wander off under the guidance of unsuspected and suddenly developed insanity; some seek to leave a grief too heavy to bear, and others basely skulk from responsibilities and embarrassments. All, without exception, act from impulse, even when, as sometimes happens, they are led astray by designing knaves to be plundered and left helpless far distant from their homes. It is undoubtedly true that a missing person is always described to have been a most sensible man, with no romance or sentiment about him; but it is hard to resist the belief that there is a screw loose some-

where in the mental machinery of those who thus slip out of the home circles, and leave friends to a wearying anxiety that a single line from them would relieve.

But the meagre statistics given show how small a proportion return voluntarily, and how many must be searched for. That this search is so frequently successful is owing rather to accident and good luck than to thoroughness. If any searcher for the lost imagines that a detective is dispatched to scour the country on his particular business, let him remember that police-officers must live like other mortals, and dismiss the idea. Detectives very frequently make long journeys in pursuit of thieves; but the expense is always paid by the despoiled parties, and a handsome reward besides. On the other hand, the great majority of missing persons seem to be comparatively valueless, in a monetary view, and \$100 is the highest average reward that is offered for information concerning them.

The search for missing persons, then, is detective business only in name; but the Police Commissioners have done what they could to aid the bereaved. They have selected a most capable listener to sit at a desk and listen patiently to all the searchers have to say, and take voluminous and useless notes of their talk. This, to be sure, does not amount to much practically, except as a satisfaction to the talkers. But the police rules go further. If the friends are willing to meet the expense, a new card appears, and it is like this:

OFFICE OF THE SUPT. OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE,
300 Mulberry Street.

MISSING.

CHARLES C——N left Albany on Tuesday, November 19, at 8 P.M., supposed to have come to New York. He is 17 years of age, 5 feet 9 inches in height, blue eyes, light hair, slim built, has a small mole or wart on his chin. Was dressed in a brown cloth business suit, with black water-proof over-coat, having an extra long cape, and gray cap; prepossessing in appearance, and courteous in his manners. If found, to be brought to this office, or any information of him to be sent to Inspector Dilks.

One of these is added to the many that already embellish the card-rack hanging against the wall of the Inspector's office, and the others are sent all over the city and country. Every police station is in a few days provided with a copy, and the information that a new recruit has been added to the shadowy army of the missing has been very generally diffused. These cards have been found very efficacious, and nearly all the recoveries officially effected are attributable to them, but nevertheless belong almost exclusively to the chapter of accidents. The policeman in New York or some other city casually encounters the described person, and, provided he does not forget all about the matter, mentions it to his chief, who transmits the information to the designated point. This is the whole of police intervention; but it is quite as much as people have shown a willingness to pay for.

Some of the cards bear a photograph of the missing person, and these, ranged upon the In-

spector's card-rack, form a gallery of pictures as interesting as the huge volumes of photographs of thieves which lie upon his table.

One is a man in middle life, with a curly-headed little girl standing by his side. He has an expression somewhat stern about the mouth, but drifting off at the eyes to a tinge of sadness. The child is open-browed, and dimpled with merriment; no trace there of the cares that have furrowed the father's forehead with sharp, deep lines. They are a striking couple, each individually, and in contrast; and it is a marvel how they have managed for all the months that have elapsed since their disappearance to escape keen-eyed policemen and loving friends.

Next to them is a young man with great masses of curling hair piled above his lofty brow. The glasses worn when the picture was taken have blurred the eyes, but have not changed the sedate, scholarly expression of the face. That young man must have wandered from his college in a fit of studious abstraction, for there is none of the fastness of youth about him. He must have been abstemious, and has certainly not had the experience of Jones just referred to. It would be love's labor lost to search for him in police prisons; but he might be found in some hospital, the victim of some hurt received in warding injury from a fellow, or, perhaps, himself whole, ministering to the maimed and suffering in the wards. He might have been, but he never was, so far as the records show. As yet he has been undiscovered, and in this case it is possible that death has come in some terrible shape; for the goodness incarnate in the face would send a message from any where, save the grave, to sorrowing friends.

Just above this is the photograph of a dare-devil boy of fifteen years. There is roguishness in the creases of the fat cheeks and in the twinkle of the eyes, but no viciousness any where. He was nothing worse than a boy of the period; a city boy, ground sharp and saucy by the attrition of the streets. He spoke of the "old man," and had a voracious appetite for "seeing life." A dog-fight had more charms for him than a Sunday-school; and from mere reckless love of fun he became disobedient, unruly, and seemingly bad. The "old man" sought to bend the twig to his own prim notions, and the twig had snapped out of his grasp. But that boy is taking care of himself wherever he is. There is self-reliance in his face, and signs of that indefinite something that makes a stir in the world.

At the very top of the rack is the picture of a remarkable face. It is very thin and angular, and scarred all over with a hard life-struggle. That man had lost his faith in men, and had doubtless wandered away in quest of something better than humanity. It was not the sadness of penury he had, but the more smiting one of a mistrust that was of slow growth and deep root. He had tried hard to think well of his race, but one event after an-

other had come to his home-life to make the self-appointed task a hopeless one. Failing to find an anchor any where at home, he had drifted away, and is beating up and down the world, the sport of whim, and never to find rest until he gets it forever.

Below him is another boy. There must yet be aching hearts and scalded eyes in the home he wandered from months ago. How the mother must remember him as he looks in this picture! A face mantled with innocence and trustfulness and truth. There is order, too, not only in the face, but in the neatness of the dress, even to the detail of the spotless handkerchief peeping from the pocket of the coat. He was a boy that was an ever-increasing delight during the dozen years that he was the pride and ornament of his home. The search for him will never end, nor the prayers for him ever cease.

In the cases cited the photographs have not yet served to discover the missing persons, but in many other instances they proved effectual, and have been removed from the rack. How useful they may be can be best illustrated by a very recent incident.

A Boston boy of sixteen years was missing from his home, and application was made to Inspector Dilks. The father was very wealthy, and the boy had been brought up in the midst of luxury, and to an assurance of future independence. To suppose that he would desert all these advantages seemed to the father impossible, and the conviction of foul play was in this case rather stronger than usual. The father was certain his son had not a dollar on his person when he disappeared, but it was idle to attempt to show him that murders are never purposeless. He was certain that the absence was not voluntary, and insisted on the murder. However, he did not disdain all possible search, and furnished the officer with the requisite number of photographic cards, and these were sent in the usual way over the country. The Inspector had a shrewd suspicion that the boy had become enamored of the West, and mailed a few of the pictures to the postmasters of interior towns. One was thus sent to a little village in Iowa, and was tacked up in the post-office to become the wonder and sensation of the town. It had been there but one day when a neighboring farmer happening to come to town heard of course of the picture, and put on his spectacles to look at it. He had hardly done so before he exclaimed:

"Why, I've got that boy on my farm, and he's plowin' with yaller Sall this minute."

The farmer had made no mistake. The boy, brought face to face with the picture, could not deny his identity, and was sent home to his friends. He had gone away of his own will after all, and had been impelled by a most singular over-independence. Somehow he had become possessed of the idea that he did not desire to be an encumbrance upon his wealthy father, and had started off to hew his own way to

fortune. When the father reminded him that he could have obtained him a situation in any business house in Boston, and could, and would willingly, have established him in any business he might choose when he became of the proper age, the boy acknowledged it all, but said he had rather work his own way without any help. Finally, however, as an especial favor to his mother, he consented to remain at home and be assisted. But for that consideration, he said, he was ready to repeat his late experience and migrate without a dollar, and solely by odd jobs picked up by the way, from the East to the far West.

When cards and photographs and all police agencies fail immediately to obtain a clew to the missing, the relatives clutch at shadows in pursuit of a shadow. Humbug thrives greatly on all manner of human misfortune, and in this case manages to extract something substantial out of nothing.

Any day in the year advertisements can be found in daily newspapers to the effect that Madam B——, the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, causes speedy marriages, gives lucky numbers, and information of absent friends. These notices, duly paraded under the head of "Astrology," are the shadows that gullible friends clutch at. Hence it happens that the clairvoyants derive a considerable income from this false pretense. In about six cases out of ten recourse is had to these cheats, and satisfaction found in their pretended revelations. Like the oracles of old, these are sufficiently ambiguous in their replies to suit all possible contingencies and circumstances, and so manage to keep the fraud alive and remunerative. If the absence has been of long continuance, it is the fashion to state that the missing is dead, taking care to avoid such details of time and place as would lead to a detection of the swindle by investigation. But the precaution is hardly necessary, for the searchers are so eager for something positive that they snap eagerly at the bogus intelligence, and find rest and peace in it. The clairvoyants know this, and have settled upon the death's-head as their surest card. Of course it sometimes happens that the grave gives up the clairvoyant-dead, who reappear in the home circle, but in the joy of their return the fraud is forgotten, and the fallibility of the mediums rarely bruited abroad. The clairvoyants know this too, and continue to play the death's-head, only guarding against immediate accident by demanding the prescribed fee in advance.

As the clairvoyants do not keep books of accounts with their patrons it is impossible to say exactly how much they receive, and from how many different persons, for their pretended revelations concerning missing persons. But if any one of the greasy Madames can be taken in any one of her many maudlin moments, she will probably confess that the missing branch of her art pays better than the speedy marriage fraud, and nearly as well as the lucky number

hoax. Without such confession, however, it is certain that knavery makes a substantial banquet off wrecked hearts, and will until such time as the law-makers shall think it proper to protect the gullible, and consign these false prophets to the custody of a jailer.

I have traveled rapidly, and somewhat at random, over an extensive and comparatively untrodden field, giving such facts and figures as tend to show how liable any home is to be visited by a calamity harder to bear than even death.

This generation can never forget that "missing" was the most terrible word that came from the battle-fields of the Great Rebellion. In killed, or wounded, or prisoner there was something tangible to grapple with. The dead hero could be gathered to the family vault, the wounded patriot could be succored, and the captive friend might be released. But for the missing, love could only fold its hands and imagine all manner of horrors. And the suspense became almost too great to be borne, and the daily disappointments were as so many rendings of healing wounds. In every rural post-office there were weary waiters for tidings; and for many, many days stricken matrons stood on farmhouse porches, straining eager eyes to scan the coming coach, while the barefooted children hung upon the road-side fence for a closer search for the missing one who might be then coming home. Thus life became a protracted agony to thousands; and in many homes throughout the land there is yet that hope which only serves to sicken the heart.

The terrible word states a mishap of peace no less than a casualty of war. The police records show that men are lost in the quietude of peace as completely as they were in the turmoil of battle. To-day, in hundreds of homes, there are vacuums created but yesterday, and these many Rachels, mourning for children who are not, are denied even the sad consolation of weeping over their graves.

If I have succeeded in my purpose I have enabled these mourners to more correctly estimate probabilities, and have pointed out to them the best method of search that has yet been devised. They can not do better than to use the police and avoid the clairvoyants.

LOST AND SAVED.

I.

IT may well be believed that when Miss Marietta Spencer came back to Mayford, fresh from Miss Beeche's great boarding-school, with new clothes to wear, with a high-arched eyebrow, a keen hazel eye, a rounded cheek, and a ripe ruby mouth, and when it was seen that, while she carried herself statelily, she was susceptible to the admiration she inspired—I say, it may easily be believed that more than one among our small band of eligible men ranked themselves as admirers, and that in a short time she became known among them as "Beauty Spencer."

A beauty she surely was; few like her are seen any where; and none in our town were at all her equal. She was now some twenty-two years old, and had for a year or more been a teacher after she had received the last finishing touches of female education. She was to spend the summer at home; and what would she do? Marry? Well, perhaps; but whom?

Three of our best young men had flown into the flame and had been slightly singed—so it was thought by the two Miss Footes and others. But which would she take? or would she take neither?

The Beauty had hopes and aspirations of her own; and vague as they may have been, she indulged them as high-minded girls do. Captain Frisbie was master of one of our trading sloops, and was in all respects an estimable young man; but he certainly was uncultivated. Harry Fowler was junior partner of the firm of Johnson and Fowler, who kept the only "store" which rivaled John Monroe's. He was thought much of. Richard Wright was the son of a good farmer; and while he could not be said to be "settled" at any thing, and was, therefore, perhaps a dangerous man to marry, he had a certain tang of dare-devil about him which might make him pleasing in many a girl's mouth.

But no man and no woman ever drew a picture of the person he or she wished to marry with the least probability of its proving true. Therefore we may be sure that the Beauty lived in doubt.

Our three young men were together, in Harry Fowler's room over his store, one fine September night. Smoking was not then universal, as it is now; indeed, it was not quite reputable in young people; while card-playing was distinctly frowned upon by the best public opinion of the town. Still our three young men were smoking, and pipes too.

"Confounded dull it is in this old town," said Dick Wright. "For my part I am getting sick of it. If it were not for my old folks I'd cut it and go."

"There's always something to do," suggested Frisbie, with a sly twinkle of his eye toward Harry Fowler, who was known to be rather spooney on Beauty Spencer.

"What?"

"You can spark the Beauty."

"Oh, Harry, you know, he's got a mortgage on her—no sort of use."

"Come, now," replied Harry, rather sensitive to any rallying. "Come! we all know that the 'Cap' has got his foot in there, and it is a big one."

"They say she's fond of big feet," put in Wright. "How is it, Cap?"

"Well, feet are good enough to go in on. For my part, Dick, I don't see how you are going in at all, with Harry's shop always open. They say she's here every afternoon at six precisely—how's that, Harry?"

"Come, come, fellows," protested Harry; "I say, let us have a game."

"Well, get out the pictures," chimed in Wright, ready for any excitement.

Fowler got a pack of cards and drew down his curtains.

"Those plaguy old maids will be reporting us," said he, "and I shall have Deacon Chittenden down on me for keeping a disorderly house, if such scape-graces as you come here often."

In New England towns, next to the sin of unchastity came Sabbath-breaking, and next to that card-playing—for money, which in every sense was gambling. It is not to be supposed that these three young fellows had brought themselves to this contempt or defiance of public opinion without struggles more or less severe. It is not likely that they had come to the decision to play cards, and for money, upon any philosophic theories; no, rather they had come to it in a kind of devilish desire to get some sort of strange excitement out of the uneventful life of Mayford, and the very secrecy in which they were forced to shroud themselves added a zest to the forbidden fruit. This was not the first time they had played together, but we shall see that it was the last.

They drew up the table and sat down to play.

"What shall we make the ante?" asked Wright.

"Oh, I say let's play for fun. This playing for money will get us into trouble," objected Fowler.

"Nonsense!" protested Wright. "No sort of use in playing unless we have something up. Dull as Sunday-school. What do you say, Cap?"

Frisbie would play either way. So Wright's positiveness carried it against Harry's dubious objection. The game, I think, was called "Loo;" but as I am not familiar with it, I can only say that they played long and fast, and with some excitement. By-and-by they laid down their pipes, and out of his closet Fowler brought a bottle, and then they played with glasses supplied with Jamaica rum and water at their sides. In such cases men are sure to drink more than they mean to. Now I do not say that these three young men got drunk. They did not; but they drank, and thus two excitements were combined.

Presently Dick Wright dashed his cards on the table with an oath.

"I'm dead broke; I'll play no more! It's a cursed shame that luck should be such a jade. Never saw such a pack; an honest man had better not burn his fingers."

Fowler was excited too, and quick as thought he slapped the cards on the table—"You don't mean to say, Dick, that any body's cheating here!"

"Well, no, I don't say that exactly, but I do say that I never played with a pack before that worked as they do: the devil's in them; and who put it in? That's what I want to know."

Harry was touched; he pushed a handful of money across the table, saying:

"There 'tis; pick out your money, and let's have an end of it!"

"No, never! I'm not a sneak! I don't play to win and then beg if I lose," replied Dick, with heat.

"Well," said Harry, "take what you want and owe me, and then I'll play double or quits until you're tired."

"That's fair," said Captain Frisbie.

Wright then took a small sum, and they turned cards, doubling their stakes, until the small pile passed over to his side, and Harry threw down his cards, exclaiming:

"I'm dead broke!"

He sat for a moment moody and silent; then a thought struck his heated brain.

"Dick! I'll tell you what I'll do!"

"Well, out with it."

"I'll play a game for Beauty Spencer! I win, you both quit; you win, we both quit, eh?"

"Done!" cried Dick, now elated and excited; and yet there was about him a sort of devilish coolness which promised success.

The three men sat around the table and played, Fowler excited, Wright grim, and Frisbie interested. The game was short, and when Fowler won the last point Wright rose from his chair, exclaiming:

"Lost! by Heavens!"

Richard Wright now made his way homeward, flushed, excited, and angry that he had not won at last. His hands were turning over the small coins which half filled his pocket, and for a moment they seemed to burn him. "Curse on it!" he said to himself; "I meant to win, and, by Heavens, I will win! He shall never have her!"

But then honor whispered, "You must keep away from Beauty Spencer; you have won the money and have lost the girl."

His road now lay through a long and damp hollow. His brain was hot and his body was chilled. His hands still held the coins; he grasped them suddenly and flung them across the road against the alder bushes, which gave back a strange sough. He stopped; and the chill went creeping through all his veins. What ailed him? What sound was it which now shivered through the bushes? What dark, cold spirit oppressed him to grasp his heart? He was no coward—far from it; and yet a tremor of fear came upon him, and a sense of a presence cold and impalpable. He stood still for an instant, and then ran swiftly along the way by the dark bushes, which seemed to close in upon him and to sound in his ears. A terror had seized him, and he fled wildly until nature gave way, and he fell prone on the earth, every sense paralyzed.

How long he lay he knew not, no one knew; but in the early light of the day a traveling peddler, making his way into Mayford with his wagon, picked him up and brought him to Harry Fowler's store—cold, sick, wretched.

II.

Harry was aghast when he saw his friend crawling into his store, supported by the strong arms of the peddler. Richard was awake, but was too weak and miserable to explain; and, indeed, what had he to explain? Nothing.

They got him up the stairs to Harry's bed, and there he lay, silent and half paralyzed.

If this terror was indeed a warning, a terrible voice struggling out from some deep, half-buried fount of virtue in his own strong nature, might it not be well? Was it that? What was it? Was it from without or from within? Whatever it was, would he heed it?

This thing, or the fact of Richard Wright's having been picked up on the road-side, cold and insensible, could not be concealed, nor could tongues be kept quiet. That fact was all they knew—nothing of the scenes in Fowler's store, nothing of the sudden terror: but it was enough.

It is a peculiarity of human nature, when unregenerate, to throw stones at the fallen. Some judgments in Mayford were now harsh, and they found expression at John Monroe's store, as well as in private sitting-rooms.

"I always knew," said John Bassett, "that Dick was a 'good-for-nothing;' but I never thought he was a drunkard."

"Must ha' been at it a good spell," said Joy Meigs, who drank steadily but never got drunk; "bad kind o' thing to do."

"A man that's never stiddy at any thing," said Titus Hull, "is sure to go to drinkin'."

"Sho!" said Eli Kirkham, who knew more or was more lenient in his judgments; "you can't tell nothing about it. Like as not he wasn't drunk at all."

"Not drunk!" said John Monroe, who possibly was not favorable to those who frequented the other store. "What was it, then?"

"Who knows?" said Eli. "Fits, maybe. Maybe colic; maybe something hit him. I don't believe Dick's a drinking man; I don't—not yet."

Various effects were produced upon various people. The Misses Foot were much interested; not because they were marrying women, but because, like the Athenians of old, they had inquiring minds.

"Well," said Jerusha to Mrs. Langley, "I've always been thinking that this would happen. What could you expect from such kind of gover'ment?"

"Gover'ment? What do you mean, Jerushy?"

"Why, Reuben Wright was always as slack as a tow-string about his children."

"Well, I don't know," reflected Mrs. Polly. "I don't know; there's Parson Medford's son, he had governing enough, and more, and he's gone straight to the bad. There's no rule about it, Jerushy."

"For my part," said Amelia Foote, "I am sorry for his poor mother. It'll make gray hairs in her head."

"I am too," joined in Jerusha. "I'll go right over and see her."

"You wait, Jerushy," said Mrs. Langley, "till I put on my things, and I'll go with you."

Away the two went, their sharp criticisms overflowed by that latent kindness which lies at the bottom of most women's hearts.

The non-appearance of Richard at his mother's breakfast-table caused inquiry and anxiety; but it was not the fashion of either his father or mother to anticipate terrible evils. While Richard was not industrious, and therefore was unsatisfactory, they had never believed him either sensual or wicked. But why did he not come home? After breakfast Reuben Wright harnessed his horse and drove a mile to the village to see. He went straight to Harry Fowler's, and there he found Richard. He took him in his wagon and drove home.

Richard was silent and dull. His father made some inquiries, but getting no satisfactory replies, desisted. At his own door the mother opened her arms to receive her son. He fell into them, and then she laid him on her bed, where he sunk into a sleep.

Sarah Wright was a helpful woman, but she was inspired with a New England ambition. Her children should be among the best. Her son—her eldest son—she would have had stand in the pulpit and preach to the people the Lord's word; but that was not to be. Still she hoped on and hoped much. She saw he was keen, daring, capable. What might he not do?

Miss Jerusha and Mrs. Langley came to a perplexed, if not a stricken, household. True, nothing was known of the real facts of the matter, or of the harsh judgments of the town; and when Jerusha began:

"This is a dreadful thing, Miss Wright—"

"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Langley. "We thought we would come right over, because we knew you'd be struck down."

Mrs. Wright did not understand these Job's comforters. Nor was she one to be "struck down" easily, or without a defense.

"Now, I beg you will not begin that way, Jerusha. We are not struck down, and we don't know of any thing so very dreadful. I beg you will not begin that way, whatever you want to say."

Jerusha and Mrs. Langley both were touched at this way of receiving their proffered consolations. It seemed ungracious at least. Plain speaking now seemed to be necessary.

"Well, I don't know," said Jerusha; "folks have different ways of looking at things; but if I'd had a son brought home dead drunk, I shouldn't feel so dreadful easy in my mind—"

"Yes," said the more politic Mrs. Langley, "we thought we'd just walk over and see you, because we thought you might have heard the story; and, for my part, I don't think it can be so. At any rate I shouldn't think much about it—the first time, you know."

Mrs. Wright now was dismayed. Did they say this thing of her son, and was it true? She stepped to the door of her bedroom, which

opened from her sitting-room, and there lay Richard, sleeping calmly and pleasantly.

"Does he look like a drunkard?" she asked, pointing to him. He certainly did not; but Jerusha, constrained by an urgent sense of justice, could not say no.

"They always sleep that way," she replied. "You never can tell. But when they wake up, then it is the worst."

"Richard," said his mother, in a slightly elevated voice. "Richard, wake up!"

He waked and sat up on the bed.

"Richard," said the mother, more quietly, "Jerusha and Mrs. Langley have come out to tell me of my disgrace, and that you—you are a drunkard."

He rose from the bed and came into the room, and put his arm around his mother.

"Mother, it is a lie; do not believe one word of it."

"I never did, Richard, and I never will—" It was too much for her, and she laid her head on her son's shoulder as the tears began to flow.

Nothing was left for Jerusha and Mrs. Langley but to return to their homes; their well-meant errand had proved a cause of bitterness.

But a festering stab had been given, and the wound was not to be healed in a day. The mother pressed the son for an explanation, and she got one, but it was lame and unsatisfying. Richard could not deny he had been drinking—that he could not deny; and thus there was doubt and distrust, a serpent's trail. She talked with her husband, and his more generous, steady soul counseled quiet, time, rest. But she could not rest, she could not wait; she knew not what evil tongues might be about, but she feared; and she was confronted with the spectre of a possible danger which would not down. The refuge of New England people in seasons of distress once was their minister. Mrs. Wright sent for Mr. Burton, and he came. But what could he do? Richard refused to talk; was proud and defiant; the sudden condemnation which all things seemed to pronounce against him strengthened him, but made him bitter. Mr. Burton prayed, but Richard refused to listen, refused to be present, and so matters were made worse rather than better.

He waylaid the minister when he left the house, and asked him, "Is this story known in the town—is it believed?"

"Well, Richard, I am sorry to say that it is; and I trust, as the son of Christian parents, you will be able to clear it up—I trust so."

This implied a belief, and did mischief. Richard was hard-eyed and firm.

"I can only deny it, Sir; I can make no explanation. I am perplexed myself."

The minister shook his head and walked on in doubt and grief. He feared the young man was hardened in sin.

Richard strode across the meadows rapidly, and with lips firmly set, to where a sloop lay loading at a little wharf. It was Captain Frisbie's.

"Cap," said he, "when do you sail?"

"To-night at twelve the tide serves, and if the wind draws round right we shall go. Why?"

"I shall go with you?"

"You?"

"Yes."

"What's up now?"

"I'm going to sea."

"Well, Dick," said Frisbie, "you'll make a good sailor; only keep the blood out of your head."

"We shall see."

The parting with his father and mother was brief and painful.

"Well, Dick," said the old man, "I'd expected you were going to live on here, and take the farm, and take care of me."

"Perhaps I shall do it yet, father. Let us see."

"But, Dick, I wouldn't care that about what these women say; they talk about every body. You can live 'em down."

"I don't want to live them down, father; let their tongues wag. I'll go my way; and when I come back—"

"Oh, Richard, when will you come back?" asked the anxious mother. "Where are you going?"

"Well, mother, I don't know; but when I do come back their tongues will wag the other way, or my name is not Dick Wright."

Thus they parted, and thus Richard left the quiet walks of Mayford to go—whither?

III.

How sped the wooing of Harry Fowler? Not well. How sped the wooing of Captain Frisbie? Not well. Beauty Spencer seemed to harden her heart. Did she love Richard Wright? She had known him, had liked him; his sharp, keen, daring nature stirred hers, which was more cool and unimpassioned. Her eyes, unconsciously to herself, had followed his supple form; his curt and audacious words caught and lingered in her ear. She liked to meet him; she enjoyed him rather than Harry Fowler, or Jerry Frisbie, or Richard Adams. But she did not love him; hers was not a nature to love any man unsought, unasked. Deep down in her heart, no doubt, there were fires of love, which might burst up into volcanic heat, but who knew of it? Certainly none of those whose names I have written.

Still, if she did not love Richard Wright, she felt his absence in many, many ways. There was a void which none other filled. A certain presence was gone which had aroused expectation and stirred speculation. He was not commonplace, nor dull; something he would do; something he might inspire her to do. One bright thread had been weaving itself into her web, and suddenly, roughly, it was pulled away. The web of life was not so variegated, nor so beautiful, nor so full of promise as it had been. Mayford had grown duller, and the weaving was not so fascinating as before—that was all.

Even Harry Fowler and Jerry Frisbie became less interesting, now that Richard's impelling power was away.

That they loved her and wished to marry her she was glad to know, for it told her that as she valued herself others prized her, and self-love was gratified. But she did not wish to marry them, and it pained her to be forced to say it. But to say it had wounded the self-love of her admirers, and they grew cold and withdrew themselves from her world, so that she was now more alone than ever.

Therefore, when James Robinson came to study theology with Mr. Burton, and to prepare himself to do some of the Lord's work, he was a new tissue which she was ready to receive and weave into her web. He was struck with her beauty, was flattered by her deference—for she showed it to few; and so it came about that they read together, and talked together, and walked together; and at last the curious people of the town, such as our two Miss Footes, said:

"Ah, now she's caught—that's a match."
 "How *can* she marry such spindle-legs as those?"

But we can understand that "spindle-legs" carry about susceptible hearts; and it need not surprise us that that heart began to beat strangely when the handsome girl sat beside him, partaking with him in some study or speculation. The fire which warms the missionary soul, so that it longs to radiate heat to all heathen peoples, is something inexplicable to worldly men; but such a fire burned in James Robinson, and he dreamed fervid dreams of the hosts of lost creatures which he would yet gather into Christ's fold. His heat warmed Marietta's colder nature, and she now glowed with a mild heat; she could no longer stay in Mayford, living the aimless life of a young girl, without excitements or occupations. Clothes did not suffice for her proud and practical soul; they did not dominate her life.

She began to be restless and unhappy; for what work should she do? How could she convert the world? When could she put her hand to the plow? Might not she too be a missionary in that great field which James told her was nodding for the sickle? This seed so sown was pushing out its root, and might yet grow into a branching and fruitful vine.

Therefore, when it came to be known that Mr. Daniel Barrett—once a poor Mayford boy, and now a rich Bermuda merchant—wished a governess, she said to herself:

"I will go—I will teach—but I will instill into them the holy truths of Christ. I will convert that poor benighted land. I will make them followers of the Lamb."

We can easily see that she little knew what a task Bermuda might prove to be; and we can see, too, that she was doomed to disappointment and probable disgust.

But at last she persuaded her unwilling father and mother, and then went on her self-imposed mission, strong and high-hearted.

James sought her and said:

"Marietta, we have passed many hours in sweet and holy converse; we have studied to know the secrets of the Lord, and to follow His will. You are going upon a mission; I shall ere long go upon mine. But it is borne in upon me that our paths must unite, and that together we shall hereafter work in the Lord's vineyard and gather an abundant harvest. I do not, my dear girl, ask any pledges; it is enough for me to know that your heart beats in harmony with mine, and that whom God hath joined together no man can put asunder."

He raised her passive hand to his lips—that expression of love did not seem to him to savor of wantonness.

To carnal minds this does not seem like love-making; but to him it was sufficient. They parted to go their several ways. Marietta valued him, but did she love him? Was that the kind of love to satisfy her? No. And at times a feeling of hunger, of dissatisfaction, of doubt filled her soul. Where, then, was Richard Wright?

IV.

Far away. He had plunged headlong into his new life, with all the intensity and energy of his nature. He was mastered by two purposes—to drive away from himself the memory of that fearful possession, and to win such a success as should bring men and women to his feet. When their tongues wagged they should wag in praise, or not at all.

And what was that terror which had possessed him? He could not fathom it nor grasp it. He feared it. And would it not return? He fled and sought shelter where there was no shelter—on the wide and wild sea. Love? He had almost forgotten that such a thing as love moved men's hearts, filled their thoughts, maddened their senses, ruled their lives. He did not forget Marietta Spencer, but he ceased to cherish her, perhaps to care for her. She was Henry Fowler's wife. What was she to him?

Skeptical persons may doubt if this terror which I have so feebly pictured was ever a fact—may say it is all a whim and a story. It is not so; it is a fact, and to some few it has been a terrible one. What it is, what caused it, whence it came, whether of spirit or matter, what its purpose, no one knows. Richard did not know, and did not attempt to know. He only attempted to drive it out of his memory, to banish it with other black things. Did he gamble, did he drink now? No. He grappled with the hard work of life, and laid hold of whatever came to his hand. He became the most daring, most active, most desperate man of the brig upon which he had shipped as a common sailor. No voyage was too long, no sea too rough, no wind too wild for him. He laughed in grim defiance at it all. What cared he? Let them rage; he was now master of himself, and meant to be master of the world—of all of it he could grasp.

It is easy to see that such a man will find

work, and will rise, for he seizes the work and does it; and so in a few months he became second mate of the brig, and began to aspire, to look upward, to reach forward.

His voyage was to "The Havana," and thence he brought oranges, pomegranates, pine-apples, and all tropical fruits, which he sent to that brown farm-house where his father and mother waited his coming. But he did not come. The old story of his folly had died away, and tongues began to speak well of him; but he did not return. Few letters were written in those days. He never wrote, and none wrote to him. The fruits he sent told of his existence, and some whispers came back of his success.

The city of Havana is the quaintest in America; it is exotic and peculiar. So are its people. Gambling, mostly of a mild type, is or was a propensity of large numbers, and it was not difficult there to walk into airy and well-lighted rooms and stake a few coins at roulette or faro. Richard was rambling about the city one evening and sauntered into an open lighted room, where this style of amusement was going forward. He watched them for a while, his listless hands in his pockets in contact with his coin. Presently he withdrew a dollar and laid it on a number; it won; he left it there; it won again, and again.

Why not win more—all? The impulse seized him, and he sat down to the table to watch and to win. He was cool, wary; and yet he was possessed with a fierce desire, a greed for gold. He played on and on, well into the night, and won rouleaus of gold. The sound of a gun startled him; it came from his brig. He knew that it meant a recall of all absentees. He loaded his pockets and hastened to the quay to find a boat.

As he left the room a stranger touched his hat and walked on with him. Richard feared no robbers, but he was watchful.

"You are master of a vessel?" asked the stranger, in good English.

"No, a mate."

"You would like to be?"

"Of course I should."

"I can give you five hundred dollars a month and a good schooner."

"To do what?" The pay surprised him.

"To sail between the West Indies and the Spanish Main."

"To carry what?"

"That depends—"

The stranger paused and looked at Richard; Richard looked back. He did not flinch.

Then it came out that the schooner was engaged in a sort of coasting trade, carrying a various freight; but sometimes it appeared that the freight was a living one—negroes.

"Slaver, eh?" asked Richard.

"Of course."

"Where do they come from?"

"Well, sometimes from one place, sometimes from another. We will supply cargo—you will carry it, and no questions asked."

Richard reflected: he was getting fifty dollars a month; this brought money; what cared he what the freight was, or where it came from? Reckless now, he dared any thing.

"I shall be here in a month," he said. "I'll meet you where we met to-night."

"Agreed," said his companion, and vanished.

Had Richard examined the Havana paper of the week he would have found an account of a raid upon a coast plantation, and the abduction of twenty slaves; he would have learned the names of the *Flying Angel* and her daring owner, "Salathar;" and would have seen that ten thousand dollars were offered for their capture. But he did not see this, and he sailed away on his homeward voyage, rich with gold, laden with expectation. But he sailed a restless, unsatisfied, moody man.

He had made money, was rich for him; and yet he had not made it by honest work and earnest application. He had plunged into the pool of speculation, and had gambled to win. He had won, but he did not sleep the serene sleep of a "good and faithful servant." He had listened to the seductive voice of the freebooting slave-trader, and had half sold away his sense of honor for the freebooter's gold. We may believe that a struggle was going on within him, between God and the devil, and that the prince of this world had grasped his heart. Love was almost forgotten, Honor was asleep, Greed was aroused.

Would his old father and his keen mother approve him now? He did not ask the question. He was possessed with a demon, and he ruled the hour.

They sailed with a good wind, and made good way until the fourth day, and were well across the Gulf-stream, so vexed and stormy. Richard was in the waist of the brig, the officer in charge; it was evening. A sudden sensation came upon him, he remembered it—once before in his life it had possessed him. He set his teeth and gripped his hands, but he trembled and could not control himself. It was now dark, the wind was rising—might he not rush into the sea? He seized a halliard and lashed himself to the shrouds; then he gave his orders, in a high and excited voice, to put on sail, to shake out reefs, to spread the sky-sails. The sailors thought it madness, but they shook out the reefs, they spread the sails, and the brig jumped like a horse frantic with fear. The wind increased, but it did not appall him; in this fierce excitement and danger only could he find rest. The wind grew to a gale, and still he stood, with clenched hands and haggard eye, watching the brig as she rushed through the foaming sea.

The captain was asleep, and the sailors dared not wake him; they had learned to fear this second mate.

The gale became fiercer and fiercer. It was one of those sudden tempests which sometimes seem to come down out of the sky in the region

off Cape Hatteras. The brig could not bear it; something must go. Suddenly there was a loud report, like the sound of a cannon, another and another. The top-sails had burst, and were flying in strips.

This seemed to sober him; he now gave his orders, with clearness and precision, to take in sail, to make all fast, to let her run before the wind, to watch her, to fasten down the hatches. In the midst of this strange and wild scene the Captain came on deck, and making his way to his mate, shouted in his ear a fearful oath: "What does this mean, Sir? Are you mad—or drunk?"

He snatched the trumpet from his hand and gave the orders. Richard stood mute, paralyzed—what had he to say? He had fastened himself to the shroud; there he remained until the Captain could attend to him; and then he gave an order to put the irons upon his legs.

"Never, Sir!" cried Richard. "Whoever touches me dies. Captain Osborn, order me below, put me in my room, but keep off your irons. I shall be quiet."

Captain Osborn then ordered him below, and Richard went, grim and silent. He knew he deserved it, ~~know~~ he had periled life and property; and why? What madness had possessed him? He could not answer it, nor can I. In the darkness of his room he felt in his chest, felt his gold—that was safe. Why should he care, then, for the anger of Captain Osborn? why for the condemnation of the owner? Had he not a place waiting for him—one worth ten times this? Then some latent compunction came over him, and he wondered if he were not a scoundrel. But no, he soothed himself: "I won the money fairly; the place was offered me; I did not seek it. I drove the brig on to get her out of the storm."

Thus men juggle with their own souls.

The gale continued as fierce as ever, and in his own room Richard could feel the brig writhe and strain, could hear her grind and groan. Would she stand it? would she not go to pieces? Then came a lull, though it still blew fiercely, and the brig's agony seemed less. What did he hear? the boom of a gun? He listened. Again? another? It must be so—a ship is in peril, nigh her death. Could he not save her? He made his way on deck, and finding Captain Osborn, said to him:

"I know I am in disgrace, Sir; but I will stake all to recover myself. Give me the life-boat and six men and I will save that ship."

"Will any fool go with you?" said the Captain, scornfully.

Richard turned toward the main-deck, where the men were holding on, and said:

"Who will join me to save that ship?"

Four men said, "I, Sir!" and lifted their hands, lest he might not hear. He made his way to the fore-castle, and found two there whom he could depend on. They knew Richard Wright was their master, and they dared to follow him even into danger. He reported to the Cap-

tain, who said, "The wind lulls; I will let you try it."

They steered the brig toward the sinking vessel, which the flashes of lightning showed rolling in the seas. The little life-boat, manned by seven men, struck out through this darkness and tumult to save a life—perhaps to save a ship. Was ever courage like that which nerves the arms and strengthens the hearts of sailors every year of their lives? God forbid that I or mine should ever follow the sea! We are cowards.

The boat made its way slowly through the black and cruel sea; but stout arms drew her on toward the hull, which an occasional flash of light showed to them. Another gun broke upon the night—she was not lost. They reached her, but could not mount her deck. They got under her lee, and with their boat-hooks grappled her side. An officer put his head over the broken bulwark, and Richard shouted:

"Can we help you? Will the brig live?"

"We have a woman here—save her. We will man our own boat and follow you."

A bundle—a woman—was let down the side, and grasped in Richard's arms. He laid her down in the stern of the boat. It now took but a few minutes for the baffled crew, inspired by hopes of life, to launch their own boat and follow toward the *Dauntless*, which showed a signal-light, and fired an occasional gun.

The woman lay at Richard's feet mute. "Had she fainted? Was she paralyzed with fear? Who was she? Where was the wrecked vessel from? Would the woman revive? Might he not speak to her?" Such thoughts passed through his mind as he steered the little boat across the angry sea. He looked down into her face as a flash of light lit up the darkness.

"My God! that face I know!" It must be she, Marietta Spencer, whom he had once meant to win for his lover and wife. Was it? What did she here? Where was her husband, Harry Fowler? What strange thing had thus brought them together in the wilderness of water? Should he not speak, and ask her these questions? He sat mute, only breaking the noise of the wind by a hoarse direction now and then to his men.

And she? Was this indeed Beauty Spencer, who had left her home to find her work on the lonely Bermudas? It was; and half sick, quite dispirited, she was seeking her home at Mayford, and now lay at the feet of the only man she had ever cared for—one whom she might have loved. Did she know this? The fitful lightning must have illumined her eyes and roused her palsied brain. At these crucial moments nature asserts herself, and flimsy conventionalities vanish. A soft hand, but cold as marble, grasped the hand of the sailor, and a soft voice whispered:

"Richard!"—soft and low as it was, it shot into his brain and thrilled him—"Richard, I am saved, and by you!"

It was a strange moment for love-making ; but Richard Wright had dared much—should he not now dare all? He whispered :

"Marietta, are you free?"

"Yes."

"Where is your husband?"

"I have none."

"Did you not marry Harry Fowler?"

"Never."

"Will you be mine?"

"Yes."

The cold hand grew warm, and a delicious languor stole through all her veins. Danger was past, and happiness had descended upon her through storm and tempest. But what cared she now for storm and danger? The strong man, the young and brave, sat by her, was her deliverer and lover. This was ecstasy.

But Richard—was he too bathed in the secret sunshine of love? Was life now but a dream of bliss? He sat silent, grim, cold. Now that he had spoken the words, that he had heard the confession of love from her own lips, knew that he possessed her, a strange revulsion came upon him. What did it mean? Was it that another passion possessed him, stronger, more potent than this? He hardly reflected, he only felt; but he said no more. She was his, he was hers; the words were spoken, the die was cast.

They neared the *Dauntless*, and grappled her. The woman was passed up to the deck.

"Let her be cared for and carefully," said Richard. What, would he not stay by her and tend her faithfully, lovingly? Then he said :

"Captain Osborn, I am ready for another work. Give me this crew and I will save the wreck."

"But is she worth it? Can you save her?"

"I can try."

He did try it: back through the now breaking night he made his way to the wreck; the storm subsided; she did not sink; they cleared her and got some sail on, and brought her through to the capes of the Chesapeake.

The *Dauntless* reached New York in safety, and Marietta went back to her own home, bearing her secret which she confided to none. No; Richard should return, return in honor and pride, and should tell the story himself in the ears of his own people, and should receive pardon and praise.

Richard reached New York an older, a richer man. The gold in his chest counted three thousand dollars, the salvage of the wreck would make him a rich man in Mayford. All, therefore, that he had to do was to go home, reclaim his position, and take his bride.

She awaited him.

THE WEEPING WILLOW.

THE church-yard has a noble tree,

The willow—the willow:

She bends her head so gracefully,

The fair and stately willow.

That acre which the Lord hath bless'd,

How calmly sweet its dwellers rest,

With her light shadow on their breast,

The willow—the willow!

She looketh down her loved to see,

The willow—the willow;

She keeps her trust so tenderly,

The faithful weeping willow;

But life still creepeth over death,

With sunshine, and with singing breath,

And in green beauty flourisheth,

The willow—the willow!

You know her by her drooping leaf,

The willow—the willow:

In tender majesty of grief

Low bends the stately willow.

But greenly fair as hope could be,

In faith's own sweet humility,

She droops her boughs caressingly,

The willow—the willow!

In other scenes my childhood knew

The willow—the willow;

Beside a meadow brook she grew,

The stately weeping willow.

There thick the glinting sunbeams lay,

And bending gracious to our play

Her slender branches seemed to sway,

The willow—the willow!

Softly the merry waters pass

The willow—the willow;

And greener grows the meadow-grass

Beneath the lovely willow.

And still I hear on summer eves

The tender sighing of the leaves,

And memory for her garlands weaves

The willow—the willow!

Oh, greener than the laurel grows

The willow—the willow;

And all most blessed lives repose

In shadow of the willow.

A giant sorrow, green and strong,

Where all the lesser joys may throng,

And murmur in their sweetest song,

The willow—the willow!

SAINTS AND SINNERS.

UNDER the title which we have placed at the head of our article Dr. Doran has given us a very interesting thesaurus of the antiquities of the English Church. His book, full of amusing incidents to be laughed over, is also a work of permanent value by reason of its historic interest. We propose to follow its pages and to cull from them a bouquet of antique flowers to place before our readers.

No one can go over this ground with us without being forcibly struck by the progress which has been made by the Christian Church in modern times, as regards the purity of its faith, its practical piety, and the character of its ministry.

MAGNATES OF THE OLD CHURCH.

"From the second century to the time of the Heptarchy the illustrations of Church history suit the imaginative artist rather than the historian. The painter may imagine the figure of the proto-Christian King Lucius, or a group of Cornish listeners thronging round St. Kebins, or the people watching the joyous builders of the sacred edifice founded by the ex-Prince Cadoc in Llan Garvan. The artist may depict the ardent admirers of St. Nennoca trying to restrain her from setting sail to convert the Gauls; or the Somersetshire crew gaping at St. Keyne as she turned the serpents into stones. St. Main, leaving this his native land to settle in 'Little Britain,' and the apocryphal Winnifred, sanctifying her well, might furnish subjects for a fresco; while the chief of all the saints of the period before the Heptarchy, St. David, making his disciples till the fields without aid of beasts, and driving his plow-team of four-and-twenty panting and pulling students through the tough soil round his monastery, might make a subject for Rosa Bonheur herself."

During the period of the Heptarchy it was a common thing for high-born ladies to found or join nunneries; and these ladies furnished some of the grandest spectacles of the day. "Crowds stared at the pomp with which a company of kings and princes carried St. Werburga to Ely, where she was about to take the veil. Spectators could hardly tell which was the finer ceremony—that when St. Sexburgha went through the form of marriage with King Ercombert, or when she opened her famous nunnery at Sheppey." These lady saints were all of royal birth. "Some of them must have given rise to a large amount of gossip. They resolutely refused to marry unless they might live as if they were not married. Nevertheless, at three of these ladies the people of Ely, the cottagers at Coldringham, and the good folk up at Whitby probably opened their eyes to the utmost, when they saw the coy Etheldreda, the stately Ebba, and the shy Hilda founding double monasteries. There, during many subsequent years, saintly scholars lived in community with the primmest of virgins." John of

Beverly, following their example, received nuns with his monks. These were doubtless pleasant communities, but the Danes destroyed them together with the rest. "The Barking nuns were not cheerful ladies. Their sole desire, they said, was to die as soon as possible; yet their refectory was furnished with the best means of living comfortably. The only downright merry circumstance connected with the unco guid people of this period is to be found in a love passage in the life of St. Frideswid..... This holy princess edified English maidens by her anti-matrimonial principles. From all her lovers she would not choose one. Prince Algar, the most persevering of the suitors, one day sought her so eagerly that, to escape from his ardor, she hid herself in the pig-sty! The servile brother who helped her out must have had a pretty story to tell to his fellows." The following courtship proved as perilous as the preceding one was ludicrous: "The saintly King of the East Angles, St. Ethelbert, wooed Alfrida, the daughter of King Offa and Quendreda. The maiden was willing, but her mother was not. She hated the young king, but she coveted his possessions, and she murdered her daughter's lover that she might herself obtain his dominions."

It was this unfortunate Ethelbert who built the cathedrals of Canterbury, Rochester, and St. Paul; but we must remember that these were built of wood and thatched with straw.

Some of these old saints did fearful penance to indicate their humility. St. Adhelm, we are told, used to read his psalter every night standing in a pond up to his neck. St. Chad, when Bishop of York, performed all his visitations on foot. But St. Erconwald, Bishop of London, furnishes a striking contrast to these humble characters. *He* was carried in a horse-litter; but his power does not seem to have been diminished on account of his pride, for his litter healed the sick on whom its shadow fell, and chips from it, after his death, were remedies for all diseases.

Some of the English kings of this period were very pagans. "While they were wavering they would fain strike bargains with Heaven. If God will give a victory, the waverer will turn Christian." The semi-pagan looks to the skies and promises a newly-born daughter to the service of God, if the father may only be able to destroy his enemies. Redwald, King of East Angles, thought to sit in safety on two stools. He built a church, at one end of which was an altar for the sacrifice of the mass, at the other an altar for sacrifice to the old British idols." This shut the poor king out of the Calendar. "Edwin, King of Deira, was at best one of the dalliers. In a vision he had been promised greatness if he would become a Christian, and he said he would—expecting fulfillment of the promise. Something was conceded to him, but he would make no step in advance. At length Pope Boniface bought him by the dainty device of sending

a silver mirror and an ivory comb to his queen, Edilburga. The lady was convinced of the excellence of a religion the head of which so thoroughly understood woman, her wants and her weaknesses; and she compelled her husband to be of that way of thinking."

These saints, whether kings or not, performed wonders. Among the alleged miracles of St. Cuthbert, one describes his spirit on stormy nights lustily pulling a boat out toward shipwrecked wretches tossing in the merciless billows; or he steers his bark amidst the breakers with his magic pastoral crosier. King Edward the Confessor carried a scrofulous man on his back, whom he set down cured; and this "enabled Dr. Samuel Johnson to witness a spectacle of which, otherwise, he probably would not have been a witness. It led to Edward and his successors touching for the evil; and Johnson, when a child, saw Queen Anne play the last part in that ceremony.....In the Church records of this early period we often meet with prisoners, bound by chains or ropes, who, on praying at certain shrines, or to particular saints, are suddenly able to extricate themselves as easily and as dextrously as the two jugglers, the brothers Davenport."

WELL-WORSHIP.

"Where a spring rises or a river flows, there," says Seneca, "should we build altars and make sacrifices." This article of faith recognized by the pagans was sentimentally adopted by the early Christian Church. In the twelfth century the Church compromised with the ultra-reverential people, and reverence to and worship at springs was permitted under episcopal license. "A generation ago a devotee might still stoop and drink at St. Chad's Well. A William the Third edifice then covered, and a Dutch-looking garden surrounded it. An old man and woman were the last presiding priest and priestess. On the wall above the spring hung a full-length portrait, in oils, of a fat, red-faced man in a faded scarlet coat, a lace cravat, and a red night-cap. Charles Lamb suggested that the original was a butcher of the reign of Queen Anne; but the old keeper believed it to be a genuine portrait of St. Chad, as most people did (he remarked) who visited the spring; whereat the old keeperess would express her inability to conjecture what would happen next!"

"The old popular religion connected with the London wells has ceased. You may question every man you meet between Holborn Bars and King's Cross and not one in a hundred will be able to tell you where to find the waters which still flow on, but which are now inclosed. It is much the same with the other outdoor chapels for the people of the olden time. The well of St. Pancras would be as hard to strike as a well in the desert. The *Fons Clericorum*, the well about which the ecclesiastical clerks used to disport themselves of an evening, is only marked by an ugly pump with a menacing handle, warning you away. The *Fons Sancti Cle-*

mentis, to which the Westminster boys once made a little pilgrimage, is hidden beneath a low house in low Holywell Street. The *Fons Sacer*, or holy well above all others, had lost its purity before the Benedictine nuns abandoned Shore-ditch; while St. Bride all but exhausted herself in the copious yield of water from her springs to supply the exigencies of George the Fourth's coronation."

There was a well at Oundle, in Northamptonshire, which "drummed" whenever some important event was pending; but it "drummed" its last when it beat the dead march announcing the approaching demise of Charles II. "The waters were of a Jacobite quality, and never paid the same compliment to any monarch who subsequently died in England."

Dove Dale still sends out grateful devotees to the annual flowering of the five wells at Tensington. On the first Sunday in May people still assemble at Cragie Well, and secure their health for the ensuing year by drinking the waters before the rays of the sun have touched the stream. And Buxton every year dresses her taps in honor of the fountains erected by the Duke of Devonshire.

King Edgar denounced well-worship as a sacrilege; but it did no good. The people clung fast to the edge of the Druidical mantle, and revered the rocks as well as the waters that sprung from them. "The northern people were especially tenacious in this respect. The first Christian priest at Wallsend looked with scorn at the old altar there, with its perforated centre, and at the dozen upright stones which stood around it. In vain would he try to persuade his flock that these stones did not represent the Saviour and the Twelve Apostles. Time out of mind they had been held sacred, from an era of which the good folk knew nothing, when they symbolized the prolific powers of Nature and the Sun. To the Sun and the Months had succeeded the Redeemer and his Apostles. The folk would have it so, let the priest say what he might. If they wanted to make a bargain sacred, they went and shook hands upon it over one of these gray and solemn stones. It was calling the holiest in heaven to witness the obligation. If parents desired to make a sick child whole, when leeches had failed, they passed the little patient through the perforation, and went away full of hope, if not of confidence. The Christian priest might invite them to set up a candle before the picture of the Virgin, and the pious people would doubtless obey him; but when the '*Ave Maria*' had been uttered, these primitive English Christians, honest half-pagans as they were, would still turn to the symbols of the old mysterious worship (a worship older than that of Zeus and his Olympus), and they held on by the old ship while they sailed in the new."

These early Christians embraced new heroes and new legends with avidity, and accepted stories of other resurrections than the one on which they based all hope and all assurance

of a future life. "Accordingly, in the olden time, saunterers by the banks of the Ouse were occasionally startled, they said, by the appearance of a leaden coffin of exquisite workmanship slowly rising from the river; as they intently gazed at the strange floating object it began slowly to descend beneath the waters. When the rapt beholders spoke of what they had beheld, the reverend old people in that Bedfordshire district would quietly remark that it was the tomb of the great Mercian King Offa, which had been swept away in a great flood, with the little chapel in which it had been placed, near Bedford. The apparition proved that, if the great king had been submerged, he could no more be kept down in death than in life. Then scores of curious people would go down to the Ouse, gaze till their eyes ached, and return home, vexed at seeing nothing glide by but the waters. Again, the reverend people would quietly remark that the royal tomb never rose to the sight of those who expressly sought it; in which remark those reverend persons were perfectly correct."

ST. OSUNA'S BENCH.

Howden had a powerful patron lady of its own—St. Osuna. "The rector of the parish kept household with a north-country damsel after a fashion which St. Osuna was determined to reprove at the earliest opportunity. This occasion presented itself when the rector's arch-hussy one day came to church. The saint's tomb was there, projecting from the wall like a wooden seat. The reverend gentleman's 'lady,' out of contempt or fatigue, sat down thereon, and she never forgot it. She was unable to get up again. Her cry for help brought a host of villagers to her aid; and if they at last pulled her away, it was not through their strength, but because St. Osuna chose to let her go, after the flaunting minx had sworn she was sorry for the past, and had promised amendment for the future. But even then St. Osuna did not let her loose from the seat the girl had sacrilegiously assumed without making her leave a token behind her, which consisted of something more than fragments of the wench's dress."

ST. WISTAN'S HEAD.

"The old orthodox Anglo-Saxon folk had their susceptibilities roughly tried, and their prejudices rubbed all the wrong way, by the proud Norman clerical gentlemen who came over to England. The latter had a sort of contempt for the saints of the soil, and a strong suspicion about Anglo-Saxon relics. They would take nothing on trust. They began with a want of faith. Now, the good people of Evesham were exceedingly proud of their monastery and of all that it contained, especially of the head of St. Wistan. But a Norman abbot was assigned to the leadership of the brethren there, and he smiled quietly (which is as aggravating a fashion as a man of peace

can assume) when he heard of the relics. He said he would try them all by fire, and he *did*, very much to the horror of the country people. I fear the ordeal was too much for the most of them, but St. Wistan's head conducted itself in a way that was long talked about in the country. It was heroically impassible while in the fire, but on being taken from it the sweat of the saint's brow rolled down his face in odoriferous liquid beads. It was a little yielding to circumstances which even the Norman abbot could not find fault with. He adopted the head, and for years after Sussex men, who wiped their brows in the dog-days, '*dashed*' themselves, or worse, 'if 'twarn't hot 'nuff for St. Wistan hisself!'"

LIFE ROUND PAUL'S CROSS.

Paul's Cross stood on the site of a former Roman temple, and near the spot where the cathedral of St. Paul now stands. It was erected amidst the wreck of heathenism, and about it the Gospel was first preached in ancient London. It became the rallying point of the people for divers purposes, until in 1382 it was struck by lightning and overturned in a severe shock of earthquake. "At one time there is an assembling of citizens who have alleged grounds of complaint against their own mayor, and these they explain to the king's officer standing at the Cross, who hears and promises to report. At another the citizens go up to it in crowds, and there take oath of allegiance to their king, who thinks to secure loyalty by this uncertain process.

"There was a splendid gathering at the Cross in 1260. Priests, soldiers, and statesmen were grouped at and about it; music rang in the air; and the burgesses came in their best, for they had a part to take in the ceremony. They were, indeed, summoned to hear a *bull* from Pope Urban read aloud." After the overturning of the old Cross it was erected again in the fifteenth century. It then became a rare rendezvous for professional beggars. "They could so much the more urgently petition passers-by out of their pence 'for Christ's sake!' Their manner contributed a proverb to our language; and whenever lover pushed a suit, or any one sought an aid with vehement urgency, it was said of him that 'he begged like a cripple at the Cross.' The luckiest moment for the mendicants was when a corpse, on its earthward way, rested for a while at the Cross, that the rest and peace of the soul that once inhabited it might be prayed for. Who could resist the Cross cripples when they not only expressed unbounded affection for the departed, but swore they would pray for the peace of his soul—for a consideration?"

The boys appropriated the church-yard to themselves, using it for a play-ground. "Something more than play, however, now and then occurred there. As boys used, in the old bad times, to play at 'French and English,' or, when no wars were afoot, at Greeks and Trojans, so

in ancient days the London lads took sides as English and Scotch. Each party was under the command of a duly elected king. On the feast of St. Ambrose, A.D. 1400, one of the fiercest of those fierce sports took place. The ardent and youthful cockneys fought with such vigor that not only were many wounded, but several were carried off the field dead."

The sermons preached at the Cross were frequently of a political character; and it became a matter of the most serious importance to the state that the preacher should be thoroughly loyal. It must have been a sublime spectacle to have witnessed an audience of six thousand persons about the Cross surging to and fro under the excitement of a sermon against popery. Jewel, in 1560, writes: "Sometimes at Paul's Cross there will be six thousand persons singing together.....This is very grievous to the papists."

Droll contrasts were not wanting. "For instance, Strype tells us of a man who, one fast-day in Lent, approached the crowd near the Cross with a couple of ready-dressed pigs, which he had for sale. A doctor of divinity was preaching at the time. He scented the offense of the transgressor, and had him at once arrested. The man, with one of the pigs on his head, was compelled to stand up and do penance, and doubtless many a joke was circulated round the Cross at his expense.

"In James I.'s reign the *demi-monde* who regretted their sins, or were deserted by their gallants, did penance at Paul's Cross, and had a world of curious people to look at and listen to them. In one month of 1612 two of these nymphs appeared at the Cross. The first Magdalen was the pretty *mignonne* of the rakish Sir Philip Brooker.....The other penitent was a more dashing and audacious sample of the hussy class. She had been accustomed to flaunt it in Eastcheap and Paul's Walk in rich attire; to hold a passage at arms with those that fenced, and to cut their purses from their girdles as they went home after dark. From this last habit the brazen beauty had acquired the name, by which she was publicly known, of Moll Cutpurse. But Mary grew weary of evil ways—at least she said so—and desiring to publicly recant, a Sunday was appointed for her going through the ceremony at Paul's Cross, and a clergyman was named to receive her, and preach the appropriate discourse. The city was all 'agog' on the occasion, for the 'parson' was as well known as beaming Moll was herself. He was a certain Radcliffe, of Brazenose, who was known about town rather as a reveler than a discreet clergyman. To this double attraction eager crowds made their way. It was so long a way for Signora Cutpurse that she grew athirst before she had got half over it, and she tipped so many quarts of sack on the road that when she reached the goal Moll was a fountain of tears—maudlin drunk! The notable penitent did her office, nevertheless. She attracted public attention much more than the preacher,

who, confining himself to being decent, only succeeded in being dull. People turned from the sermon to listen to Moll's comment on it; and they who were wont to attend such edifying ceremonies might probably have asserted, without fear of contradiction, that never had such a couple of Magdalens forsworn the devil and all his works, at Paul's Cross, as Sir Philip Brooker's 'darling' and this queen of brazen beauty, known alike to apprentices and gallants as handsome Moll Cutpurse."

At last, during Cromwell's protectorate, the Cross was pulled down. On its place an elm was planted, into which London apprentices (down to very late times) used to drive a nail on the day of their freedom.

SCEPTRE AND CROSIER.

All prelates were not essentially tyrants over princes; and there were not wanting monarchs who could stoop to jest with bishops. Look at the following picture: "Norman William and Matilda are seated on either side of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lanfranc. William is a little chafed, and his heavy hand has just come down noisily on the table. Matilda's gentler fingers rest on the prelate's arm, and she looks sweetly at him as she speaks. The purpose of both was to induce Lanfranc to confess that their consanguinity was no bar to the legality of their marriage. The Norman priest came to the interview dead against the compact; but what with viands and wines, the sweet voice of Matilda, and an undertaking that the bride and bridegroom would found a couple of abbeys and endow a number of hospitals, Lanfranc yielded, and the royal pair were made happy by his submission."

The coarseness of à Becket "is seen not only in his own filthy and blasphemous expressions, but in the delight which he seemed to derive from goading Henry into furious swearing." He rides into Sens before the French and English monarchs, and the mob cheers the priest who is "insulting two kings for the honor of God." Of à Becket's loyal bearing there is a sample in his answer to Henry's offer to place all things in the prelate's hands if he would but act loyally: à Becket said that it was the devil tempting Christ over again. "He preached from these words, 'On earth peace, good-will to men,' and he ended by devoting to hell, forever, a venturesome fellow who had dared to dock the tail of his horse!"

Before à Becket's time came Ralph of Escurès. "At the coronation of Henry I. and Queen Adelicia, Archbishop Ralph had the right 'to fix the crowns;' but Ralph was stricken with palsy, and therefore Bishop Roger, of Salisbury, was appointed to actually crown the sovereigns. Ralph knew nothing of the appointment till he beheld Roger take up the crown to place it on the king's brow, and then the palsied man stretched forth his shaking hands to wrest it from Roger, who was ill-inclined to let it go. In the struggle they held

it for a moment together above the royal head ; but rage gave strength to the palsied Ralph, and he got the object for which they were fighting out of his rival's grasp. Overhaste nearly made shipwreck of the solemnity ; for Ralph's palsied hands overturned the crown from Henry's head as soon as he had placed it there, and it would have gone to the ground but for the interference of officials, who saved the august memorial from being marred by a gloomy omen."

Hugh, Bishop of London, had a feud with Richard I., his reputed half-brother. "While this feud was at its hottest the king entered the church of Roche d'Andeli, where the bishop was celebrating, or attending at the celebration of, mass. As Richard knelt, Hugh approached him, and then the king affected not to see him. The bishop drew nearer, and he asked Richard to kiss him—the kiss of peace, probably ; but the sovereign frowned and remained sternly silent. The request was repeated, and the thunder-cloud grew darker and heavier on Richard's brow ; but he uttered no word in reply to the episcopal demand. Wherefore Hugh took the king by the shoulders and shook him so continuously that Richard, for the sake of peace, yielded, and gave ~~the~~ the kiss of peace to the man who would allow him none of the latter."

This same Hugh was preaching before King John one Easter-day, and not sparing bad princes in his allusions to evil men. The king ordered the preacher to desist—he had fasted overlong, and wanted his dinner. The order was given three times, but was disregarded, and the wearied and angry king rose and left the church. While the bishop was administering the sacrament the king and his companions were carousing at dinner. At another time the king amused himself in church by jingling together a dozen coins which he had brought for an offering. Hugh was disgusted, and when at length he offered the plate for collection, refused to let the king kiss his hand, and ordered the monarch to leave the church. The command was obeyed, "but in withdrawing the king and young courtiers bustled out noisily, and at the dinner that followed they moistened their comments on what had occurred in the very best of Gascony wine, and a good deal of it."

THRONE AND PULPIT.

"At all times the preachers who attacked the Government naturally excited the greatest commotion ; and it is a curious fact that politics were never so bold, outspoken, and active in the pulpit as during one part at least of the reign of Henry VIII." The pulpits rang with denunciations of that monarch's marriage with his mistress, Anne Boleyn.

Anthony Rudde, Bishop of St. David's, boldly told Queen Elizabeth that "age had furrowed her face and besprinkled her hair with its meal." Gordon, the first Protestant Bishop of Galloway, was still harder upon Mary Queen of Scots. In a sermon preached in the Scottish capital he

said : "I would wish you inhabitants of Edinburgh to send for your ministers, and cause them to pray for the queen.....All sinners ought to be prayed for ; if we pray not for sinners, for whom should we pray?—seeing that God came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance. St. David was an adulterer, *and so is she!* St. David committed murder in slaying Urias, for his wife, *and so did she!* But what is this to the matter? The more wicked that she be the more her subjects should pray for her, to bring her to the spirit of repentance ; for *Judas was a sinner*, and if he had been prayed for he had not died in despair!"

"A trait in the life of Bishop Hacket, when he was rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn, is finely illustrative of the heroic Christianity of his character. He continued to read the Common Prayer in his church when such form was proscribed by the authorities. One of Essex's soldiers entered the church to mark what was going on there. When he found that prohibited prayers were being read he took a pistol from his belt, walked up to the reading-desk, clapped the weapon to Hacket's breast, and swore to shoot him if he did not desist. The rector looked calmly at his assailant, said he should continue to do his duty as a minister, and that *he* might do what he thought became a soldier. Hacket resumed the reading of prayers, and the Parliament soldier put his pistol in his belt and offered no further molestation.

"The spirit of the Puritan party did not die out when the adverse party triumphed. The events of Charles's reign were made use of by political parsons at a much later period. In the revolutionary period of the last century a liberal clergyman composed a toast for the 30th of January, which is not remarkable for abundant charity. It is printed in the appendix to Hollis's 'Memoirs' as being 'by the Rev. Richard Baron, author and editor of many publications on behalf of civil and religious liberty.' It runs in this delightfully social spirit :

"May all statesmen that would raise the king's prerogative upon the ruins of public liberty meet the fate of Lord Strafford.

"May all priests that would advance Church power upon the belly of conscience go to the block like Archbishop Laud.

"And may all kings that would harken to such statesmen and such priests have their heads chopt off like Charles I."

"This toast was elegantly printed on a small sheet of paper, and circulated among the Republicans of the last century, to promote loyalty, harmony, and Christian charity throughout English society generally."

Lowe, in a sermon at Windsor on Advent-Sunday, "declared that God himself would greatly sin if he were to be on Charles's side! Lowe was entirely without mercy or delicacy. It was he who stood on the scaffold at Laud's execution and brutally taunted the Archbishop with an 'Art thou come at last, Little Will?' He moreover expressed a hope that he would

see all the bishops succeed to the suffering of Laud. The fanatic is said to have dipped his kerchief in Laud's blood, and to have displayed that flag of infamy to a congregation at Uxbridge, whither he had ridden in triumph."

ORDINATION.

"When Jeremy Taylor was introduced to the Archbishop of Canterbury his Grace shook his head at the youthful appearance of the young ecclesiastic, and expressed a fear that his extreme youth must be an obstacle to his being ministerially employed. 'If your Grace,' said Taylor, 'will excuse me this fault, I promise, if I live, to mend it.' Isaac Barrow was not less witty than Taylor when he went up for ordination. When the solemn examining chaplain asked him, 'Quid est fides?' ('What is faith?') Barrow readily rhymed in reply, 'Quod non vides' ('What you don't see'). 'Quid est spes?' ('What is hope?') said the chaplain. 'Magna res' ('A great thing'), replied Barrow. 'Quid est charitas?' ('What is charity?') 'Magna raritas' ('A great rarity'), answered the candidate. 'Here is a youth,' said the chaplain, on going to the bishop's room, 'who returns rhyming rejoinders in Latin to my moral questions, with, I must needs add, as much truth as good rhyme.' 'Ask him no more questions,' said the bishop. 'He is better qualified to examine us than we him. He shall have his letters of orders.'"

Here is an instance of examination for orders in France. "A candidate failed altogether to satisfy his examiners. Their interview broke up in most unpleasant fashion. Not a question asked had been creditably answered. 'I wager,' said the examining chaplain, as he descended the stairs, the humbled candidate following him—'I would lay a wager that you don't know how to translate into Latin "Je suis un âne"' ('I am an ass'). 'Sequor asino,' said the young fellow, with unruffled meekness, as if he did not know that 'Je suis un âne' meant 'I am' as well as 'I follow an ass.' The examiner turned round at him sharply, then smiled, and, seeing the lad's imperturbable countenance, exclaimed, 'Come, you are not such a fool as you look. There is stuff in you. Work on for half a year, and you will pass.' The prophecy was fulfilled."

SERMONS.

"Voltaire pithily said that a preacher was five feet above contradiction.....Bishop Horsley once, meeting Lord Thurlow at Brighton, expressed a hope that he would come and hear the prelate preach on the following day. 'No, I'll be d—d if do,' cried the keeper of the king's conscience; 'I hear you talk nonsense enough in the House of Lords, but there I can and do contradict you, and I'll be d—d if I go and hear you where I can't!' Horsley was amused, not shocked, for he was himself a swearer."

That sermons were not always original the

following anecdote strikingly illustrates. In an English village "the rector and curate had been absent for some time, but they were efficiently represented while they were away. They returned to resume duty on the same day. The curate took the morning service, while the rector officiated for a friend in a neighboring parish; but the rector was present in the evening to preach after the curate had read prayers. The sermon in the morning was so good that the members of the congregation congratulated themselves on the effects which change of air had had on the preacher's style and powers generally. When the rector ascended the pulpit in the evening they hoped that a judicious holiday-time had had the same effect upon him, and they felt they would be the better able to judge when they heard him give out the same text which had formed the subject of the curate's illustration in the forenoon. Very soon, however, they found that it was not only the same text, but the same sermon; and then the faces of the congregation assumed a variety of expression that might have defied Herr Schultze himself to represent. There was but one placid countenance in the whole church, and that was the preacher's, who went on quite unconscious of the day's history and its consequences. There was but one face besides that did not bear upon it an expression of fun, or comic surprise, or a laughable perplexity and puzzlement, and that was the curate's. He, good man! looked the more concerned and abashed as he tried to look otherwise—the more he strove to assume a guise of indifference the more intensely horrified he grew. In short, the two worthy personages had, unknown to each other, purchased a dozen or so of lithographed manuscript sermons, and they had had the ill luck, without communication with each other, to select the same sermon wherewith to inaugurate their return to the old pasture. The people, however, were good-natured people, the two clergymen were worthy men, and beyond a harmless joke or two no harm came of this little misadventure.

"It is more dangerous, perhaps, to preach the printed than the written sermons of other people. I remember an illustration of this in the case of a 'popular preacher.' On leaving his church, where he had delivered a very original discourse, he asked a clerical friend who had been present what he thought of the sermon. The friend spoke of it in terms of the warmest praise, and then the subject was dropped. In the course of the following week, however, the friend, for purposes of his own, purchased three volumes of sermons delivered and printed in America a dozen years before. In the second volume, opening it by chance, he came upon the very original sermon that his friend had preached and asked his opinion of on the previous Sunday! He quietly put that volume in his pocket and went down to the chapel. 'Jack!' said he—they were both of the free-and-easy style of popular preacher—'Jack! what ras-

cals these Yankees are! Here' (taking out the book) 'they have taken the excellent sermon I heard you preach last Sunday and printed it—a dozen years ago!' Jack laughed, hummed a tune, offered his friend a cigar, and walked away to one of the theatres!"

"There are manuscript sermons existing, a couple of centuries old, in the margin of which '*hem, hem!*' is written, to indicate where the preacher, after raising his strain to a height which should seem to authorize the relief, might cough, merely for the effect of the thing. M. Peugnot states that he had seen in the manuscript sermons of an old preacher these words in different parts of the margin: 'Here fall back in your seat;' 'Start up;' 'Use your handkerchief;' 'Shout here like the very devil;' and Balzac says that an old cleric of his time, teaching a young student how to construct a sermon, confined himself to observing: 'Shake the pulpit stoutly; gaze at the crucifix fiercely; say what you can to the purpose; and you'll not preach badly!' The Abbé Boisrobert used to say that a clever preacher ought to know when to cough, spit, or sneeze with effect, as any one of them might be the means of extricating him from a difficulty."

THE ALTAR AND THE GRAVE.

"Bridal and burial were never more closely connected than in the person of Kate Tudor, of Beren, who died at the close of the sixteenth century; when, as a brilliant young widow, she followed the body of her husband, Sir John Salusbury, of Llewenny, into church, she had as her supporters in that trying hour her gallant neighbors, Sir Richard Clough, of Bachagraig, and Morris Wynne, of Gwydyr. Richard and Morris aspired to the beautiful widow's hand and heart. The knight was vigilant; Morris circumspect. The first impetuous; the second punctilious. As they went into church, Sir Roger whispered loving offer of marriage in Katherine's ear; and she replied to it with a sweet sad smile, which as plainly said 'Yes' as if her tongue had uttered it. When the solemnity was over, and the mourners were leaving the church-yard, the decorous Morris whispered his suit, and was astounded when the lady told him she was engaged by Sir Roger on going into church. But that he might not lose opportunity again, she agreed to marry him if she should have in decent time to bury her second husband. And this happened; indeed, she buried a third, wedded with a fourth, and died a widow after all. The people saluted her with the title of 'Mam Cymru,' or Mother of Wales."

"In Cornwall some barbarous ceremonies attendant on funerals were joyously observed down to the end of the last century. The corpse being buried at noon, a hundred per-

sons (if the defunct had died 'well-to-do') sat down to dinner at the neighboring inn at two. The clergyman played a prominent part on these occasions, for though the chief mourner took the chair, by right of his office, the 'parson' was always seated at his right hand. Mr. Buckingham, in his autobiography, describes a funeral festival of the above character and time, at which the widow of the deceased man sat on the left of his nearest blood relation in the chair, in full mourning weeds. The guests, on taking their seats, whetted their appetites with a little brandy. They should not have done this till grace had been said by the clergyman; but some, not standing on ceremony, did not wait, but swallowed their 'whet' before the parson had opened his mouth to 'ask a blessing.' At every change of dishes a little more brandy was consumed, for digestion's sake. Therewith the eating was voracious, and the consumption of tavern wine tremendous. The cloth being drawn, wine, rum, gin, and brandy, hot water, pipes, tobacco, and lighted candles were placed on the tables, to render life tolerable to the mourners, who applied the solace with such alacrity that they were half drunk in a moderate space of time. At this hilarious moment the widow and her ladies withdrew. The gentlemen, left to themselves, and to manifest a pious spirit, sent for the parish choir, who sung anthems, choruses to which were improvised by such of the mourners as had any voice left, with glass in one hand and a pipe in the other. Having thus satisfied all delicate scruples, they fell to roaring patriotic songs (and a wide variety of songs was included under that name), which amusement, with hard drinking, was kept up till after midnight. There is no record of when the clergyman disappeared from the funeral orgie. Let us hope that he was not among those who 'were found at daylight, drunk and insensible, beneath the table,' and of whom it may be said, as of the laughers at a funeral 'breakfast,' that they were only dissembling their grief."

"One of the most singular incidents connected with the grave is also the most recent. It refers to the Jews at Orleans. The Rabbi there has opposed the Government design of disturbing a Jewish cemetery for the sake of making a new road. The High Priest maintains that if the bodies are disarranged there will be deplorable confusion on the Day of Judgment. 'If you separate and lose any of the bones,' he asks, 'how is the Resurrection to be completed?' The disputes that will arise on the Last Day distress the poor Rabbi only to think of them. The authorities promised to make things as smooth as possible, so that the Orleans Jews should get themselves together at the final trump without being disagreeable to their neighbors."

JOHNNY RIGHT.

JOHNNY RIGHT, his hand was brown,
And so was his honest, open face,
For the sunshine kissed him up and down,
But Johnny counted all for grace;
And when he looked in the glass at night
He said that brown was as good as white!

A little farm our Johnny owned,
Some pasture-fields, both green and good,
A bit of pleasant garden ground,
A meadow, and a strip of wood.
"Enough for any man," said John,
"To earn his livelihood upon!"

Two oxen, speckled red and white,
And a cow that gave him a pail of milk,
He combed and curried morn and night
Until their coats were as soft as silk.
"Cattle on all the hills," said he,
"Could give no more of joy to me."

He never thought the world was wrong
Because rough weather chanced a day,
"The night is always hedged along
With daybreak roses," he would say;
He did not ask for manna, but said,
"Give me but strength—I will get the bread!"

Kindly he took for good and all
Whatever fortune chanced to bring,
And he never wished that Spring were Fall,
And he never wished that Fall were Spring;
But set the plow with a joy akin
To the joy of putting the sickle in.

He never stopp'd to sigh "Oho!"
Because of the ground he needs must till,
For he knew right well that a man must sow
Before he can reap, and he sowed with a will;
And still as he went to his rye-straw bed—
"Work brings the sweetest of rest," he said.

Johnny's house was little and low,
And his fare was hard, and that was why
He used to say, with his cheeks aglow,
That he must keep his heart up high:
Ay, keep it high, and keep it light,
He used to say—wise Johnny Right!

He never fancied One was Two,
But according to his strength he planned,
And oft to his Meggy would say he knew
That Gold was gold, and Sand was sand;
And that each was good, and best in its place,
For he counted every thing for grace.

Now Meggy Right was Meggy Wrong,
For things with her went all awry—
She always found the day too long
Or the day too short, and would mope and sigh;
For, somehow, the time and place that were
Were never the time and the place for her!

"O Johnny, Johnny!" she used to say,
If she saw a cloud in the sky at morn,
"There will be a hurricane to-day!"
Or, "the rain will come and drench the corn!"
And Johnny would answer with a smile,
"Wait, dear Meggy, wait for a while!"

And often before an ear was lost,
Or a single hope of the harvest gone,
She would cry, "Suppose there should fall a frost,
What should we do then? John, O John!"
And Johnny would answer, rubbing his thumbs,
"Wait, dear Meggy, wait till it comes!"

But when she saw the first gray hair
Her hands together she wrung and wrung,
And cried, in her wicked and weak despair,
"Ah, for the day when we both were young!"
And Johnny answered, kissing her brow,
"Then was then, Meg—Now is now!"

And when he spectacles put on,
And read at ease the paper through,
She whimpered, "O, hard-hearted John,
It isn't the way you used to do!"
And Johnny, wiser than wiser men,
Said, "Now is now, Meg—Then was then!"

So night and day, with this and that,
She gave a bitter to all the bliss,
Now for Johnny to give her a hat,
And now for Johnny to give her a kiss,
Till, patience failing, he cried, "Peg, peg!
You're enough to turn a man's head, Meg!"

Oh, then she fell into despair—
No coaxing could her temper mend—
For her part now she didn't care
How soon her sad life had an end.
And Johnny, sneering, made reply,
"Well, Meg, don't die before you die!"

Then foolish Meg began to scold,
And call her Johnny ugly names—
She wished the little farm was sold,
And that she had no household claims,
So she might go and starve or beg,
And Johnny answered, "O Meg, Meg!"

Ah, yes, she did—she didn't care!
That were a living to prefer;
What had she left to save despair?
A man that didn't care for her!
Indeed, in truth she'd rather go!
"Don't, Meg," says Johnny, "don't say so!"

She left his stockings all undarned—
She set his supper for him cold.
And every day she said she yearned
To have the hateful homestead sold.
She couldn't live, and wouldn't try—
John answered only with a sigh.

Passing the tavern one cold night,
Says Johnny, "I've a mind to stop,
It looks so cheery and so bright
Within, and take a little drop,
And then I'll go straight home to Meg....."
There was the serpent in the egg.

He stopp'd, alas—. Alas for John.
That careless step foredoomed his fall.
Next year the little farm was gone—
Corn-fields and cattle, house and all;
And Meggy learned, too late, too late,
Her own self had evoked her fate.

ABOUT COUSIN JEMIMA.

“WELL, Phebe, I guess thee did not expect me this afternoon. Don’t get up. I will just lay my bonnet in the bedroom myself. Dinah Paddock told me thy quilt was in; so I came up as soon as I could. Laid out in orange-peel! I always did like orange-peel. Dinah’s was herring-bone; and thine is filled with wool, and plims up, and shows the works, as mother used to say. I’ll help thee roll before I sit down. Now then. Days are long, and we’ll try to do a stroke of work, for thee’s a branch quilter, I’ve heard say.

“Jethro Mitchell stopped to see me this morning. They got home from Ohio last week, and he says that Cousin Jemima Osborne’s very bad with typhoid fever. Poor Jemima! It had been pretty much through the family, and after nursing the rest she was taken down. I almost know she has no one fit to take care of her—only Samuel and the three boys, and maybe some hired girl that has all the housework to do. The neighbors will be very kind, to be sure, sitting up at night, but there’s been so much sickness in that country lately.

“Jemima was Uncle Brown Coffin’s daughter, thee knows, who used to live down at Sandwich, on the Cape, when thee and I were girls. She always came to Nantucket to Quarterly Meeting with Uncle Brown and Aunt Judith; and folks used to say she wasn’t a bit of a coof, if she *was* born on the Cape. When Samuel and she were married they asked me and Gorham Hussey to stand up with them. Jemima looked very pretty in her lavender silk and round rosy cheeks. When meeting was over she whispered to me that there was a wasp or bee under her neck-handkerchief that had stung her while she was saying the ceremony. But I don’t think any body perceived it, she was so quiet. Poor dear! I seem to see her now on a sick-bed and a rolling pillow.

“After my Edward died I was so much alone that I thought I couldn’t bear it any longer, and I must just get up and go to Ohio, as Samuel and ‘Mima had often asked me to. I stopped on the way at Mary Cooper’s at Beaver; and Mary’s son was joking a little about Cousin Samuel’s farming, and said he didn’t quite remember whether it was two or three fences that they had to climb going from the house to the barnyard. I told him that Samuel wasn’t brought up to farming; he bought land when he moved out West.

“I found Jemima a good deal altered, now that she had a grown family; but we just began where we left off—the same friendliness and kindness. When I was in Ohio was just when the English Friends, Jonathan and Hannah Purley, were in the country. We met them at Marlborough Quarterly Meeting. We were all together at William Smith’s house—one of the neatest of places—every thing like wax-work, with three such daughters at home. How they worked to entertain Friends!

“First Day a great many world’s people were at meeting on account of the strange Friends. Meeting was very full—nearly as many out in the yard as in the house. Very weighty remarks were made by Jonathan and Hannah. She spoke to my own state. ‘Leave thy widows, and let thy fatherless children trust in Me.’ The meeting was disturbed some by the young babies; but we could hardly expect the mothers to stay away.

“Second Day was Quarterly Meeting. Of course the English Friends, being at William Smith’s, drew a great many others. We had forty to dinner. One of William’s daughters staid in the kitchen, one waited on the table, and one sat down midway, where she could pass every thing, and wait on the Friends. It was in the Eighth Month, and we had a bountiful table of all the good things of that time of year—vegetables and fruits too. William was a nursery-man.

“There was a little disturbance at breakfast, William’s son—a rather wild young man—making the young people laugh. We had fish—mackerel, and little fresh fish out of the mill-dam. I sat near the middle, and heard Friend Smith at one end say to each: ‘Will thee have some of the mackerel, or some of these little dam-fish?’ Then young William, at the other end, spoke low to his friends: ‘Will thee have some of the mackerel, or some of these dam little fish?’ But most of the young women kept pretty serious countenances. When Quarterly Meeting was over the English Friends went out to Indiana, visiting meetings and Friends’ families, and I went back with Cousin Samuel’s.

“I was dreadfully disappointed once. One evening Samuel and ‘Mima and the rest of us were sitting round the table, and Samuel put his hand into his coat-pocket and drew out the paper and two or three letters. As he read I noticed that one of the letters had not been opened, and caught sight of my name—Priscilla Gardner; so I put out my hand and took it. It was from sister Mary—just as James and she were starting for California. She told me that they should stay in Pittsburg over one night, and she hoped I should be able to meet them there and bid them a long farewell. But when I looked again at the date of the letter, and glanced at the paper that Samuel was reading, I found that my letter was ten days old. The time had gone by. Oh dear! I walked out into the kitchen and stood by the stove, in the dark, and cried. Some one came up behind me. Of course it was Jemima. She kissed me, and waited for me to speak. I gave her the letter, and in about ten minutes I felt able to go back to the sitting-room. When I sat down Samuel said: ‘Mima tells me, Priscilla, that thee is very much disappointed about thy letter. I had on this coat when I went to the post-office a week ago, and I didn’t put it on again till to-day. I hope thee’ll excuse me. Thomas, my son, will thee bring us

some red-streaks? I feel as if I could eat a few apples.'

"I felt sorrowful for some time about my sister; but my mind was diverted when we got word that the English Friends were coming to our Monthly Meeting on their way back from Indiana; and as we lived very near the meeting-house, of course they would be at Samuel's. As the time came near, Jemima and I were a good deal interested to have things nice. They were going to be at William Smith's again, where every thing was so neat, and I felt very anxious to make every thing indoors, at Jemima's, as neat as we could.

"In the sitting-room was one empty corner, where the great rocking-chair ought to stand. It was broken, and put away in the bedroom. I wanted very much to have it mended; but it seemed as if we could not get it to Salem. One time the load would be too large—one time the chair would be forgotten. At last one day it was put in the back of the covered wagon, and fairly started. When Samuel got home it was rather late in the evening, and I heard him say to 'Mima, 'Only think of my forgetting thy large chair. I was late starting from home, thee knows; and when I got to Salem there was a good deal of talk about the war; and when I got half-way home I remembered the big chair in the back of the wagon. It can go in next week.' We did send it again, but it did not get home before Monthly Meeting.

"Jemima had a very neat home-made carpet on the sitting-room: she had a great taste for carpets. As there had been some yards left she let me cover the front entry too, and her youngest son Edward, a nice lad, helped me put it down. A little colored girl, near by, rubbed up the brass andirons for us, and Edward built up a nice pile of wood ready to kindle the fire when it was wanted. A good many panes of glass had been broken since spring, and as we had just had an equinoctial storm, some old coats, and so on, had been stuffed in at several places.

"When we had done all we could to the house, of course we began to think of the cooking. Jemima said: 'I sha'n't be able to get Mary Pearson to come and cook—she is nursing. I wonder whether I hadn't better heat the oven on meeting-day. I can get the dinner in before I go; and then between meetings I can run over and see to it. I shall hardly be missed. I can slip in at the side-door of the meeting-house before Mary Ann has done reading the Minutes.'—'Then thee will heat the oven?' said I.—'I reckon,' she said; 'but it is only a mud oven. Samuel has been talking for a good while about having a brick oven. This one is not very safe.'—'Suppose I make a little sponge-cake, and put it in too,' said I. 'I'll send for some sugar, if thee is willing. Polly Evans used to call me a dabster at sponge-cake.'

"Jemima was willing, and we began to get ready to go to the store. Edward and the lit-

tle colored girl hunted the barn and the strawshed, and brought in a quantity of eggs. All could not be sent, because we needed some at home, and some had been set on, and some had lain too long. Then Jemima sent to the garret for brooms and rags, and spared a little butter—not much, to be sure, when Monthly Meeting was coming. I thought I might as well ride over with Edward; and when we had got coffee, and tea, and so on, and were just starting, I caught sight of some lemons. I bought a few, and when I got home asked Jemima if she would not like some lemon-puddings. 'Thy apple-pies and rice-puddings are nice, dear,' I said; 'but Hannah Purley and Jonathan are such strangers, we might go a little out of the common way.' Jemima smiled some at my being so anxious, but agreed, as she generally did.

"Fourth Day morning we were up very early. Jemima was going to roast some fowls and a loin of veal. Edward and the little colored girl helped me to beat eggs, grate lemons, and roll sugar; and every thing was ready for the oven before the Friends came in from a distance, who always stopped before meeting to get a cup of tea.

"We had a nice little table for them, of course—dried beef, preserves, and so on; and one woman Friend, a single woman, asked for a warm flat-iron to press out her cap and handkerchief. At last we were ready to start. Jemima had set every thing into the oven, which stood out in the yard. She put the meats back, and the cakes and puddings near the door, where it was not so hot. 'The door isn't very safe,' said she, 'and I propped a stick against it to keep it up. Don't let the dog knock it down, Susan, while we are gone.'

"The day was beautiful; all signs of the storm over, except the roads a little muddy; and as we stepped over to the meeting-house Jemima whispered: 'I am glad I told Susan to set both tables. I think we shall have a good many to dinner. I wanted cole-slaw, like Pennsylvania folks, but the cows broke in last night and ate all the solid cabbage.' She did not talk of these things generally going into meeting; but our minds were very full.

"First Meeting was rather long, for several Friends spoke besides the strangers. When it broke, Jemima stepped out, and I quietly followed her. We walked over to the house, and round into the side-yard, going toward the oven. But just as we had got into the yard we saw the old sow. She had broken out of the barn-yard, and had been wallowing in a brown pond of water near the fence. Now she had knocked down Jemima's stick, and as the door fell I guess she smelt our good things, for she had her fore-feet upon the oven floor. We ran and screamed, but she did not turn. She made a jump up to the oven, over my cakes and puddings, the veal and chickens, and carried the oven roof off with her. Oh dear! oh dear! poor Jemima! I could laugh too, if it wasn't so dreadful."

LABAN'S DAUGHTERS.

SHELBY, by the sea-side, a watering-place with all the natural advantages of Newport, without its disadvantages of expensive living and inordinate display, was the resort of many invalids and pseudo-fashionable people. The "summer importations," as Agnes De Ruyter dubbed the people who, like birds of passage, took up their abode in Shelby for a brief season, were either persons with dilapidated systems or dilapidated fortunes. The first class had one foot in the grave, the second had their hands tied by poverty.

Agnes De Ruyter gathered up her skirts from contact with the new-comers, and held her head very high above them. Literally she did this because she was tall; being among her set of girls what Saul was among his fellows; and figuratively she did it because of her position as the daughter of the largest land-owner and most influential man in Shelby.

Agnes De Ruyter had a sort of passion for classification. At school it manifested itself in a taste for botany and conchology. She would spend whole days in determining the class and order of a new flower, and her shells were a sight to see in their beautiful arrangement and specific distribution. A little later she liked to do with people as she had done with her shells and flowers. "It's pleasant to put them just where they belong," she would say, in her confidently secure way, as if humanity, in its infinite variety of developments, were as easily assorted as her basket of shells.

She stood at her window one morning watching the dull gray clouds that were full of wind and wet, and classifying the occasional passers-by who dared to brave the east wind's dampness and chill. Most of the people she had known for years, for the season was late, and summer importations were as yet rare, and inclined to be migratory in their habits—coming to Shelby for a few days, and returning to the city at the approach of such a storm as was brewing in the clouds that day. Agnes De Ruyter was not much interested in her watch that morning. There could not have been a more uninteresting sky; and nobody passed but the minister, and a grocer, and Abner Styles the flour merchant, and old Dr. Ward, and an errand boy, and a neighbor's servant. All these people had been pronounced upon, marked, and labeled years ago.

Suddenly there appeared at a turn of the road a woman, and Agnes De Ruyter's eyes took a look of astonishment. This woman was a summer importation who, according to Agnes's words, had "forced the season" by coming down to Shelby a week before. Agnes had pronounced her an invalid, but she changed her mind when she saw her coming down the street that raw day in March. No invalid would dare venture out in such an air. And then, this woman's step was brisk and elastic as her own, and there was no stoop in her shoulders or lan-

guor in her manner. Not being an invalid, Agnes De Ruyter turned her over to her other class of pseudo-fashionable people. But the woman's water-proof suit, thick blue veil, and heavy boots were much too plain and sensible for that sort of person, who always put on airs and a flashy style of dress, she said. Agnes De Ruyter was dimly conscious that she who passed down the street was a lady, and that she belonged to neither of the classes who were wont to come to Shelby. She was thinking of her still when wheels rattled along the street, and Agnes, looking out, recognized Dr. Vredenburg's gig tilting along at its usual rapid rate.

"What a dog's life a doctor's is!" she exclaimed, musingly. "Out in all weathers, and never able to think of his own comfort, poor man!"

"It is harder for an old man like Dr. Ward than a younger man like Vredenburg," commented her mother, half dissentingly.

"I suppose so," answered Agnes, blushing guiltily. She took up her sewing and fell to thinking of Dr. Vredenburg. A bachelor of the genus *interesting*, she had never been quite able to define his species. One day she would pronounce judgment upon him, and the next day she would reverse her decision. It was very provoking! How could she put people where they belonged if they were one thing one day and something else another?

Some time later she said to her mother, starting up and walking to the window: "Why, the lady down at Maple Cottage can not be quite a stranger. There she goes, chatting animatedly with Abner Styles. Some of her friends are in the flour business, I suppose."

Agnes De Ruyter dropped into Abner Styles's house that afternoon. "It's such a miserable day!" she said to Mary Styles, the flour merchant's good-natured, dumpy little wife. "I've been poking around home all day until I've really got the blues. Shelby is dreadfully stupid on such a day. I declare, if Pa persists in spending all his days here I'll elope with the first dilapidated specimen of humanity who comes down to Shelby for his health! How is the baby, Mrs. Styles?"

"He's better this morning, thank you, Miss Agnes," Mary Styles answered. "Dr. Vredenburg was with him several hours last night. He is a very faithful man, Miss Agnes, Dr. Vredenburg is. If Johnnie had been his own child he couldn't have done more for him. He said he would drop in this afternoon, and there comes his gig now. He's a good man, Miss Agnes. Why don't you set your cap for him?"

Agnes De Ruyter laughed as she answered, "How do you know but I have? If I haven't, I'll do it now"—and she stepped to the mirror to adjust her jaunty round hat more becomingly just as Dr. Vredenburg entered.

He was a large and stalwart man, with a fine head and a conscious dignity in his bearing. His black hair, somewhat carelessly kept, was

now tossed back from his forehead with a single stroke of his large hand, as if Agnes De Ruyter's presence had reminded him that he might not be altogether presentable in ladies' society, and then he shook hands heartily with the ladies, and made inquiries after the sick child.

"Do you know the young lady at Maple Cottage?" Agnes De Ruyter inquired of Mary Styles, as Dr. Vredenburg stood measuring some powders at the window.

"Oh yes!" Mary Styles answered. "Abner has always known Miss Sprague. He was a clerk in her father's employ years ago."

"Then she isn't one—"

Agnes De Ruyter hesitated, blushing, for Dr. Vredenburg had paused in measuring his powders, and was listening with a curious look on his face. "She isn't one of the sham aristocrats who affect watering-places and come to Shelby because it is cheap?" she finished, after a moment's pause.

Dr. Vredenburg turned again to the window and resumed the measurement of his powders, with a look on his face that hinted of a sneer.

"There is no sham about the Spragues. They are real aristocrats," Mary Styles answered.

"Indeed!" Agnes De Ruyter exclaimed.

Unconsciously Agnes De Ruyter was a good elocutionist. Her voice went up an ascending scale in that exclamation just as her opinion of Miss Sprague went up a peg or two.

"Her mother is an invalid, and then the Spragues are in somewhat reduced circumstances, it is true," Mary Styles continued, in further explanation.

"Oh!"

The elocution of Agnes De Ruyter's exclamations was perfect. In that word she took Miss Sprague off the Mount of Transfiguration, where she had temporarily placed her, and dropped her down into the vale where walked the multitude above whom she held her head. She had been right after all. Miss Sprague had come to Shelby because it was cheap.

"If there is any thing I hate it's reduced circumstances," she said, bitterly. "I think it won't pay to call on her."

The sneer hinted at on Dr. Vredenburg's face curled his lips now and brought a flash into his eyes. Balancing a powder on a knife blade, and surveying Agnes De Ruyter critically, you could easily guess that he was subjecting a character to a mental measurement, and the interpretation of that sneer was the judgment passed on the Babylonish king—"Tekel: Thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting."

"I suppose you will be the Sprague physician," Agnes De Ruyter said, turning to Dr. Vredenburg.

Mary Styles spoke quickly, with sly humor in her eye: "Miss Sprague has no confidence in young physicians. She preferred Dr. Ward because of his age and experience. She is very decided. I shouldn't think of changing

her decision if she had once made up her mind."

Dr. Vredenburg flushed up to his temples. He was a proud man, and by that flush he stood revealed a sensitive man. "Miss Sprague is quite right," he said, "in giving the preference to age and experience. I hope none of my friends will attempt to change her decision."

"Physicians are so sensitive!" Mary Styles remarked the next day to Rachel Sprague. "I declare Dr. Vredenburg was quite hurt yesterday when I carelessly intimated that you preferred Dr. Ward."

"Dr. Vredenburg must be a very unjust man to be hurt by my preference for an older and more experienced physician," Rachel Sprague answered, with some annoyance in her tone. "This Dr. Vredenburg is quite a god among you Shelby people, I hear. I am fearful you have spoiled him. The most disagreeable man in the world is a spoiled man."

"But Dr. Vredenburg is neither a disagreeable nor a spoiled man," Abner Styles remarked, earnestly; "I want you to like him."

"I will try to oblige you," Rachel Sprague answered, with a little laugh.

Abner Styles shook his head. "I know you too well, Miss Rachel," he said, confidently. "You couldn't like a person, just to oblige your best friend."

Rachel Sprague bowed. "You are right," she said; "my likings are necessities of my nature."

Some months later, when Shelby was full of summer importations, and a crowd of men passed the Sprague cottage on their way to the morning train, Abner Styles said to the man at his side: "Vredenburg, there's such a rare woman lives there!"

His eye was running over the Sprague cottage with an eager look of search. Dr. Vredenburg had often remarked that Abner Styles never passed the house without that look. He replied, in answer to his companion's remark, "I have met Miss Sprague."

Without any actual disparagement in the words, Dr. Vredenburg's remark was like cold water on the enthusiasm expressed in his companion's tones. Abner Styles glanced with a half-combative look at the Doctor, but there was a tap on the window-pane, and he turned suddenly toward Maple Cottage.

The door opened, and there came tripping down the walk a woman worthy of the enthusiasm in Abner Styles's remark—"Such a rare woman!"

She was simply dressed—only a black, trailing skirt, a lapelled jacket, a wealth of black hair tied back with a bright ribbon, a jeweled pin at her throat, and a single jeweled ring on her finger—but the effect on Dr. Vredenburg was that this woman's attire was befitting the Queen of Sheba. She had a high, noble forehead and bright, passionate eyes; but Dr. Vredenburg thought the forehead wrinkled and the eyes lost somewhat of their brightness at

sight of him; and he stood by somewhat awkward and uncomfortable while she gave a commission to Abner Styles for books in the city.

"How is your mother, Miss Rachel?" Abner Styles inquired.

"She is not so well," Rachel Sprague replied, sadly. "Her weakness alarms me."

"You ought to try our Doctor here, Miss Rachel," Abner Styles said, laying his hand on Dr. Vredenburg's shoulder.

"When Dr. Ward merits our dissatisfaction we will," Rachel Sprague replied, with dignity.

It was the "Queen of Sheba manner," Dr. Vredenburg thought, and he responded quickly, with a flush creeping up to his temples, "Dr. Ward suits you much better than I could hope to. You are quite right."

"Quite right!" Rachel Sprague said to herself as the men moved down the street, and she walked slowly and meditatively up the stone walk. "Quite right! He thinks I am altogether wrong. They have quite spoiled him here in Shelby, making a god of him. I can't abide spoiled men."

The subject of her thoughts, as profoundly meditative as herself, found his reverie broken in upon by Abner Styles as they hastened to the morning train. "She's a rare woman, Miss Rachel is," he said, earnestly.

"Yes," Dr. Vredenburg responded, thinking to himself it was a better world for the rarity.

"She's a reader and a writer," Abner Styles went on to say. "And a better daughter you never saw. With the world full of miserable wives it's a shame for her to live unmarried. The heart of her husband would safely trust in her."

"Yes," Dr. Vredenburg assented, and this time cordially. The woman was too proud to betray a trust, he thought. "I doubt if women like Rachel Sprague ever make happy married women," he added, meditatively. "They are self-sufficient, and hold a hand to play the game of life alone."

Abner Styles shook his head decidedly. "Rachel Sprague can no more play the game of life successfully without a partner than you can, Vredenburg," he answered, earnestly.

Dr. Vredenburg frowned at that reference to himself, and his eyes grew sad with regret or longing.

"You look like a man on the brink of a euchre now," Abner Styles said, laughing. "I tell you, man, it's a losing game for you and Miss Rachel too. You ought to be good friends."

"It took a man with Solomon's wealth and position to interest the Queen of Sheba," Dr. Vredenburg answered, with some sarcasm in his tone.

"Queen of Sheba!" laughed Abner Styles. "She is more like Rachel of the Bible—a woman to be served for seven years. We read that the term of service seemed to Jacob only a few days for the love he had to her. I tell you

Rachel Sprague is a woman to inspire love and pay for service like that."

"Miss Sprague has a chivalric defender in you," Dr. Vredenburg remarked, and then the subject dropped.

Dr. Vredenburg strolled into Abner Styles's parlors one night at a late hour. Dr. Vredenburg could not often be accused of strolling. In general there never was a walk that was more full of the execution of a deliberate intention than his; but that night his steps loitered—he walked like one whose will only half consented to his movements, and in front of Abner Styles's little cottage he even paced backward and forward a number of times, as if his will's consent was given and withdrawn. Dr. Vredenburg never went to his daily work with such reluctant step, and it was a sorry face for a man in search of pleasure. And yet that was what the men and women were seeking who entered Abner Styles's parlors that night. The host had done his part. There was music, some flowers, gas blazing to the fullest capacity of country gas, and a table overflowing with luxuries that are a party's necessities. What he had not done, he and his wife, brim-full of kind intention and honest good-nature, stood prepared to do to the best of their knowledge. Dr. Vredenburg attracted their attention when he came strolling in, after the guests were all assembled.

"I thought you were never coming!" exclaimed Mary Styles, "and I was getting very angry and out of patience with you. Come over here and see Miss Sprague."

Dr. Vredenburg had seen her. In his glance around the room he could not fail to see the stately woman in the trailing black silk dress, corals in her hair, and lace like cobwebs at her throat. If he had never called her Queen of Sheba before he would have given her the sobriquet that night.

"Yes, come and see Miss Sprague," Abner Styles repeated.

"Oh no!" Dr. Vredenburg remonstrated. To himself he said—not for the world. "I see Miss De Ruyter over yonder. I will join her," he added, aloud.

Agnes De Ruyter smiled to see Dr. Vredenburg coming to her. True he was a plain and hard-working man; but he was exceedingly respectable, and quite a god among the Shelby people, as Rachel Sprague said. Next to wealth, Agnes De Ruyter bowed to popularity. "The voice of the people is the voice of common-sense," she would say sometimes in a high-sounding way; "and I pride myself on my common-sense notions."

"I wonder who the delicate man is over by the door," Agnes De Ruyter said to Dr. Vredenburg that night at Abner Styles's party, after a mutual exchange of chit-chat on the times and weather. The large diamond in his shirt-front did not betoken a dilapidated fortune, and she had already labeled him mentally, "*Genus*, Summer Importation; *Species*, Invalid."

Dr. Vredenburg looked in the direction designated and bowed. "He is a new-comer at the hotel, a Mr. Rothmeyer. He called to see me to-day," he answered.

"He looks like a man with one foot in the grave," Agnes De Ruyter said.

"Oh no!" Dr. Vredenburg replied. "He is a tenacious man. He will not die without a pretty hard struggle for life, and his chances of regaining his health are pretty good."

"I should say he was a gentleman," Agnes De Ruyter commented.

"Unmistakably," Dr. Vredenburg answered. "He is a traveler and a scholar. He is coming this way; I will introduce you."

Mr. Rothmeyer's manner was easy, perhaps a trifle condescending, and his glance about the room was certainly critical, with no attempt at disguise. "The young lady in black is Miss Sprague, I believe," he remarked, after a few minutes' conversation.

"Yes," responded Agnes De Ruyter. "Do you think her fine-looking?"

"A trifle too tall, is she not?" Mr. Rothmeyer asked, carelessly.

"She is not so tall as I," Agnes De Ruyter said, with a pout.

Mr. Rothmeyer seemed to survey Agnes De Ruyter for the first time. "I beg your pardon," he said; "I thought her the tallest lady I ever saw."

"It must be her dress," Agnes De Ruyter said, in a puzzled way.

"Yes, I think so," Dr. Vredenburg remarked. "She dresses a great deal."

"But she has on a plain black silk, and this young lady wears lavender, which is much more dressy," Mr. Rothmeyer replied, turning to Agnes De Ruyter.

"Is it?" Dr. Vredenburg asked, innocently. "I am sure I don't know, but Miss Sprague always appears to me more dressed than any body else."

"Oh no! She don't wear any thing but simple muslins and alpacas and dark silks," Agnes De Ruyter replied. "There are plenty of girls here in Shelby who dress much more than Miss Sprague. I wonder she hasn't married," Agnes De Ruyter continued, in a musing way that was characteristic of her. "She isn't very young, and has evidently seen much of society. Probably she had opportunities before their circumstances were reduced."

"The right one hasn't come along, I suppose," Dr. Vredenburg replied.

"Or the right one feared there might not be room enough in the house for him with such a wife," Mr. Rothmeyer remarked, as if nothing had impressed him so much as her size.

Agnes De Ruyter pouted. Evidently Mr. Rothmeyer's preference was for small women. She went on talking of Rachel Sprague. It was safe to do so, inasmuch as Mr. Rothmeyer did not like her. "She is very much the fashion here in Shelby. It is wonderful how many people ape her doings and quote her sayings. I

have about made up my mind to cultivate her myself."

"Ah!" was the involuntary comment of both gentlemen. Dr. Vredenburg was getting weary of Agnes De Ruyter; he always did, he confessed to himself; and Mr. Rothmeyer was smiling at the condescension in the woman's tone. If he was any judge of human nature, Miss Sprague wasn't the sort of person to be cultivated at pleasure by a girl like Miss De Ruyter.

He was correct in his judgment, for toward the close of the evening Agnes De Ruyter said to Rachel Sprague, in a confidently secure way, "I intend having a little *musicale* next week. You must be sure to come."

"Thank you," Rachel Sprague answered. "But my mother is an invalid, and I seldom spend an evening away, except with old friends."

She passed on, and Agnes De Ruyter bit her lips. "Very exclusive!" she commented, sarcastically. "I think Miss Sprague is putting on airs."

The gentlemen made no audible comment; but Mr. Rothmeyer was thinking he could have predicated such a result to Miss De Ruyter's cultivation, and Dr. Vredenburg pronounced the manner worthy of the Queen of Sheba.

Rachel Sprague sang before all the guests had left that night—sang, in a clear, ringing soprano, a simple song of longing for the days of childhood. Such songs are always sad as sung by men and women.

As the last notes died away Mr. Rothmeyer said, turning to Agnes De Ruyter, "Get that woman to come to your *musicale* by hook or by crook. Her voice is worth a score of ordinary voices."

Dr. Vredenburg had not moved, standing against the mantle with bowed head and firm-set lips. He had forgotten the Queen of Sheba as he listened. There was no pride in the woman's tones. They were soft with the wailing cry of weary womanhood, and hinted of a life not sufficient for its needs. He went home thinking of the song still. It had stirred a responsive chord in his own breast, for sometimes, as on that night, Dr. Vredenburg half acknowledged to himself that his life of toil and sacrifice was not sufficient to satisfy the cravings of a hungry heart, and with the remembrance of days long past, before his life had learned its lack, he took up that woman's cry:

"Make me a child again, just for to-night."

Dr. Vredenburg never accused Rachel Sprague of self-sufficiency again. His heart interpreted too faithfully the manner of her song-singing on that night to repeat the accusation.

Rachel Sprague was at Agnes De Ruyter's *musicale*. Dr. Vredenburg could hardly believe his eyes when she entered with Mr. Rothmeyer. "I was right in saying the man was tenacious," he thought. "Miss Sprague's presence is a proof."

After this Dr. Vredenburg often saw Mr. Rothmeyer at the Sprague cottage. In his journeys past he frequently received a bow from the delicate, well-dressed man going in or out, and there was always an eager gladness on the face going in, and content on the outgoing face. "I fancy he has forgotten that there might not be room enough in the house for him with such a wife," he would say to himself, and then he would fall to thinking of his own cheerless home and somewhat dreary life.

There was a pelting rain in New York one day that summer, and Dr. Vredenburg hastened through it to catch the evening train to Shelby. It was a fearful storm; but Dr. Vredenburg did not heed, for he was strong to bear, he said to himself, in the conscious pride of manhood, contrasting himself with a slender, half-drenched female who hastened in the same direction. And then he was a prudent man, who had provided himself with thick boots and umbrella; and this woman, with the imprudence natural to her sex, wore thin shoes and had no umbrella. He was thinking of an inevitable doctor's bill as he passed the woman, when she glanced up suddenly, and as suddenly he halted.

"Miss Sprague!" he exclaimed, and then he remembered that he had seen her on board the train that morning, and had said to himself that the Queen of Sheba was going to the city for dry-goods to make her look more than ever like a queen. But that water-soaked woman, trudging along in pools of water, was not quite so much a queen; and he said, holding the umbrella over her head, "You are not going to Shelby to-night?"

"I certainly am," was the decided answer.

Dr. Vredenburg did not heed the "Queen of Sheba manner." "If you have friends in the city I would advise you to stay overnight," he urged.

"I have friends in the city; but I prefer to go to Shelby," was the decided rejoinder.

"Then you must consent to come under my umbrella and take my arm," Dr. Vredenburg said, coolly. "An unpardonable assumption of authority on my part, perhaps," the Doctor thought afterward; "but had she been a thousand times the Queen of Sheba," he said to himself, "I would have done it, for her health, and perhaps her life, was at stake."

Rachel Sprague hesitated. She had never been gracious to this man. He was dictatorial and unjust and spoiled; but— She looked up in his face to object, and then she took his arm. "There was no use contradicting a man with that look on his face," she said, in self-justification, afterward. "I believe he would have stood in the street all day, or taken me up in his arms and carried me. He stood there my master, and I obeyed like a child."

She was mistaken. She obeyed like a woman recognizing afar off the law that makes the man head over the wife.

Rachel Sprague was too polite not to be gracious now, and the ride to Shelby was full

of pleasant chat. Dr. Vredenburg forgot that the woman at his side was other than an interesting and wondrously well-informed companion; but the next Sunday, when he met her elegant in rustling silk and cashmere shawl, he dubbed her Queen of Sheba again, and there was no authority in his manner.

The authority asserted itself in his face and tones when he stood by the bedside of Rachel Sprague's mother to consult with Dr. Ward in a severe case of congestion that threatened the life of the sufferer. He was a skillful man—not unworthy of his popularity in Shelby; and now he bent all his energies to combat with the fierce disease. "It was his way," the Shelby people said.

The next morning Rachel Sprague said to Dr. Vredenburg: "It is my wish that you attend my mother hereafter."

Dr. Vredenburg bowed. This woman was doing him justice at last.

He came to mete out full justice to her when he knew her as Abner Styles did, the faithful daughter and cultivated woman. Going from the Sprague cottage, beautiful in its elegant simplicity, to his own cheerless home, he often thought of the blessedness of that man's life who should win Rachel Sprague. Would Rothmeyer's life have that blessedness? He had returned to the city now vastly improved in health. Dr. Vredenburg wondered what hopes he had borne away for the future. He was a tenacious man. He was sure to return.

And he did. One night when Dr. Vredenburg measured powders in Mrs. Sprague's room the servant brought Rachel Sprague a card. She gave a quick exclamation of surprise, and turned to Dr. Vredenburg.

"You remarked when you came in that my face was flushed like fever," she said.

"Yes," he answered, wonderingly.

"Will you prescribe rest and quiet for me?" she asked.

"I do," he replied, wondering still.

"Will you tell the gentleman in the parlor you have done so?" she inquired, entreatingly.

Dr. Vredenburg hesitated. He was not a man to do this woman's bidding unquestioningly.

"I do not want to hear what this man has come to say," she explained, in a nervous and hesitating manner.

"I had rather die than say to a woman what she might not wish to hear. I will tell him," Dr. Vredenburg answered.

He went down into the parlor and met Mr. Rothmeyer.

"Shelby air is not doing your mother the good you anticipated. I advise a change," Dr. Vredenburg said to Rachel Sprague a few weeks later. He did not say this without effort. The night before Dr. Vredenburg had held communing with himself. He had gone over a life full of sacrifice and toil—so full that long ago he had given up, perhaps forever, as he said then, the hope of gaining love and wife.

He thought over his seven years' life in Shelby. Seven years—the time that served for Rachel! He thought of Rachel Sprague, and pronounced her, as Abner Styles had, worthy of the patriarch's term of service. Then he looked around his home, simple, inelegant, and very humble, and contrasted it with the luxury this woman's life had known aforetime, and would know again, mated to a man like Mr. Rothmeyer. He contrasted himself with Mr. Rothmeyer—a man of polish and rare education. His life's hard labor had debarred him from cultivation like this man's, and he had never known the advantages of travel and society. He remembered that Rachel Sprague had not wished to hear what Mr. Rothmeyer came to say. Neither would she wish to hear what was in his heart that night to say. He put away his dream and took a new lease of his bachelorhood, for he had said he would rather die than say to a woman what she might not wish to hear. Ah! he was like Jacob. He had missed of Rachel.

Rachel Sprague heard Dr. Vredenburg's suggestion of a change of residence with a surprised and startled face, but after the next week Shelby knew the Spragues no more.

"It's an odd thing how some people are always crossing your path," Agnes De Ruyter said, one morning, standing at the window of a fashionable house in the city, and watching the passers-by. Agnes was not in a good humor that morning. In the first place, it was a raw, damp morning, like that other, more than a year ago, when she had stood in the window at Shelby and watched Rachel Sprague go by; and, in the second place, she was annoyed thinking of the voice she had heard in the choir of a city church the night before.

"I knew it was Rachel Sprague's before it had sung a bar," she said. "I would know the voice any where. Not that it is a voice to rave about, as some did in Shelby, but it is peculiar and distinctive. And there, across the church, was Mr. Rothmeyer, who came to Shelby for his health. The Rothmeyer ladies wore velvet and diamonds. If I get an opportunity I shall cultivate them. But Rachel Sprague!" she broke out again, as if her mind reverted painfully to her as a haunting subject; "it's an odd thing that I should run foul of her the first thing when I come to the city. I never fancied her in the least. She put on airs, and was very ambitious."

"Why do you stand shilly-shallying at the window when you ought to be dressing?" interposed her mother. "Rachel Sprague and her singing are nothing to you."

Agnes de Ruyter wondered if they were nothing to her, remembering that Dr. Vredenburg had never been the same man after Rachel Sprague left Shelby.

Apocryphos of her thought, Mrs. De Ruyter said: "Your father met Dr. Vredenburg in the street this morning and invited him to dinner. The Doctor is down to the city on important business."

"I wonder what the business is?" Agnes De Ruyter mused.

"Perhaps it is you," suggested her mother.

Agnes De Ruyter shook her head. "Nonsense!" she said, pettishly. "Dr. Vredenburg has no interest in me."

"And if he had?" suggested her mother.

"You would be Dr. Vredenburg's mother-in-law," Agnes replied, with a little malice in her speech, for Dr. Vredenburg was a bone of contention in the De Ruyter family. He was the only man without wealth and station that Agnes ever would tolerate, Mrs. De Ruyter would say, in a grieved tone. She did not understand it at all.

Agnes De Ruyter stood under the gas-light that night attired to go out. She held in her hand a little piece of paper on which she recognized Dr. Vredenburg's writing.

"December 16th," she read.

"That was day before yesterday," she commented, and proceeded to read from a little memorandum:

"Called at Abner Styles's, ostensibly for herbs, but really to make inquiries concerning—"

Agnes De Ruyter paused, for two initial letters were so blotted that she could not make them out. She read on:

"I have resolved to stake all and win or lose. I shall go to New York on Monday. Our steps are directed by the Lord."

Agnes De Ruyter folded the paper. "I will give it to him at the concert to-night," she said. "He promised to be there."

"What a dead earnest face!" A lady whispered the comment to Rachel Sprague, sitting in the choir of a city church where a sacred concert was given for the benefit of a benevolent institution.

Rachel Sprague glanced to the pew where was the earnest face, and a change swept over hers.

"Do you know him?" asked her companion. "Your face lighted up with a sudden glory."

Rachel Sprague put out the glory in an instant, and answered, calmly, "I have seen the face before—for many months, however."

"It isn't a young face, or a captivating one," the girl went on to say. "It isn't half so fascinating as Mr. Rothmeyer's."

Rachel Sprague frowned. "Hush!" she said. "He will hear you;" for Mr. Rothmeyer sat at a little distance watching her.

Rachel Sprague sang her part in the oratorio of the "Messiah." Her voice trembled unwontedly at the first, but ere she finished the notes of praise rang out clear and swelling like a jubilee.

"It was well done, Miss Sprague," the leader of the concert said, approvingly, as they took their seats. "Your singing is an inspiration sometimes."

The face that Rachel Sprague's companion had called "dead earnest" was turned toward the choir while they sang. It took in all the singers, but lingered longest on Rachel Sprague's

and Mr. Rothmeyer's. "She is not looking well," he said; "and he is tenacious, as I said."

He entered the choir while a duet was sung, and the singers made way for him. He came like one with authority, they said.

Rachel Sprague acknowledged the authority, for when she recognized Dr. Vredenburg she gave him a seat by her side, and waited with the surprised and startled look her face had worn when he had suggested her departure from Shelby.

Dr. Vredenburg did not keep her waiting long. He had sought her with intent to speak his mind, and he was not a prudent man to study time and place.

Leaning on his arm to shield her from the gaze of the singers, he said, "I once told you I would rather die than say to a woman what she might not wish to hear. I run the risk of saying unwelcome words to you."

The surprise went out of Rachel Sprague's face, and left it white, and grave, and full of womanly tenderness. "Your words are not unwelcome," she said.

"*Wife* comprehends them all," he said.

The singers came and went, but Rachel Sprague sat like one who heard not, her face profoundly thoughtful, and her eyes full of the light of love and happiness. Dr. Vredenburg, catching the look, was answered before the reply came, low and sweet, "*Husband* comprehends my answer."

Agnes De Ruyter saw Rachel Sprague and Dr. Vredenburg passing out of the church. There was no mistaking the man's right or the woman's proud acknowledgment of it. She comprehended the business that had brought Dr. Vredenburg to the city, and said, "Without doubt the blotted initials were R. S. He has staked all and won. He was sure to."

Agnes de Ruyter made a new classification of friends about this time. She put Rachel Sprague and Dr. Vredenburg among married people, uninteresting and incomprehensible; and Mr. Rothmeyer she placed among her eligible friends.

Years after she changed his place again, and wrote him husband. "To think that after all I should marry a summer importation who came down to Shelby for his health," she said, with a smile that was more than half dissatisfied.

Dr. Vredenburg, over the news of that marriage, exclaimed, "Poor Rothmeyer! When I took Rachel there was left to him only Laban's second daughter."

SHIPWRECK OF THE "GENERAL GRANT."

ON the 28th of November, 1865, the ship *General Grant*, Captain William H. Loughlin, sailed from Boston for Melbourne. A fine westerly breeze urged her cheerily along, and the crew, of which the narrator was one, began the voyage in good spirits. During the second night out a heavy gale struck us, and

while shortening sail the third mate, Rufus S. Tyler, was lost overboard. This ill omen was followed by good weather, which took us in sixty-eight days to the Cape of Good Hope.

Bad weather vexed us thence to Melbourne, which we reached on the 13th of March, 1866.

We remained in Melbourne about eight weeks, loading for London. By one of those coincidences which sailors dread we took aboard part of a cargo that had been intended for the steamer *London*. This ill-fated vessel had sunk in the Bay of Biscay on her voyage out, and there were many gloomy prophecies that no freight of hers would reach London in any ship. The rats are also said to have left our vessel. Our cargo consisted chiefly of wool and hides, with about four thousand ounces of gold. We sailed on Friday the 4th of May, 1866, with sixty passengers, among whom were six women and about twenty children. The men were nearly all miners, returning home with their families and what property they had acquired at the diggings. The crew numbered twenty-three—four officers and nineteen men.

The Auckland Isles are a group of black basaltic rocks, lying about 1500 miles southeast of Melbourne, and 199 south of New Zealand. They are barren and uninhabited. Whalers and sealers occasionally visit them, and have left a stock of pigs and a few crazy huts. Many vessels have been cast away there, and an abundance of wreck-wood may be found on the shores. Captain Musgrave, of the schooner *Grafton*, was wrecked there in 1864, and remained eighteen months. He left a substantial hut, and at his instance the Government of New Zealand put goats, sheep, and domestic fowls ashore there, and planted English elms, oaks, and ash-trees. Nothing thrived but the goats. Papers were also left giving the bearings of New Zealand and other useful information; but these seem never to have been found.

For five days the *General Grant* made good progress with a fair wind. The Captain had originally intended running to the northward of the Aucklands; but on the seventh day a southeasterly breeze sprang up, obliging him to beat to windward.

Heavy fog closed in, and a sharp look-out was kept for land. The last observation was taken that morning. Throughout the next two days the weather was so thick that we could scarcely see the end of the jib-boom from the deck. At 10½ o'clock at night of the ninth day the look-out forward cried, "Land on the port bow." This was Disappointment Island, the most westerly of the Auckland group. The Captain immediately tacked ship and ran to the northward of Disappointment. When fairly clear of the land, which he supposed to be the most northerly of the Aucklands, instead of the most westerly, the wind shifted from southeast to northwest.

All danger seemed past. The yards were squared and the doomed ship put on the straight

course for Cape Horn. An hour later the look-out reported "Land dead ahead," but after inspection with the glass the officers declared it only a fog-bank.

Not many minutes later the wind died completely away, leaving a heavy sea. At the same time dawned upon us the terrible danger we were in. The sea and the current were carrying us toward a rock-bound, precipitous coast. The main island of Auckland lay directly ahead, and every swash of the sea was pushing us toward destruction.

A breeze, though ever so slight, might save the ship and enable her to run between the two islands. All the passengers were called aft, all the crew on deck. In vain was every sail set, every yard braced to meet a breath of air. The tide took us at one time so far to the south that it seemed we might go clear. Then an eddy carried us to the northward again, nearer and nearer to the overhanging rock.

The scene on deck and in the cabins struck terror to the stoutest hearts. Miners were seen tying up their gold in blankets, women were wailing and children shrieking. All hands were pulling at the braces as long as a spark of hope remained.

Cruel fate urged us pitilessly on, yet so slowly that it was a relief when the end came, and that long agony of hopeless waiting ceased. As we neared the land the lead was heaved to find anchorage, but no bottom could be found.

At half past one at night the jib-boom struck the rock at the foot of a cliff many hundred feet high, and with the bowsprit was carried away. This shock caused the ship to spin around and strike her stern, carrying away the spanker-boom and rudder, and breaking the ribs of the man at the wheel. We now found ourselves drifting helplessly into a narrow cove inclosed by precipices of unknown height. The ship's sides were striking heavily against the rock, and there were thirty fathoms of water under her. All hope was gone; yet the Captain stood nobly at his post, and the crew remained subordinate.

Lanterns were held over the side and carried up the rigging. Not a foothold for a bird could be discovered. The masts were not cut away, as they could not fall clear of the deck. There was too much water for anchoring.

So we drifted on, and the cove grew narrower. Suddenly the fore-royal mast struck the rock above and came tumbling down, followed by the other spars. As the main-royal mast and top-hamper succeeded we realized the appalling fact that we were being sucked into a cave of unknown depth.

The rock above was tearing the masts out of the ship and in detached masses, breaking holes through the deck and forward houses. After losing all the fore-mast, the stump of the main-mast caught against the solid roof, and stopped farther progress. But for this circumstance the *General Grant* would have sunk that night and none lived to tell the story.

The mizzen-mast remained unhurt outside the cavern, and all hands gathered on the after-cabin out of danger from the shower of stones and broken spars to await the dawn. It was useless to attempt launching the boats in the dark; and we prayed that the good craft might hold together till morning. The Captain all the while was encouraging the timid and exhorting the idle. Hour after hour passed in anxious suspense—the masts chafing restlessly above, the seams opening below with every sea, and the hull gradually settling.

At last the first streaks of daylight warned us to set about launching the boats. A spar and tackle were rigged over the stern, and one of the quarter-boats launched with infinite care. A crew of three was put in her, and ordered to pull outside the cave and seek a landing-place on the coast. The heavy sea forbade this attempt, and the boat, by some misunderstanding, anchored with a kedge a short distance outside of the cave. In about twenty minutes a second boat was got into the water with eight men, under charge of the mate.

It was intended to put the women and children aboard of her; but only one, the stewardess, could be induced to make the attempt. She was thrown overboard with a rope about her waist, and kept on the surface till the boat picked her up. This boat then joined the first outside.

Meanwhile the ship was sinking, and the long-boat was made ready to float off the deck. The scene at this moment was one of such utter misery as few men ever see, and fewer still survive to tell of. Every sea washed over the stern and swept the deck.

The long-boat was crammed with all who could gain a foothold. It was partly filled with water, and several poor creatures lying in the bilge were crowded down and drowned before she was clear of the ship. Women clinging to their children, and crazy men to their gold, were seen washing to and fro as the water invaded the upper deck.

One wretch saw his wife and two children driven by him in this way without making an effort to save them, while the last man who got aboard nearly lost his life trying to persuade the mother to be saved without her children.

At about seven o'clock the long-boat floated clear of the deck, and before we had got fifty yards away from her the *General Grant* sank. All left on board were lost. The last we saw was the Captain in the mizzen-topmast cross-trees waving his handkerchief. From the first moment of danger to the last of his life he had devoted himself to the task of saving his passengers and crew. He made no effort to leave the ship, and his last act, with death staring him in the face, was to make a sign of encouragement and adieu to those who seemed to have a chance for life.

Not more than five minutes after the long-boat suddenly capsized, and I found myself struggling in the water for my life. Diving

underneath the struggling crowd I swam as far as I could under water, and on coming to the surface found myself free to make my way to the other boats. Only three out of forty odd were able to reach them. The rest struggled a few moments and all was over. We now found ourselves fifteen in number in two boats, three in one and twelve in the other.

We first equalized the crews. We then held a council as to our future course, and decided to pull under the lee of Disappointment Island, which lay about six miles off, and wait for the weather to moderate. Our provisions were a few tins of preserved meats and some salt beef and pork in the mate's boat.

But we had no water. We had a hard pull of it. The wind was ahead with a heavy sea. We lost sight of each other many times, and it took us more than twelve hours to row the distance. We lay off Disappointment all night, and next morning in trying to land capsized the mate's boat; but all succeeded in reaching the shore. There we found water, and caught two albatross, which we could not cook or eat. We had lost all our provisions but one piece of pork and nine tins of meat. On opening the tins we found it impossible to retain the contents on our stomachs. We then decided to pull over to the main island again; but after several hours of useless labor had to put back and lie under the lee of Disappointment again all night.

Our sufferings from cold, hunger, and thirst during these two days and two nights were indescribable. McClellan's despair became so discouraging to his crew that he was shifted to the mate's boat. By pulling all the next day we succeeded in reaching a safe haven in a bay we afterward called North Harbor, on the main island of Auckland. We found no landing-place that night; but the next morning we pulled to the northeast part of the harbor and discovered one at a place called Sarah's Bosom.

Our first care was to build a fire. Tier had six matches. Brush-wood and fuel were gathered, and the result watched with anxious eyes. The first match ignited, but went out immediately. Of the next four the heads fell off useless. This was the most critical moment of our lives. If that last match failed starvation and perhaps cannibalism were to be our lot. The men were already talking of the probability of having to cast lots for a victim. Being the smallest of the party, I determined to keep out of the way until the question had been decided.

I stole unperceived away and hid among the rocks, with a trembling heart, until the welcome sight of smoke relieved me of anxiety. The last match had been nursed with the most desperate care, and the fire was started. This fire was never allowed to go out during the eighteen months of our stay.

Comparative comfort was now dawning. Clothes were dried, the two albatross cooked, and a few shell-fish gathered. A long sleep

on the grass, with feet to the fire, gave us long-needed rest. We afterward found that the wood of the island was so moistened by the wet climate that the Maoris of New Zealand who come here sealing always bring their own light-wood with them. The Indian process of rubbing two sticks together is of no avail. Thus on this one match depended the lives of the whole party.

Next day a party rowed along the coast and found an old whaler's hut about three miles off. Our fire was then carefully moved to the hut, and all hands went to gathering food and fuel. Two seals were caught and baked. Seal meat was ever after our staple article of food.

The only thing of use in the hut was a jute bag, which one of the men appropriated for a coat. The example and encouragement of Tier during all this time had alone roused us from despair. We now settled down to the work of making ourselves as comfortable as possible, though without tools or proper material. There were only two knives among us. We visited the wreck of the *Grafton*, but she had been stripped of every thing useful by Musgrave. A few fish were caught in her hold, and we luckily discovered before eating them that they were poisonous from the copper which they had got at in the schooner.

Most of us had heard of Musgrave's wreck, and we all knew that he had left a hut, and we believed a stock of provisions and implements. On the 23d of May a picked crew of six was sent in search of this hut. They returned unsuccessful after ten days, and found us so emaciated by dysentery that they did not know us one from the other. They recommended eating the blubber as well as the flesh of the seal. This diet soon restored us.

While this party was gone we made search for food or utensils left by former visitors. We found a tree with the name of the steamer *Victoria* carved on it, and a bottle with a paper in it stating that fowls, goats, and rabbits had been left on the island. No mention was made of the course for New Zealand.

Not long after a party of eight started anew, and after a month of wandering in snow and cold found Musgrave's hut. It contained, however, only a few rude articles of furniture, and a large iron boiler. The walls were lined with canvas. It was about twenty-five miles from the other hut. On our return we found that a great disappointment had been spared us. A vessel had been sighted and chase given in the boat. The boat got near enough to see the men aboard, but no device succeeded in attracting attention. Tier expressed a wish that she might "break her back," which she actually did four days after on the coast of New Zealand.

In order to have two look-outs and sealing grounds we separated into two parties, one remaining in the whaler's, and the other going to Musgrave's hut. Seven of us went to the latter, barely existing on seal, which by this time we had learned to salt.

We remained here till October, and then made a visit to the other party, thinking they might be in want. We found that by the ingenuity of Tier they had been taught to make clothing, blankets, moccasins, needles, and salt, and had found plenty of birds' eggs. They had caught many rabbits, two goats, and two kids. The goats, which they had kept alive, were marked A. S. (Acclimatization Society) on the horns.

The project was now started of fitting up the best boat, and sending it in search of New Zealand.

We returned to Musgrave's and busied ourselves in rigging the boat, while the other party prepared provisions. We made the canvas lining of the hut into sails, tinder, and clothing. We picked the ropes which held the beams of the hut together into oakum, and remade it into smaller rope.

On the 26th of December, 1866, the two parties again united at the cove, and joined forces to put the finishing touches to the boat. At last, when all that our ingenuity and means could furnish was gathered, we called for volunteers. The mate, Bartholomew Brown, M'Nevin, Morrison, and Scott were the ones who offered for the perilous enterprise. The boat was twenty-two feet long by four feet six inches beam—a sound Whitehall boat. A jib and main-sail were her sails. The supply of water was about thirty gallons, in gullets of seals. For provisions, two live goats, a baked seal, some salted seal, seven tins of preserved meats, and thirty dozen boiled eggs were put aboard. It was calculated that this supply would last three weeks.

This devoted crew hoped, without chart or compass, to reach some part of New Zealand, whence a rescuing party might be sent. The nearest point lies about two hundred miles from the Aucklands. The question was to us in what direction. The islands were searched in vain for papers giving the true bearings. Those who had read Musgrave's account racked their brains to recollect the course he steered when he escaped, and finally convinced themselves that it was east-northeast. Others were in favor of due north. The former unhappily prevailed.

On the 22d of January, 1867, our ill-fated companions left us, and we never saw them more. It was a bright summer day, one of very few we had, and the wind was fair.

Both parties appreciated the danger and the mutual dependence of their fates. Tears trickled down the faces of all, and a silent hand-shaking was all their adieu. We rowed out to sea a few miles with them, and on our return climbed to the highest peak to catch one more glimpse, but the fresh breeze had already carried them out of sight. That night blew a heavy northeast gale, but next day a southwest wind arose and continued eight days.

The anxious waiting which ensued told more severely on us than all the privation. The feverish excitement of hope caused a cessation of labor one day, and blank despair rendered us

helpless the next. One man would accuse the unhappy crew of deserting us, and curse their selfishness. Another would, sobbing, deplore their cruel fate, and praise the noble men who ventured on a hopeless task.

Six weeks we watched and prayed for their return, and then we mourned them as dead. Not until after our rescue did we discover the appalling fact that the course they took must have carried them far to the eastward of New Zealand, with no prospect of sighting land for thousands of miles. Let us hope that some merciful storm spared them the pangs of starvation and its attendant crimes.

One circumstance that added greatly to our anxiety for the boat was the relation of a dream by Caughey. Some days before the boat started he had nearly given way to despair, and had prayed God for a dream which should show him whether he was ever to get off the island. That night in his sleep his mother appeared to him, bearing a branch of laurel, and said: "My son, you shall get away from this island in January, and the vessel shall be sighted during your cooking week." She went on to state that the look-out should not discover her, but that Caughey should. She also pointed out the island from behind which the vessel should appear, and described her as being a brig with Maoris aboard. The month of January, 1867, passed by with no signs of rescue, and the dream was almost forgotten. It was, however, realized in the next year.

On the 8th of March, 1867, all but Jewell and his wife and M'Clellan moved over to Enderby's Island, as it promised to be a better place for look-out and sealing ground. As soon as we had got comfortable quarters under way the others joined us. We built here rude huts of brush-wood thatched with grass, closed only on three sides, with a fire in front. These are called by the New Zealanders *mai-mis*. They kept the cold out very well, but caught fire very often.

We then passed many days collecting wood along the shore to build more substantial shelters with. We also got logs from the main island, and by good luck found some bricks and tiles for a chimney. These were the relics of a Maori settlement which had been abandoned many years before. They had been overgrown with grass, but we accidentally built a fire over the spot, which disclosed the edges of the tiles.

We built one house twenty feet by eleven, with a chimney, in which lived six of us. Another one, a little larger, was occupied by Jewell and wife and three others. We then established a systematic look-out, at which each man took his turn all day long. For this man's shelter we built another *mai-mi* on the highest summit of the island, and made enormous piles of wood for bonfires in case of need.

Tier was our leader in all plans for improving our condition. No scrap of iron ever escaped his eye, and he could always find a use for the most trifling article.

In 1840 a few pigs had been put ashore by an American whaler, and at our time had increased to droves of thousands. We had made many unsuccessful attempts at catching them. On the 19th of June, 1867, more than a year after our landing, while rowing along the Auckland beach, we espied a sow feeding close to the water. By careful stalking we succeeded in capturing her, at the expense of a sprained ankle to Allen. We carried her over to Enderby's and kept her several months, feeding her on seal. She was then killed, but her flesh tasted exactly like seal's, to our bitter disappointment.

We determined to catch some more, and Tier's wonderful mechanical talent devised the means. He set us to digging pitfalls, but the pigs always got out. He then heated some old pieces of iron, fashioned them into hooks, and boiled them in oil to temper them. This created much amusement. We would not believe that pigs could be caught like fishes with hooks. Tier kept steadily on. He took flax, which grew plentifully about us, boiled the plant in lye and water, and twisted the fibres into rope. The hooks were loosely attached to a pole about twelve feet long. A rope eighteen feet long was then bent on to the eye of the hook and made fast to the body of the hunter. Tier thus armed we started for the chase on Auckland. A large black sow with a litter of young was soon espied. Tier crept carefully up behind her and suddenly thrust the hook into her back, threw down the pole, and pulled lustily on the rope, shouting, joyfully, "I've hooked her! I've hooked her!"

The sow squealed, and we yelled and hauled. She, with one of her young, was soon carried over to Enderby. A ring was put in her nose, and the name of "Nellie," with a comfortable pen, given her. She soon became very tame, and could not bear to be left alone. The young one was called "Roger," and became a great pet. He followed us about like a dog, and would jump into the water rather than be left out of a boat-excursion.

We caught many more after this whose flesh was well flavored. When rescued we left a colony of seventeen on Enderby, under charge of the disconsolate Roger. We had also tame rabbits, and a hawk which would never leave the hut, and stole every thing it could put its claws on.

At this time we were as comfortable as the resources of the island would allow. Our huts were tolerably weather-proof, and what with seal, albatross, pig, rabbit, and fish, fresh and salted, with good water, we were not badly off for food. Seal soup at every meal was monotonous, but bearable. Tier invented needles from the wing-bones of the albatross, thread from flax, and cloth from the skin of the seal. After carefully paring, pounding, and stretching the skins they became soft as chamois, and were easily fashioned into garments. Shoes and hats were made in the same way; buttons of wood and bone, and mufflers of rabbit skins.

We had found two axes, an adz, and an Ames shovel. With a piece of file he had picked up Tier filed the shovel into six pieces, which served for knife-blades. Heating one end of each he drove a nail through, making a hole for the handle rivet; then tempered the whole by plunging into oil while red-hot. These knives were sharpened on a grindstone left by Captain Musgrave, and became as sharp as razors. Lamps were made of zinc, and wicks of flax. Our dishes were of wood, and forks of albatross bones. Our bed-clothes were of the skin of the fur-seal.

The life was monotonous enough. It consisted of a daily hunt for food and fire-wood. Parties of two would start with a knife and two clubs, searching for seal. Sometimes a whole day would pass without success; often a good bag was made in a few hours. The sport was dangerous and cruel. Others would fish, hook pigs, and trap rabbits. Sunday was always observed as a holiday, and no work was done. Each man roamed off with his favorite companion or talked of rescue, and discussed their prospects over the fire. We all had an intense longing for vegetables, coffee, and tobacco. Tier kept a diary on pieces of bleached seal-skin, on which he scratched with a nail or marked with charcoal.

Besides providing a look-out we planned many ways of sending information of our plight to other lands. We tied messages to the necks of Cape hens and let them loose. We inflated seal bladders inclosing manuscripts, tied to small floats which would fly before the wind faster than a boat could row. At first the birds ate them, but we applied tar, which saved them from further molestation.

Tier cut pieces of spar into the shape of boats, attached an iron keel heavy enough to ballast them in all weather, put in an iron mast, and rigged a sail of zinc, on which was scratched "*Ship General Grant wrecked on Auckland Isles 14 May, 1866; 10 survivors to date. Want relief.*"

Three of these were sent off, and one was ready to launch at the time of our rescue. We got along good-naturedly enough, though occasionally quarrels would break out. A difference of opinion as to the management of a boat caused a fight between two of the party, which was terminated in six rounds by a knock-down blow. One of the party, becoming unruly, was threatened with banishment to a small desert island adjoining, which brought him to his senses. Scott, who was lost in the boat, was allowed two weeks off duty to make a pack of cards, during which time we did his work. He took the tin lining of a bread-locker, cut it into fifty-two pieces, and scratched the emblems of the cards on them with a nail. At first there was great competition for the use of these, and the sound of merriment was heard till midnight for many weeks. Afterward dominoes, checkers, tip-cat, and foot-ball were added to our list of amusements.

In July of 1867 we made two attempts to go overland on Auckland to the cave where the ship was lost, but discovered only high precipices overhanging the sea, with no means of getting to the water's edge.

During the fall we were sorely afflicted with scurvy, or, as the whalers call it, "the cobbler." The entire party was attacked, and it was only later that we realized how severely our ankle and knee joints were stiffened, and the flesh so swollen that the imprint of a finger would remain for an hour or more. We had heard that a remedy for scurvy was to bury the man all but the head. This we tried in several cases, but it did no good. In closing our mouths our teeth would, on meeting, project straight out, flattened against each other. General weakness and despondency, with a longing for vegetables, was our torment. Severe exercise seemed to be the only remedy. This was our most trying time. The graves of many former shipwrecked men were about us, and on the 23d of September we added one to their number. McClellan was an old man of over 60. When we were first cast away he looked not more than 45, but gradually aged through anxiety. He cut his hand with a piece of copper. The wound mortified, and he gradually sank, dying easily. We formed a mournful procession for his funeral. All cripples, we bore him to his grave. Ashworth repeated the Lord's Prayer, and each one spoke of soon following him. All, even to the sickest, who could scarcely drag himself along, came. This blow, at our period of greatest despondency, was almost overwhelming. A feeling of gloom and dread of being the last survivor came over us all.

From this time forward we were never fairly rid of the scurvy, though at times all partially recovered. In October Tier proposed to take the last boat and make another attempt to reach New Zealand, provided two others would join him. Drew Heyman and I agreed to go, but the others objected, as it would leave them without a boat and confined to one island. This project was therefore abandoned.

On the 19th November, 1867, while Ferguson was on the look-out, and the boat away sealing, he came rushing down in delirious joy, shouting "Sail, ho!" All took fire-brands and started for the wood-piles prepared for bonfires. The wind unfortunately blew too hard for the smoke to rise, though we set nearly the whole island on fire. The sail disappeared behind Auckland, and left us despondent. Tier proposed to pull the boat around to Musgrave's hut, thirty miles away, but we were too hopeless to undertake the journey.

On the 21st November, two days after, while Ashworth was on look-out and each party at its hut, owing to a heavy hail-storm, Caughey went out to cut some wood. It was his cooking week. While plying the axe he looked up and espied a brig sailing close in to the coast. In a moment the good tidings spread, we rushed to the shore, manned the boat, and pulled with

might and main for the brig. Three remained ashore to fire the island. The boat reached the strange vessel, and though our savage appearance at first alarmed the crew, they received us on board. Then were we made welcome to all they could spare. The *Amherst*, Captain Gilroy, of Invercarghill, manned by Maoris, and bound on a sealing voyage, was the means of our rescue. Captain Gilroy beat up between the islands and anchored off our huts. We were all taken aboard, and treated in the most hospitable manner. No Persian monarch ever enjoyed such a treat as we when tobacco and tea were set before us.

As it would have spoiled the voyage to return at once, we remained sealing for the brig nearly two months. Our long experience at this pursuit enabled us to make some requital for our kind treatment. On the 8th of January, 1868, we sailed for New Zealand, and landed at Invercarghill in five days. Here every kindness was shown us. A Court of Inquiry was held, and our testimony taken. The whole population crowded to welcome and aid us. Money, clothing, and sympathy were given us in abundance. The *Amherst* was sent by private subscription in search of the mate's boat. She had been gone from us more than a year, and is still missing.

To measure our gratitude is not for mere written words. Only those who have suffered as we did can know how deep are our feelings. On the 26th of January we reached Melbourne, and became the lions of the place.

From this time the ties by which common danger, sickness, hunger, and despair had united us were broken. We again became scattered among the great family of mankind. We may never meet again. Be that as it may, "Yankee Bill" will ever long to grasp the hands of Tier, Caughey, Heyman, Ashworth, and his other companions in misery.

A HUNT AFTER DEVILS.

ON a pleasant evening in July last I arrived at Leipzig just in time for the opera. The new opera-house, of which Langhaus of Berlin was architect, opened in January, 1868, and is certainly unsurpassed for beauty by any in Germany. From the ceiling the Muses and Graces, grouped in their galaxy, surrounded by a ring of oval links, each link a frame for the portrait of some magnate of Art, looked down upon their worshipers. The central place above the stage is given to the poet whom Germany most reveres—Schiller—and on the right and left are Mozart and Gluck. On this evening the building was crowded, for the opera was to be *Der Freischütz*, the work most admired by the people of Leipzig, where, as I was every where told, it is rendered with a magnificence unequaled elsewhere. Indeed, I afterward found that the city regarded itself as having a sort of vested interest in Weber's great work, whose announcement never fails to produce in it a

lively sensation. It was certainly an admirable entertainment; the orchestra of nearly seventy instruments was moved as by one breath of harmony; the singers were trained artists; and from first to last there was no break in the enthusiasm of the rendering or the reception of the charming work. But I very soon perceived that the superiority of the performance of *Der Freischütz* at Leipzig, as compared with its production at other places where I had witnessed it, was the completeness and splendor with which the weird effects and horrors of the infernal scenes of the Wolf's Glen were presented. Hitherto my most distinct impressions, apart from the thrilling music, of this part of the opera, were connected with a masquerade of clumsy imps in animal shapes, a long piece of cotton cloth, with hounds, harts, and boars painted on it, drawn amidst ludicrous squeaks and yells across the stage-roof, all terminating in the fizz of fire-crackers, with an intolerable smoke and smell filling the house afterward.

But the scene as produced at Leipzig was very different indeed. Mr. Pepper's art was employed to raise the tremulous spirits which rose at every step of Caspar's descent to the Glen, warning him back; every tone of Zamiel—who was in a garb black as midnight, unrelieved, as usual, by any touch of red—curdled the blood; and when the magic bullets were being moulded the stage swarmed with huge reptiles, fiery serpents crawled over the ground, a chariot with wheels of fire, drawn by dragons, driven by a skeleton, passed through the space midway between stage and ceiling; and the rush of the Wild Huntsman's chase, composed of animals real to the eye, and uttering animal sounds, presented a scene so striking and wonderful that I can hardly imagine by what ingenuity it could have been managed. The ecstasy of the assembly at this scene is indescribable. Faces flushed, eyes gleamed, and when the curtain fell it was amidst a roar of applause which swelled against it in surges until it rose again, that homage might be done to all concerned.

After this grand apotheosis of diabolism I naturally wended my way to Auerbach's Cellar, to which Goethe's genius has given a world-wide fame as the place where Mephistopheles bored the table with a gimlet, and then flew out of the window with Faust, astride a wine-cask. It is still a wine-cellar, and has considerable reputation for its wines. They certainly are both good and cheap. I paid about fifteen cents for a half-bottle of pure Niersteiner, which included also a proudly attentive guide to all the points of legendary interest in the three rooms comprised by the Cellar. Three or four parties sat about the chief room, drinking their wine and enjoying their sausages, cheese, or other cold viands, which are also supplied. The curiosity with which they watched, and now and then assisted my inquiries, seemed to show that the interest of a foreigner in tracing out the vestiges

of Satan in Leipzig was somewhat unusual; and, indeed, in the book kept for the autographs of visitors I found only German names. The main room is adorned with very old and faded frescoes, representing the various aspects of the legend, several of which, it was claimed, existed there before Goethe wrote his version of it, and indeed suggested to him the idea of *Faust*. I was fortunate enough to obtain a copy of the oldest and quaintest of them—probably about 350 years old—representing Faust disappearing before the amazed revelers. In the centre of the room where the feat of the gimlet is said to have been performed there is a huge cask, and on the walls around are the admirable pictures by Kaulbach, representing scenes from Goethe's "*Faust*," which alone are fine enough to repay a visit to Leipzig. That artist has done nothing better, perhaps, the form and face of Margaret being especially incomparable. But that which chiefly interested me was an old book, a History of Leipzig, which the proprietor of the Cellar had purchased, he said, at a large price because it contained a portrait of Dr. Faustus, and some brief historical mention of him. The book was kept chained to a table, where visitors were permitted, under many cautions as to its value, to peruse it. It is entitled "*Annales Lipsienses*," bears no date, though evidently printed near the close of last century, and professes to give the local history of the town from year A.D. 661 to 1714. Its notice of Faust is very brief, merely stating that in such a year (1525) Dr. Johann Faustus lived in Leipzig and devoted himself to the study and practice of astrology and magic. The portrait is from a copper-plate, and represents a man in the scholastic dress of the period, with a strong, round German head and face, jutting brow, wide between the eyes, which are prominent, and a thin, cynical mouth under small, pointed mustaches. The figure is slightly bent, and would seem—as also the thin, curling gray hair—to belong to a man of about seventy years of age. The general aspect is grave and scholarly.

There is also in the Cellar an old book which belonged, or so it was alleged, to the famous diviner. I could well believe, too, that it might once have been in his library, because of its resemblance to one I examined in the Royal Library at Dresden, written by Michael Scotus, which, there is good reason to believe, was owned by Faust. Both of these books of magic are written in Latin, interspersed with Arabic characters and sentences. There are complete directions for raising any particular devil desired, with incidental advice like the following, as rendered into English:

"Let the master consider well, before any operation, what business he wishes to transact with the spirits, lest in the midst of an experiment there should be confusion or disturbance."

"The master should be alone, or if others wish to be present the number must always be odd."

"Wherefore, that whatever you do may be done wisely, consider the end. Farewell. Michael Scot. Prague in Bohemia."

After which is the picture of a woman, bearing a torch and a key, standing on the curve of the world. In another part of the work is found what is therein called *Sigillum Telschunhab*, a seal in red characters on a black ground, presumably the seal affixed to the bond, signed in blood, between Faust and the devil. The book also contains a picture of Mephistopheles, who, instead of being the Voltairian caricature represented in post-Goethean pictures of him, is here, with all the slyness in his eye, a heavy, thick-built fellow, suggestive of the form, if not the face, of the Dummerteufel, or Stupid Devil, of the later German mythology.

It was very interesting to spell out here and there, in the libraries of the cities and towns of the country, the certain evidences that in the early part of the sixteenth century there did actually live in Leipzig a scholar and graduate of Wittenberg who seriously believed in and practiced the Black Art, and assiduously cultivated the acquaintance of the devil. Convinced that such an individual could not be a mere eccentricity, unrelated to the current superstitions of his neighborhood, I began to fumble about the book of "Annales" already mentioned, to discover, if possible, any antecedents or local elements which might have produced him. Nay, Auerbach's Cellar itself, with its legend, seemed to me a phenomenon which must have some long fore-ground of popular belief, and, perhaps, also, the great cleverness in diabolism I had witnessed at the opera must be regarded as having been reached in response to some local susceptibility to an interest of that nature. Something of this kind, at any rate, was in my fancy as I sat until past midnight poring over the chained volume in Auerbach's Cellar.

I was rewarded by finding accounts of two instances in which the devil was reported to have made sensations in Leipzig. The first of these was entered under date of 1604:

"On the 17th of January the Evil Spirit came to one Jeremy, a Strasburgian marksman in the shooting-ground of St. Thomas, called him by name, and commanded him to hang or stab himself. For that purpose Satan prepared a bath and placed a stool beneath it. But whereas the marksman would not comply with the request, the fiend asked him to jump over a wall with him and go to the court of the Castle, where there was a beautiful pear-tree, from which he was to pluck some fruit. This he also refused to do. The Evil One then disappeared. The marksman sent for a confessor, M. Dario Batnam, the Dean of St. Thomas, and telling him with tears of this apparition, asked for consolation against this temptation, which having obtained through God's Word, he thereafter found rest from the devil."

The other instance occurred in 1635, during a period of excessive cold, which, the history hints, was the effect of diabolical agency. During this cold spell, which was attended by much snow, the devil appeared to a certain soldier, and having taken a seat opposite him at a table, uttered the most fearful blasphemies, and even put the soldier into a mood for cursing. This was repeated several times, until the sol-

dier at length asked to have his quarters changed, which being done he was no more troubled by the diabolical "Flucher."

There were three things which especially interested me in these explorations of Auerbach's Cellar, which also my reader may hereafter find reason to recall. First, there was in the old fresco I have particularly mentioned a small black dog near Faust as he disappears on the cask, there being no appearance of Mephistopheles at all. Second, in the first of the two cases just recited the person tempted was a marksman, in the next a soldier, both of whom were probably in those days also huntsmen. Thirdly, the snow-storm is particularly named in connection with the second appearance of Satan.

After leaving Auerbach's Cellar I walked about the city under the moonlight, and found reason to apprehend that the power of the Gentleman in Black in it had not altogether passed away with his old friend Faust. Most German towns are fast asleep soon after nine o'clock; but there was hardly a street in this one where, long after midnight, groups of students were not raising the—Zamiel, in a much more ordinary way than by either black or dramatic art. A tremendous noise in a certain brilliantly lighted hall, at whose door sat a receiver of admission fees, attracted my attention, and on entering I found a number of young people engaged in a frolic sufficiently grotesque to have suggested the *Walpurgisnacht*. In the interval following a wild dance there entered a procession of men and women in the strangest costumes and disguises, who, after marching, or rather reeling, around the room, broke off into whirling dances with yells and whoops suggestive of Indian life. Entering the streets again, I witnessed more open and shameless profligacy than I have seen either in London or New York. It is now nearly eight centuries since the Bohemian Wratislav overwhelmed Leipzig, but I should imagine that the Bohemia which is moral rather than geographical might still regard this as its capital.

What a place this to train that Prince of Bohemians, the young Goethe of Frankfort, who here in 1765 passed merely for a dandy and a "fast" youth with his fellow-students and his sweet-hearts, who little knew into what they and their cellars and orgies were being subtly transmuted by the genius of this alchemist. Under the window of his lodging-room, as nearly as I could make it out, in the *Feuerkugel*, I paused and thought of the Then and After of the youth who had probably about the same hour come from Auerbach's, a hundred years ago, and sat down to write to a friend:

"In society, concerts, theatre, feasting, promenades, the time flies. Ha! it goes gloriously. But also expensively. The devil knows how my purse feels it. Hold! rescue! stop! There go two louis d'or. Help! there goes another. Heavens! another couple are gone. Pence are here as farthings with you. Nevertheless, one can live cheaply here. So I hope to get off with two hundred thalers—what do I say? with three hundred.—N.B. Not including what has already gone to the devil."

What know I what that rollicking fellow going along there with his Käthchen may one day become! Yet, alas, though diamonds may have flaws, flaws do not make diamonds.

At last, however, the sounds of revelry became fainter; the revelers reeled away homeward; the moon sank into a cloud on the horizon; and I turned toward my hotel, which was some distance off near the railway station, to be reached only by traversing a comparatively unfrequented region. Having asked direction of a young soldier—a tribe of which the devil may easily find enough to tempt in Leipzig—he politely offered to accompany me part of the way, and I found him very communicative. But now, at an unexpected moment, an incident occurred which cast more light upon the dark subject I had been thinking of than the old book of annals. We turned from an open square into a narrow street, unlighted, and as silent as it was dark. Just as we entered it a dog barked a little way ahead. The soldier stopped as if he had been struck, and, after an instant's hesitation, turned back into the open square we had left, going another and, I was convinced, a much longer way. My curiosity was excited, and I asked why he had turned back; but he evaded the question, and from being voluble became dumb. Indeed, he soon after left me to get to my hotel as I could.

A dog's bark! Some superstition it was, I felt, and not fear of a dog, that had turned the soldier back from the dark and silent street. I recalled that in the opera it was with the yelp of a hound—a yelp followed by a long howl—that the Wild Huntsman's chase had started. I remembered the black dog in the old fresco in Auerbach's Cellar, looking knowingly upon Faust on his cask. But I thought still more of the reappearance of that dog in Goethe's "Faust," that being the shape in which Mephistopheles first appears. The reader will remember it was when Faust was walking with the student Wagner that the black dog appeared, rushing around them in spiral curves—spreading, as Faust said, "a magic coil as a snare around them;" that after this dog had followed Faust into his study it assumed a huge, monstrous shape, until, under a spell, it changes to a mist from which Mephistopheles steps forth—"the kernel of the brute"—in guise of a traveling scholar.

This passage in "Faust" has been traced by some critics to Goethe's antipathy to dogs—an antipathy which he himself associated with the curious speculation known as his Theory of Monades. The statement referred to is that made in his conversation with Johann Falk, at the time of Wieland's death, which Mrs. Austin has translated in the first volume of her "Characteristics of Goethe:"

"I assume," said Goethe, "various classes and orders of the primary elements of all existences as the germs of all phenomena in nature; these I would call *souls*, since from them proceed the animation or vivification of the whole. Or rather *monades*. Let us always stick to that Leibnitzian term; a better can

scarcely be found to express the simplicity of the simplest existence. Now, as experience shows us, some of these monades or germs are so small, so insignificant, that they are, at the highest, adapted only to subordinate use and being. Others again are strong and powerful. These latter, accordingly, draw into their sphere all that approaches them, and transmute it into something belonging to themselves; *i. e.*, into a human body, into a plant, an animal, or, to go higher still, into a star. This process they continue till the small or larger world, whose completion lies predestined in them, at length comes bodily into light. Such alone are, I think, properly to be called souls.... You may call the germ an idea or a monad as you please; I have no objection. Enough that it is invisible, and antecedent to the visible external development. We must not be misled by the *larvæ* or imperfect forms of the intermediate states which this idea or germ may assume in its transitions. One and the same metamorphosis, or capacity of transformation in nature, produces a rose out of a leaf, a caterpillar out of an egg, and again a butterfly out of the caterpillar.... Annihilation is utterly out of the question; but the possibility of being caught on the way by some more powerful and yet baser monas, and subordinated to it—this is unquestionably a very serious consideration; and I, for my part, have never been able entirely to divest myself of the fear of it, in the way of a mere observation of nature."

At this moment, says Falk, a dog was heard repeatedly barking in the street. Goethe, who had a natural antipathy to dogs, sprang hastily to the window and called to it: "Take what form you will, vile larva, you shall not subjugate me!" After some pause he resumed with the remark: "This rabble of creation is extremely offensive. It is a perfect pack of monades with which we are thrown together in this planetary nook; their company will do us little honor with the inhabitants of other planets, if they happen to hear any thing about them."

Those who carefully peruse the account given by Mr. Lewes of the quarrel between Karl August and Goethe, on account of the opposition of the latter to the introduction of a performing dog on the Weimar stage—an incident which led to his resignation of his position of Intendant of the Theatre—may detect this aversion mingling with his disgust as an artist; and it may be also suspected that it was not the mere noise which caused the tortures he described himself as having once endured at Göttingen from the barking of dogs.

From Leipzig I went to Weimar, and, of course, straight to the house where Goethe had so long resided, and where his descendants still reside—Goethe's only surviving grandson (son of August v. Goethe and Ottilia v. Pogwisch) and his family. A gentleman of the place; however, informed me that I could not obtain admission to it. "It is," he said, "inhabited by the Baron von Goethe, who preserves an offensive hauteur toward visitors and citizens, with whom he is very unpopular. His only son is nearly a cretin, and so ends the house of Goethe!" Nevertheless, I knocked at the door, to be told by the acrid old woman who opened it, as many no doubt had been before me, that visitors were never admitted, that the master was ill, was absent, etc., etc. I softened Cerbera enough, however, to gain admittance into the lower

rooms, which were entirely bare, and to peep into a side-hall where the stairway ascended. Here I was somewhat startled at seeing the single ornament of the lower part of the house—a large dog, made of dark bronze, looking proudly from his pedestal, as if he would say, "At last, 'vile larva' as I am, the spirit of Goethe is my prey; his monas is imprisoned in the brain of the idiot up stairs—the last of his line!" There could hardly have been a more perfect type of the Poodle in "Faust" than this bronze figure, and how it came to grace the dwelling of the detester of dogs I can not divine. Nevertheless, I have no reason beyond the assertion of a person of whom I know nothing, and one who dislikes the Baron, for believing the story about the last of the Goethes.

It is doubtful if Falk is right in describing Goethe as having a "natural" antipathy to dogs. The probability seems to be rather that when he was steeping his brain in the legends and superstitions of the region in which he lived, in order to reproduce their spirit completely, he encountered this one about the dog, and to a certain extent adopted it. There are certain animals whose diabolical associations are known to many mythologies—as the serpent, the bat, the raven, the cat, and the goat. In some of these there are peculiarities of look and habit which may have suggested an evil relationship. But, however this may be, the friendship between man and the dog and horse, the harmlessness of the hind, suggest at once that they could only have become connected with the spirit of evil under peculiar circumstances. I have traced in Saxony, and in the vicinity of the Black Forest, superstitions connecting with the devil the hound, horse, hart, boar, and wolf. That these, the animals chiefly associated with the ancient German chase, should thus be selected, points us at once to the Wild Huntsman of the Hartz Mountains; and when it is remembered that the superstition of that region also extends to the hunting-horn—of which I shall have more to say presently—and represents Satan as especially besetting marksmen and dealing in magic bullets, it is hardly possible to avoid the conclusion that with the famous demon of the Brocken began all the Walpurgis Night of devils and witches which have haunted Germany since the introduction of Christianity.

And who is this "Wild Huntsman?" Unquestionably *Woden*, the supreme Scandinavian god, whom Christianity, when it came to the Northern nations, dethroned, outlawed, and gradually transformed from a deity to a devil.

All devils were originally deities. There are spots where the worship of nearly all of them as such yet survives. It is certain that the serpent, for example, was at one period an almost universal deity. It is not difficult to see why it was worshiped; for worship begins with fear; and there was a mysterious subtlety and deadliness about the serpent—a strange disproportion between the mere scratch of its tooth

and the swiftly-fatal consequences of it—which naturally suggested that it was the messenger of some supernatural power, whose stroke, irremediable by earthly means, might be warded off by sacrifices and supplications.

Historians and mythologists have now pretty much agreed that, whatever may have been the very earliest religion of the Scandinavian and Teutonic peoples, Odin was, for at least the five centuries preceding the Christian era, and probably at the time of the introduction of Christianity among them (though the worship of Thor had become then much more prominent than formerly), their Supreme Deity. He was called in various dialects Odin, Woden, Godin. As worshiped in the North, he represented the ferocity and animal vitality of Nature.

Just before the Christian era there appeared the historic Odin, who, claiming the name of the deity by virtue of descent and the possession of preternatural powers, was the scourge and the conqueror of Denmark, Sweden, and all Northern Germany. He became popularly regarded as the incarnation and authentic warrior of Woden, whose religion he every where upheld, but whose worship he gradually superseded; or, rather, he became confused in the popular mind with the god himself, as, indeed, he has been in the minds of several historians. Now the two chief characteristics of this warrior in the vulgar estimates were, first, his irresistible power in war, and secondly, his habitual practice of the arts of magic and enchantment. The old Sagas are filled with stories of his powers of divination. By it he is declared to have won many victories. He invented the Runic characters, with which spells were in those days associated, as the invention of printing in after-years first fostered, perhaps, the legend of Faustus. As the old mythology had represented the god Odin with a raven on each shoulder, which flew over the world and returned to whisper all secrets in his ears, so was a knowledge of all events ascribed to the flesh-and-blood Odin. Long after this wonderful warrior had passed away to Valhalla his worship prevailed, and it was customary to invoke him on every expedition—particularly when setting forth for war or the chase. He had left behind him a large number of priests, whose rites were chiefly those of pretended sorcery.

Such was the Odinism of the Northern nations when King Olaf brought Christianity among them. How he spread the Gospel is well known. To put a pan of live coals under the belly of one, to force an adder down the throat of another, to offer all men the alternatives of being baptized or burned, were the arguments which this apostle applied with such energy that at last—but not until after many brave martyrdoms—the chief people were convinced. He encountered Odin as if he had been a living foe. He destroyed the old temples and altars without compromise; and though several kings afterward restored many of them, yet Odinism never recovered from the fierce

blows dealt by King Olaf after his conversion in England through the fortune-telling of a hermit.

Nevertheless, an old religion lingers among the lower classes, and is cultivated in remote districts, long after it has disappeared from the centres of wealth and from courts. It was for many generations after Olaf's time that Christian priests and civil authorities had to continue the work of trampling out Odinism. For centuries, indeed, it had its secret worshipers, as Christianity had in the days when it was persecuted. The Christians followed the old method of religious innovation, solemnly declaring Odin to be the chief devil, Thor, Freya, and the rest being subordinate fiends. Their priests were proclaimed sorcerers and witches. Thus the old deities were conquered and outlawed, their heaven being degraded to a hell. Poor Odin was reduced to bribe a shepherd or marksman here and there to do him homage or enlist in his service. The worshipers who still held on to the old beliefs had to meet together at night, by fire-light, in caverns and wolfs' glens, or in lonely woods like the Black Forest. All who went forth to mingle in the rites of these solitudes were declared to be engaged in fatal communications with the devil; and as, being outlaws, they lived by hunting and shooting, it was remembered that the boar, the horse, the dog, and other animals of that kind had always been sacred to Odin—who sometimes assumed their shapes—and these were now held to be accursed. This downward transformation of the Northern deities has been traced by Dr. Dasent in the introduction to his "Popular Tales from the Norse."

If, having started our legendary demon-quarry at Auerbach's Cellar, and followed it through Weimar, we pursue it to the Black Forest or the Odinwald, we may bring them all to their very nests and dens. In these ancient woods and weird hills Odinism was so deeply fixed that it has never been extirpated. The wayfarer who, visiting the Brocken, turns aside but a step from the beaten track of tourists, may still hear peasants tell with subdued breath of the Spectre which their own father, or at most grandfather, saw, or of the Headless Horseman, or of the Walpurgisnacht. It would take a goodly sum to induce a lad to visit that region where all the witches of the universe gather for their saturnalia on the eve of May-day—a date which of itself points to the fact that Walpurgisnacht was originally a camp-meeting of Odin-worshipers. Mephistopheles might well take Faust here, where the very rocks bear in their names—Hell, Firestone, etc.—the vestiges of his infernal parent. At Blankenburg one may see the portrait of the "White Lady" who haunts the palace; and at Rosstrappe the print of the hoof of Princess Brunhilde's horse when he leaped a vast chasm to save her from a giant; also the Bode Kessel or Caldron. The *Devil's Pulpit*, *Witches' Altar*, and *Witches' Lake*, will point the spots

where pious people practiced their rites before they had become diabolical; and these names have passed with emigrants into the great mountain ranges of America.

But it is in the Odinwald that the legends of the Wild Huntsman gain their maximum of vitality. There is the *Riesensäule*, or Giant's Column, and the *Riesenaltar*, with mystic marks, which are relics of an Odin temple; and there, near Erbach, is the Castle of Rodenstein, the especial seat of the Wild Jäger, to which he rides with his infernal train from the neighboring ruins of Schnellert. The village of Reichelsheim has on file the affidavits of the people who heard him just before the battles of Leipzig and Waterloo. Their theory is that if he returns swiftly to Schnellert all will go well for Germany; but if he tarry at Rodenstein 'tis an omen of evil.

Thus we may conclude that a people situated as the Germans were might receive one superstition by one ear, and another by the other, and the two might blend in a *tertium quid*. Woden, the aerial warrior, might thus become the aerial huntsman. This main idea being once formed, it is easy to see how the whole brood of animals associated with the chase would come forth of it with preternatural traits, in the eyes of the people, and consequently how they would all suffer the theological brand of diabolism. That the Edda described Odin as having a raven on each shoulder, as feeding two wolves, as having a roasted boar as the *pièce de resistance* on his table every day, was enough to settle the reputation of those animals in the creed of the Christian priests. But we must dwell a little on the cases of several other animals.

And first of all the horse:

"The horse," says Dasent, "was a sacred animal among the Teutonic tribes from the first moment of their appearance in history; and Tacitus has related how, in the shade of those woods and groves which served them for temples, white horses were fed at the public cost, whose backs no mortal crossed, whose neighings and snortings were carefully watched as auguries and omens, and who were thought to be conscious of divine mysteries. In Persia, too, the classical reader will remember how the neighing of a horse decided the choice for the crown. Here in England, at any rate, we have only to think of Hengist and Horsa, the twin heroes of the Anglo-Saxon migration—as the legend ran—heroes whose name meant *horse*, and of the Vale of the White Horse in Berks, where the sacred form still gleams along the down, to be reminded of the sacredness of the horse to our forefathers. The Eddas are filled with the names of famous horses, and the Sagas contain many stories of good steeds, in whom their owners trusted and believed as sacred to this or that particular god. Such a horse is Dapplegrimm, in the Norse tales, who saves his master out of all his perils, and brings him to all fortune, and is another example of that mysterious connection with the higher powers which animals in all ages have been supposed to possess."

It was believed that no warrior could approach Valhalla except on horseback, and the steed was generally buried with his master. The Scandinavian knight was accustomed to swear "by the shoulder of a horse and the edge of a sword." Odin (the god) was be-

lieved to have always near him the eight-legged horse Sleipnir, whose sire was the wonderful Svaldalfari, who by night drew the enormous stones for the fortress defending Valhalla from the frost-giants. On Sleipnir the deity rode to the realm of Hela, when he evoked the spirit of the deceased prophetess Vala, with Runic incantations, to learn Baldur's fate. This is the theme of the *Vegtamsvida*, paraphrased by Gray in his ode beginning—

"Up rose the king of men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed."

The steed, however, was not black, but gray. Sleipnir was the foal of a magically created mare. The demon-mare (Mara) holds a prominent place in Scandinavian superstition, besetting sleepers. In the *Ynglinga Saga*, Vanland awakes from sleep, crying, "Mara is treading on me!" His men hasten to help him, but when they take hold of his head Mara treads on his legs, and when they hold his legs she tramples on his head; and so, says Thiodolf,

"Trampled to death, to Skyta's shore
The corpse his faithful followers bore;
And there they burnt, with heavy hearts,
The good chief killed by witchcraft's arts."

This is, of course, the origin of the common superstition of the nightmare. The horseshoe used against witches is from the same region. We may learn here also the reason why hippophagy has been so long unknown among us. Odin's boar has left his head on our Christmas tables, but Olaf managed to rob us of the horse-flesh once eaten in honor of that god. In the eleventh century he proclaimed the eating of horse-flesh a test of paganism, as baptism was of Christianity, and punished it with death, except in Iceland, where it was permitted by an express stipulation on their embracing Christianity. To these facts it may be added that originally the horse's head was lifted, as the horseshoe is now, for a charm against witches. When Wittekind fought twenty years against Charlemagne the ensign borne by his Saxon followers was a horse's head raised on a pole. A white horse on a yellow ground is to-day the Hanoverian banner, its origin being undoubtedly Odinistic.

It is more difficult to ascertain how the dog became associated with Northern superstition. When Bishop Dithmar, Dudo of St. Quentin, and other Christians first visited the Norsemen they found the chief animals sacrificed to be "horses, dogs, and cocks." How did the cock come to be among the victims? Was it a substitute for the raven, in the difficulty of procuring the latter? Was it an importation by the warrior Odin from the Romans, before whom he retreated when he first entered Scandinavia, who we know found oracles in its entrails? At any rate, the bishops seem to have appreciated poultry too well to permit the cock, or even its giblets (*cabala*), to be banished with the horse and dog from the table. As for the dog,

lief about "dog-days" and "the dog-star" an indication of the Oriental origin of the Teutonic Poodle. It seems to me to be rather some modification of the notion of the great wolf *Feurir* of Northern mythology, by which all things were to be finally destroyed. To this wolf, of which the prose Edda has much to say, and to the two wolves Geri and Froki, which the chief god petted and fed, is certainly referable the wide-spread superstition of the werewolf, or wolves that transform themselves into human shapes for fiendish purposes (as vampires in other mythologies).

The dog was, in the days of Odin, more nearly related; and if, as some think, his bark has been acquired by listening to human speech, his howl would recall his former wolfish nature, and it is the dog's howling at night which is regarded as ominous. It is not wonderful, even apart from this, that the German wolf-hound—fierce, shy, hairy-footed—or the fierce boar-hound (*Canis suillus*), which is nearly four feet high, should have fully caught the diabolical mantle of the wolf on his disappearance. At any rate, wherever the Northmen went they carried this superstition.

When Olaf was laying waste the heathen altars it is not to be wondered that Odin should frequently try to cross his path. So at least the "Christian" king and his friends believed. Once Odin appeared to him as a one-eyed man in broad-brimmed hat, delighting the king in his hours of relaxation with pleasant conversation; but he tried secretly to induce the cook to prepare for his royal master some fine meat which he had poisoned. But Olaf said, "Odin shall not deceive us," and ordered the meat to be thrown away. So Odin lingered only among rustics and huntsmen, and was persecuted even there. In the "*Gulathings Lagen*" of Norway it is ordered: "Let the king and bishop with all possible care search after those who exercise pagan rites, who use magic arts, who adore the genii of particular places, of tombs, or rivers; and who, after the manner of devils in traveling, are transported from place to place through the air." The proximity or flight of these aerial devils was generally signaled by dogs starting or growling in their sleep, by their howling, and sometimes by their madness.

It is not to be wondered that the superstition which included the animals of the chase should extend to the hunting-horn. In Goethe's lively description of his affliction by the barking dogs of Göttingen, already alluded to, he also expresses his horror of the hunting-horns used by the watchmen, "proving to us by the most frightful and alarming noises that they were keeping watchful guard over the tranquillity of our slumbers." His editor, in quoting the passage from the "*Tag-und-Jahres Hefte*," says of the nocturnal horn:

"I once heard it in a most obscure little town in Franconia, just on the borders of the Black Forest. After his blast the watchman recited four lines—a

sort of invocation or blessing—which was clearly a remnant of the Middle Ages. I jumped up and opened my window to hear it, and only regret I did not write it down."

We find this superstition of the magic hunting-horn reaching as far as Spain, where Roland, fighting at Roncesvalles, in the time of Charlemagne, blew a horn which brought help from distances far beyond the sound of any honest horn. Some have tried to trace the magic horn to the pipe of Pan; but it seems to me more natural to associate it with the horn which sounded when the god Odin consulted that giant's head which he preserved as an oracle. It is said in the *Voluspa* :*
 "High bloweth Heimdall
 His horn aloft.
 Odin consulteth
 Mimir's head.
 The old ash yet standing,
 Yggdrasill
 To its summit is shaken,
 And loose breaks the giant."

These superstitions, gaining their greatest influence under the reaction against Odinism, superinduced by Christianity, were of course unable to retain their universality in any country where the animals in question were constantly increasing in value. Gradually superstition would have to limit itself to a suspicion of particular huntsmen, horses, hounds, hunting-horns, and localities; though we may, perhaps, see in the general European aversion from eating the flesh of horses, dogs, and ravens the extent of the curse upon them. As for the direction in which we must look to trace the degradation of the leader of them all—Wodin, the Wild Huntsman—into the familiar devil of popular theology, we may well heed the subjoined passage from Max Müller :

"Christianity had destroyed the old gods of the Teutonic tribes, and supplied new heroes in the saints and martyrs of the Church. The gods were dead, and the heroes, the sons of the gods, forgotten. But the stories told of them would not die, and, in spite of the excommunication of the priests, they were welcomed wherever they appeared in their strange disguises. Kind-hearted grannies would tell the pretty stories of old, if it were only to keep their little folk quiet. They did not tell them of the gods; for those gods were dead, or, worse than that, had been changed into devils. They told them of nobody; ay, sometimes they would tell them of the saints and martyrs, and the Apostles themselves have had to wear some of the old rags that belonged by right to Odin and other heathen gods. The oddest figure of all is that of the devil in his half-Christian and half-heathen garb. The Arian nations had no devil. Pluto, though of a sombre character, was a very respectable personage; and Loki, though a mischievous person, was not a fiend. The German goddess Hele, too—like Proserpina—had once seen better days. Thus, when the Germans were indoctrinated with the idea of a real devil, the Semitic Satan or Diabolus, they treated him in the most good-humored manner. They ascribed to him all the mischievous tricks of their most mischievous gods. But while the old Northern story-tellers delighted in the success of cunning, the new generation felt in duty

bound to represent the devil in the end as always defeated. He was outwitted in all the tricks which had formerly proved successful, and then quite a new character was produced—the poor and stupid devil, who appears not unfrequently in the German and Norwegian tales."

The old religion having become now the shadow of the new—the Scandinavian god fairly metamorphosed into the Christian devil—that shadow would change with every new form assumed by Christianity in adjusting itself to the unfolding conditions of the people. And no doubt, as Mephistopheles can be traced back, step by step, to Odin's hound, the hound could be traced back to the serpent. In other words, Mephistopheles is simply the type of that scoffing skepticism and denial which was the last form of the hostile nature with which the Church had to deal.

Nevertheless, in comparing the Mephistopheles of Goethe with the same figure as he originally appeared, we find him to be a modified and much more modern spirit. The pre-Goethean Mephistopheles persuades men to deny Christian doctrine and to barter morality for pleasure; he thus represents the favorite assertion of the priest that intellectual heresy is related to moral ruin. But the Mephistopheles of Goethe presents a demon belonging to an age of philosophy never anticipated by the Church—an age which has produced those who question the absolutism of the moral sentiment itself. "Gray is Theory, green life's golden tree." Wilhelm Meister is the picture of the corresponding life—a life which protests against the enormous claim of Virtue to overrule intellect and the whole discipline of life. We must, I apprehend, conclude that Goethe regarded virtue as simply the outweighing of near and transient enjoyments by the distant and permanent, and that Mephistopheles, beginning as a theological denier, becomes the representative of modern moral optimism as well. As he himself says :

"Die Cultur, die alle Welt beleckt,
 Hat auch auf den Teufel sich erstreckt."

"Culture, which has licked the whole world into shape, has at length also reached the devil himself."

The devils of Great Britain and America are all of German origin, as also are the cognate superstitions. When King Edwin and the pagan priest Coifi were converted by the preaching of Paulinus, A.D. 627, it is recorded that the priest determined to destroy his altars. "Then immediately," says Bede, "in contempt of his former superstitions, he desired the king to furnish him with arms and a stallion, and mounting the same, he set out to destroy the idols; for it was not lawful before for the high-priest to carry arms or to ride on any but a mare." Thus Christianity found the superstition about Mara already in England. The belief in the nightmare; the nailed up horseshoe; the whispering of horse-breakers in horses' ears to dispel spirits (an old Arab plan, too, by-the-way); the ill omen of the baying dog; the raven on a ruin stamped on mourning-paper; the

* The *spa* or *spell* of the prophetess Vola. From this comes the name *spa* for a medicinal spring, once supposed to act magically. Hence also *spae-wife* in Scotland, and our word *spy*.

ill luck of Friday (when, formerly, marriages were celebrated, Freya being the Northern Venus, a day which the Christians thought it necessary to stigmatize); all these are the vestiges of the Wild Huntsman, whether found in London society, or the Scottish Highlands, or in the forests of New York.

There are, however, regions where the peculiarities of German demonology are so distinctly traceable, even in details, as to be of ethnological interest. That witches and evil spirits are abroad when tempests are raging is a very common superstition in all Northern countries; but I have recently learned a fact which shows how a bit of the Scandinavia of the eleventh century may be preserved in the heart of one of the most educated communities in the Great Britain of to-day. There is in Edinburgh a number of respectable religious people associated for the purpose of praying through every night against the devastations of Satanic agents. Assuming that the dreadful tempests by which so many ships are wrecked and lives lost are the work of infernal powers, they inferred that the reason why they so generally occur in the night is because the pious are then asleep instead of praying, and Satan has no check upon his malevolence. So the association provided that each member should take a particular hour through which he or she should pray, the succession being so arranged that when one left off another should begin, and thus an unbroken chain of prayer be wrought to restrain the Demon of Tempests!

In Scotland, Wales, and Ireland there may probably be found even yet some of those spots mentioned by Sir Walter Scott as being kept barren as the reservation of some deity. Such were "the gudeman's croft" in Scotland, where the very *goodness* of the deity is preserved in his title, and the "Sith Bhruaith" (mounts) of Wales. It was believed that the spirits for whom these spots were set apart would raise the most fearful tempests if a plow-share touched them, or even a stone were removed. When Borlase was investigating barrows in the Scilly Isles, late in the last century, he was threatened by the inhabitants when a tempest arose, which they ascribed to the anger of spirits associated with the tumuli.

The magic hunting-horn is often met with in English and Scottish annals. The three conchs which form the arms of a branch of the Shelley family, preserving the tradition of the magical effects wrought by sounds from such possessed by the earliest ancestor of the poet, Sir Phineas Shelley—dissolving evil enchantments, subduing giants and other enemies, and winning all hearts to him that blew—carry us directly back to Odin's Runes in the Eddaic Háva-mál:

"I know a song by which I soften and enchant the arms of my enemies, and render their weapons of no effect!

"I know a song which I need only sing when men have loaded me with chains; for the moment I sing it my chains fall in pieces, and I walk forth at liberty.

"When I see magicians traveling through the air I

disconcert them by a single look, and force them to abandon their enterprise.

"If I aspire to the love and the favor of the chastest virgin, I can bend the mind of the snowy-armed maiden, and make her yield wholly to my desires."

A favorite story of the early part of the last century was that of the horse-jockey in Scotland who sold a black horse to a venerable "gentleman in black," agreeing to meet him at midnight, to receive payment, on one of those Eildon Hills formed by the wizard Michael Scott. After receiving the money the jockey was invited to the antique gentleman's abode, where he was taken along ranges of stalls, in each of which stood a motionless charger with a motionless warrior in armor at his feet. "All these men," said his guide, "will awaken at the battle of Sheriff-muir." At length they came to a sword and a horn, which, the guide said, contained the power to dissolve the spell chaining the warriors and horses. The jockey attempting to blow the horn, the horses and men arose and clashed their armor so dreadfully that the poor wight dropped the horn and fled, pursued, however, by a voice which cried:

"Woe to the coward that ever he was born,
That did not draw the sword before he blew the horn."

A whirlwind then blew the horse-dealer from the cavern, whose entrance he afterward sought in vain to find.

The Hart or Hind, as connected with diabolism, may be traced from where they lead Thomas of Ercildoune, "The Rhymer," into the Northern forest, from which he never returns, to the Porte St. Martin, where, as the *Biche au Bois*, it allures the Parisian crowd for several seasons, then crosses the ocean to become the White Fawn of the American stage.

In the annals of witchcraft the devil is represented as frequently trying to save his witch-children by raising tempests about their persecutors, and there is hardly any animal shape in which he did not appear. Sometimes he is a Ferret, or a Hare; often a Raven, or Crow, or Magpie; oftener still a Cat. But far oftener than any other shape the devil was thought to assume in those days was that of the Dog. I have traced more than thirty cases where alleged witches were executed in England and Scotland in which the main evidence against them would seem to have been their intimacy with suspicious dogs.

There can be no doubt that the antics of the witchcraft era were grotesque imitations or caricatures of the ancient rites of the Norse religion; and the confessions of some of the poor creatures really show that they had some kind of belief in the power of beings of whose origin they knew nothing. How completely the spirits of the Norse mythology had by that time become divested of all grandeur and deformed to the popular imagination may be best gathered from the old cathedrals, on which are represented in every distortion of agony and wrath the animals and human bestialities supposed to

have been driven from within the church by the potency of holy-water. Nearly the entire crew and pack of Woden overrun York Cathedral, which is built on an old Saxon foundation, and supposed therefore to be particularly haunted by the old deities, the Augustinian conception of whom may be derived from the horrible creatures on its roof and cornice.

It is impossible not to feel a certain pathos in the miserable forms in which old religions run to seed. The astronomic religions of the East survive in the absurdities of Zadkiel's almanac; the great apotheosis of Nature represented in the religion of the Northern nations declines to a horseshoe over a door or a prayer at the howling of a dog; the once powerful Druid priest is now some old woman in the police court tried for imposture; the Sybil or Soothsayer are now the fortune-tellers in obscure quarters, visited only by fools greater than themselves! Religions thus attain their immortality only on the Tithonic condition of shrinking to be grasshoppers. Their gods preserve only in their names the traditions of their former splendor and of their varied helpfulness to mankind. But "the fair varieties of earth" which they originally symbolized can not pass away; and under the wand of that one foe to superstition—Science—which has destroyed those whom Christianity had degraded, they must all eventually rise again in the perfect and beautiful laws whose discovery must always deform whatever violates their sacred meaning. The devout science of Germany and England to-day is the reappearance of the old Norse worship. Like the wolf Isengrim, who became a monk, but when the brethren would make him utter paternosters would only cry *lamb, lamb*—and whose "thoughts were ever to the woodward"—so the Northman was conquered and made a monk; but from beneath the cowl the old voice of his nature is still heard, and he still yearns to explore the universe in which he beholds the visible raiment of the Deity.

LOVE ON CRUTCHES.

PERSIS came hopping in like a bird. "Dear, dear!" said she, presently, peering out from a cloud of silks and laces, "what *shall* I do for a dress-maker?"

"Why, where is Rhoda Tracy?"

"Gone to fill a vacancy, mamma. In other words, she has married a widower."

Mrs. Talbot laughed.

"Well, let her go, my dear; you can have Mrs. Blake."

"Oh, but Rhoda is better. Only think of her leaving me and becoming somebody's second wife! For my part I wouldn't thank any man for his affections *warmed over*."

"My little Persis, don't fret. No man will ever offer you his affections, either fresh or warmed over, you may depend on that."

"Then he needn't, and I sha'n't have to refuse him," retorted Persis, gayly, as she dipped,

swallow-like, this way and that, laying away the silks.

But there was a painful flush on her young cheeks, and a moment after she swept gracefully out of the room. Unless you looked twice you would never have divined the cause of her peculiar sideways motion. The gold-mounted crutch which peeped in and out of the folds of her dress was like a wand of enchantment, and, as was said of Mlle. Salle, "all her steps were sentiments."

When Persis was a baby her perfect beauty had well-nigh wrought her ruin. The nurse, proud of her superb little figure and graceful poses, was accustomed, with criminal recklessness, to perch her on a broad mantle and show her off to visitors. In this way the little creature had a fall which made one limb shorter than the other, and lamed her for life. Persis had suffered very little physical pain, but the mortification had been intense; it had given a morbid coloring to an otherwise rose-colored life.

"No man will ever offer you his affections, you may depend on that," repeated she, burying her face in a sofa-pillow. "Mamma says it, and it is true; I knew it all before. Stanley Warner means nothing by all his tender words and tenderer glances. He is as proud as Lucifer, and would never abide the mortification of a lame wife. It does seem cruel! But I will not eat my heart for any man!" exclaimed she, spiritedly, springing up and dashing off the unshed tears. "And now for the party, and a gay new dress! I'll send for Mrs. Blake forthwith."

It so happened that Rhoda, in flying away with her widower, had dropped her mantle on Mrs. Blake, who used her needle and scissors like a fairy straight from the land of elves. How marvelous a dress she fashioned out of "such stuff as dreams are made of," and how Persis floated off in it like a vision of beauty! As fair and sweet, said Celia Warner, as a "wounded dove." Persis caught the words, and the little morbid spot in her heart ached afresh.

"No, Mr. Warner," said she, proudly, as he asked her to dance. "I prefer to sit in this window; it is so pleasant to watch the crowd in motion."

"Pardon me," replied Mr. Warner, biting his mustache, and moving away with a graceful flourish. "I was thoughtless to make the request."

And he never dreamed that his words hurt.

"He forgets sometimes that I am a 'wounded dove,'" sighed Persis from the window-seat; "but, sooner or later, he always comes to his senses."

There was one man who did not forget, and that was Ephraim Zelic. But then Persis did not care very much what Ephraim remembered or what he forgot. He was a "worthy young man;" and she said, in her girlish intolerance, "If there's one thing stupider than another it is your *worthy* young man!" He taught school

and studied law, and I am not sure but he "carried on" a large farm at the same time; but when you tried to draw him out in general conversation it was like drawing a sound tooth. He was the most industrious of men, and the kindest of sons to a widowed mother; but then his eyes were sea-green under rugged cliffs of eyebrows, his hands were horny, and all his angles as acute as a lawyer's wits.

Seeing Miss Persis alone in the window-seat he ventured to go up and address her, though his heart thumped a loud opposition to such boldness.

"How do you do, Miss Persis?" said he, offering his honest hand, while his plain face narrowly escaped becoming expressive.

"Very well, Ephraim; and how are you?" replied she, rousing from a sad reverie. She always called him "Ephraim," because she had known him from a boy. He had lived a year at her father's, and worked for his board while attending the academy. How Ephraim at this moment envied other youths their nonchalance of manner! Here was he standing beside the very woman he wished most to please, but he was tongue-tied. She sat there self-possessed and beautiful, scanning him from head to foot, he thought. She was not haughty in the least, but she might have placed him at his ease, and she did not care to do it. If she had once turned the conversation to "old times," and the well-remembered incidents of that too happy year, Ephraim would have been himself in a moment. Would he ever forget the afternoons on the "basin," and the efforts he made to teach her how to skate, having first modeled for the shoemaker a pair of little skates which were mismated to fit her unequal feet? How carefully he had guided her over the ice! He kept the precious red comforter still, the "life-preserver" she had called it, by which she had clung to him in her timid efforts to stand upright.

In those old times Persis liked him; he was sure she did. She had sat in the kitchen while he plodded at his Latin Grammar—he was a hard student always—and her bright face had been as good as an extra lamp. She had confided to him her childish sorrows, which generally sprang from one cause—her lameness; and he had pitied her with all his heart. Then his awkwardness and ugliness had raised no barrier between them; but latterly it seemed different. Persis as a young lady was much admired. She had learned to set a high value on wealth and appearances; much of the childlike simplicity was gone from her character. Ephraim never saw her now but he thought of his ungainly hands and feet, and every mole-hill of a defect loomed up like a mountain. Persis had spent years at boarding-school forming her mind and manners, and though Ephraim was fully alive to all the acquired elegance, he mourned for the old-time cordiality. It had got lost in the process of polishing. He was rising in the world; he thought she might see one day that he had

not been laboring for naught; but his hope of winning her for a wife was dying a slow, hard death.

While he was still stammering before her, trying to find words for his thoughts, Stanley Warner approached, sparkling with the exhilaration of his dance. Persis had been watching him while she talked absently with Ephraim; and now, as he smiled down upon her graciously, she looked up at him with a glow in her eyes which the poor young lawyer could not bear. He turned on his heel and walked away, grinding some resentful thought under the sole of his big boot.

Persis scarcely noted that he went. Some time hence, when years of experience should soften her harsh judgments, she would learn to appreciate a lump of genuine gold, even though half buried in quartz; not yet.

"Was it a pleasant dance, Mr. Warner?" said she, playing with the delicate fan she had just rescued from the clumsy clasp of Mr. Zelig.

"Indifferently so, Miss Persis. With another lady I might mention as partner, it would have been it is impossible to say how charming."

Persis blushed, agreeably to expectation. Mr. Warner liked to play with those blushes; it was delightful to call them up at his bidding; such bright, shy things that even the odious crutch was forgotten, or glorified, in their rosy light.

"So, in spite of my neglect, you were not left to play the wall-flower," continued he, taking a seat beside her, and boldly possessing himself of her little hand.

"No, not a wall-flower," repeated she, timidly, half withdrawing her hand, half yielding it to his clasp.

"It seems to me, Persis, that young lawyer hovers about you very persistently."

There was the slightest touch of pique in Mr. Warner's tone, and it thrilled the simple heart of Persis.

"He is a worthy young man, mamma says, and I must like him," replied she, with a reassuring smile. "He does not smoke cigars, like the beasts that perish," added she, in her quaint way.

Mr. Warner offered a correction. "Man is the only animal that smokes," said he, with a wise smile; for he never understood Persis when she talked playfully. Mr. Zelig had the advantage of him there.

"He is a tremendous worker, that Zelig; began at the foot of the ladder, and is steadily climbing up. Forgive me, Persis, but seeing how he presumes upon your old child-friendship, I have sometimes feared—"

"Oh, Stanley!"

The frank, guileless eyes which looked up in honest surprise at the unspoken suggestion of attachment for another, how could Mr. Warner mistake their meaning? He did not mistake it. The heart of his little friend had long been to him an open book, and very easy reading. Not that Persis was by any means forward or

unmaidenly; but she had not yet learned the woman's lesson of concealing her emotions. Perhaps if there had been a trifle more of the blindness of love athwart the young man's vision he could not have seen to read so clearly. He sincerely admired Persis; he thought he loved her, or that he should love her if he only dared. But then that terrible crutch! It swung over his head like the sword of Damocles. To-night he seemed for the first time to forget it. She looked so unusually beautiful; she had such sincere affection for him; how could he resist the attraction?

"Persis," said he, in low and thrilling tones, "words can not say how dear you are to me. May I hope," etc., etc.

A commonplace love-scene. Another was going on under the same roof that very evening, and not a pin's choice between the two; but you may be sure it was all as fresh and glorious to Persis as if the world had just been created, and she and Stanley were alone in it. The little hand which lay in his was not withdrawn, nor was there the faintest sign of indifference in the eyes bent timidly on the floor. It all ended in the most orthodox manner: they left the party betrothed.

As Persis passed Ephraim on the stairway he faltered out a hurried "Good-night," and she beamed down upon him so graciously that he walked home on a bed of roses, and never really came to his senses till Mrs. Blake dropped in to tea a week afterward and said her charming new friend, Persis Talbot, was going to be married. Now Mrs. Blake was own aunt to Ephraim. (Think what a plebeian he must have been to have relatives who took in sewing!) She was a quiet, sensible woman, who attended strictly to her own business, and had almost pricked away her left forefinger down to the bone. What she said was usually the simple truth, and you might depend upon it.

Ephraim's heart stood still.

"Persis Talbot, did you say?" asked he, picking a currant out of a bun with the coolest deliberation.

"Yes, to Stanley Warner; the affair is cut-and-dried," replied the not overelegant Aunt Blake, as indifferently, her nephew thought, as if she had been alluding to a bushel of pippins. Mr. Zelie sat late at his desk that night, and scribbled a black "Ichabod" on every blank bit of paper at hand. It was all the outward sign he ever gave of the hidden wound. His own mother observed no change in him, except that "he fell away from his food," and stood in daily need of chamomile tea.

Even Persis herself, "walking on thrones," never once suspected she was trampling over a heart. The happy young creature saw in life but one shadow, and that was the shadow of her crutch. It might now be supposed to grow less, but, on the contrary, it rather increased.

"Oh, mother," she sighed one day, "Stanley says it is all the defect I have—this lameness, I mean."

"Does he?" remarked Mrs. Talbot, dryly, and with the set look about the lips she always wore when Stanley's name was mentioned. "Does he? Then I suppose he is thankful for that one defect. Not being any where near an angel himself, he can't wish for perfection in you."

"Oh, mamma, he knows I am very human indeed; it is only his way of talking," said Persis, with one of her quick blushes. "I should be so glad for his sake to walk like other people. Do you know there is a way—a terrible way—I hardly dare tell you—"

"A terrible way to what?"

"To walk," gasped Persis, the color dying out entirely, and her white lips trembling as she spoke. "Amputation—as far as the ankle. Then, when the time comes, a cork foot. You know, mamma, a cork foot walks beautifully."

"Persis Talbot! How could you conceive such a dreadful idea?"

"Oh, I heard of a girl once who had it done. I have seen her—Abby Harlow. You would never detect the slightest limp. You know, mamma, all the patent contrivances for the feet do no good. I must always swing this cruel, detestable crutch, unless—"

"Persis, when did you see Abby Harlow? Who introduced you?"

"I saw her last week, mamma, when I went with Stanley to the Islands."

Mrs. Talbot's lips shut together with a spring-lock. What she thought of her son-in-law elect it had always been easy to guess by what she did not say. Persis looked at her inquiringly, and, as their eyes met, a cold glitter of determination rose in both pairs of orbs. Gentle Persis had steel in her composition as well as her mother; the two natures met sometimes and struck fire.

"I think, mamma," said the young girl, a few weeks later, "I shall go to Boston and submit to the operation I spoke of."

Her voice was low and sweet, but there was no wavering in it.

"Not with my consent, my daughter."

"I am so sorry, mamma; but you will think better of it. Papa has consented. He is going with me, and—and—Mr. Warner too."

There was no help for it. Persis had set her feet in the "terrible way," and Mrs. Talbot, with a mother's heart, could do no less than follow. The world knew nothing of the object of the journey. But Ephraim Zelie learned it from his Aunt Blake, who, unless she shut her ears, could not help hearing the warm discussions between mother and daughter which were incautiously carried on in her presence. Woman-like, Mrs. Blake took sides against that "cold-blooded Warner," who "hadn't any more feeling than a billet of rock-maple." She went to her nephew with the story because she knew he had a friendly interest in Persis.

"But if you'd never set eyes on the sweet lamb you couldn't but want to take her part," cried she, thrusting her needle into a bit of

cambric as savagely as if it had been an imaginary poniard, and the cloth the unfeeling breast of Mr. Warner.

Ephraim set his teeth together and whittled a shingle into the shape of a tomahawk. It would have been a waste of breath to tell Aunt Blake how he longed to rush to the rescue and save his devoted Persis from her "hard-wood" admirer.

"If she was going to marry a man with a soul as big as a nine-pence I think I could bear it," groaned he inwardly. "Oh, little Persis, is there nobody to save you? My poor dear lamb!"

Meanwhile the traveling party of four was a cheerful one to all appearance; and the two lovers, living on smiles and moonbeams, seemed to forget the terror that was to come.

"I am doing it for Stanley," this was the girl's thought.

The time of trial drew near. Thus far Persis had not faltered. The next day would prove how much her stout heart could bear.

"Good-night, dearest!" said Stanley, as they parted at the foot of the staircase in the hall of their hotel. "Good-night! Don't dream of cruel steel. Dream of me, and the graceful little bride I shall claim one of these days."

The old ready blush flickered on Persis's cheek, but no smile came with it. She shuddered and drew away. Something in her lover's tone hurt her. She had been half conscious of the same thing before; but to-night, as if she had awakened to it for the first time, it gave her a thrill of pain.

"I am doing it for Stanley," thought she, as her head sought the pillow.

But the magic had somehow gone out of the words. What if she were doing it for Stanley? Was that going to take away the terror and the agony? Was there length and breadth and depth enough in his love to atone for all this? How could he let her suffer so? Ah, there was the sting! Not that he had persuaded or even advised her; but then he certainly had not opposed the undertaking. He had let her see clearly that he should be gratified if she had the fortitude to bear it. And why? Because then he could claim a "graceful bride." Not a "wounded dove." Not a woman who faltered in her gait, but one who walked among other women as their peer.

And this was the way he loved her! The man for whom she was ready to sacrifice so much! Persis could not sleep.

"Her soul kept up too much light
Under her eyelids for the night."

Next morning she knocked betimes at her mother's door.

"What is it, my daughter?"

"When does the early train leave, mamma? I think I will go home."

"Why, Persis, this is the day—"

"On which I have come to my senses."

"What do you mean, child? I wish I could hope you had given up this mad scheme; but I suppose that is past praying for."

"No, mamma, I *have* given it up; and that is not all, nor half. I give up also the proud man who is willing to let me suffer."

Mrs. Talbot caught her beautiful daughter in her arms.

"Bless you, my own little Persis," said she; and the rigid look she had worn ever since starting for Boston fell off like a mask.

"He is a cold, ambitious man," went on Persis, rapidly. "I always knew it, but I kept trying to think it was not so. The man I marry must not be like that. He must be as tender and kind to me as you are, mother."

This was all the poor little girl could say, clinging fast to the one dear friend whose love had never failed her. The brave spirit which had been ready for physical suffering had not yet braced itself against this new and worse trial. To live, and live without Stanley! The thought seemed to blacken the whole future with the abomination of desolation.

"Stanley," said she, as they met in the parlor, "I am going home to-day."

"Going home!" repeated he, in astonishment, looking at her with his placid blue eyes which certainly were not dimmed by want of sleep.

"Yes," said Persis, with sad emphasis. "I have spent the whole night in thinking. I do not blame you for being what you are; but I shall not give up my crutch, Stanley, and so I can never keep pace with you. For the future you and I must go separate ways, my friend."

"My sweet Persis, and you have never so much as hinted at this before. Your nerves are shaken. Let us walk in the fresh air and talk this over a little."

The tone was kind, but there was just enough patronage in it to irritate Persis, and confirm her in her new resolve.

"My nerves are as firm as steel. Oh, Stanley, it is not that! It is that you are willing to let me do it! Don't you talk to me of love! I have had a vision of what real love is, and it is something quite, quite different from yours!"

Persis's voice quivered, and the words came with difficulty.

"Poor child," replied Mr. Warner, indulgently; "as if *I* had ever advised; as if I wished—"

But the girl had fled. Out of the room, out of the house, any where just then, to escape the presence of the man she had determined to thrust from her heart. Gasping a little for breath, but otherwise composed and quiet, she stopped at the end of the corridor, near an open door, and casually glanced out at the street. In so doing her eye fell upon a familiar face, and she turned suddenly away, but not before she had been observed.

"Persis! Miss Persis!" cried an eager voice, and Ephraim Zelig rushed up the steps with both hands extended.

She had not thought of seeing a friend from home, and when he came forward and greeted her with such unusual warmth of manner a

revulsion of feeling swept over her, the fearful calmness gave way, and she sobbed like a child.

"Dear Persis, if I could only do any thing for you," said Ephraim, hanging over her tenderly, and in his earnestness forgetting to be awkward.

He never doubted she was weeping at thought of the outrageous suffering before her, and he could have fought his dastardly rival with a good will. He did not tell her he had come to Boston for her sake, just to learn how it fared with her; much less would he have had her know that he had slept last night as little as she, and was now on his way to the surgeon's on a fool's errand, to beg him have pity and stay his knife.

"If there were only something I could do for you," repeated Mr. Zelie in an agony, not daring to speak more explicitly, for he was supposed to be profoundly ignorant of the whole affair.

"You can't help me, you can't help me," said poor Persis, stifling the sudden wish to confide in him. At that moment their old friendship asserted its half-forgotten sway; she was carried back in feeling to the years when she had gone with all her childish griefs to this awkward, "worthy," sympathetic Ephraim. But no, it would never do to tell him what she was suffering now; pride forbade. She only said:

"We have been here at Boston—father, mother, and I—for a few days. We are going home this morning. Something has occurred—I can not tell you what—which makes me unhappy; but it is all for the best, Ephraim, and one of these days I shall see it so."

"God grant it!" ejaculated Mr. Zelie, having no idea of Persis's meaning, but secretly exultant that at any rate she was going home, and the object of the journey had not been accomplished.

The days and weeks which followed were dreary ones for Persis. She could far better have borne the surgeon's knife than the lukewarm regrets of Stanley, who felt that gallantry demanded him to pursue her for a certain length of time with protestations of his undiminished regard.

"No," replied Persis, firmly, and feeling more and more that she was in the right, "I will not make it possible for you to repent and be ashamed of me."

At last Stanley made a final bow and withdrew, a little relieved, perhaps, to find his persistence all in vain. Persis was certainly a charming creature, but he had all along been conscious that his feelings had betrayed him into a rash engagement. A lame wife *would* be rather a millstone round a man's neck, as she had the good sense to perceive. He married, six months afterward, a fair girl with "little feet like mice," which could trip faultlessly through a quadrille.

"That was the way he loved me," said Persis, bitterly; and she caressed the worn gold at

the top of her crutch as if that enchanted wand had saved her from a broken heart.

Time brought back the lost roses to her cheek, and more than one lover came to sue; but "she did not care for love," she said.

Mrs. Talbot watched her daughter anxiously. She was surprised one day to see her face light up as Ephraim Zelie bowed in passing.

"Ephraim is a rising young man; he will make his mark in the world," said she, slyly; "but look, Persis, how awkward he is."

"Yes, mamma," was the quiet reply; "but for my part I am tired of elegance; I consider awkwardness so refreshing!"

"Ah ha! Blows the wind in that quarter?" thought mamma, and went on demurely with her knitting.

Persis and Mr. Zelie had grown to be fast friends again; but it was a long time before Persis understood the nature of their friendship, or came to any knowledge of the deep love which lay concealed beneath Ephraim's rough exterior, like a pure fountain underground. She had grown a little distrustful. "Men were all alike," she said.

But somehow, when Ephraim spoke she listened and rejoiced. She believed in him; and so at last the "worthy young man" was rewarded for his years of hopeless constancy.

"It took a bitter experience to teach me the difference between gold and tinsel," said the happy bride, hopping up to her husband's chair one day and stroking his rugged eyebrows with her slender hand; "but nowadays I must say, Ephraim, a lump of the genuine ore looks good to me, even if it is half buried in quartz."

"Thank you," laughed Ephraim, "if you mean *me*!"

AN OUTSIDER AT AN OTTER-HUNT.

THE sensations of an outsider are seldom enviable. I have experienced them, and I speak out of the fullness of that experience. As a small child I have smarted under my physical inability to take part in the pastimes of my compeers. As a struggling and unknown writer I have bemoaned the mental incapacity which kept me out of the established ranks of the staff of some first-class magazine. As a very young woman I have lamented in a futile way the slight obstacles my sex offered to any thing like a career and advancement. The feeling of being outside all these respective coveted positions and advantages was upon me strongly when they were offered to my view. But I never felt myself to be so completely a nothing—a mistake, a superfluity, an "outsider," in fact—as I did on the occasion of my first most uncalled-for appearance at a South Devon otter-hunt.

I knew a hawk from a heron, and (which is more to the point) a hound from a harrier. But it was

"Many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,"

since I had seen a hunt of any sort. My acquaintance with British animals did not extend to the otter. Whether he was to be ousted from a crisp, dry cover, or dug out of a damp hole in a river, was a dead secret to me. I only knew that men and horses and hounds, and, better still, ladies, were going to assemble themselves together toward his destruction on a certain fair June day in the immediate vicinity.

The outsider sensations did not set in while I was riding alone toward the scene in which the first act of this most novel (to me) drama was set. The day was all before me; the hours were all my own; and, above all, the sun was shining in a manner that must have brightened even the mind of a misanthrope, if such a being exists any where save in the pages of one of Lord Lytton's earliest novels.

It was a lovely road, that along which I had to ride. A road that curved itself up and down constantly between luxuriant hedgerows, where reigned a perfect monotony of dog-violets and primroses. The man to whom a "primrose on the river's brim" was a "yellow primrose and nothing more," would have been aggravated by these hedges into a stronger verbal expression of feeling about these children of spring and nature. They were there in such intolerably overpowering numbers. Sweetness and simplicity in moderation is highly to be commended. But sweetness and simplicity *en masse* becomes oppressive. Each primrose is apt to become more than a yellow primrose: a bore, by reason of its having so many brothers and sisters all around it.

But I would have gone back to the primroses willingly. I would have been bored to sadness by them, or by any thing else that I understood, and that did not make me feel myself to be an impostor, when I got to the sportsmen's and sportswomen's trysting-place and found that I knew nothing at all of the matter in hand. For a few minutes not all the radiance of the sun, not all the beauty of the most beautiful sylvan scene I have ever witnessed, could blind me to the fact that I was an outsider.

It was a miserable feeling—a small, low, ignominious feeling; but I gave it its fullest sway, knowing that at some future time I should like to analyze it and make it light me on to the discovery of some at present unsuspected meannesses in my own nature. I had not the honesty and strength of mind to take up the happy, respectable outsider position, "Enjoy the present, and gratefully accept instruction from any body." I could not enjoy the present for a while, because I fancied myself in a false position, and never staid to consider that I had put myself there of my own free-will, however unpleasant it might be to me.

How long I sat there under the shade of green trees on my well-disposed chestnut cob I do not remember now. At any rate it was long enough for the scene to get stamped in on my brain; long enough for me to get rid of every feeling save a sense of the beauty of it.

Wide meadows, broad pastures studded with forest trees, and intersected by a winding, gurgling, boulder-adorned river, swept away on each side. Down at the foot of a slope in this park-like pasture land the "meet" had gathered—an assemblage combining in itself all the elements of hunt and picnic.

The scene shall be set first. Away in mid-distance the land runs up in a graceful slope, which is outlined by a row of well-grown shrubs, and more distinctly still by a battlemented wall. Then a terrace intervenes, and then rises the square, handsome-turreted mass of architecture that must be known to every artist who knows any thing of Devonshire itself.

I was not only an outsider as far as the primary interest of this gathering was concerned, but I was a stranger ignorant of the county names, both of people and places; and I was very eager for knowledge, and very uncertain to whom to apply in order to gain it. There were elderly gentlemen on horseback, patient of the sport because there was nothing better to be had. There were young men on foot—velveteened and Knickerbockered young men—who leaped into the river occasionally, apparently without an end or aim. There were many picturesquely dressed ladies hovering on the brink of the sport, as it were, with long otter-poles in their hands, attractive boots on their feet, and drapery disposed with a due regard to the display of the same. A little further back from the river and its living fringe a few encouraging looking hampers and luncheon-baskets were grouped; and altogether in the rear the carriages and horses were placed under the shelter of the trees, until such time as it pleased the otter to change the scene of action.

There was a *dolce far niente* air about the whole scene—a hazy, purple idleness in the atmosphere—a contentedness with things as they were—an absence of all desire to move on on the part of those engaged that was dreamily infectious. I can fancy the lotus-eaters in the happy land in which "it seemeth always afternoon" going to an otter hunt on a hot June day. For a long time it seemed to me that the motto of otter-hunters must be, "We will no longer roam;" but suddenly the quotation was proved an unhappy one, for a hound who had been lurking about in an easy, *debonair* manner for some time made an observation in his mother tongue, and repose was at an end. The huntsman began blowing his horn; the elderly gentlemen cantered off toward a turn in the river which it appears otters are much addicted to; the young men ran in and out of the water stretchily, and made tremendous thrusts at the mud with their poles; and the ladies, apparently fully comprehending the case, walked away with the assured step of those who have an object in life.

The goal was a shaded hollow—a deep, dark curve in the river over which the boughs dipped lowly. A certain hole in the bank was suspected of harboring the object of all attention. Accordingly a trio of gentlemen stood immediately

above this hole, joined hands, and leaped light, sportive leaps into the air, in the hope of dislodging the otter, who was, however, too much accustomed to every sort of ground and lofty tumbling on the part of his hunters to be at all disturbed by this means. Then Romulus was called upon to exert himself (Romulus, by reason of his being the only thorough-bred otter-hound in the pack, the others being picked fox-hounds, was frequently called upon to exert himself), and after a few determined dives on his part, and a few frantic digs from the long pole of a man (who is devoted enough to the sport to have obtained the *sobriquet* of "Otter" appended to his surname), a harassed, slippery-looking, brown-skinned, mild-eyed creature shot from his hiding-place, and swam, in evident distress, down the river into shallower water. Huntsmen and hounds alike rushed along the banks in a line with the prey, whose hard fight for life was nearly over now. Now and again his pretty soft brown head was raised above the surface of the stream as he still swam on lustily, and his wild, soft, pleading eyes were turned beseechingly on his pursuers. He could not seek another sheltering hole. The feeling that the "game was not worth the candle" was upon him, I am sure. He swam on with palpably increasing feebleness, oppressed on every side. Now he was "tailed" by a man, now he was torn by a hound. Suddenly the whole pack were upon him, fighting over him, performing wonderful feats of strength and savagery upon their little worn-out foe. Glibly he escaped from the jaws of death, and glided on more wearily than ever to some remembered bourne which he was never destined to gain. During that period of his fight, his flight, and his ultimate vanquishment I did successfully what time-servers are frequently accused of trying to do. I hunted with the hounds and ran with the otter. That is to say, my sympathies were much engaged by the two opposing parties. I

could not wish that otter to be killed; at the time I could not wish that admirable Romulus and his followers to be disappointed. The otter was too much like the seal who used to excite emotions of tenderness in the bosom of the fashionable crowd who throng the Zoological Gardens on Sundays, by the gentle exhibitions he suffered himself to make of his love for his attendant—the otter was far too like that seal in expression for me to wish him other than well. Still, for all my good wishes toward him, I could not help getting as close to the performers in the last act as I might. The poor little otter, the little brown king of the river, the king with the "mild eyes," who very properly destroys all the geese he comes across, was at bay. Undirected by me my horse took me into the water, up to the very spot where the death-struggle commenced and ended. The little otter, who had swam and bitten and hidden with vigor for his life during all those hours, was at the extremity. He came to the surface for the last time, and he cast such a plaintive look about him that I "ran with the hounds no longer." Then the men and the dogs closed in promiscuously; I heard the otter sigh; such a sigh! It told of how all his life long he had foreseen this moment and been prepared to meet it bravely, as became one of gentle otter blood. And still my horse carried me nearer and nearer, and still I saw more and more of the otter's last moments, the river reddened with blood, the hungering after his little brown body which the hounds exhibited, and, last of all, a wet, mutilated, dead mass held aloft by the damp and enthusiastic votary of the sport who has gained a *sobriquet*. The poor little otter had given in to numbers and subtlety, and my heart was very sore for him. But "he is the cause, he is the cause" of such a pretty gathering that I shall go to see "the last" of all his brethren who are destroyed during the season.

EBBING.

HALF halting, as in doubt,
Creeping, creeping, the tide goes out.
Oft breaks, impatient of delay,
And oft returns a little way
To kiss the old gray rocks and pour
Its largess on the sand once more.
So the tide goes out.

The slender grasses rank
Reach trembling fingers down the bank,
And cling the helpless mosses, when
The pitying water turns again.
And the forsaken cliffs look down
Upon the sands left bare and brown,
When the tide goes out.

To hear a far-off sound
It listens close along the ground,
A call from the resistless sea,
A voice of dread and mystery!
Seaward the under-currents set,
Longing is stronger than regret,
And the tide goes out.

Whatever life it be
Has heard the summons toward the sea,
Nor dread nor tenderness can stay
When once the ocean calls away,
Though every parting wave make moan
To leave the barren shore alone,
When the tide goes out.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE Easy Chair presents its compliments to the gentle reader, and sincerely hoping that he has never stopped at Pawls's, begs him under no circumstances—save that of the highly probable accident by which his leg has just been broken after leaving the last station—to be persuaded to stop there. Pawls's is a branch of Mugby Junction. The boy at Mugby Junction, as a true Briton, would have rejoiced in the knowledge of Pawls's as situated in America, for the true Briton is supposed not to love the Yankees. It is indeed impossible not to look out for the Mugby Junction boy when you do unhappily stop at Pawls's, because such a spot implies such a boy. What else does it not imply?

You are sitting more or less comfortably in the car, often more than less, because most travelers have stopped at Pawls's and therefore take another road, so that there is room in the car. You are gazing out at the rather sad villages that straggle reluctant along a road that leads to Pawls's; you mark the dull, brown fields, the patches of snow, and you are doubting whether it was in the accident of yesterday or of last week that the car was burned when it was thrown from the track and all the passengers roasted to a cinder, when suddenly the train stops and a voice exclaims "Pawls's! Ten minutes for refreshments!" Refreshment? At Pawls's? If the victims of other days had not fled to other roads there would be a hoarse outcry of bitter mockery in reply. Refreshments! ha! ha! At Pawls's! ho! ho! no! no!

The passenger, young in travel by this route, upon whose mainly lip the very down of innocence and ignorance in this respect has not been disturbed, rises and passes out of the car to relieve himself of the monotony of sitting, and possibly in the expectation of refreshment. Does he cherish visions natural to youth, that unsuspecting voyager? Does he dream of a little neat repast, a succulent steak or chop, a bit of nice bread, a mealy potato, a glass of ale, a cup of tea, a napkin, a clean service, courteous attendance, something not costly in money and invaluable in its circumstances and surroundings? Ah, why should rude experience dissipate the lovely vision?

He saunters in, and is about turning away, supposing that he has mistakenly strayed into the quarters of the great originals of bacon, when he perceives some signs of humanity, and approaches with enlightened curiosity, but with no kind of expectation of refreshment, this wholly new aspect of his kind. He sees a long trough, that is to say table, over which a long line of men is bending, and with elbows crooked they are throwing something into their mouths with a dreadful imminence of an angry bell about to clang them, still dripping, and chewing, and swallowing, and red, and hot, and hurried, back into the car. Inside the long counter there is a table, at which sit a dozen solemn persons with wide eyes and mouths, preternaturally intent upon something more or less chewable. Whether these are favored guests, friends of the proprietors and conductors, members of the lobby, statesmen, poor persons fed at the public expense, or invalids unable to stand and engulf at

the counter, is not immediately apparent. There is no time for question or answer—there is but a moment, and that is sacred to cramming.

But in this Pawls's is not different from the other places sardonically called Refreshment Saloons. It is only more bare, more forlorn, and the crowd is only smaller and huddles together in a bereaved and melancholy manner, and watches a figure, or more than one, that darts to and fro within the long counter, dealing out something—something—before which human experience breaks down, and feebly owns that it has no conception of what it may be.

"Gim-me some of the—the—some of the—" gasps the Easy Chair's neighbor.

"Some of the chicken-pie? yes, Sir," returns the figure, and instantly whisks along to an inner high table, seizes a plate that stands in a row with other plates, all of which have an air of being drawn up for summary execution, and whisking back again, the figure bangs the plate down upon the counter, ejaculating "Chicken-pie, Sir!" and then suddenly slips out of sight like a malefactor fearing to be caught in the very act, but fully understanding his business and the means of escape.

The gasping neighbor, who has a resolute air notwithstanding, for an instant hopelessly surveys the mess that has been plumped down before him. He raises it—holds it off a little—looks at it sideways—feels it with a fork—studies it confusedly, as if totally forgetting what it had been supposed to be—and putting the plate down again, gasps once more, "Here, here—you, Sir—you—yes—something—gim-me—gim-me—some—"

"Chicken-pie—yes, Sir," mechanically retorts the whisking figure, but half stops in the whisk as if remembering that this person has been served before, and stares at the plate, still whisking, and seizes another of the victims waiting for execution, and plumps him as before, and once more suddenly escapes.

The gasping neighbor in a kind of solemn and depthless perplexity again investigates his unresisting prey, holds it near, holds it far off, looks down at it perpendicularly, looks horizontally at it sideways, filips the bottom of the plate with his middle finger, once more falls into temporary forgetfulness or general intellectual exhaustion, and says in a rather expressionless tone as his eye catches something from which he has no power left to free himself: "Gim-me—gim-me—" But time is nearly up, and every thing in Pawls's is conscious of it, and is going at a tremendous pace—heads down, elbows crooked—crowd swallowing and internal waiters whisking for dear life, with a rattling and jamming of plates and cups and glasses, while the awful bell is evidently on the very edge of its angry jangle, and the gasping neighbor excited by the universal sweep and hurry cries out aloud so that people look sideways at him, but without stopping, "Here—you—I say—hullo—gim-me—"

But the whisking figure has rather an ugly look in its eyes as it regards the passenger who again summons it, and it glares at the two plates with the moist something in them merely poked and turned over, with a half suspicious expres-

sion, as if the individual on the outside of the high counter who was capable of such behavior might also be capable of not paying for those plates and of jumping upon the departing train "without recourse." But the figure half pauses in an injured way, and hears the neighbor say, "Gim-me—are those cakes—or—"

"Yes, cakes," is the very short and not conciliatory reply.

"Gim-me some," gasps the neighbor, who seems to have put all his hurry into his voice, and to be keeping the rest of himself in excellent self-possession.

There is a very indignant whisk toward the cakes, and they are slammed—three of them, dingy, fried, not crisp, not alluring—before the expectant. He breaks one, and holding a piece in each hand, regards them with a strictly scientific air. The Easy Chair's neighbor is evidently of the opinion that the cakes which 'prentice boot-blacks consume in the Fulton Market are ambrosia compared with that food at Pawls's. The whisking figure has now stopped permanently, suspicious before this extraordinary passenger, who actually looks at his food instead of opening his mouth, shoveling it in, and paying the demand. The figure grows lynx-like in its intensity of aspect. Under the most favorable circumstances it would hardly be a figure of a seductive expression, but just now it is positively unamiable.

"Cakes, eh?" says the neighbor.

"Yes, cakes," in the most sternly uncompromising tone—a tone that utterly declines to debate the subject.

"Ah! cakes?" says the neighbor, with a tone of incredulity which the Easy Chair had not supposed the human voice capable of attaining, and which seems to add gall to the bitterness of the whisking figure.

"Cakes—and this?" asks the neighbor, directing a most perpendicular glance upon the two discomfited plates of a moist something—"this is—"

"Chicken-pie!" ejaculates the lynx, as if to deprive the other of the satisfaction of pronouncing the words.

"Chicken-pie," continues the passenger, without observing the ejaculation, and with a richness of contemptuous disbelief that is most grateful to the generally outraged sense of the Easy Chair.

The bell obstreperously rings at this moment.

"How much?" gasps the neighbor.

"Fifty cents."

"Fifty cents for three—cakes?"

Then, with a full head of indignant steam, as if all the rites of the altar had been shamelessly violated, the whisking figure breaks forth:

"You've spiled two plates of pie."

"Jess pat it up, and it'll do over again this afternoon," replies the indomitable neighbor, who still gasps it out as before in the most ludicrous hurry, and lays the money upon the counter.

This was the refreshment at Pawls's—large lumps of wet dough with an occasional bone in it, and cakes that beggar imagination. There were no oysters; no cold meats; no hot meats; not even the dry, stale blocks, called sponge-cake, that are usually kept, like rare exotics, under a glass case, in most "Refreshment Saloons."

"Oysters! good mercy forbid!" exclaimed

the Major-General, to whom the Easy Chair told the tale. "Never eat oysters out of a keg, to begin with; and remember what is done at —." The Easy Chair forbears to mention the name. It will rather address a private note of remonstrance, holding up publicity as the dread alternative of not reforming, if the direful report be true.

"Why, what *is* done at —?"

"They bail out the oysters when the train arrives. The bell rings before many of the passengers have eaten; they pay and run and leave half plates of stew, and these—these—"

"These—?" demanded the Easy Chair.

"Are poured back into the great receptacle."

It is so asserted—most solemnly—upon the word of a peeping Tom who couldn't help seeing, who was left by the train, and saw with his own eyes the deed done.

The Easy Chair calls attention to this fearful fact. It invites the incriminated purveyor of refreshment to explain himself, and, if the story be true, to promise instant and perpetual amendment. Should he decline to do so, it will be with the same unfeigned reluctance and regret with which Dr. Birch proceeds to extreme punishment of his tender pupils, that the Easy Chair will feel constrained to whisper the offending name to the public; but it hopes for strength to do its duty.

And when will this much-traveling and long-suffering public demand that the details of travel shall be made decent and agreeable? When will a civilized community refuse to acknowledge Pawls's as a station of "refreshment?" When will the good-natured Yankee, who thinks that what his country has not is not worth having, understand that in scores of the details of life which contribute to its comfort, to its health, and to its morality, he has yet a very great deal to learn of the effete monarchies of Europe? Mr. and Mrs. Plutus have just gone abroad. Let us hope that when they return they will bring not only every extravagance and absurdity—if they must bring the cancan and the Grecian bend—let us hope they will also introduce a few of the superior conveniences that the Old World has produced.

WHEN we read in those repositories of truth, the daily papers, that the speech of the previous evening by the candidate of the editor's party was the most comprehensive and profound and eloquent that has yet been delivered, or that the singing of the favorite prima donna of the discreet critic was like the warbling of the king of nightingales, there is, perhaps, a certain degree of conviction still wanting. It is a fine compliment, but whether truth is an essential part of compliment is a delicate point of casuistry not yet determined. Yet, when on a recent winter morning the Easy Chair read in the paper that the madrigal concert of the evening before was "simply perfect," it did not stop to consider whether that phrase were complimentary, because it was wholly true. Even Boston, the boreal city, which, abandoning for a time the chase of the walrus and the white bear, hies to the Music Hall in the afternoon and listens gravely to the most classic music—to Bach and the Reformation Symphony, and which cherishes a somewhat disdainful pity for the music of other cities, would have graciously inclined its ear and

heart to those delicious madrigals, and have been electrified into that sincere and delighted applause.

This Easy Chair has heard much good music far and near, but never any more satisfactory in its way than the singing of the madrigals at Steinway Hall. Long ago, in the days and nights of the Apollo, the hall below Canal Street, upon Broadway, in which the Philharmonic Society first gave its concerts, in its day of small things—the hall in which Castellan made her début in civilized lands, and in which so much good music was heard, there was a madrigal concert. The very name was magical to any lover of the old literature and the old music. Phillis, Corin, Daphne, Damon, Chloe—all the nymphs and the swains of the pastoral poetry and the pretty life that never was—warbled and loitered and danced; nor did any such lover as we have mentioned ever forget that concert, but has gone about ever since hungering and thirsting for more madrigals.

They did not come, and it was impossible not to reflect that the young singers of the ancient Apollo could not be always young, and that time, which steals so much, does not spare the sweetest birds. The Easy Chair, for one, gradually relinquished hope of ever hearing that old music. It listened many and many a time for them in the Music Hall, and listened in vain. The ancient Apollo has been so long gone that the generation of to-day knows nothing of it. But it was one of the inexpressible pleasures of Broadway to look at it in passing and say, "There I heard the madrigals," as Quercus looks at Park Row and affirms, as if a past triumph were greater than all future successes—as if an extinct theatre were more real than stately warehouses—"There I heard Malibran!"

A philosopher who said that none of his friends, so far as he knew, read Plato, also remarked that Plato was always to be bought, and that therefore a certain number of persons evidently read him. It is with madrigals as with Plato. The church of true believers does not become extinct. It may worship in the Catacombs or in the desert, but still the faith survives and the service proceeds. Perhaps no form of art which has been fully developed ever loses its hold upon human interest. And so it seems that this Arethusa, which disappeared from public view at the Apollo, did reappear far away in domestic seclusion.

By a pleasant fireside half a dozen lovers of music, carefully trained and admirably accomplished, singers of glees, devotees of Mendelssohn, not too much bewildered with the Opera, cultivated vocal music of the finest traditional forms, among which, of course, the madrigal music was eminent. It was music for its own sake, not for profit or *éclat*. Some of the little company sang in choirs and in the oratorio choruses, but they were associated as a quiet Shakespeare class may be, for the purest pleasure. And while the remembering and regretting old Easy Chairs were musing upon the madrigals sung by a past generation, the present generation, almost within the hearing of those old lovers, were singing them. Had their ears been only fine enough they would have heard through all the rattle of omnibuses and the scuffling of feet, through the chill wintry air and the blinding snow:

"Now is the month of Maying,
When merry lads are playing,
Fa la la;
Each with his bonny lass
A-dancing on the grass,
Fa la la."

Such lovers attract all others, and similar little groups or clubs discovered themselves, and finally uniting made themselves heard by the public in a madrigal concert at Steinway Hall, complimentary to Mr. James A. Johnson. Madrigals, madrigals! what are madrigals? asked the good public, which is familiar with cavatins, scenas, arias, and the rest of the opera phraseology; but which knew not this word, which, from the force of association, we should have called an honest old English word, if we had not recalled just in time that it is supposed to be of Italian origin. Christopher Marlowe has a familiar line:

"By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals."

And Milton:

"Whose artful strains have oft delayed
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal."

Indeed its association is especially English, but the authorities derive it from the earliest hymns to the Virgin, *alla Madre*; others from a Greek word meaning a stall or a herd of cattle, and so reaching a pastoral song. As such we know it; a little pastoral, amorous poem.

The pretty programme of the concert says that the madrigal originated in Italy; that the earliest of the kind were written about the year 1540; and not until 1583 was any attempt made to adapt them to English words. For a century it was the most popular form of music in England, and the programme quotes from Morley's Introduction to Practical Music a practical illustration of the universality of the custom of taking part in madrigal singing in well-bred society. "Supper being ended, and musicke books, according to the custome, being brought to the table, the mistress of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing; but when, after many excuses, I protested unfaindly that I could not, everie one began to wonder; yea, some whispered to others demanding how I was brought up. So that, upon shame of my ignorance, I goe now to seek out mine old friende Master Gnorimus, to make myself his scholler."

How proud Master Gnorimus would have been of the fifty or sixty ladies and gentlemen who came quietly upon the platform and proceeded to give the most conclusive proof of the manner in which they had been brought up! After Mr. Warren had played Weber's Jubilee Overture upon the organ they rose—Master Gnorimus, the most modest of men, concealing himself under the appellation of Brown, touched the key upon the piano, and instantly sixty voices became one voice, and with the most delicate and exquisite shading, every part full, rich, and true, sang a rippling, dancing, joyous spring song; and when it too soon and suddenly ended the surprise and delight of the fascinated audience burst forth in a peal of the sincerest applause, with a rustle and murmur of satisfaction. And so it went through the whole evening; the madrigals varied by two or three solos, and glees, and Mendelssohn's "O for the wings of a dove!" It was a chorus in which every singer was a mas-

ter—or a mistress, which, in music, at least, is the same thing. There was, therefore, no lagging, no dependence, no inadequacy, no confusion, but the tone was ample and firm and sure, and the gradation marvelous. Every soft note to the utmost pianissimo was as fine and faultless as the loudest.

The madrigal music is often very elaborate, comprising imitations and fugues. Often the imitations are of a childlike simplicity, closely following the words. One of the most charming is that of Thomas Morley in 1590:

"Fair Phillis I saw sitting all alone,
Feeding her flock near to the mountain's side;
The shepherd knew not whither she was gone,
But after his lover Amyntas hied.
Up and down he wandered while she was missing,
But when he found her, ah! then they fell a-kissing."

Here, too, the melody follows, and wanders, and doubts, and lingers, and wonders, until there is no more doubt; and the audience was so pleased that love's labor was not lost but rewarded that it loudly demanded to hear that delightful love-chase all over again. The best of the madrigal composers—Morley, Wilbye, Ford, Orlando Gibbons—were all represented. As the Easy Chair looks over the programme the flavor of that rare feast returns, each separate joy is remembered, and each seems in remembrance best until the slowly-traveling, the delaying eye, reaches the next in order. But when, just before the end, a chorus of men's voices only sang the "Integer Vitæ" of Paul Flemming, the melody henceforth associated, in its union with the noble words of John S. Dwight, with the precious memory of the Harvard boys who fell in the war, it was not possible that the solemn sweetness of the music, so intense, so religious, so inexpressibly tender, did not purify every heart that heard.

How greedy of the moments were we all as the beautiful concert sang itself to the end! It was late, but an old Easy Chair that remembered the madrigal concert at the ancient Apollo, and computed that at this rate there would be about four in a century, of which it had now heard two; and with the strains of the *Integer* still hallowing the air, wished only that those had heard who, it knew, were absent—her that Tua calls, and him, Xtopher, and that good genius of the Music Hall. The night was sloppy very probably, but it seemed starry. It was pleasant to loiter along Broadway, and look in at the Christmas windows of the illuminated shops, and to be reminded that the kindly soil from which such rills as this concert bubbled up must be full of sweet waters however hidden.

It is the cheery part of travel that it teaches us how charming every land is, and how full of people worth knowing—people who give us the feeling that our own acquaintances do not monopolize the worth of mankind. And if the world, so the city. New York is not an interesting city. There is very little local pride in the population; there are very few local and vital traditions. Somebody lives in a fine house in a fine street, but his heart and his memory are in a village among the hills. He does not care to give money to adorn a city in which huge taxes take him by the throat to satisfy the Common Cormorants that roost in the Park; but he gives an organ to that village church and an

iron fence to that rural cemetery where, once released from Wall Street, he shall tranquilly repose. Folly and mad extravagance and ignorance and crime live also in superb houses, and are painfully conspicuous. Juvenal can scarcely say any thing of the city that is not too mild, and Addison can not smile severely enough. But how much humanity and heroism and self-sacrifice are here also! How much delightful enjoyment, fine accomplishment, sound learning! It is modest, and refuses to assert itself. Horace Walpole sneers at Oliver Goldsmith in the Park, but Burke and Johnson and Sir Joshua know him and love him. Then they live here too! And Florence Nightingale as well as Cora Pearl! And the brothers Cheeryble as well as old Ralph Nickleby! And it is not all given over to the opera bouffe; but madrigals may be sung in the finest hall to the largest audiences! Ah! if there were but a Mrs. Easy Chair how surely she would have heard that evening as she loitered homeward with her companion: "My dear, it was a very moral entertainment." "Pshaw! Mr. Easy Chair, for a sensible piece of furniture you are guilty of great follies. Is that all you can say for this beautiful concert?" "My dear, this concert has given me a higher opinion of this city and of human nature in general." "Very well; now," would that comely but impossible she respond, "now you are speaking the truth."

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says that it is very hard for an Englishman to behave so as not to offend an American; and Mr. Lowell, in his delightful paper upon a certain condescension in foreigners, indicates the point of friction. But the *Pall Mall* can not very easily answer its own question; while the hopeless dullness of the genuine John Bull is shown by the inquiry, jocosely suggested in another quarter, whether, if Mr. Laird and Mr. Roebuck should be hanged, drawn, and quartered, and then sent to us nicely pickled, we should be satisfied. The truth is, that it is this very dullness, this pachydermatous quality, in the Englishman who is a true blue Bull, which prevents his sympathetic relation with other people. He condescends to his neighbor Crapaud just as much as to Jonathan, and the Italian hated him heartily in the days when he was eternally meddling in every body's business, and raising expectations that he would not gratify. It is interesting and amusing to see this vast dullness personified as it was in George the Third. His character and his reign constantly suggest the word British. The Tory writers describe him as an amiable and virtuous monarch. One of them, in a mild pastoral rapture, calls him "this shepherd of his people." The unfortunate man, whose long sorrow appeals to the forbearing sympathy of mankind, was nevertheless a droll cockney king—a most provincial potentate. And this intense insularity destroys an intelligent sympathy with the world in that kind of English feeling which is expressed by the name John Bull.

This perhaps explains the singular want of adaptability in our excellent brethren of that kind. They evidently tolerate the rest of mankind, and no more; and they go through the world less affected by it than any other people. The cosmopolitan facility is wanting to them.

The man in ordinary society who always insists upon himself is found to be a very tiresome bore at last—and one of the most essential discoveries is that we are not quite so important to others as we naturally are to ourselves. Evident personal conceit paralyzes the most signal talent and prevents its success. Tact, which is a more helpful sprite than genius, is this exquisite sense of adaptability. It is the sunshine which is resistless. It does not strike, nor blow, nor shout; it is all-enveloping, melting, compelling.

In the old times—and not so *very* old, gentle reader—when you took the steamer upon the Rhine some summer morning, and slid softly through that pretty scenery, full of romantic suggestion in castle and tower, which filled your mind with the pensive traditions that steep the Old World landscape in a light of magic, you would be quite sure to see some John Bull of high degree going forth upon the Continental tour. He or she was pretty sure to sit in the carriage of state in the bow of the steamer, and thence, with passive endurance, to tolerate foreign countries. Indeed, this kind of our neighbors, the typical Bull, never seemed to go traveling, but tolerating. They tolerated up the Rhine and through Switzerland. They tolerated over the Alps and into Italy. They tolerated every part of Rome, and especially the Easter ceremonies. Have you not seen him—or her—the latter in the unspeakable “ugly,” a kind of chaise-top hitched upon the front of the bonnet—tolerating some solemn old cathedral? At twilight in the Duomo at Florence, at morning in the Campo Santo at Pisa, with Murray, the red missal of toleration, in their hands?

The series of Brown, Jones, and Robinson tell the story. That tall tolerator, standing upright in the cathedral staring at the ceiling while the people are quietly kneeling and worshipping around him, is the very figure of that tactlessness which tramples on the prejudices and sensibilities and forms of others, as the excellent donkey of whom Mr. Tuckerman has lately said such pleasant and such true things tramples down the garden into which he strays. And yet in that tall living blunder what good feeling, and intelligence, and heartiness, and cultivation, and appreciation there are! That British youth knows more of the church than the worshipers, more of the country than its people, and more of its history than many of its scholars. But it is of no use. He has not that delicate sympathy which is better than knowledge in the intercourse of a moment.

And when he comes across the sea to us the heavy pride which lies at the bottom of the national character stirs a little with the hereditary grudge. He sees a people of his own race which at great disadvantage got the better of the head of the house; and the stirring of the pride is not pacified by that of the intellect and the heart, which suggests that the quarrel was foolish, and that there need have been no rupture. But this conviction will at last pacify, if it does not now. The old things are passing away; and between the Young England, which is not that of Disraeli and Lord John Manners, and Young America a deep mutual intelligence is springing up. It is because the scales are hanging more and more balanced; because we are no longer a negative but a positive force of progress and civilization;

and because the best minds in each country acknowledge a common principle of national life every where; because the John Bull is disappearing, and George the Third is as melancholy a spectacle to Englishmen as to us.

There will be no sense of condescension when we are conscious that we can not be patronized. The class in this country that has been most sensitive to it is the class that invited it by an exaggerated deference. Those who did not, if they perceived it, merely laughed at it. It is a horrible truth that we have toadied. When the haughty *Review* contemptuously asked, “Who reads an American book?” who would have cared if American books were not trying to be read by the haughty *Review*? If it had asked who reads a French book, cousin Crapaud would have stirred his *eau sucre* and exclaimed, with a smile, “That droll John Bull!” and forgotten it. France has the traditional detestation of perfidious Albion; but “the nation of shop-keepers” was as galling to John Bull as the sneer at the American book was to us. And we are sensitive now only where we feel a certain English superiority. Neither the army nor the navy of England are very terrible to us; but there is an independence and heroism and training of thought which we may wisely study. Yet that is to be found most among the Englishmen who are most our friends. Romantic friendship indeed we must not expect. But he is a curiously constituted man who does not feel the ties of kindred, of race, of development, of civilization.

THE Easy Chair presents its compliments to many correspondents, and begs to remind them that it is not the editor of the Magazine. By the urbane permission of that invisible and anonymous power it submits every month a few words upon the topics that arise, and then shares with the world the pleasant feast which is provided in these pages. But its extremely friendly relations with the beforementioned potentate embolden it to say a few words especially addressed to contributors to the Magazine.

“If,” says one correspondent, “Mrs. Stowe should send something anonymously to the Magazine, it would not be thought any better than what I send; but her name saves it.” But does this correspondent complain of that? If she opened these pages and saw a story “by Charles Dickens,” would it attract her no more than an anonymous story? If it would, her remark is answered. Certain names are signs of a proved power, and therefore most attractive to readers. Besides—and this is very humbly suggested—if your contribution be as good as Mrs. Stowe’s, why is not your name equally desirable to a magazine with hers? Is there not a suspicion that you may be mistaken? Are all contributions equally desirable? The Easy Chair certainly does not say that Homer nods—but oh, reflecting correspondent, not every one who nods is Homer. Dickens, again, was as anonymous as you when he began. If the Dickens is in you, be very sure that your anonymous communications will not be rejected.

And here “Imperator” wishes to know why in the interest of a sound literature the editor will not state his reasons for declining a contribution. Dear Sir, an editor is an autocrat. The king wills it—that is his reason. In other words,

he does not know his reason. When a sensitive teacher is instructing his pupil upon the piano he exclaims, "Hi, hi! that's a false note!" But, good "Imperator," shall he undertake to show to her exactly why it is a false note? Now editing is by no means so exact a science as music; but an editor feels the false note as surely as the teacher. He knows instinctively—or he is not a good editor—what is "available;" that is, what is magazineable. It would take him a very long time to explain, and he might not satisfy you after all in the particular case of your article. But his instinct is final for his purpose, and you ought to understand that it is no kind of reflection upon your article. If he should stop to explain to every writer of a contribution that he must return why he returned it, the publication of the Magazine would necessarily be suspended. You gentlemen who sit at home at ease and

write epic poems and novels and essays, and mail them to editors, little know how the stormy winds of speed do blow in the editorial sanctum, and that it is—saving your authorship—enough to read without explaining why the reading is not satisfactory.

Ah, but, says Artaxerxes, it is so disagreeable, so mortifying, to receive your manuscript back again. And how long would you buy a magazine conducted upon the principle of printing whatever was sent in order to spare the feelings of the writer? No, good friends and fellow-authors, use the same sagacity in dealing with the Magazine and your contributions that you do in all other relations and business, and you will not regard an editor as not only your natural enemy, but a proud and insolent tyrant likewise. But, above all, remember that the Easy Chair is not that ferocious despot.

Editor's Book Table.

HISTORY.

MR. LOSSING has now completed what may be termed the dramatic portions of American history. His "Pictorial Field-book of the Revolution" was, if we mistake not, his first contribution in this department. It is now followed with a "Pictorial History of the Civil War;" and almost simultaneously with the issuance of the third volume of this work the Harpers announce the history of the War of 1812, by the same author, to be issued in monthly parts.* Mr. Lossing eclipses himself. He would be accounted an admirable historian were he not an even more admirable artist. His illustrations by pen would give him high rank among the original historians of the country, did not his illustrations by pencil throw them into the shade. Pictorial histories are often simply historical picture-books, in which melodramatic battle-scenes are framed with a little second-hand history; cheap productions in which the pencil is far more instrumental than the pen, and the scissors more assiduous than either. The reader is hardly accustomed to look in such works for even real illustration of well-known events, still less for original research and valuable contributions to historical knowledge. This, however, Mr. Lossing affords in a remarkable measure. And we know not where to find so perfect a history, not only of the events, but of the times of which he writes, as is contained in this really magnificent volume. It is not only that he has visited every battle-ground, depicted by sketches taken on the spot the most important localities, added maps and diagrams, without which descriptions of battle are only a confused picture of masses of men moving indiscriminately amidst the smoke and carnage of conflict; made constantly his pencil subservient to his pen, and written the best historical narrative of the stirring events of a war which he rightly designates the "last War for American Independence;" it

is not only that here you will find better told than we have read it any where else the stories of the naval battles on the Atlantic, the victory of Commodore Perry, and the final repulse of the British at New Orleans under Jackson; it is not merely that he has carefully and ably depicted the preparations for the war, the foreign entanglements, and the home politics of the day, the timidity of Madison, and the pertinacity of his party that pushed him on to courageous acts; that in these pages you will find the best and most impartial account, for example, of the Hartford Convention, whose ghost has not ceased from that day to this to haunt New England; it is not only that he writes always in a patriotic and never in a partisan spirit; but also that partly in the text, and still more in the elaborate notes, you will find a complete portraiture of the age, in condensed histories of its most remarkable events and persons, and in admirable fac-similes of its most valuable relics. The first American cent; an assignat of the French Revolution; an illustrated description of Fulton's torpedo; the origin and history of Tammany Society, and its transformation from a patriotic to a political club; portraits of all the principal enactors in this drama of history; fac-similes of their autographs, and of some of the more important of their letters and documents; reproductions from the popular press, and copies of the popular caricatures; and biographical sketches of all the leading men of the age, are among the illustrations which enrich this volume and enhance its value. On the whole, we hardly think it is too much to say that it is by far the best, as well as the most popular, history extant of the period of which he writes—a period of which the American public knows generally far too little.

If you take up an atlas of our day to look for Poland, or the kingdom of Naples, or for Florida, or half a hundred other states, as they are described in the annals of the past century, you will find they are not where they ought to be. The old lines are rubbed out and new ones drawn so often that we need new atlases every

* The Pictorial Field-book of the War of 1812; or, Illustrations, by Pen and Pencil, of the History, Biography, Scenery, Relics, and Traditions of the last War for American Independence. By BENSON J. LOSSING. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1869.

year; and yet we ought to keep all the old ones to see what the world used to be. Mr. GAGE* in this elegant little octavo gives us sixteen small maps, printed in tints and not crowded with names, which illustrate the political history of Europe and North America. The book is an admirable specimen of the art of manufacture; and readers who know how to enjoy the assistance which maps afford in the studies of history, or the entertainment of historical fiction, will find it as useful as it is handsome.

THE world is fast getting to be an old story. It is but a little time, but a very few years, since China was as far away and as unreal to us as fairy-land. One who had been to China, and had safely returned, was looked upon with mingled awe and envy. But now it is no uncommon thing to meet ladies who have "encompassed the globe" without having the fame therefor which in our childhood days was accorded to Captain Cook. It is really a serious question what will be left for the energetic travelers of 1900 to explore, unless some aerial carriage be found to our neighboring planets, or some opening to the interior of our own. From the press of Harper and Brothers we have *China and the Chinese*, by the Rev. JOHN L. NEVIUS, and *Travel and Adventure in the Territory of Alaska*, by FREDERICK WHYMPER (the latter a reprint). They are entertaining books, and likely to be read, both by those who, meaning to visit those countries, prepare themselves for it by gathering facts, and those who, unable to roam the world in person, are glad to do so in company with a genial author by means of pleasant books.

RELIGIOUS.

REV. LYMAN ABBOTT'S *Life of Christ*† was published, opportunely, immediately before Christmas-day. It is a neatly printed and handsomely illustrated volume of a little more than 500 pages. The general aim of the work is to reproduce the narrative of Christ's life and teachings for popular reading, freeing it, upon the one hand, from whatever is hackneyed and conventional in expression, and, on the other, enriching the account with that knowledge of the manners, customs, and institutions of Christ's time which modern scholarship has accumulated.

The work opens with chapters describing the Holy Land; the Jewish Commonwealth, its origin and peculiar institutions, displaying the germination in Palestine of many of the political ideas most prized in America at the present day; the degeneracy of the Jews under the adverse influences of their captivity in Babylon and subjugation to Rome; and the condition and leading features of Jewish civilization in the time of Christ. These chapters afford much information both interesting and profitable, and enable the reader better to realize our Saviour's place in the world's chronology, and better to appreciate

the previous influences which moulded his epoch, and the power which his teachings had, by reason of the "fullness of time" in which he lived, to mould the centuries which have followed. The author then narrates the birth and education of Jesus, and from this point the work proceeds steadily with the events of Christ's life and ministry, unto his trial, crucifixion, and resurrection.

The work, throughout, evinces extensive and judicious reading, and a good acquaintance with the best results of modern investigation; yet mere scholarship and learning are never suffered to mar the interest of the narrative. It is a philosophic history, not a mere paraphrase of the Gospels, nor an industrious but unanimated collection of antiquities. It narrates—in respect to literary style—the life of Christ as Macaulay, Bancroft, or Motley narrate the lives of heroes. And one is surprised to find how new and deep an interest is communicated to the narrative when it is told anew and with the aids and accessories which this volume gives it.

In religious tone this work avows, and every where displays, the warm but unbigoted attachment of the author to the evangelical view of Christ and his work. Yet it avoids all religious and theological discussion, assumes the truth of the Gospel narratives as the basis upon which the history is founded, without exacting or contending for an assent to them from every reader, and quietly and uncontroversially pursues the history as it is in them contained. The author is singularly successful in the brief remarks which the course of the narrative sometimes obliges him to make upon controverted topics, such as the nature of Christ, the wine question, miracles, demoniacal possession, the Sabbath question, the philosophy of the atonement, etc. He expresses the view adopted with a candor and simplicity which enable a reader, of whatever views, to enjoy and profit by the information conveyed.

Upon the whole, we believe that this work will be widely acceptable to the American Christian public, and will take rank as a valuable contribution to the popular religious literature of the time.

THE sermons of Dr. EWER, entitled the *Failure of Protestantism*,* which caused some sensation in New York last fall, have been published in a neat pamphlet for circulation. These sermons owe their success in attracting public attention to the clearness with which the author sees the pith of the great ecclesiastical questions of our day, and the boldness with which he takes his position and attacks the views opposed to it. This vital question, which underlies the diversified and confused discussions of the religious world, may be fairly stated thus: *Did the Founder of Christianity establish an order of men divinely and exclusively empowered to declare the Will of God to the rest of Mankind, and authorized to perpetuate their own order for this purpose through all coming time?*

Dr. Ewer assumes the affirmative of this question. In his view, this order, now wrongly broken into the Anglican, Roman, and Greek com-

* A Modern Historical Atlas, for the use of Colleges, Schools, and General Readers. By Rev. WILLIAM L. GAGE, Translator of Ritter's Palestine, Author of Life of Carl Ritter, etc. New York: Appleton and Co.

† Jesus of Nazareth: His Life and Teachings; founded on the Four Gospels, and Illustrated by reference to the Manners, Customs, Religious Beliefs, and Political Institutions of his Times. By LYMAN ABBOTT. With Designs by Doré, De Laroche, Fenn, and others. New York: Harper and Brothers.

* Sermons on the Failure of Protestantism and on Catholicity. By the Rev. FERDINAND C. EWER, S.T.D., Rector of Christ Church. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

munions, constitutes the true Catholic Church; while the denial that Christ founded that order constitutes Protestantism, a system which, as he argues, has failed to accomplish its purpose. To raise the question whether such authority was ever given to any set of men is to put the great central religious question of our day. To solve this question either way, to the satisfaction of Christendom, would be to supersede religious controversy. It is a question on which not only the convictions and even prejudices of men are opposed, but millions of property and hundreds of thousands of livelihoods depend.

WHAT shall we say of a man who succeeds in writing six sermons on the Sabbath Question,* which a Broadway publisher undertakes to print, and which people buy and read? It is surely a new fact. Yet here the sermons are, forming a modest little volume that comports well with the charming "Valley Church" down between the hills of Orange, whence they proceeded. Mr. BACON recognizes the fact that the usages of our Protestant churches in reference to the Sabbath have changed in the past fifty years, and in these discourses he points out the inconsistency between the present usage and the traditional theory respecting it. In a genial spirit, and without the tone of controversy, he opposes the traditional theory, and presents the reasons for considering our Sabbath as a Christian privilege, not a commanded observance. "Do not think," he says, "you are sinning if you sleep. You are sinning if you think so, but you need not think so."..... "Count it no sin to worship God through the enjoyment of his works in nature, beneath the temple of the groves, if you so choose, or among the lilies of the field, breathing his pure air, rejoicing in his blessed light, listening to the birds that sing his glory, and that sing because he works to give them life and tune their songs—count this no sin if it is needful to you, if it is helpful to you, if there are no higher duties to yourself or to your neighbors which forbid it." And in this spirit of liberty he inculcates the employment of the spiritual privileges which such a day of rest and its institutions afford. If this little work reaches the minds for whom it is specially prepared, let us hope that the author will be encouraged to give some other subjects of kindred interest the same genial, liberal, and earnest treatment.

POETRY.

TEN thousand lines and more of blank verse, by ROBERT BROWNING.† He must have good courage who undertakes to read them, and he still better courage who, having read them, will undertake the coming volume. Yet the reader will find less of the author's most unpleasant peculiarities—fewer inscrutable sentences, fewer contortions of language, less wantoning with words—than he might naturally look for in so many lines from that pen. They do not come to us from the voice of a singer. They do not come from the heart of one who is carried away from common things by a lofty ecstasy—its own

law and its own excuse. And who but Robert Browning would have conceived the plan of repeating one tale of folly, deceit, and revenge in five different versions (as in this volume), with a promise of five more in a volume yet to come? For that we must wait before giving a just review. In the mean time this may be said as to the one before us. Those who find in it only, or chiefly, a psychological puzzle, pronounce a final condemnation on the poem and the poet. That the case may be made a puzzle by the ingenious presentation of opposite views is true. That each division of the poem is a study, a careful construction of an enigma, is also true. But that it is a mere mystery, a juggle of seeming facts, a legal problem, no lover of Robert Browning will be willing to believe. The fatal difficulty is, that no careful reader is deceived by what on this supposition would be the *trick* of putting this story in different mouths. It can not be that he, who so looks into the heart of men and things, attempts to daze and bewilder his readers by the various lights in which he puts the story; that they are to be swayed thus from one side to the other. This is not the work of one who believes "there's nothing in nor out o' the world Good except truth."

Moreover, all pleading in behalf of the murderous husband is ineffective with our modern appreciation of the sanctity of marriage. The author has not so mistaken the moral sense of his audience as to attempt, even for dramatic purposes, to secure the most momentary toleration of the crimes imputed to or proved against the Count. He has not groped in the dust, or filth, as you please, of the past merely to bring up a tangle of fact just to amuse us by showing, not how deftly he can unravel it, but how skillfully he can trace all the windings of the threads, and yet impress us with the hopelessness and ever-increasing intricacy of the snarl. Neither can we believe that he has designed to give us a bare study in passion—a naked, barren, metaphysical anatomy or a portraiture of an effete society, destitute of present interest and eviscerated of great moral truth. Yet doubtless this will be the verdict of many on reading this volume, and so thinking, they are right in believing that the book will, dying itself, be a dead weight on the fame of the author. Here are keen analyses, splendid delineation of passion, terrible denunciation; that sharp thrust of truth, occasionally that ineffable tenderness which only he can give—on every page the unquestioned display of genius; but that is not enough for those whom Robert Browning himself has taught to look for the deepest moral forces of life, to find in the most casual events a transcendent meaning and power, to peer through the smallest loop-hole into the Infinite beyond.

There is in this volume a steady increase of power; if there is the same advancement in the coming volume, the poet's own closing will surpass any thing the poetry of the century can thus far show.

Saul: A Drama,* is a poem of four hundred and thirty-six pages, first printed anonymously

* The Sabbath Question. Sermons preached to the Valley Church, Orange, N. J. By GEORGE B. BACON, Pastor. New York: Scribner and Co.

† The Ring and the Book. By R. BROWNING. Vol. I. Boston: Fields, Osgood, and Co.

* *Saul: A Drama*. In three Parts. By CHARLES HEAVYSEGE. A new and revised Edition. Boston: Fields, Osgood, and Co.

ten years ago, at Montreal, and now reproduced in Boston in a handsome volume of tinted paper. Those who are interested in the dramatic narrative of such an eventful life as that of the hero, set off as it here is with the dialogue and action of Gloriel, chief of the celestial spirits; Zoe, Saul's guardian angel; Malzah, the "Evil spirit from the Lord;" Zelehtha, controller of Malzah; Zaph, chief of the evil spirits, with demons and witches in appropriate proportions, will find this an attractive volume. Those who look to such works rather for the isolated passages of thought or suggestion, will find some reward for their search, although we are not inclined to class Mr. HEAVYSEGE with Shakspeare, as the *North British Review* has done. We may instance the following as a specimen of what we may call the "quotables" of the volume:

"Fitness always
Knows whether it be worthy, though it knows
Not whether 'twill be chosen; and although
Incompetency oft mistakes its meed,
Ability ne'er does."

GENERAL HALPINE's sad and sudden death has given an increased interest to the writings, which in themselves are worthy of note. Not by birth a son of this country, he became so thoroughly such by his own acceptance of her faith, and his brave and enthusiastic defense of her flag, that he seems to belong to us. It has been many times and variously said that the songs of a country are of more importance than its laws, and perhaps Miles O'Reilly's loyal songs did more to mould the sentiment of the people during the war than can be measured. It is said that "Sambo's Right to be Kilt" effected an astonishing change in the prejudice of the Irish against the negro, and made possible the admission of black soldiers into an army in which so many were Irish. Some of the poems in this volume* are so delicately beautiful, and show so much true poetic genius, that we can but regret that General Halpine had not devoted himself with more earnestness to its cultivation. This volume will be to his many friends a pleasant reminder of his kindness, his gentle consideration, and his faithful friendship.

So long as bereavement and sorrow come to our households will the heart yearn for comfort and consolation from those who before us have been down into the dark waters, and have brought thence new strength to suffer and endure. Therefore, although the number of books of religious consolation has rapidly increased in recent years, many will welcome this collection of *Words of Hope*.† Mrs. C. A. MEANS has here collected short prose extracts from favorite writers, among whom are Dr. Bethune, Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, F. W. Robertson, John Angell James, Madame de Gasparin, Charles Kingsley, Dr. Huntingdon, and others, which are interspersed with some of the choicest appropriate poems of Mrs. Browning, Paul Gerhardt, Bonar, Faber, Emily Huntingdon, Mrs. Stowe, and others. The sweet spirit of hope and faith which pervades the whole

* The Poetical Works of CHARLES G. HALPINE (Miles O'Reilly). With a Biographical Sketch and Explanatory Notes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1869.
† Words of Hope. "That ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope." Boston: Lee and Shepard.

selection gives it a right to its title. The contents are arranged under the following heads: "God chasteneth in Love. Trust in God. The sympathizing Friend. The Fruit of Sorrow. Children in Heaven. Death: and The Eternal Home."

MESSRS. APPLETON AND Co. are laying the reading public under increased obligations for economical yet tasteful reprints of the works of the classic poets. Since our last issue we have received the "Globe" edition of *Chaucer** and *Dryden*,† and the "Popular" edition of the translations of DANTE's *Vision*‡ and TASSO's *Jerusalem Delivered*.§ These editions will be found admirably adapted to the popular want.

THOSE who wish to increase their knowledge of the English poets of celebrity will turn with interest and profit to an anonymous volume lately issued by the same house,|| giving short and interesting sketches of fifteen of the old poets, from Chaucer to Burns. The style is pleasant, and we think the book a useful addition to the school and the home library.

NOVELS.

THE novels which lie on our table this month can not be said to belong to the "sensational" school. That novels are largely influential in moulding society no one can doubt who sees how universally they are read at the age when opinions are forming. We deem it of serious importance that those who scatter these powerful formatives abroad should consider what they are doing for the century to come. The religious papers no longer utterly condemn novels, but on the other hand we have seen commendatory notices in them, carelessly written no doubt, of such as could produce none but a dangerous effect.

Nature's Nobleman, by the author of "Rachel's Secret," the last of Harper's series of reprints, is one of the better ones. It is an interesting story, introducing pleasant characters, keeping absolutely disagreeable ones skillfully out of sight, and giving enough of everyday life by way of flesh to cover the bones of the plot.

MRS. JENKIN is so well known that we need say but little of this book¶ except that it is hers. It is written in her sprightly style, and is altogether a charming book. A French story, giving a vivid picture of French village life, and we think superior in moral tone to "A Psyche of To-day," by the same author. The contrast between the Frenchwoman and her English governess is strikingly drawn, and when we find they love the same man it is hard to decide which shall have our sympathies. But the pretty Frenchwoman conquers us, though we are sorry for the

* The Canterbury Tales. By GEOFFREY CHAUCER. New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1869.

† The Poetical Works of John Dryden. New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1869.

‡ The Vision of Dante Alighieri. Translated by Rev. H. F. CARY, A.M. With a Life of the Author. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

§ Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered. Translated by J. H. WIFFEN. With a Life of the Author. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

|| Home Pictures of English Poets, for Fireside and School-room. New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1869.

¶ Madame de Beaupré. By Mrs. C. JENKIN. New York: Leypoldt and Holt. 1869.

governess. The book is very readable, and there are some choice bits we should like to extract if our space would allow.

THIS book* is worthy of a larger notice than we have space to give. That such a book should come from the immediate vicinity of a Theological Seminary is significant. The story is a simple one; a heart, rent and bruised with a great sorrow—a sorrow which only those who have suffered it, or those who have come so near to its sacred holy of holies as to catch the hot breath of the sufferer, can appreciate—comes into the blessedness of a Christian consolation, and the experience is given us in the form of a journal. There will be many who can see in this book nothing to praise, others who can see nothing to condemn; some there are who will gratefully receive its comfort, and will look for future productions from the same pen, hoping that they may be free from the few extravagances which are in this as “notes in the sunshine.”

THIS closes the series of DICKENS'S novels known as the Charles Dickens Edition.† The Christmas stories in this volume, we believe, are here gathered for the first time. They appeared at first in Christmas numbers of *All the Year Round* and *Household Words*. Just as this series is concluded we see it announced that Doré is preparing drawings illustrative of Dickens's works, so we may expect another edition before long.

THE story of the authorship of this series of books is a romance in itself.‡ MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN are called “twin writers,” and are so thoroughly identified that many suppose the name to be that of but one man. Indeed, it is said their photographs are “fused into a common expression—an Erckmann-Chatrian look, so to say”—although they are really quite unlike in appearance. They breakfast together, laying out the day's task. At dinner they compare the ideas collected. Together they select the plot, invent the incidents. When the work is completed each in turn reads the proof-sheets, modifies, comments, and communicates his suggestions to the other. Then comes the last inspection, and the book is published. This book is the story—a love-story, of course—of a conscript of the war of 1813, and gives simply but graphically his life at home, his sufferings in the army, and his final restoration to home and friends. It is well translated, and illustrated with eight full-page pictures.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Half-Century with Juvenile Delinquents may be spent very pleasantly and without that weariness which the name of such a long period of time would naturally suggest in the perusal of the comely volume bearing this title which Harper and Brothers have just brought out from

the pen of Rev. B. K. PIERCE, D.D. Dr. Pierce is the present well-known chaplain of the New York House of Refuge, and therefore speaks on the topics here treated “as one having authority and not as the Scribes.” In fact, theoretical philanthropists and reformers will do well to sit at the feet of those self-denying men and women who are grappling in person with the great problem of juvenile reformation. Facts within reformatory walls do not always justify the theories advanced from without, and when practical men speak let us all listen. This volume before us is a very comprehensive one. It covers nearly the whole ground of public effort in this particular direction both in this country and abroad, which, strange to say, dates back only some fifty years. Broad and general in the scope of its information, it is satisfactorily minute in the history of the institutions of New York on Randall's Island which have become justly celebrated, tracing them from their origin, discussing many of the questions which have arisen in connection therewith, and giving sketches of prominent officials. The work is adorned with several portraits and other illustrations, and will prove interesting to all readers, especially to those who are in anywise concerned with the reformation of juvenile delinquents. Directors of public institutions can not do better than to place it on the shelves of the libraries which it is one of their duties to supply.

THE two extremes of literature, periodicals and alphabeticals, the very light and the very heavy, the pages of entertainment and the tomes of reference, are multiplying faster than the intermediate range of readable volumes. Dictionaries and digests on the one hand, and magazines and journals on the other, are more and more engrossing the most successful presses. *The Universal Dictionary*,* of which the early numbers are before us, proposes to give in two very large octavo volumes the combined resources of a verbal dictionary, a biographical dictionary, a gazetteer, and technical dictionaries of law and medicine. The pages are adorned with cuts illustrating words of which a definition does not convey a clear meaning. If the editor would give the pronunciation of proper names his system would be very complete.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS are usually chosen for their capacity to please. But there is another quality that ought to be considered, and that is the incapacity to give pain. We have heard a gentleman of musical culture say that he would readily exchange all his love of music for the half of equal attainments in drawing, painting, or sculpture. “My ears,” said he, “drink in discords and pain, as readily as sweet sounds and pleasure. I can't get away from bad music. It comes around the corner, percolates through walls and floors, and floats in the public air like the miasma of zymotic diseases.” Without being ready to surrender our ears just yet, we may acknowledge that there is some advantage in the *inoffensiveness* of other accomplishments. Your pencil never gets out of tune. Pictures do not

* The Gates Ajar. By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. Boston: Fields, Osgood, and Co.

† The Uncommercial Traveler and Additional Christmas Stories. By CHARLES DICKENS. Boston: Fields, Osgood, and Co. 1869.

‡ The Conscript: a Story of the French War of 1813. By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN. New York: Charles Scribner and Co. 1869.

* Zell's Popular Encyclopedia. A Universal Dictionary of Knowledge and Language. Philadelphia: T. Elwood Zell.

run in the head like vexatious scraps of melody. Nobody can compel us to contemplate harsh and disagreeable designs by the half hour, as we are constrained by politeness to listen to irritating fantasias and ballads. We can even shut our eyes to a tawdry window or a vulgar fresco in the church, but the soprano who "flats" a little, or the ambitious organist who plays against time and stumbles on the pedals, *must* be heard to the bitter end.

One who can draw carries his instrument and his repertoire in his pocket. He delights those whom his productions please. He never need annoy any one whom they do not. It keeps no one awake, to practice with crayon and rubber. It interrupts nobody's conversation to sketch or show sketches. It sours no one's meditations to hang indifferent works on the walls, or fill a portfolio with false perspectives. Therefore we wish that Madame Cavé had published this little work* half a century ago, in order that we might have been instructed in this enviable accomplishment according to the method she has invented or discovered.

What is it to know how to draw? She answers this question by asking another: "What is it to know how to write?" To be able to copy a word or a line in a copy-book is not enough. To know how to write is to be able to compose a letter, to put on paper a narrative or an essay. In like manner to know how to draw is to be able to express one's own ideas with the pencil. What an invaluable faculty this would be in all the active vocations of life! Taking this high ideal, Madame Cavé addresses herself to instructing the mind, to reaching the memory. Her de-

vice for this is so simple that many readers will think it is nothing remarkable; others will think it is, on that very account, a notable discovery. She causes the pupil first to trace an outline of the copy or model. This tracing is done upon transparent paper, or on gauze stretched on a frame for the purpose. The second step is to copy the same model on a fresh sheet of paper. In this second trial the teacher is to find no fault, but simply to require the child to place the tracing over the new sheet from time to time. The tracing, with unerring accuracy, detects the errors of the outline, and the child is inexorably compelled to recognize and correct them. On the ordinary system the teacher looks over the drawing and says, "That line is too long." Said ever so kindly, it cuts athwart the child's hope and ambition, but does not convince her judgment. She does not see it so. But Madame Cavé says nothing. The tracing paper is laid on, and there is no disputing with that. The application of the tracing paper corrects, not only the drawing, but also the *child's mental conception*. The process begins to work at the source of the artistic faculty. The next step is to lay aside the model, and draw it again *from memory*. The mental conception and its expression are again corrected by the tracing, and in a more thorough way still.

In laying this method before the public, the writer prefaces it with commending the attention of women to the arts of design as means of subsistence. In so doing she uses these admirable words: "Men having monopolized every thing, women, in seeking to be something, say, 'Let us be men.' They are not aware how much they lose. To reinstate their minds in the truth, it is only necessary to make them realize what they are, and what they may become.....We know what man can do, but we can form no idea as to what woman will accomplish."

* Drawing without a Master. The Cavé Method for Learning to Draw from Memory. By Madame MARIE ELISABETH CAVÉ. Translated from the fourth Paris ed., etc. "To see, to understand, to remember, is to know."—Rubens. New York: G. P. Putnam and Son.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 29th of January. The month presents little that requires extended notice. We therefore give a considerable part of our space to a tabular statement embodying some of the main statistics in our present position, arising directly or indirectly from the results of the late election.

Congress reassembled, after the holiday vacation, on the 5th of January. Several very important measures have been introduced and debated; but upon no one of these has any final action been taken; and now that only a little more than a month remains, during which the present Congress and National Administration will exist, it is not to be expected that these measures will receive any conclusive action. As the next Congress, especially the Senate, will to a great extent be composed of the members of the existing one, and as it is presumed that after the 4th of March the Legislative and Executive branches of the Government will be essentially in accord, there is every reason to postpone action upon important subjects. This disposition

has been strikingly evinced by an informal resolution of the Senate, to the effect that, except in cases of urgent necessity, no nominations to office made by President Johnson will be acted upon.—It is to be noted that a bill repealing the Tenure of Office Act passed the House on the 11th of January, by a vote of 121 to 47. All of the Democratic members present voted for the repeal. Those voting against it belong to the extreme "radicals" of the Republican party. As yet the Senate have taken no positive action on the subject. There appears to be a disposition to modify the present Act so as to enable the new President to exercise some power in the matter of appointment to and removal from office; but the majority of the Senators do not seem disposed to resign at present any considerable part of the power conferred upon them by this Act. The indications are that the matter will not receive final action during the present session, but will be passed over to the next Congress.

Among the important subjects which are before Congress, are bills involving large subsidies to the various Pacific railroads; the construction

of railroads from Washington, in various directions; and virtually placing the Telegraph system under the control of the Post-Office Department. —Mrs. Lincoln has presented a petition for a pension on the ground that her income is insufficient to enable her to live in a manner befitting the widow of a President of the United States. A bill has been introduced into the Senate, granting her a pension of \$5000 as the widow of the Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States, who died in the exercise of his duties in that capacity.

The currency question is by far the most important which has occupied the attention of Congress. In our last Record we gave an abstract of the Bills introduced into the Senate by Senators Sumner and Morton, both looking to a resumption of a specie currency at no very distant dates. Another Bill, looking to the indefinite prolongation of paper currency, was introduced into the House, on the 12th of January, by Mr. Butler. The essential points of the Bill are: (1.) The Secretary of the Treasury is authorized and directed, after the 30th day of June next, to "issue, on the faith and credit of the United States, \$350,000,000, and such further sum as may be required to carry into effect the provisions of this Act, in certificates of value of the Treasury of the United States, and of such amounts as he may deem expedient, of not less than one dollar each, which shall be receivable in payment of all taxes, duties, excises, debts, and demands of every kind due to the United States, and for all claims and demands against the United States, of any kind whatever, except where the law creating such claim or demand requires that the same shall be paid in coin, and shall be lawful money and legal tender in payment of all public and private debts, except as aforesaid, within the United States, and shall be receivable in payment of all loans made to the United States." (2.) After the 30th of June the "National Banks shall cease to be banks of issue;" and every officer of the United States who shall receive any bill of these banks shall return them, until the 1st of January, 1870, when they shall be no longer receivable, to the Comptroller of the Currency, to be destroyed; and the same shall be done with all other bank-bills and legal-tender notes, when they shall be returned to the Treasury. (3.) When these National Bank bills are returned to the Treasury, interest shall be charged upon them at the rate of 3.65 per cent., to be deducted from the interest due upon the stocks held as deposit for security upon their issues. (4.) Provides for the redemption by the National Banks of their bills thus retained in the Treasury. (5.) After the 30th of June every collecting or disbursing officer of the United States, having in his possession any legal-tender notes, shall return them to the Treasurer of the United States, and receive in lieu of them an equal amount of certificates of value; and after this date no disbursing officer shall pay out any thing except these certificates, unless ordered by the Secretary of the Treasury to pay in coin. (6.) Provides that any person or corporation holding 6 per cent. bonds of the United States may deposit them in the Treasury, and receive 90 per cent. of their amount in "certificates of value," paying 3.65 per cent. interest thereupon, to be deducted from the interest due upon the bonds deposited; the depositor being at liberty,

after thirty days, to return the certificates and reclaim the bonds deposited. (7.) The Secretary of the Treasury is directed to cause to be coined "tokens of value," to take the place of the existing fractional currency, and to be legal tender for all sums less than one dollar; these tokens to be "of the denomination of ten cents or upward, in the similitude of silver coin, of silver so alloyed with copper or other metal as to be 50 per cent. less in value than the denomination thereof." With these tokens the paper fractional currency is to be redeemed upon presentation to the proper officers; and after the 13th day of December none of this fractional currency is to be received by any officer of the United States except for redemption, by means of these "tokens."

Mr. Butler accompanied this Bill by an elaborate speech, in which he argued at length that a proper paper currency was "the cheapest of all possible mediums of circulation;" that a return to the metallic currency existing before the war would cause "the greatest depreciation in values in every species of property except debts held against the Government and individuals.....Every bond and note would be appreciated, say 30 per cent.; all other property would be depreciated to the same amount, as compared with the present rate of valuation.....It would be equivalent to a confiscation by legislative act of one-third of all the value of all the property in the country excepting only that held by the creditor class." Mr. Butler's main conclusion was that, "If a return to specie values is the only remedy for our financial evils, we must wait and grow to it;" but in the mean time we must take care for the present; and in his view "the certificates of value will, as a circulating medium, at once take their place as nearly equivalent to gold; they will be redeemed in the payment of taxes every year;" for it is a part of the scheme that the amount of these certificates shall be nearly the same as the total amount of taxes, including customs duties for the year. We have touched upon some of the salient points of this speech, and for the reason that it, and the Bill in support of which it was delivered, represent the extreme position of those who advocate, for the present, a paper currency instead of a metallic one.

The questions pending between our Government and that of Great Britain seem now to be in a fair way of adjustment; the basis of settlement having been formally agreed upon by Mr. Reverdy Johnson and Lord Stanley. In respect to the *Alabama* claims, each Government is to appoint two Commissioners, who shall meet at Washington. The Commission will decide by a majority of votes upon all claims by subjects of either Power. If the Commission fail to agree, an umpire is to be chosen.—With respect to *Naturalization*, the essential points agreed upon are that when a subject or citizen of either Power is duly naturalized by the other, his former Government renounces all claim to allegiance. But as Great Britain can not carry this principle into operation until Parliament has revised the existing laws of the kingdom in this respect, this protocol will not take effect until such legislation has been accomplished; in the mean while the British Government will introduce into Parliament, as speedily as possible, measures for this purpose.

The accompanying table shows at a glance some of the important statistics of the country as they were on the 1st of January, 1869, and as, with slight changes, they will be on the 4th of March, when the new Administration takes its place.

The PRESIDENTIAL VOTE is nearly accurate. In *Florida* there was no popular vote, the electors being chosen by the Legislature. The vote of *Nevada* is given partly by estimate. As the table stands, in a total vote of 5,722,984 Grant received a majority over Seymour of 309,722; or, out of every 100 votes Grant received a little

less than 53, and Seymour a little more than 47. The electoral vote shows 214 for Grant, and 80 for Seymour.

The present CONGRESS, whose term ceases on the 4th of March, consists of 66 Senators, of whom 54 are Republicans, and 12 Democrats; and 225 Representatives, of whom 175 are Republicans, and 50 Democrats. The next Congress (assuming that Georgia will be represented, Mississippi, Texas, and Virginia remain unrepresented, and Colorado continue a Territory) will have 68 Senators, of whom probably 56 will be Republicans, and 12 Democrats. In the House (in-

cluding Georgia, and excluding Mississippi, Texas, and Virginia), 242 members. Of these 205 have been chosen, 134 being Republicans and 71 Democrats, the Republican majority being 63, which will not be materially changed by the elections to ensue. It may therefore be assumed that in the Congress which will meet on the 4th of March the Republicans will have an overwhelming majority in the Senate and a large preponderance in the House.

The TERRITORIES are: *Arizona*, Capital, Tucson; Governor, R. C. McCormick. *Dakota*, Capital, Yancton; Governor, Andrew J. Falk. *Idaho*, Capital, Boise; Governor, David W. Ballard. *Montana*, Capital, Virginia City; Governor, Green C. Smith. *Colorado*, Capital, Denver; Governor, A. Cameron Hunt. *New Mexico*, Capital, Santa Fé; Governor, Robert B. Mitchell. *Utah*, Capital, Salt Lake City; Governor, Charles Durkee. *Washington*, Capital, Olympia; Governor, Marshall F. Moore. —Besides these are the Territories of *Alaska* and *Wyoming*, not yet organized.

The POPULATION of the States and Territories, by the census of 1860, was 31,420,891. Making allowance for the depletion caused by the war, it may be assumed that the census of 1870 will show a population of not far from 40,000,000. The increase in the Southern States will probably be small, owing to the loss of life during the war, and the fact that the emigration from abroad has not tended thither.

STATES.	VOTE FOR PRESIDENT.	ELECTORS.	POPULATION.	AREA.	STATE CAPITALS.	GOVERNORS.
	Grant.	Rep.	1860.	Square Miles.		1869.
Alabama.....	76,566	8	964,201	50,722	Montgomery.....	William H. Smith.
Arkansas.....	22,152	5	435,450	52,198	Little Rock.....	Powell Clayton.
California.....	54,592	5	379,994	158,981	Sacramento.....	Henry H. Haight.
Connecticut.....	47,600	6	460,147	4,750	Hartford, New Haven.....	James E. English.
Delaware.....	7,623	3	112,216	2,120	Dover.....	Gove Sausbury.
Florida.....	102,822	9	1,057,286	58,000	Tallahassee.....	Harrison Reed.
Georgia.....	199,143	16	1,711,951	59,410	Atlanta.....	Rufus B. Bullock.
Illinois.....	166,980	13	1,350,428	33,309	Springfield.....	John M. Palmer.
Indiana.....	140,440	8	674,699	35,045	Indianapolis.....	Conrad Baker.
Iowa.....	120,309	7	1,107,266	31,318	Des Moines.....	Samuel Merrill.
Kentucky.....	39,566	7	1,155,684	37,680	Topeka.....	James M. Harvey.
Louisiana.....	33,263	7	709,002	31,346	Frankfort.....	John M. Stevenson.
Maine.....	70,426	3	628,279	33,000	New Orleans.....	Henry C. Warmouth.
Maryland.....	30,438	12	1,231,066	11,124	Augusta.....	J. L. Chamberlain.
Massachusetts.....	136,477	12	749,113	7,800	Annapolis.....	William Claflin.
Michigan.....	128,550	8	1,720,023	56,451	Boston.....	William P. Baldwin.
Minnesota.....	43,442	4	791,395	83,531	Lansing.....	Henry R. Marshall.
Mississippi.....	No vote	11	1,182,012	47,156	Jackson.....	Joseph W. McClurg.
Missouri.....	85,671	3	28,841	65,350	Jefferson City.....	David Butler.
Nebraska.....	9,129	3	6,857	75,995	Omaha.....	Henry G. Blasdel.
Nevada.....	10,000	3	326,073	81,539	Concord.....	Walter Harriman.
New Hampshire.....	38,191	5	612,035	9,280	Trenton.....	Theodore F. Randolph.
New Jersey.....	80,121	7	3,880,735	8,320	Albany.....	John T. Hoffman.
New York.....	419,883	33	992,622	47,000	Raleigh.....	William W. Holden.
North Carolina.....	96,226	9	2,339,502	50,704	Columbus.....	Rutherford B. Hayes.
Ohio.....	280,128	21	52,465	39,964	Salem.....	George L. Woods.
Oregon.....	10,961	3	2,906,115	95,274	Harrisburg.....	John W. Geary.
Pennsylvania.....	342,980	26	174,620	46,000	Newport, Providence.....	Ambrose E. Burnside.
Rhode Island.....	12,993	4	703,708	1,306	Columbia.....	Robert K. Scott.
South Carolina.....	62,301	6	1,109,801	34,000	Nashville.....	William G. Brownlow.
Tennessee.....	56,757	10	604,215	45,600	Austin.....	E. M. Pease.
Texas.....	26,311	5	315,698	274,356	Montpelier.....	John B. Page.
Vermont.....	44,167	5	1,536,318	10,212	Richmond.....	Henry H. Wells.
Virginia.....	No vote	5	1,536,318	38,352	Wheeling.....	William E. Stevenson.
West Virginia.....	29,025	5	1,536,318	23,000	Madison.....	Lucus Fairchild.
Wisconsin.....	108,857	8	775,871	53,924		

Editor's Drawer.

VIRGINIA is all the more welcome to the Drawer it is so long since she has given us an anecdote: A prominent lawyer of that State was counsel in a case involving some feeling. He placed his client in a position to be seen by the jury, and instructed him at a particular point in his argument to shed tears. The client obeyed. Under the influence of the eloquence of the counsel and the weeping of the party the jury rendered a verdict giving damages. Next day Mr. G——, a member of the bar, in the presence of his brethren, thus addressed the learned counsel: "T——, I watched you in that case. When your client wept at the trial those were theatrical tears. This morning, when I saw you take him out and make him assign the verdict for your fee, it brought the genuine article abundantly!"

IN the County Court of ——, Virginia, Mr. ——, attorney for the plaintiff in a certain case, being unsuccessful, took an appeal to the Circuit Court. Turning to ——, the defendant's lawyer, he said: "I will meet you, Sir, at Malachi!" "Philippi, you mean," said a friend. "Oh, it makes no difference, gentlemen," said a third, "they were *both* very good men!"

ANOTHER Virginian, desiring to have certain doubts cleared up as to the unity of the races, applied to his friend, Colonel S——. "Tell me," said he, "something of this question which Professor —— is discussing." "I know but little," was the reply, "of the *unity* of the races, but I can tell you a good deal of their *duplicity*." This was not the conundrum for which a solution was desired.

SOME years ago the chaplain of the University of V—— invited eminent divines to preach sermons before the students, and made very just and laudatory allusion to them in the newspapers. The sermons having been subsequently published in book form, an elder asked his old pastor what he thought of them. "Of course it is a good and able volume," was the reply; "but it has seemed to me that the whole scheme was to glorify the *University*, and God *incidentally*!"

NEVADA sets a praiseworthy example of liberality in legal proceedings. Last winter a prominent lawyer of that State had a suit of some importance before Bob Wagstaff, Justice of the Peace in Scrub City, a small mining district in the upper part of the county. After the evidence had been taken, and the lawyers had finished their talkee-talkie, the counsel for the plaintiff arose and asked the Justice if he would not charge the jury. "Oh no, I guess not," replied his Honor; "I never charge 'em any thing; they don't git much any how, and I let 'em have all they make!"

A CORRESPONDENT in an out-of-the-way nook of Illinois writes that, on the 30th day of last December, the friends of Uncle Obed Stevens and his wife met at their residence to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their married life—the golden wedding. It was suggested by some one

that, to make it a wedding in fact, the aged couple should go through the marriage ceremony again, Squire Cowdin being present and offering to perform the ceremony. But Uncle Obed objected, for this reason: "When I was a young man," said he, "I had my fortune told. Nearly all that was predicted has come to pass excepting this: it was predicted that I and Samantha would be married and in time would have twins; and for fear that this prophecy *might* be fulfilled I object—because, you see, I really don't see how I and Samantha could take care of 'em!"

ONE of the cheeriest women of the period sends us the following epitaph, taken from a gravestone in Williamsport, Pennsylvania:

"Sacred to the
Memory of
HENRY HARRIS
Born June 27th 1831
Of Henry Harris & Jane
his Wife. Died on the 4th of
May 1837 by the kick of a
colt in his Bowels peaceable
and quiet, a Friend to his
Father & Mother & respected
by all who knew him
and went to the world
where horses can't kick
where sorrows and weeping
is no more."

THE Drawer is informed by a gentleman who was lately engaged in "prospecting" in Hamilton White Pine Mining District, Nevada, that in his journeying he came across a "claim" with the following "location notice" posted.

"WHITE PINE MINING DISTRICT, Nov. 20, 1868.—Know all men, that the undersigned, an individual of limited means but unlimited expectations, hereby locates claims, and intends to hold and work, two claims of 200 feet each on this Ledge, containing, as he hopes and believes it does, Gold, Silver, Calc spar, Feldspar, and Spar the Barkeeper, together with *other* precious metals too numerous to mention. Together with all the dips, spurs, angles, and *triangles*, ranging from vertical to horizontal, and will work the same according to Hoyle and the very liberal laws of the White Pine Mining District.

"The undersigned is induced to make this a Co. of one, as he is anxious that the next poor devil that comes along may have a fair show at the extensions, *if he can find them*.

[Sgd.]

"WM. PITCHER, 200 feet.

"Discovery, 200 feet.

"To be known as the *Elephant Ledge*."

A VERY good man in Ohio writes that in the Sunday-school of one of the churches of his town is a lively class of boys and girls whose "years 'tis true are few," but whose heads are long. The teacher had introduced for their consideration the miracle of the casting out of devils, who entered into a herd of swine and ran into the sea. During the elucidation of this interesting subject it became apparent that one youth was engrossed by anxious thought, and that for him the twist was not wholly untwisted. Upon being asked to state the cause of his anxiety, he replied, "Mrs. ——; do you really think there was a devil to each pig?"

A reference to biblical authorities fails to answer the interrogatory.

WE are favored by a government functionary of Benton County, Iowa, with the following inci-

dent that occurred during a religious revival in one of the towns of that State. At the conclusion of the sermon the preacher requested some one to pass around the hat and "take up a collection." A young man, a stranger in the place, jumped up and commenced "circulating the hat" in such a way as to finish the job at the door and pass out with the proceeds. The preacher, eyeing him as he went out, observed: "If that young man runs away with that money he'll be damned." A deacon sitting by the window, seeing him make off down the street, responded: "And if he hasn't run away with the money I'll be d—d!"

WOULD some kind Boston man give us the name of that Massachusetts widow who was asked if she lighted up her house in honor of Grant's election? and who replied: "Well, no, I didn't. I wanted to, but"—and the tears came into her eyes as she thought of the husband she had lost twenty years before—"I couldn't remember on which side poor Jake was on!"

A CONNECTICUT correspondent, on reading in the last November Drawer the anecdote of the tipsy individual who offered to "play goat," says it reminded him of something of the same sort that occurred within his knowledge: A Western drover, driving a large drove of sheep to New York, was delayed on the road by stormy weather. Saturday night found him too far from the city to make the much-desired early entrance on Monday morning. He determined, therefore, to start on Sunday. As he passed a large, old-fashioned meeting-house, the doors of which stood wide open, a cosset sheep ran into the door and up to the altar, where he stood and looked about as coolly as only a cosset sheep could look. The drover said to his assistant: "Jimmy, if you'll fetch that feller out I'll give you half a dollar." Jimmy was bright, and knew his New Testament. Entering the edifice he marched up and seized the stray quadruped. The minister stopped short in his discourse, and said: "Young man, do you know what you're doing?" "Yes, Sir," replied Jimmy; "I'm separating the sheep from the goats!" and, suiting the action to the word, he dragged him forth from the congregation.

A LADY correspondent in Missouri relates for the Drawer that during the war some members of her family opened a Sunday-school for the colored folks. It was her business to classify any new scholars that made their appearance. One Sabbath a stout, well-dressed, good-looking darkey appeared with a *Second Reader*, when the following conversation took place:

"Good-evening! I am glad to see you at Sunday-school. Can you read?" (taking his book) "Can you read this?"

"Oh yes, ma'am; I dun mos' read it thro'."

"Well, then, I expect you had better go into my class. They are reading in the Bible. Wouldn't you like that?"

"No, ma'am, I'd rather read in dis; *I gets a great many more items out of it!*"

Sambo was allowed to have his own way.

PERHAPS no important ceremony was ever performed in so great a variety of ways as the Marriage Service. Every church and every sect in

every country has its form, while the want of it among civilians authorized to marry is as various as the men themselves. The latest specimen with which we have been made acquainted is that used by Squire Jenkins, a well-known Justice of the Peace in one of the Upper Missouri River counties, where clergymen are scarce. The Squire, when embarrassed, stammered a little. He therefore was prudent enough always to carry with him a written copy of the marriage-service as he performed it. One night, called in haste, he rode off some miles to make an expectant couple happy. He found the parties quite ready. Adjusting his glasses, he felt first in one pocket, then in another, for his little book. Finally, when further search was useless, he exclaimed: "N-n-nev-never m-m-m-ind; I hereby d-d-declare you m-m-man and wi-wi-fe, accordin' to the m-m-mem-o-ran-an-dum left in t'-t'-other breeches pocket!"

The gay ga-room and his lovely ba-ride thought this wasn't very much of a wedding; still, as it would stand in court, they accepted the situation, and were thereafter as one.

No wonder that the locomotive on the new great highway to the Pacific excites the astonishment of the savages. The Pintos name the steam-engine "smoke-wagon." The Shoshones call it "heap-wagon, no hoss."

DEAN RAMSEY's and Dr. Doran's late works on preachers and anecdotes of the pulpit, so far from having exhausted the subject, have served to incite other laborers to the same field. In the Rev. Prebendary Jackson's "Curiosities of the Pulpit and Anecdotes of Celebrated Preachers," we have a fresh and very interesting volume on pulpit literature, with memorabilia of eminent divines from the fourth century to the present time. We quote a few anecdotes that will doubtless entertain those whose chief satisfaction is found in this department of the Magazine:

The "Venerable Bede," who died at the age of 37, came to have the prefix of "venerable" by the gravity and admirable character of his writings. Sometimes he is called the Admirable Bede. The chair in which he composed his ecclesiastical history is still preserved at Jarrow. Some few years since this chair was intrusted to the custody of a person who had been accustomed to nautical affairs, and who used, by a whimsical mistake very excusable in a sailor, to exhibit it as a curiosity which formerly belonged to the great Admiral Bede, upon whose exploits he ventured several encomiums *consistent with the naval character!*

THE divines of 1500 and thereabouts were accustomed to make use of the most familiar customs of the day in illustrating their texts. Thus, in 1527, Bishop Latimer preached a sermon in which he said: "Now ye have heard what is meant by this *first card*, and how ye ought to *play*. I purpose again to *deal* unto you another *card of the same suit*; for they be so nigh affinity that one can not be well played without the other."

THE ignorance which prevailed in Luther's time in reference to the Scriptures is well known. Conrad of Heresbach, a grave author of that age,

relates of a monk saying to his companions: "They have invented a new language which they call Greek: you must be carefully on your guard against it; it is the mother of all heresy. I observe in the hands of many persons a book written in that language, and which they call the New Testament: it is a book full of daggers and poison. As to the Hebrew, my brethren, it is certain that whoever learns it becomes immediately a Jew."

THERE is too much sense in the following not to be read with satisfaction by listeners:

M. Mallois, chaplain to Napoleon III., following the suggestions of St. Francis de Sales, makes the following cogent observations on the subject of brevity: "Believe me, and I speak from experience, the more you say the less will the hearers retain; the less you say the more they will profit. By dint of burdening their memory you will overwhelm it; just as a lamp is extinguished by feeding it with too much oil, and plants are choked by immoderate irrigation."

Luther's motto to a young preacher was:

"*Tritt frisch auf—thu's maul auf—hoor bald auf.*" "Stand up cheerily—speak up manfully—leave off speedily."

THE Prebendary gives us this admirable discourse of a French Capuchin, who on the Festival of St. James had to pronounce a panygeric on that saint. As he was rather late, the attendant priests, who feared that he would make a long sermon and so weary the congregation, entreated him to abridge it. The monk mounted the pulpit, and addressing the people, said:

"My brethren, twelve months ago I preached an eulogy on the eminent apostle whose festival you this day celebrate. As I doubt not but that you were all very attentive to me, and as I have not learned that he has done any thing new since, I have nothing to add to what I said at that time." He then pronounced the blessing and descended from the pulpit.

A CURIOUS habit is recorded of Lasenius, chaplain to the Danish court in 1690. He used to stop in the middle of his sermon and take a glass of wine. This practice is being revived by some Nonconformist ministers in London, who have a tumbler of water by their side in the pulpit. An old minister says that this is owing to the excessive *dryness* which characterizes them in preaching.

Two anecdotes of young American preachers:

A young minister was discoursing on the expansive character of the human mind, and said: "Yes, my friends, the mind of man is so expansive that it can soar from star to star, and from satchelite to satchelite, and from seraphene to seraphene, and from cherrybeam to cherrybeam, and from thence to the centre of the doom of heaven."

An Irish orator once said in his sermon, "Could I place one foot upon the sea and the other upon the Georgium Sidus, dip my tongue in the livid lightnings, and throw my voice into the bellowing thunder, I would wake the world with the command, 'Repent, turn to God, and seek salvation!'"

It is said that a young American divine, thinking that very sublime, once tried in the pulpit to

take the same flight, saying: "Could I place one foot on the sea, and the other on—ahem—on the Georgium Sidus—ahem, ahem—I'd howl round this little world!" He forgot the rest of the big words, and down he came a-howling.

ANOTHER American minister, of fine descriptive power, was on one occasion preaching about heaven, and, to show the absurdity of Emanuel Swedenborg on the subject, drew a graphic picture of the Swedenborgian heaven, with its beautiful fields, fine horses, cows, and pretty women; and in the midst of his glowing description a good old sister, carried away with the scene, went into raptures and exclaimed, "Glory, glory, glory!"

The preacher was so disconcerted that he paused, seeming hardly to know what next to do, till the presiding elder in the stand behind him cried out to the shouter, "Hold on there, sister; you are shouting over the wrong heaven."

AN equally whimsical interruption occurred to Dr. Bruden, rector of Eltham, in Kent, who on one Sunday morning preached from the text, "Who art thou?" After reading the text he made (as was his custom) a pause for the congregation to reflect upon the words, when a gentleman in a military dress, who at the instant was marching very sedately up the middle aisle of the church, supposing it a question addressed to him, to the surprise of all present replied: "I am, Sir, an officer of the Seventeenth Regiment of Foot, on a recruiting party here; and having brought my wife and family with me, I wish to be acquainted with the neighboring clergy and gentry." It was with no little difficulty that the divine recovered himself sufficiently to go through with his discourse.

THE Metropolitan Police are by many partially informed people supposed to hold in their hands the issues of things affecting the peace and happiness of families as well as all criminal transactions. For example, a lady came to the office of Superintendent Kennedy to inquire if he would not compel a delinquent swain to fulfill his contract of marriage with her.

"My dear Madam," blandly responded Mr. K., "we have nothing to do with that?"

"Can't you make him marry me?"

"That is beyond my power."

"Why, they told me you could."

"It is a mistake."

The lady looked at him doubtingly for a moment, and asked, "Are you a married man yourself?"

"Yes."

"Then I don't wonder you won't help me!"

ONCE a year at least the fond mammas who delight in the Drawer are entitled to a reproduction of one of the best things ever written by Mr. Emerson, namely, his paragraph on the immortal baby:

"Welcome to the parents is the puny little struggler, and strong in his weakness, his little arms more irresistible than the soldier's, his lips touched with persuasion which Chatham and Pericles in manhood had not. The small despot asks so little that all nature and reason are on his side. His ignorance is more charming than

all knowledge, and his little sins more bewitching than all virtue. All day between his three or four sleeps he coos like a pigeon-house, sputters and spurns and puts on faces of importance; and when he fasts the little Pharisee fails not to sound his trumpet before him. Out of blocks, thread-spools, cards, and checkers he will build his pyramid with the gravity of Palladio. With an accoustic apparatus of whistle and rattle he explores the laws of sound. But chiefly, like his senior countrymen, the young American studies new and speedier modes of transportation. Mistrusting the cunning of his small legs, he wishes to ride on the necks and shoulders of all flesh. The small enchanter nothing can withstand—no seniority of age, no gravity of character; uncles, aunts, cousins, grandsires, grandmas—all fall an easy prey; he conforms to nobody, all conform to him, all caper and make mouths, and babble and chirrup to him. On the strongest shoulders he rides, and pulls the hair of laureled heads."

WE commend to conveyancers the following specimen of legal acumen copied from the records in the office of the Auditor of Clarke County, Washington Territory. In a conveyance of land is embodied a bill of sale of some live-stock, and the description of the two kinds of property is rather droll. The following is copied verbatim from the records: "Also that certain lot of land on the Columbia bottom, bounded by land owned by Alexander and others. Also a white bull and twelve hogs, *west of the meridian line.*"

A GENTLEMAN who seems to regard with aversion those persons of British descent who pass the *h* unsounded, asks how the following lines would sound were that letter omitted:

"Ha! 'tis a horrible hallucination
To grudge our hymns their halcyon harmonies,
When in just homage our rapt voices rise
To celebrate our heroes in meet fashion;
Whose hosts each heritage and habitation,
Within these realms of hospitable joy,
Protect securely 'gainst humiliation,
When hostile foes, like harpies, would annoy.
Habituated to the sound of *h*
In history and histrionic art,
We deem the man a homicide of speech,
Maiming humanity in a vital part,
Whose humorous hilarity would treat us,
In lieu of *h*, with a supposed hiatus."

As old Colonel Weatherwax was accustomed to observe, "It does make a difference the way things is said." Recently, in a certain town in Illinois, a hole had been cut in the ice for the purpose of baptizing some new converts. The parson's son was among them. As he led his boy down through the icy lane into the cold water he raised his eyes toward heaven and exclaimed, "Thank God, this is the only son the Lord ever gave me!"

It is a good thing to be thankful.

Now that a "general amnesty" has been proclaimed, it will be in order for those who occupied opposing attitudes during our late troubles to "tell" of each other the grotesque scenes and incidents that served to lighten up the "front of grim-visaged war." We are told by a Southern gentleman that during the attack on Fort Donelson a "Hard-shell" exhorter was holding forth in exalted strains, declaring that the Lord fought on the side of the South, that Je-

hovah was encamped around about the Confederate army, and that it was impossible for the invading Yankee to conquer them. Just at the close of one of those clever statements a man dashed up to the church on horseback and cried out, "The Yankees have captured Fort Donelson, and are coming up the river!"

"Then, my brethren," resumed the Hardshell, "save yourselves, for the Lord has got licked!"

LEVI ROCKWELL, of East Windsor, Connecticut, is a gentleman who seems to have had certain notions relative to the expenditures requisite for the comfortable maintenance of his household that differed from the views of his spouse Julia. Julia, having decided upon making sundry little purchases that Levi calculated he could not and would not afford, and deeming it his duty to apprise the public that he went upon the cash plan, announced that fact to the public in the following stanza:

"Julia, my wife, has grown quite rude,
She has left me in a lonesome mood;
She has left my board,
She has took my bed,
She has gave away my meat and bread:
She has left me in spite of friends and church,
She has carried with her all my shirts.
Now ye who read this paper,
Since she cut this reckless caper,
I will not pay one single fraction
For any debts of her contraction."

A RECENT number of the *Tribune* contained the following advertisement:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—If MRS. FEHLER does not return to her husband within three days he will consider himself as parted.

One would think that this concerned Mr. Fehler (appropriate name!) more nearly than any body else, if he was to be *parted* in three days.

In an enterprising village of this State, it was deemed expedient for the temporal interests of a certain congregation to get up a donation party for the benefit of the pastor. The gentleman upon whom the printing of the necessary notices was devolved discharged that duty faithfully, concluding with the following line in conspicuous type:

"THE LORD LOVETH THE CHEERFUL GIVER By Order of the Committee."

THE Quaker, as a general thing, can not be regarded as a jocular person, though the humor common to all beings who "walk erect and make bargains" will now and then find utterance. Instance the following, from a Western source:

When the Erie Canal was talked of, the subject of favoring it was discussed in a Quaker business-meeting of the men. It was opposed by an influential member—no less than Elias Hicks—on the ground of its being a speculation. Among other objections he went on to say: "When God created the world, if he had wished canals he would have made them." Thereupon "a weighty Friend" (one of their terms) rose up and said, slowly, in the intoning voice heard in their meetings: "And Jacob dig-ged a well!"—and sat down.

A MISSOURI correspondent is kind enough to communicate the following experience of a couple of travelers in Kansas, who were looking for good

farming land, and who were compelled one night to sleep at a farm-house in a sparsely settled district. The edifice contained but one room, and the accommodations might accurately be described as not luxurious. When bedtime approached a piece of blanket was hung across the room. The travelers took their part of the apartment, and darkness and silence soon reigned throughout the dwelling. It appeared that the chickens, for want of a better place, roosted on the flour-barrel; and when it was supposed that sleep had overcome the guests the good wife thus addressed her liege lord:

"I say, John, if you are going to keep a *hotel*, you must make different arrangements."

"Why, Sarah Jane?" softly inquired the drowsy husband.

"Because I'm not going to get up, *in this fix*, to turn the tails of them chickens."

THE custom of bee-hunting used to be, and is yet, to some extent, a favorite pastime among the inhabitants of the Green Mountains. To hunt successfully requires a thorough knowledge of the bee and all his habits; and therefore, like any other game, those who love the sport pride themselves upon their proficiency. The hunter starts out armed with a small box with a sliding cover, a card of honey-comb, and a small bottle of honey, molasses, or something suited to the taste of the bee. When near the locality of wild bees he fills the comb with the honey from the bottle, places it in the bottom of the box, and hunts for a bee upon a flower, which, when found, he brushes into the box, at the same time closing the box. The prisoner will buzz for a while, and then goes to filling his sack from the honey in the bottom of the box. The hunter then places the box in a favorable position for seeing it, and slides back the cover. Having "filled," as the hunters say, the bee flies straight to his tree, and returns to fill again, bringing others with him. Oftentimes these workers increase so rapidly that a steady stream will be seen going to and from the box, which can easily be followed to the tree at once. Frequently large deposits of honey are found in this way, which the little workers show as much bravery in defending as industry in gathering.

There lived in the town of R— an eccentric character, "Uncle Joe," whose particular pride was in being thought a master of this sport. Once, on the approach of the hunting season, he went out, as usual, armed with bee-box and honey-bottle, and soon had a worker caught, but somehow he showed an utter indifference to Joe's honey. He let him go and caught another, who behaved in like manner; and so he spent the day, every bee-refusing his free lunch, until Joe really thought the bees all crazy or himself dreaming, for surely he never knew the like before. In utter amazement he gave up the job and went home. Meeting his "better half" at the door, he gave her his traps to put away, told her his luck, which he was disposed to consider as an ill omen, and waited for her to speak, which she soon did. Holding the bottle up before her, she exclaimed, with a twinkle in both eyes: "Well, well, Joe! if you hain't gone and taken my castor-oil to line bees with!" Joe looked, and seeing his honey-bottle untouched, saw the joke and wilted, for he knew that he would never hear the

last of it, as one of his neighbors' boys happened to be present.

That evening as Joe, rather happy from the effects of something taken to relieve his chagrin, strolled into the village hotel, where a few of his neighbors were congregated. One who never let a chance slip to give Joe a hit, and who rarely got the better of him, related Joe's experiment; and turning to him with an air of having at last got his enemy in a tight place, asked Joe if he hadn't better treat on that. Joe steadied himself by a chair, and when the laugh had subsided so as to be heard, said, with a very knowing look: "Gentlemen, there's no mistake about *that*. I wasn't trying to *hunt* those bees; I was only *doctoring* them. Bees *always* have to be physicked before they will work well!" This brought the house down, and although Joe did not stand the treat, some one else did, and he had to be helped home.

AN Ohio friend writes: Your anecdotes of General Nelson remind me of one about General J. D. Morgan, who neatly "transferred the boot to the other foot" in this wise. While we were lying in camp at Rossville, Georgia, the Sixtieth Illinois returned from their veteran furlough with a number of recruits. One of these, having exhausted his supply of clean shirts, and not yet having learned to be his own laundress, asked a veteran where he could get some washing done.

"Do you see those tents there by the church? Well, go over there and ask for Mr. Morgan. He does washing. He is a crusty old cuss, but if you talk pretty nice to him he will do it for you."

The recruit went as directed, and found General Morgan walking in front of his tent, dressed, as was his custom, in the uniform of a high private.

"Where will I find Mr. Morgan?" asked the recruit.

"My name is Morgan. What will you have?"

"I came to see if I could get some clothes washed."

"H-m-m-m. Who sent you here to get your clothes washed?"

"John Smith, over here in the Sixtieth."

"Corporal of the guard!" (The corporal approached, and saluted.) "Young man, go with the corporal and show him John Smith, so that he can bring him over here. And you come back with them, and bring all the dirty clothes you have."

They departed, and soon returned with the guilty veteran and a huge armful of dirty shirts, socks, etc.

The General, to Smith: "Did you send this young man here to have his clothes washed?"

"Yes, Sir, for a joke."

"For a joke! Well, we'll have the joke carried out. We do have clothes washed here sometimes. Corporal, take this man Smith and that bundle of clothes down to the creek, and have him wash them and dry them and fold them up neatly, and return them to the owner. *See that he does the job handsomely!*"

The veteran went away to his work sorrowfully, and the General resumed his walk.

It was one of these recruits that was on guard one day at brigade head-quarters. The A. A. G. found him sitting down whittling and whistling, with his gun across his knees. "Look here!"

said he, "are you a recruit?" "No," replied Greeny, "I've jist jined!"

THE following story of Webster and Choate has never been in print, and the writer would not repeat it here if he felt that by so doing he would render himself liable to the charge of seeking to derogate any thing from that public respect in which these two great men are universally held. But the story is somewhat characteristic of both of them, and therein lies its interest. The intimacy of Webster and Choate is well known. There can scarcely be a doubt that they loved each other. While the former was Secretary of State the latter was in the Senate from Massachusetts. At some point during this period Choate is reported to have found himself short of money, and, being away from home, in a strait to know how to relieve himself. He sat in his seat in the old Senate chamber, with a contracted brow, plowing with both of his hands those long black locks of his, as his habit was, in a vain effort to conjure up some way of meeting his engagements, when an idea struck him. "I will go to Webster," he said to himself; and seizing his hat he made his way rapidly to Fourteenth Street. The great man was at home, and received him with unusual cordiality.

"But what is the matter with you, Choate?" he asked (the latter had on that wobegone expression which every body remembers): "are you sick?"

Choate took a chair, and began to run his fingers through his hair, in a state of doubt as to how he should approach the subject of his visit. "Not exactly sick, Mr. Webster; but I am short of money, and have come up to see if you could lend me five hundred dollars."

Webster leaned back in his chair, and with eyes dilated, and the faintest possible gleam of humor in his face, looked at Choate: "Choate, I am just five hundred short myself," he said. (Choate's chin dropped.) "But look here, Brother Choate," continued Mr. Webster; "I'll tell you what we'll do: 'we'll make a note, Sir, say at sixty days, for one thousand dollars, payable in Boston. You shall sign it, and I'll indorse it, and by the time it comes round we will be at home to provide for it.'"

Choate looked up with astonishment. He could see how easily the note might be made, but how the money was coming out of the note was not so clear, and he said so to Mr. Webster.

"Leave that to me," the latter replied.

Suffice it to say, the note was made; Choate went back to the Senate to await the results of his friend's financial experiment; and his great friend, placing the note in his vest pocket, donned that well-remembered broad-rimmed black felt hat which he wore on those times, and directed his steps toward Corcoran's.

Entering the banking-house, with head erect and shoulders well set back, "Is Mr. Corcoran in?" in the measured and magisterial tones that inspired so much awe, he asked of the clerk at the counter.

"Yes, Sir," he replied, deferentially.

"Please say to him that Mr. Webster would like to see him for a moment."

Corcoran appeared with alacrity from his private room, and the usual salutations were exchanged.

"Mr. Corcoran, my brother Choate is a little short of money, and has made a note for a thousand dollars (which I have very cheerfully indorsed for him), payable in Boston in sixty days. Would you discount it for him?"

"Certainly," replied Corcoran, "with the greatest pleasure;" and turning to the clerk he said, "Give Mr. Webster the proceeds of the note after deducting the interest."

The clerk made his figures, and bringing out a small bag of gold emptied it upon the counter. He counted out a sufficient sum to satisfy the proceeds of the note; and Mr. Webster, putting it into his pantaloons pocket, called a hack and went immediately to the Capitol. Walking into the Senate chamber he found Choate, with his head in his hands in the most distraught frame of mind. Going directly up to him he gave him a smart slap upon the shoulder:

"I've got it, Choate."

"The d—l you have!" he replied.

The great man sat down beside him, and they divided the money as nearly equally as they could; and thus Choate's mind obtained relief.

There is a sequel to the story, but that—perhaps—hereafter.

A GOOD story used to be told of Choate by Mr. Minns, who was a student in his office. One day the former came into the office, and, seating himself before the fire, began scratching his head with unusual violence. By-and-by he said, in his most dramatic tones,

"I wonder what becomes of all my money, Mr. Minns."

Minns stopped his writing and looked up at him. His face looked comical enough. Finally he ventured to make a suggestion.

"Why don't you buy a small book, Mr. Choate, and enter in it what you receive and what you pay out? and then you will know where your money goes."

"Capital idea, Mr. Minns, capital idea. Won't you be good enough to go out and buy me one?"

Minns bought him the book, and Choate sat down and made two or three entries in it.

A few months afterward Minns had the curiosity—seeing the book lying upon Mr. Choate's desk—to look into it to see how he got along with his accounts, when lo! there were the entries he had made on the day of its purchase, and all the rest was blank.

Mr. Choate might have been a rich man if he had had any method in the keeping of his accounts. After his association with his son-in-law, Major Bell, lately deceased, his affairs were much improved.

FROM this to Webster. It is the fashion in these days to pay the expenses, and something more, of political lecturers. It was not so in the days of the old Whig party. At the beginning of the Taylor campaign it was found desirable to propitiate Mr. Webster, who, naturally enough, received the nomination of General Taylor as coldly as he did that of Mr. Clay in 1844, when Massachusetts led off; and after he had said in his Marshfield speech that the nomination was one "not fit to be made" it became especially necessary that he should be looked after. The result was that, after a good deal of negotiation, and the urgency of many of his best friends, he con-

sented to explain, at Abington in Massachusetts, his Marshfield speech, and to make one or two speeches more during the campaign. Two well-known gentlemen of the city of Worcester, then prominent in the Whig ranks—one of whom is now holding a high official station in that State—came down to Boston at the instance of the late ex-Governor Lincoln to secure Mr. Webster for a great speech in the former city. They called upon the then Secretary of the Whig State Committee to enlist his co-operation, and were informed by him that five hundred dollars was the least sum which they could reasonably offer Mr. Webster for such an effort. The gentlemen said they guessed they could raise that sum. Mr. Webster happened to be then at the Tremont House, and the Secretary volunteered to call upon him with them, and do what he might be able to advance their suit. It was in the month of October—a month that he loved. The party found Mr. W. solus in the office, drinking a glass of soda-water. The Secretary, with imprudent haste, led them into the office and introduced them. The situation was embarrassing, for he was in the act of drinking his soda, and was obliged by the interruption to set down his tumbler before he had finished it.

To relieve this embarrassment one of these gentlemen—the eminent official, whose silver speech it is always a pleasure to listen to—said, “I think this must be the Indian summer, Mr. Webster.”

Mr. W. turned square round, and, confronting him, replied with emphatic gravity, “No, Sir-r-r; this is the har-r-r-vest moon.”

The Worcester gentlemen laughed a good deal afterward at the felicity of Mr. Webster's reply, taken in connection with the fact that the speech was one of the dullest that the great man ever delivered, and the additional fact that the greater part of the five hundred dollars came out of their own pockets; for, neglecting to ask the contributions of their friends until after the event, they found these said friends ludicrously disinclined to invest, and with some little disposition to chaff; and it is said that one of the Worcester gentlemen—not the official—was heard to exclaim, in a fit of extreme disgust,

“He may well call it the har-r-r-vest moon!”

A PROMINENT journalist of Utah is responsible for the following:

In the general scare occasioned by the late San Francisco shake-up, the inmates of the Occidental Hotel rushed from their rooms into the halls and corridors in every variety of costume from full dress to nature. Among the guests was a French naval officer, who emerged from his bath into the hall, which was crowded with people flying in dismay from their rooms. Upon relating the circumstances of his flight to our journalist he was asked what effect his appearance produced upon the ladies. “None at all,” he replied; “they were so frightened that they did not regard me any more than if I had been the statue of Apollo!” Probably not.

THAT witty French editor Henri Rochefort, whose sallies are always getting him into duels, and whose last, upon the Government, necessitated a hasty exit from the country, was chatting, just before his exodus, with a friend on the Boule-

vard. A stranger passed by, and the friend took off his hat to him.

“Who is that?” inquired Rochefort.

“The ex-Duke of Nassau.”

The stranger turned around, no doubt to look at the famous editor of the *Lanterne*. Rochefort politely took off his hat to him.

“What,” asked his friend, “you salute princes?”

“Yes, when they are dethroned!”

A CONTESTED case under the seventy-second chapter of the Massachusetts General Statutes having occurred in Boston, Mr. L—— was asked, as he was making his way out of the crowded court-room, “Is that the putative father of the child?”

“No,” was L——’s reply, “the *dis*-putative.”

AH! how many of us who are blessed with hot and irritable tempers are like that celebrated Mr. Fletcher of Saltoun! One of his servants having intimated his intention of seeking another place, Mr. Fletcher proceeded gently to urge him to continue in his service.

“I can not bear your temper, Sir,” said the servant.

“I am passionate, I confess,” said Mr. Fletcher, “but my passion is no sooner on than it is off.”

“Yes,” rejoined the servant, “but then it’s no sooner off than it’s on again!”

ALTHOUGH the autumn has passed, we suppose it will not much wring the bosom of the reader to peruse the ensuing stanza upon that season, written by a gifted son of the West. It has the true afflatus:

“I wud not dy in ortum,
With the peaches fit for eatin’,
When the wavy corn is gettin’ ripe,
And the candidates are treatin’;
When sassidge-meat is phryin’,
& hickory-nuts is thick—
Ow! who would think of dyin’,
Or evin gettin’ sick?”

LA PORTE, Indiana, makes its bow to the Drawer in the following event, which has become a part of its history:

In the summer of 1868 a young German woman of that vicinity was afflicted with a disease that had baffled the skill of all the Dutch doctors thereabouts. It was asserted among friends that she was bewitched, and that Mrs. —, an old frau, half doctress, half sorceress, was the person who had cast the baleful influence over her. This opinion gained ground, and the excitement among the Germans and Gerwomans [Gerwomans is good] finally culminated in the gathering of a mob around the house of the accused with the avowed purpose of “burning the witch.” Her son, objecting to this summary proceeding, prepared to defend the castle, and gave notice that, unless the mob desisted from violence, a heavy bill of Dutch mortality might then and there be expected. The opportune arrival of some Americans had the effect to prevent an attack and disperse the mobbists. A neighbor talking with Franz —, one of the rioters, a few days afterward, asked, “Franz, what did you intend to do to that old woman?”

“Oh, ve vas koin’ to purn her,” he replied.

“Well, why didn’t you do it?”

"Kass Pob wouldn't let us koom into ter house."

"Why didn't you *break in*?"

"Oh," replied he, with astonishment, "*ve hat no right to do dat!*"

A heinous crime, indeed, compared with the little "irregularity" of an *auto da fé*.

THIS from the same source:

At the June term of our Common Pleas, during the trial of an Irish will case, Tim Dooley was on the stand, and thus testified: "I am brother to Molly Flaherty, and I am brother to Betty Hoolahan."

"Then, Mr. Dooley," said Judge B——, "we are to understand that you are *two* brothers?"

"Yis, Misther Judge," replied Dooley, with great deliberation; "aitch of me sisthers had a brother!"

WE read a poem an evening or two since which expresses so charmingly the virtues of Cheerfulness and Resignation that it occurred to us a single verse might appropriately be quoted as the closing paragraph of the Drawer:

There are briers besetting every path,
Which call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lonely heart that leans on Thee
Is happy any where!

AMONG the many clerical anecdotes brought out by gentlemen in attendance on the recent General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church is the following of Bishop Bass, who exercised the episcopal office in Massachusetts from 1797 to 1803. He was a fat man. For a long time he was settled as rector of St. Paul's, Newburyport, and always popular among the townspeople on account of the freedom with which he moved about among them, and his unaffected good-nature. On one occasion Major Joseph Coffin, a noted ship-draughtsman of that time, and something of a wit, was engaged on the banks of the Merrimac repairing his salmon net—for in those days both salmon and bass were abundant there—when the Doctor (not yet a Bishop) appeared. To approach the Major he was obliged to step upon the net, which lay spread out upon the ground. As he neared him he said, "So you are mending your net, Major?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"What do you take in it, Sir?"

The Major replied, "Salmon, Doctor, and—" (here the Doctor tripped in one of the meshes of the net, and came near being prostrated) "sometimes a *Bass*!"

OUR Episcopal friends, among other good deeds at the Convention, consecrated a bishop for the Indians and other rough settlers of the very far West; apropos of which may be told the following: A Methodist minister having many years ago been sent as missionary to the same rather tough-hearted people, found an old, very old Indian, who could read, to whom he gave a copy of the New Testament. After the noble red man had read it through he expressed a wish to be baptized. The missionary accordingly procured a bowl of water, and was about to baptize him, when the noble red man asked, "What you going to do with that?"

"Baptize you," replied the clergyman.

"No deep enough for Indian: take 'em to river."

The missionary explained that "that is not our practice;" to which the noble red person replied:

"You give me wrong book, then; me read 'em through."

The ceremony was postponed.

AMONG the quaint specimens of literature, as presented in "the books," could any thing be more ludicrous than the following, sent to us by a friend in Grass Valley, Nevada County, California? It is copied verbatim from the Twentieth California Reports, page 163, where it will be found at the conclusion of a lengthy and important decision, concerning the title to a Spanish land grant of four leagues, rendered by Chief Justice Stephen J. Field (now one of the Justices of the United States Supreme Court), and *concluded in by a full bench*.

"This action was tried by the Court without the intervention of a jury. Of course, in such cases, the Court not only performs its peculiar and appropriate duty of deciding the law, but also discharges the functions of a jury, and passes upon the facts. The counsel of the appellants, impressed, as it would seem, with this dual character, requested the Court to charge itself as a jury, and handed in certain instructions for that purpose. The Court thereupon charged that part of itself which was thus supposed to be separated and converted into a jury, commencing the charge with the usual address, 'Gentlemen of the Jury,' and instructing that imaginary body that if they found certain facts they should find for the plaintiff, and if otherwise, for the defendants, and that they were not concluded by the statements of the Court, but were at liberty to judge of the facts for themselves. The record does not inform us whether the jury thus addressed differed in their conclusions from those of the Court. These proceedings have about them so ludicrous an air that we could not believe they were seriously taken, but for the gravity with which counsel on the argument referred to them.....The mode adopted in the present case, though highly original, is not of sufficient merit to be exalted into a precedent to be followed. Judgment affirmed."

DURING the rebellion the staff of General Wise were riding through a rather forlorn part of North Carolina, and a young Virginian of the staff concluded to have a little fun at the expense of a long-legged specimen of the *genus homo*, who wore a very shabby gray uniform and bestrode a worm-fence at the road-side. Reining in his horse he accosted him with, "How are you, North Carolina?" "How are you, Virginia?" was the ready response. The staff continued: "The blockade on turpentine makes you rather hard up, don't it? No sale for tar now, is there?"

"Well—yes," was the slow response. "We sell all our tar to Jeff Davis now."

"The thunder you do! What on earth does the President want with your tar?"

North Carolina answered: "He puts it on the heels of Virginians to make them stick on the battle-field!" The staff rode on.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCXXVII.—APRIL, 1869.—VOL. XXXVIII.

THE FREAKS OF LIGHTNING.



ELECTRIC CORUSCATIONS AT SEA.

THE real nature of the mysterious agency which we call electricity is very little understood even by the wisest philosophers. Every succeeding generation seems to have a new theory on the subject. Thirty years ago the scientific world were agreed in believing that

ly confused, not to say absurd. This is shown by the tendency so prevalent among persons well informed on most subjects to attribute the movements of *Planchette* to electricity; when the fact is, that of the numerous and well-known phenomena manifested by this principle there

the cause of the phenomena was a subtle fluid substance: but there was a fierce war waged between two great parties on the question whether this substance was single or dual in its character; that is, whether there were two fluids or only one. This dispute was finally settled, or rather was made to melt away and disappear, by the discovery of a truth now universally acknowledged, that there is no fluid at all in the case. How many of the fierce and angry disputes that are now raging among mankind will disappear in a way analogous to this as soon as the human mind has advanced far enough to see a little more clearly the true state of the case in respect to the subject of discussion!

The universal opinion among philosophers at the present day is, that electricity is a subtle motion of the elementary particles of bodies. What theory this opinion will give place to in the next generation it is impossible to say.

While the opinions of the philosophers in respect to the essential nature of this principle are so uncertain and so unsatisfactory, the notions floating in the popular mind in respect to the most obvious laws of its action are utter-

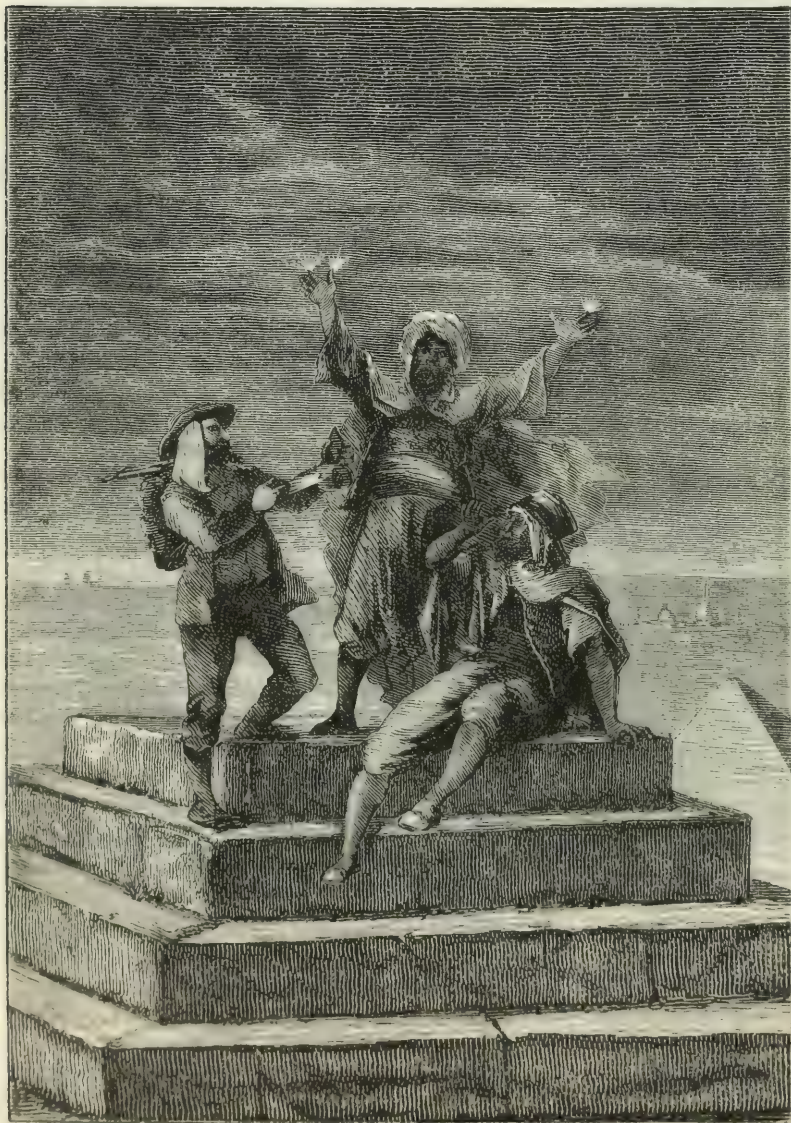
are none that bear the slightest analogy, in respect to the conditions under which they arise, with those exhibited in the gyrations of this little practical joker.

It is curious to observe the confusion of ideas which those who attribute the motions of Planchette to electricity betray in their attempts to explain the operation. At one time they will say that the oracle can give no response, excepting to record what is already in the mind of one of the operators: as if electricity could take cognizance of what is passing in the human mind! Then in a few minutes they will attempt to confound the skeptic by relating a well-authenticated case of an answer revealing an occurrence taking place at the time in another town, an occurrence of which none of those present could by any possibility have known any thing: as if the electric condition of a substance in one place could be affected by simple occurrences in the affairs of life many miles away! They will say sometimes that the two operators must be of different sexes: as if there was any known property of electricity that could distinguish between the sexes; and that the electricity is excited, and the flow of it

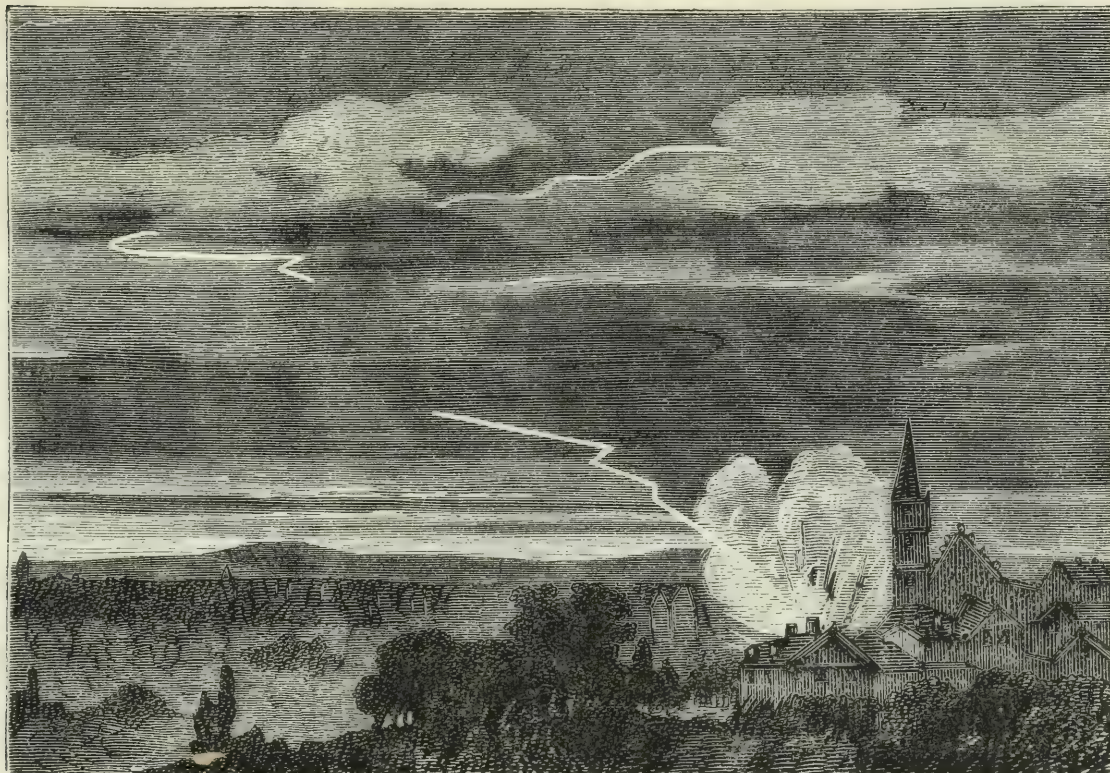
determined, by the contact of the tips of the fingers with the board. As if any real and acknowledged electrical action, as verified experimentally by scientific men, could be produced without an equivalent expenditure, either of substance or of force. They tell you finally, in answer to these reasonings, that the electricity which acts in Planchette is governed by different laws and manifests different properties from that known to chemists and philosophers; without considering that where a new principle manifests not a single one of the properties of the old, nor any property in the least degree analogous to them, but on the contrary exhibits, according to their ideas of it, another and new set of properties and modes of action entirely diverse, there can be no sense or meaning in pretending to give it the same name.

The truth is, that there runs in the popular mind an idea that the name "Electricity," sometimes "Magnetism," is to be given to the latent cause of any thing mysterious and unaccountable, even if the mystery and unaccountableness exist only in their imaginations.

The phenomena of electricity, when any phenomena really result from this principle, are strongly marked and very definite in their character, either by being palpable to the senses or producing marked and special effects. Some of these, as the flash of lightning and the glow and coruscation of the northern aurora, have been continually manifested in every age in the view of all mankind. There is a second class of these phenomena which are more seldom manifested, and yet which have been occasionally seen and noted in every age. Among these are the appearance of bright stars, or luminous pencils of light, which are often to be observed on prominent and elevated points in a highly excited electrical condition of the atmosphere. One of the earliest and fullest accounts that we have of this phenomenon in modern times represents it as observed at sea, one wild night in the Mediterranean, by Admiral Forbin, a distinguished naval officer of the French, in the latter part of the seventeenth century. The night was dark and tempestuous. Flashes of lightning were seen, and thunder was heard resounding from various quarters of



THE PHILOSOPHER ON THE PYRAMID.

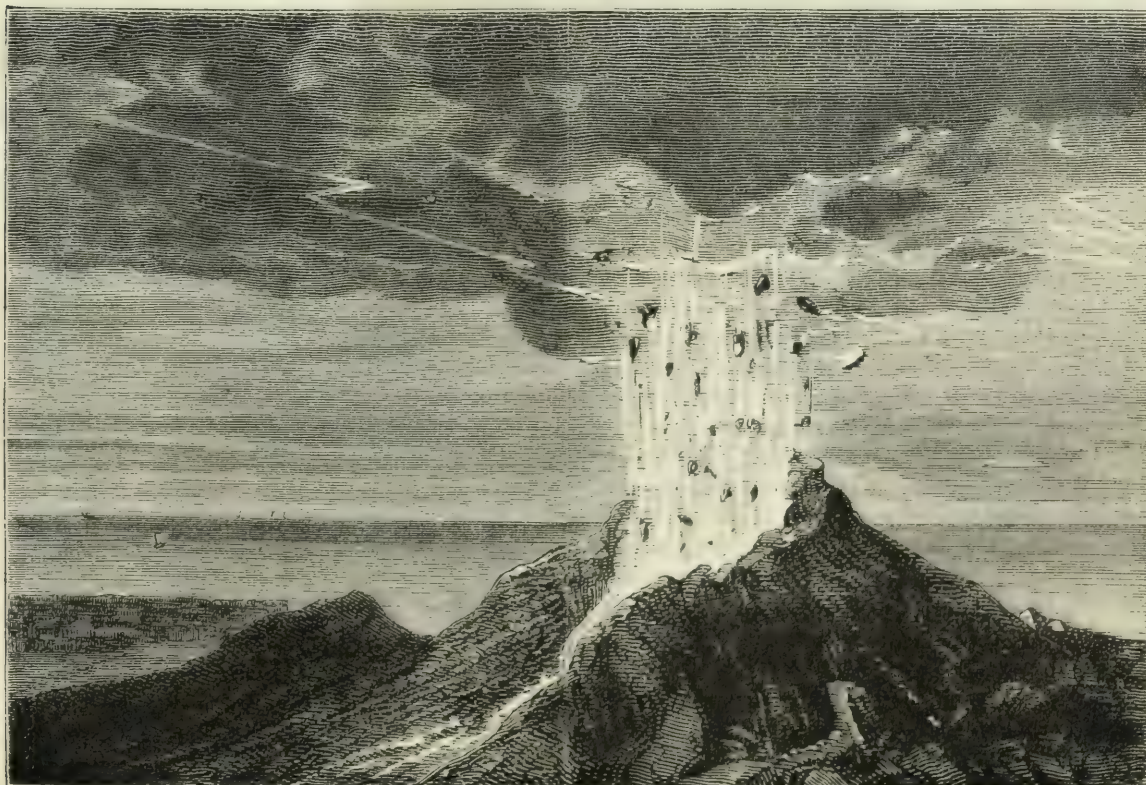


BUILDINGS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

the heavens. All at once the Admiral, who was watching anxiously for the safety of his vessel, perceived a bright light blazing, as it were, from the pinnacle of the main-mast; and soon afterward a number of similar coruscations were seen arising from the tops of the other masts, from the ends of the yards, and from many other projecting points along the spars and rigging. It seems that the Admiral was alarmed lest his

ship should be set on fire, and he sent up his men to take off the iron point which formed the termination of one of the illumined points; but the bright pencil of light continued to beam from the wood, as it had done before from the iron.

The engraving at the head of this article represents this phenomenon as observed in an iron vessel in the English Channel in the year



VOLCANIC LIGHTNING.



THE MELTED BRACELET.

1866. The captain in this case was not alarmed, it seems, for the safety of his vessel, but he had the curiosity to examine the phenomenon a little more closely; and so he climbed out upon the bowsprit, and cautiously putting his hand to the luminous pencil, found that it gave no sensation of heat. It proved to be little more than a phantom after all.

There is an account of a German philosopher who was visiting the pyramids of Egypt, and having ascended to the summit of the Pyramid of Gizeh, he was astonished to observe that the ends of his fingers, when he raised them into the air, became invested with a luminous halo. He also observed that a gourd mounted in metal, which one of his Arab guides carried, gave out from a metallic button which was attached to the cover scintillations of light, and even sparks, whenever he approached his finger toward it. The guides were thrown into consternation at observing these, to them, super-

natural appearances, and they insisted on returning at once to the ground.

A great many accounts have come down to us from ancient times of similar appearances observed, under various circumstances, in those early days. Sometimes large bodies of soldiers found the points of their spears tipped with fire, as they marched at night on some secret expedition, or advanced to the field of battle in the morning before day. In some cases the effect of the apparition was very disastrous, by exciting the superstitious fears of the soldiers, and leading them to consider the phenomenon as a warning to them from Heaven to proceed no farther in their undertaking; while at other times it was adroitly turned by the commander into an omen of success, and made the means of greatly encouraging the men.

In all these cases of luminous emanations making their appearance on elevated or projecting points the effect is supposed to be due to a gradual and gentle flow, as it were, of the electric principle from or to the points. It is only in such cases that the heat which is developed is small. In other cases, when the electricity accumulates in large

quantities, or, perhaps more properly speaking, with great concentration of power, as it often does in the clouds, in connection in some way with the condensation of the moisture by which the clouds are formed, it darts to the earth with an intensity of heat sufficient to light up at once the fiercest conflagrations.

Electricity is often, if not always, developed by the condensation of aqueous vapors. When small clouds are formed in a summer's sky, the amount thus developed is too small to produce any visible effects; and when the whole sky becomes gradually filled, as in slow-gathering and widely-extended storms, the development of electricity, though perhaps vast in amount, is so slow in its progress that the power is dissipated as fast as it is produced, so as to prevent any accumulation. But when clouds form with great rapidity, as they often do on a summer afternoon when the weather has been very warm for many days, so as to raise the quan-

tity of water held in solution by the air to a maximum, then the electric element or agency, whatever its nature may be, is developed with extraordinary rapidity and in enormous amounts, and the irruption of the power from one cloud to another, or from a cloud to the earth, constitutes the lightning, which is often so intense and so vivid at such times. Each discharge is accompanied by a sharp and instantaneous detonation, the echoes and reverberations of which from the different masses of cloud form the rolling thunder which follows every flash.

Water is often condensed in the same manner, with great rapidity and in vast quantities, from the immense volumes of invisible vapor thrown up from a volcano in time of eruption. The clouds thus formed emit flashes of lightning precisely like those formed by the ordinary evening condensations from the summer air.

Electric discharges of this nature always develop a very intense heat in traversing any substance or medium which offers any resistance to their passage. The calorific effect which such discharges produce can be shown, on a moderate scale, by the apparatus of the electrician in the lecture-room, where, by means of it, metals can be fused and dissipated, and combustible substances can be set on fire. The effects are infinitely more powerful, of course, in the case of natural discharges from the clouds.

Not only are buildings set on fire, but metals are melted when portions of metal come in their course which have not conductive capacity enough to afford free transmission for them. A story is related in some of the books, of a young lady in full dress at an evening party, who, when a heavy cloud was passing, went to the window and put out her hand to ascertain whether rain was falling, when the lightning, striking the house, came down by the window, and taking her golden bracelet in its track, melted it and threw it off her arm. While not prepared to declare that such an incident as this is impossible, we should be very unwilling to vouch for the truth of the story, but prefer



ARAGO'S PARAGRÈLES.

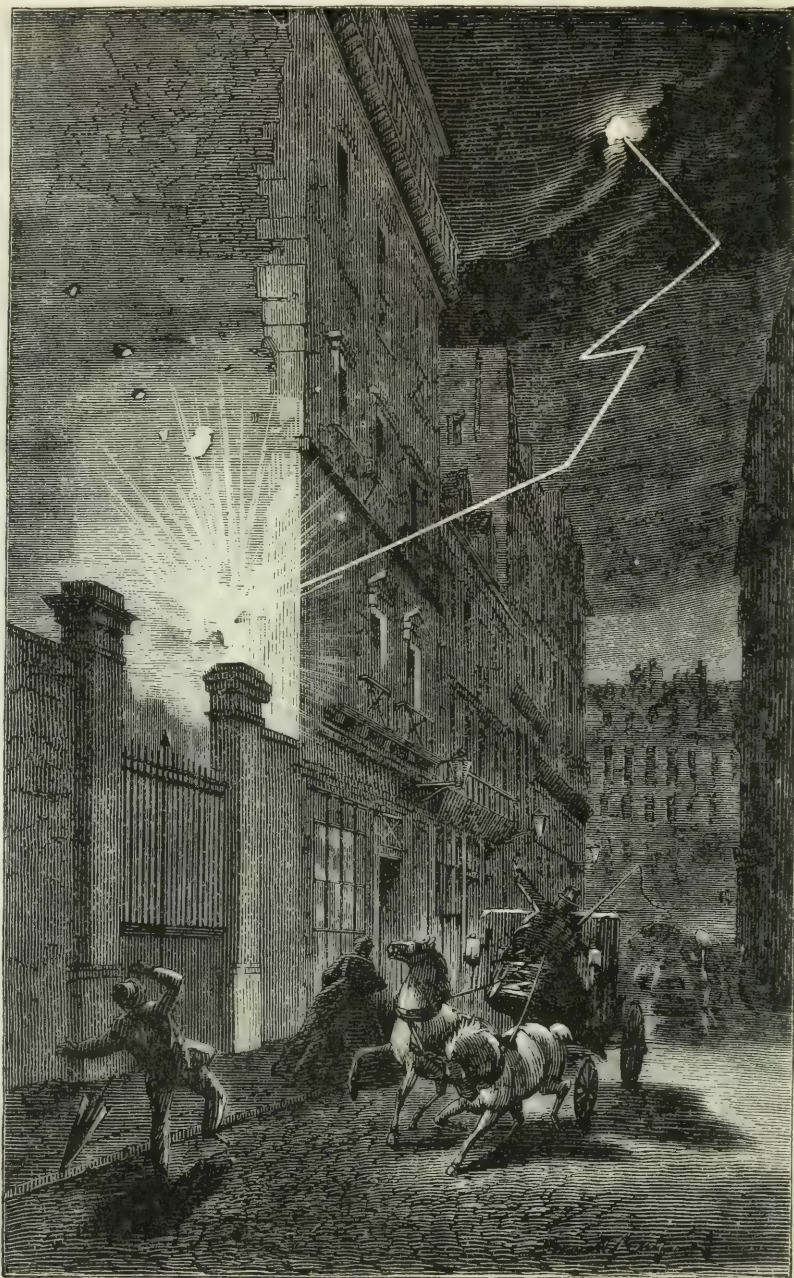
leaving each reader to judge of its probability or improbability for himself.

These sudden and violent discharges of large accumulations of the electric agency or force, resulting usually from the rapid condensation of vapors in the air, are far more frequent, or rather are far more frequently observed by mankind, than those faint and gentle illuminations which arise from the gradual flow of the electric force to or from projecting points. For certain reasons a projecting point tends to draw off the electric force quietly, or convey it away as fast as it is developed, and so to prevent any great accumulation. But the light which is emitted in such cases is of so mild a character that, except under peculiar circumstances, it is seldom observed. The light is too faint to be seen in the midst of other lights; and when it is dark there is seldom any observer at hand. It is probable that if the eye of an observer could be

kept near the silver or platinum points of a good lightning-rod, during all the dark hours, for a considerable period of time, they would often be seen crowned with stars, or emitting pencils of mild and harmless rays.

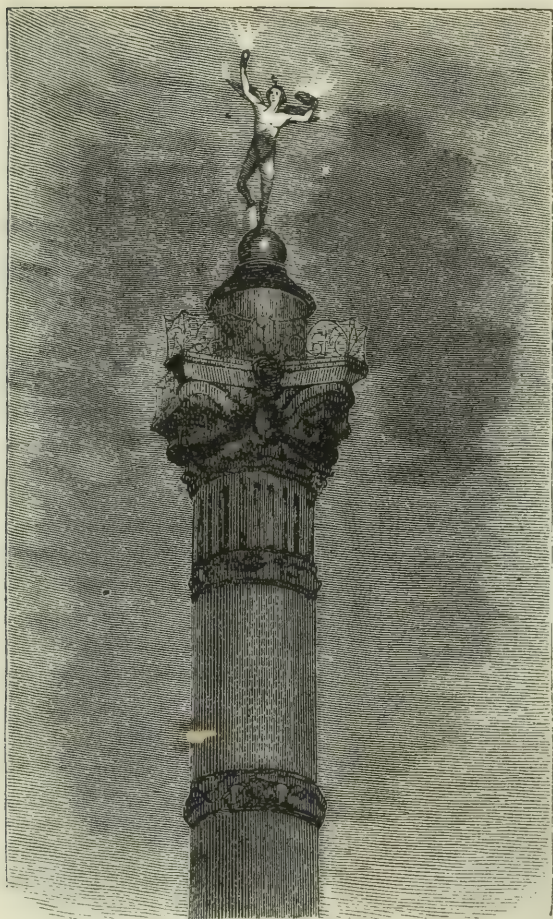
The idea of the lightning-rod, and of what is called in France the *paragrêle*, is to promote this slow and harmless transmission of the electric force between the clouds and the earth, and thus to prevent any great accumulation of it; while at the same time, in case of such accumulation, and of a consequent violent discharge, they afford a safe channel of communication for it. *Paragrêles*, so called, are small lightning-conductors, set up by means of poles in France in vineyards to aid in drawing off the electricity from the atmosphere over them, and thus prevent the accumulations which, when they occurred, were found to exert some mysterious agency in producing hail-storms. The philosopher Arago proposed that these conductors should be raised and supported by small balloons, which were to be connected by slender wires or chains with the ground. This plan, though perfectly correct in theory, was found to be impracticable, on account of the great expense of setting up and maintaining such a system over any considerable extent of country.

Sometimes the sudden and violent discharges of great accumulations of electricity are accompanied at the time by a continual flow, affecting, especially, all the salient and projecting points in the vicinity, and even also extended surfaces, in many cases, where such surfaces are broken by minute projections. A very violent thunder-storm broke over the city of Paris on the night of the 16th of July, 1866, of which most extraordinary accounts were given in the papers of the following day. The clouds that were formed were enormous in mass and in density, and so rapid was the condensation of vapor that electricity was developed in immense quantities, and it passed to and fro between the clouds and the earth in every conceivable way. The consequence was a continual succession of the most vivid flashes of lightning, and an in-



LIGHTING THE GAS.

cessant crashing and rolling of thunder. The lightning struck and did serious damage in many places. In one instance it fell upon one of the gas tubes in the street. It fused a portion of the tube, and set the gas on fire, which, in its burning, illuminated the whole surrounding region, and produced universal alarm. While these effects were produced by the violent discharges coming in rapid succession from the accumulations of electric force, there seems to have been also a flow of a more gentle and quiet character, directing itself upon all conducting surfaces and masses, and especially upon every projecting point. Most extraordinary accounts were given in the papers the next day of the lambent flames seen alighting upon every prominent point in the streets, or gliding along the water-courses, or blazing up from the openings of the sewers. Some people saw the street in certain places, as they said, full of fire.



THE COLUMN OF JULY.

These accounts were, no doubt, greatly exaggerated, the minds of the observers being much disturbed by their excitement and their alarm. There is, however, every reason to believe that there was a great deal of reality in the foundation of the stories.

In the eastern part of Paris, at the place formerly occupied by the Bastille, there stands a tall column called "The Column of July," being so named from certain great events which occurred during that month on a certain year, and which the column was intended to commemorate. Upon the top of this column is a statue of Liberty standing on tip-toe, and with symbolic wings at his back, extended as in the act of commencing to fly. This column was observed carefully during the storm by a responsible witness, who states that electric light emanated in brilliant coruscations from all the salient points of the figure above, and passed in a luminous stream from the upraised foot to the ball below on which the figure was poised.

Other witnesses testify to a similar illumination of the summit of the spire of *Nôtre Dame*, a tall and slender spire which forms a very striking and most beautiful contrast to the massive towers which form so conspicuous a feature in the façade of that building. This spire rises to a height of nearly three hundred and fifty feet into the air, and the electrical effect observed on this occasion may have been increased by the enormous quantity of lead used in the struc-

ture, and especially in the statues and other ornaments pertaining to it.

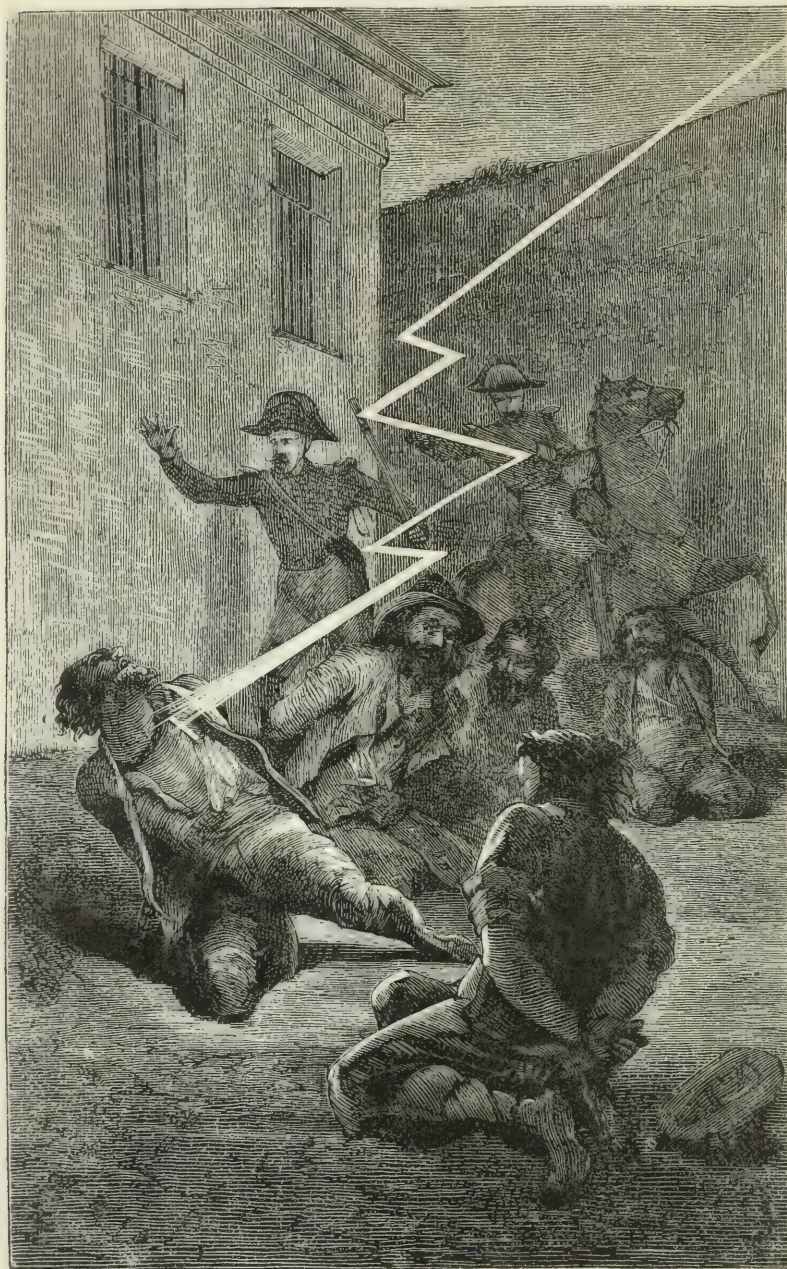
A great many curious tales are related of extraordinary interpositions of the electric force in some of the most striking dramas of human life. Arago gives an account of the chief of a band of brigands being struck down in the court-yard of a prison in Bavaria, in the midst of his comrades. He was seated on the pavement, or on a stone, being fastened by an iron chain to a fixed ring or staple, his companions, bound in a similar manner, around him. The electric charge, controlled probably in some degree by the chain and the iron fixture to which it was attached, passed through the body of the chief and instantly killed him. His comrades, knowing nothing of the natural laws by which this terrible agency is controlled, were struck with consternation, believing that the lightning had intelligently selected their ringleader, by the special judgment of Heaven, in retribution for his crimes.

In this case, and indeed in many such cases as this, the body of the brigand was so situated as to form part of a chain of communication well adapted for the electricity to pursue in its passage from the atmosphere to the ground. It is always dangerous in a thunder-shower to be so situated in relation to surrounding bodies that are good conductors as to form with them a channel for the passage of the force.

Some years ago a house in a town on the



THE SPIRE OF NÔTRE DAME.



DEATH OF THE BRIGAND.

sea-coast of Massachusetts was struck with lightning, and one man in the house was killed, while others, though even in the same room, were uninjured. On examining the premises it was found that in the garret, exactly over where the man was sitting in the room below, a saw was hung to the rafter, and the point of it reached the floor almost precisely over the man's head. Then in the basement immediately below the sitting-room were a number of tools, and among others a crow-bar, which was standing against the wall, nearly below the man's feet. The result was that the crow-bar, the body of the man, the saw, and that part of the chimney which was above the roof formed a connected series of conductors for the transmission of the electric force, and the man was killed simply because he, and not the others, came in the track most convenient for the terrible power to pursue.

To stand by the side of a continuous conduct-

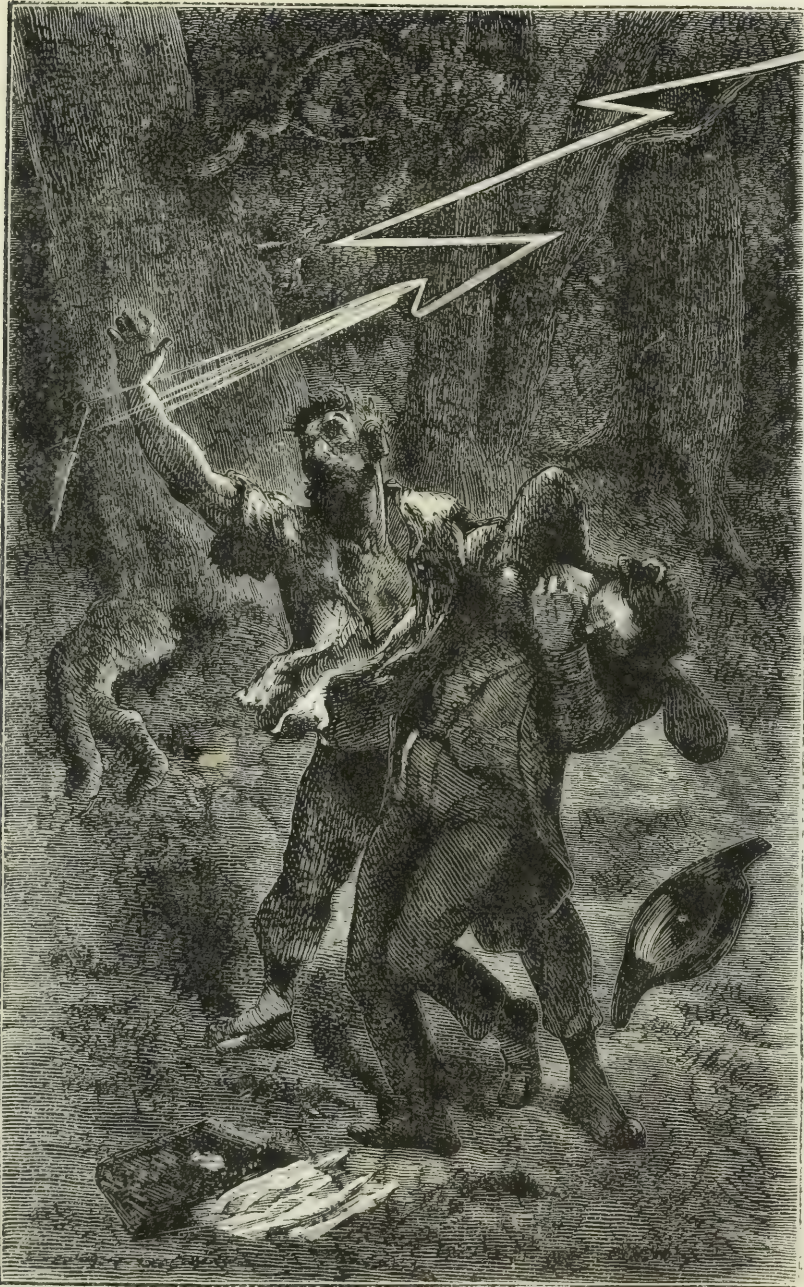
or, of sufficient conducting capacity to afford free transit to the electric charge, is the safest position which a person can take. A house with a good lightning-rod passing down its wall is exactly in that condition. But to be near an imperfect conductor, as a tree, for example, or to form part of a broken chain of conductors, is, on the other hand, the most dangerous. Any small metallic substance about the person, as a pair of spectacles upon the face, a ring upon the finger, or a knife in the pocket, would have no appreciable influence. And yet a novelist might, without too great a violation of probability, represent a murderer as arrested in the act of stabbing his victim by a flash of lightning striking the knife from his hand, and liberating the victim by felling the assassin himself to the ground at the instant of giving the blow.

A German writer, giving an account of curious examples of the effects of electrical discharges, states the case of a peasant girl, who, being overtaken by a thunder-shower when walking in the fields, had a golden pin, which was passed through her hair behind to keep it in its place, fused and dissipated by a stroke of lightning without herself

suffering any personal injury at all.

To guard against such accidents as these—if any such accidents ever really occur—and also as a protection from the general danger of being struck with lightning to which persons are more or less exposed when out in the open air during a storm, some ingenious philosopher has jestingly proposed that a portable lightning-rod, in combination with an umbrella, should be provided for people liable to such adventures. A sportsman, then, overtaken by a thunder-storm, if equipped with such a protector—a pointed metallic rod projecting in the air from his umbrella over his head, and connected with a wire or chain to drag on the ground behind—could bring himself and his traps safely along through the midst of the tempest, while the lightnings played harmlessly around him.

Whenever the electric discharge takes in its course a metallic substance which, though a good conductor, is not sufficient in mass to fur-



THE MURDERER'S HAND ARRESTED.

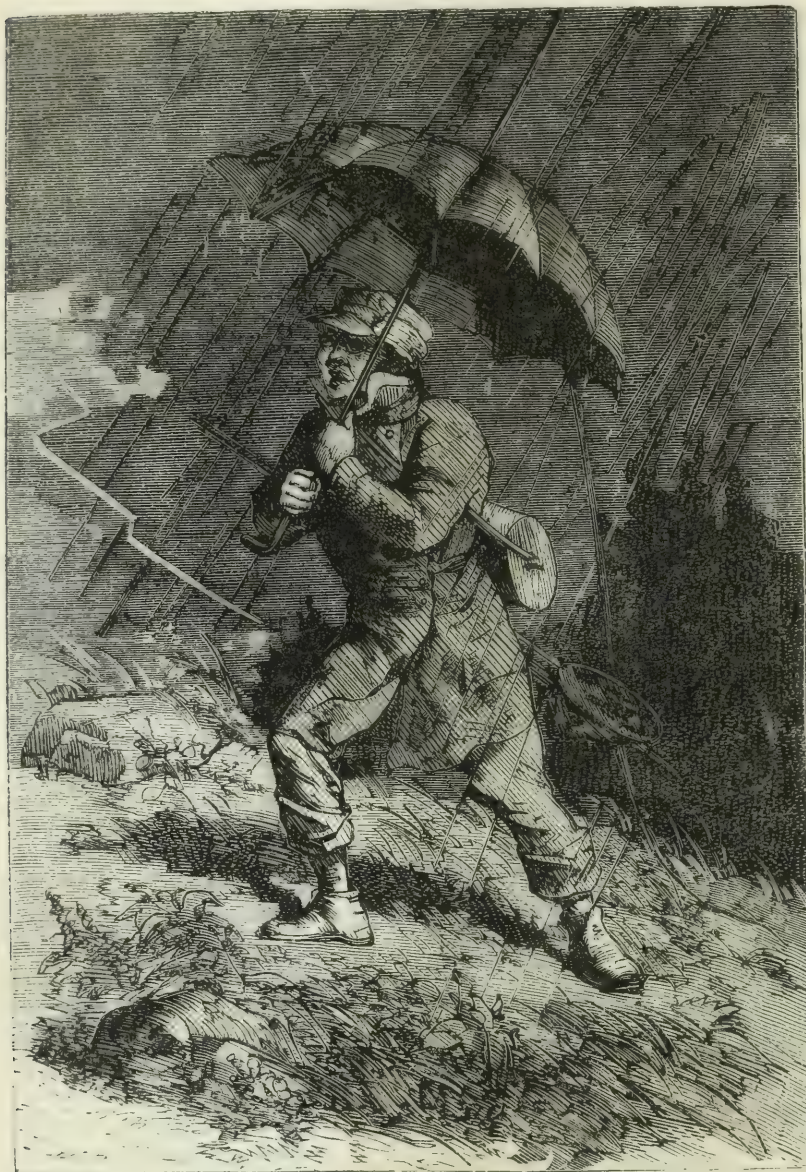
nish a free passage for it, the metal is heated, and perhaps fused; and sometimes, when it is quite small in relation to the amount of electricity passing, it is dissipated entirely in a species of vapor. This can be shown by a variety of experiments with electricity artificially excited in the lecture-room. Sometimes a thin film of silver or gold leaf, or a fine wire, is placed between two plates of glass, and when a charge is passed through too great for the conducting capacity of the metal the metal is fused, and the material, or a portion of it, remains indelibly imprinted upon the surfaces of the glass. It is said that cases analogous to this are observed in the action of lightning. Stories are related of females wearing necklaces formed of silver beads or of golden chains being struck by lightning, and stunned, and then, on recovering, finding the forms of the beads or of the links of the chain impressed upon the skin. Such statements as these, however, are much more

likely to arise from the excited imaginations of the observers than from effects of this kind really produced, inasmuch as it is very difficult to believe that the electricity could take a personal ornament in its course, without at the same time taking the person of the wearer. In those cases where, as has been already remarked, any conducting bodies near a person are so situated as to form with the body of the person himself a channel of communication from the atmosphere to the ground the danger that the electricity will take that course is very imminent in the event of an accumulation of it near.

Among the most curious and striking examples of this are the cases that have occurred of bell-ringers being struck by the lightning following the wetted rope down to them from the bell.

The churches in the Middle Ages, in Europe—and to some extent the same feeling exists to the present day—were the objects of many superstitious ideas. It was supposed that they had an influence in warding off diseases, evil spirits, hurricanes, thunder and lightning, and malign influences of all kinds. Ignorant people attributed all these things to the agency

of Satan, and thought that the existence of a church, the sight of which was hateful to him, tended to keep him and all his doings at a distance. It was accordingly the custom in some parts of Europe, when a thunder-storm was approaching, to set the bells in all the steeples to ringing, by way of frightening off the lightning; and though many of the superior ecclesiastics set their faces strongly against this folly, and explained to the people that the ringers in such cases exposed themselves to extreme danger, it was with great difficulty that the people could be induced to abandon this curious species of exorcism. In the town of Chabeuil, near Valence, there were on one occasion eleven men employed in a tower in ringing an enormous bell, when the bell was struck by lightning and seven of the men were killed. It is true that they were not ringing at this time for the purpose of keeping off the lightning. The stroke came from a storm which happened to come



SAFETY IN A THUNDER-SHOWER.

on while they were ringing for another purpose.

One would suppose that the folly of such an idea as that a thunder-storm could be arrested, or its violence abated, by the ringing of bells, would soon be made apparent by the failure of the measure to produce any effect. But superstition is not so cured. When the storm passed away without doing any special damage the peasants attributed their immunity altogether to the ringing; and when, on the other hand, it proved severe, and the lightning struck all around them, they attributed the result to their not having rung loud enough! It is by exactly this kind of reasoning that all superstitions and other foolish notions maintain their ground

in the minds of men in every age.

One of the most singular and least understood of the phenomena connected with the agency of electricity is the formation of Water-Spouts. The evidence is complete that the influence of electricity is very largely concerned in these wonderful gyrations, but whether as cause or effect is not so clear. They are most frequently observed at sea, though sometimes they appear in an imperfect form in lakes or upon other small bodies of water. And even on land, especially in mountainous regions, a commotion in the clouds, attended by an immense fall of rain, has often occurred, presenting appearances closely analogous in their nature to those of the regular water-spout as observed at sea.

The first indication of the formation of a water-spout observed by the seamen on board their ship consists of the gradual concentration and settling down of a mass of dark and heavy clouds over the sea, accompanied by great agitation of the water immediately beneath it. The mass of water soon begins



FORMATION OF A WATER-SPOUT.



THE BELL-RINGER STRUCK.

lower formations meet a flash of lightning is often seen to dart from one to the other, showing that the water and the cloud are in opposite electrical conditions at the moment before they unite. Besides this there are some experiments which may be made with electricity artificially excited, in which effects are produced which seem in a considerable degree analogous to those witnessed in this phenomenon — sufficiently so to increase the probability that the agency of electricity is in some way involved, though it is not known in precisely what manner or to what extent.

Not the least singular of the things to be observed in respect to water-spouts is the mode adopted by seamen for breaking and dispersing them, which is by shooting them, as it were, by guns or cannon. If the seamen find that the whirling column is drifting away from them, or moving in such a direction as not to cross the track of the ship, they leave it usually to finish its dance as it pleases. But if they find it coming toward them, they train all the guns upon it that they can muster, under the idea that either the impact of the shot or the concussion of the sound will break the charm and make it burst

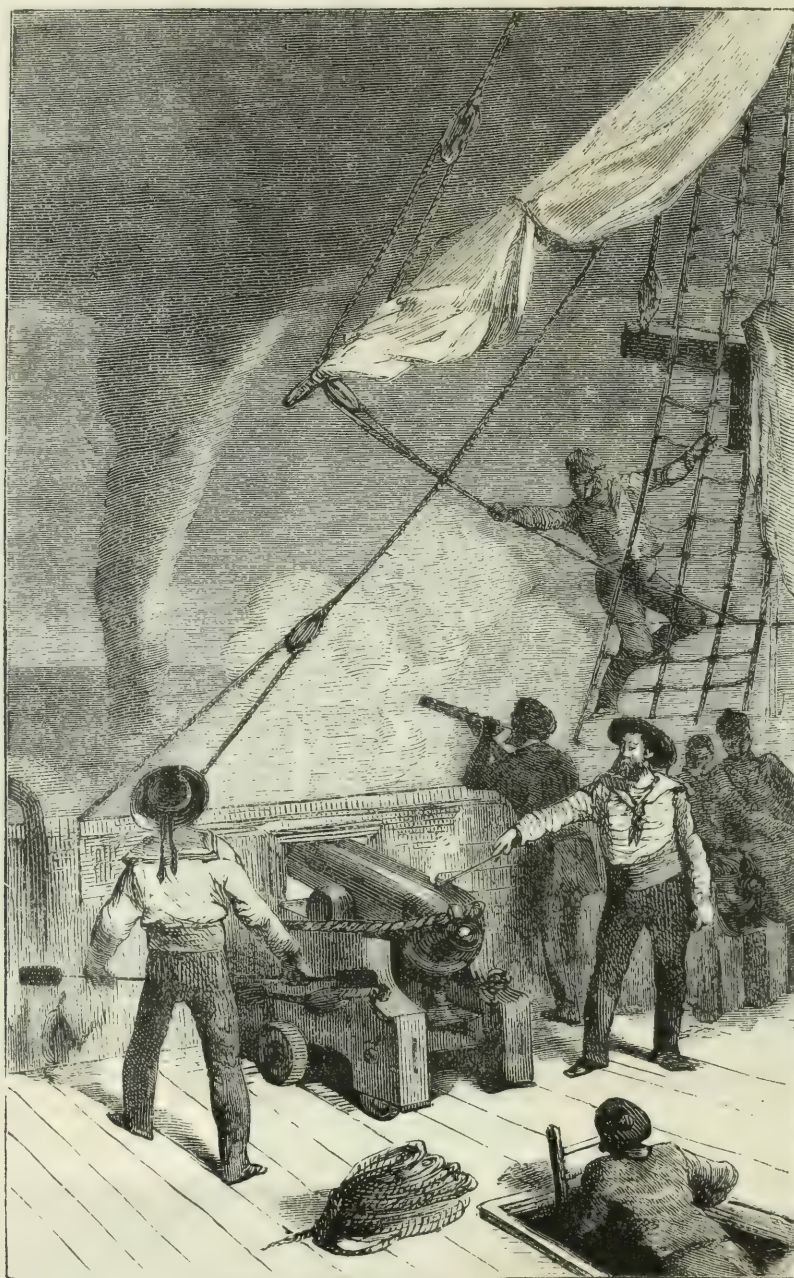
to show a tendency to rise in a tumultuous heap toward the cloud, which in its turn evinces a tendency to descend to meet it. Both the rising wave and the descending cloud move together over the sea, whirling, as they go, in a sort of waltz as fantastic as it is fearful and sublime. At length the ascending apex of the water and the descending apex of the cloud meet and join, the united mass drifting before the wind in the form of a vast spiral column, in which water and cloud are undistinguishably blended.

The connection of electricity with the phenomenon is indicated by the fact that at the moment when the upper and



THE WATER-SPOUT COMPLETE.

and disappear like a touched bubble. The consequences of allowing it to move on in its own way, with the risk of its bursting over the ship when it should come into contact with the masts and rigging, would probably be fatal to all on board. The result would almost certainly be the deluging of the decks and the foundering of the vessel.



BREAKING THE WATER-SPOUT.

AN ARTIST IN ALASKA.*



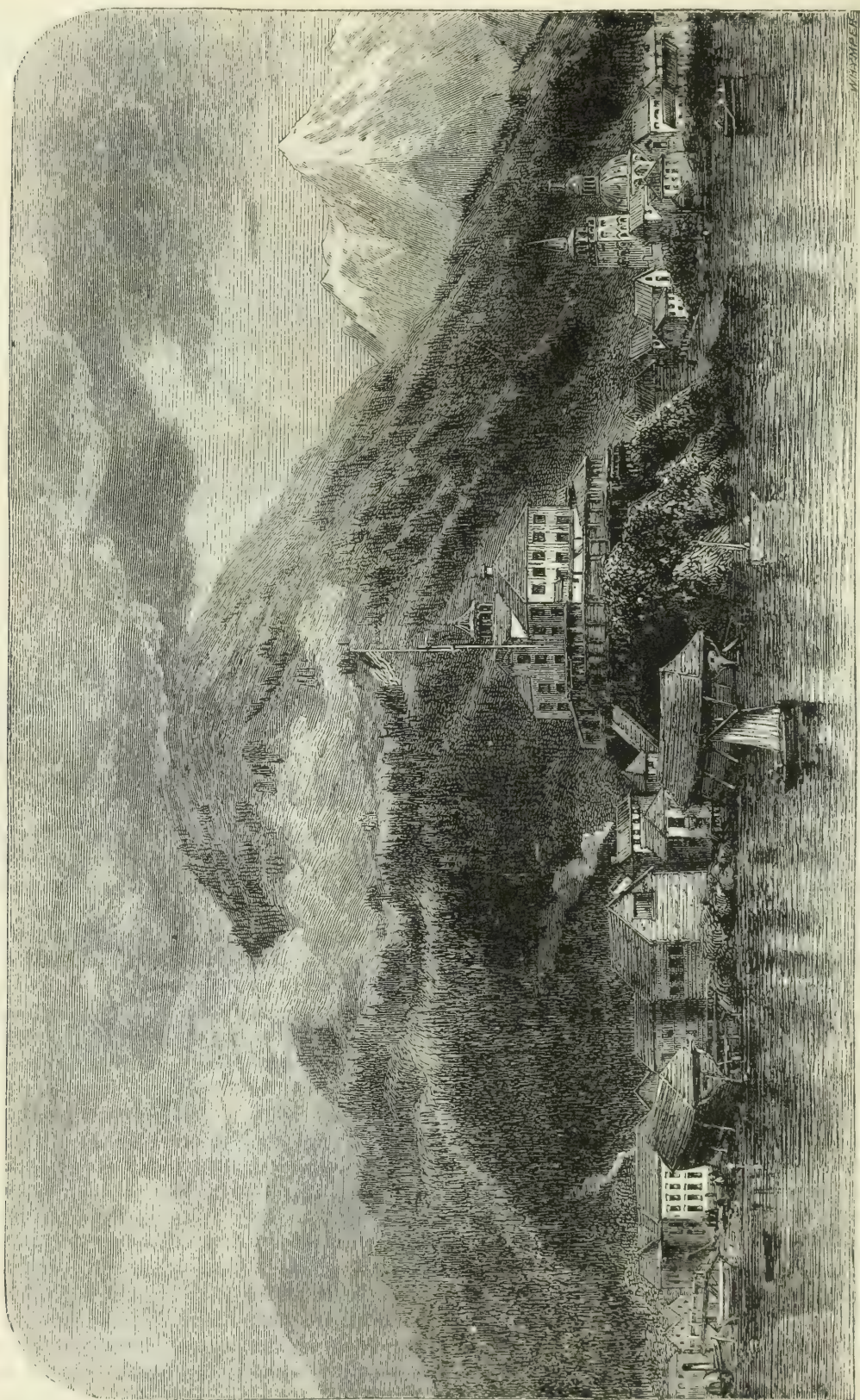
FORT ST. MICHAEL'S, OR MICHAELOVSKI, ALASKA.

NOT quite two years ago we were a little startled by the announcement that the United States had bought the whole of the Russian Possessions in America. Our national vanity was somewhat gratified in knowing that by means of a few quiet after-dinner talks, followed by a stroke or two of diplomatic pens, we had become possessors of a region ten times as large as New York or Virginia, and about equal to France, Germany, and Great Britain. Moreover, we got with it Mount St. Elias, by far the loftiest height of the North American continent, and one of the great mountain peaks of the globe. Upon Mount Blanc pile the loftiest summit in the British Islands, and they would not reach the altitude of Mount St. Elias. If a man could reach its summit he would be two and a half miles nearer the stars than any other American could be east of the Mississippi. Upon Mount Washington heap up, one upon the other, the two Georgia hills which have made good their claim to be a few yards higher than the New England summit, and the three would not reach as high as St. Elias. As a single peak it ranks among the half dozen loftiest on the globe. Some of the Himalaya summits reach, indeed, a couple of miles nearer Orion and the Pleiades, but they rise from an elevated plateau sloping gradually upward for hundreds of miles. As an isolated peak St. Elias may look down upon Mont Blanc and Teneriffe, and claim brotherhood with Chimborazo and Cotopaxi. We also acquired—though we did not then know it—one of the

four great rivers of the globe. We had seen upon maps the name of the River “Kuichpack or Yukon,” but we did not dream that in length and volume of water it exceeded the Nile or the Ganges, the Volga or the Amoor, and was itself exceeded only by the Amazon, the Mississippi, and perhaps the Plata: that it had affluents to which the Rhine or Rhone were but brooks.

It can not be denied that we looked rather coldly upon our new acquisition. We knew almost nothing of the value of what we had bought; and the Russians knew little more of the worth of what they had sold. We knew that fish abounded on the shores and fur-bearing animals in the interior. It was suspected, rather than believed, that minerals, copper, iron, and perhaps coal, would be found there. In this Magazine for July, 1867, appeared a paper summing up all that was known about “Our New Northwest.” It was prepared by the Secretary of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, before whom came for consideration the subject of the proposed treaty. This Secretary had official access to all the materials extant in all languages, including the private reports deposited in the Smithsonian Institute. Little has as yet been added to the information contained in that article. Traders who have pushed their enterprises into the region assure us that the Territory is really more valuable than was supposed at the time of its purchase. They tell us that the fisheries are wholly unequaled; that the cod in Bering’s Sea outnumber those on the Newfoundland Banks; that the salmon, in their season, swarm so that a boat can hardly make its way through their “schools;” that the rocky islets are black with

* *Travel and Adventure in the Territory of Alaska, and in Various other Parts of the North Pacific.* By FREDERICK WHYMPER. With Map and numerous Illustrations. Harper and Brothers.



SITKA, OR NEW ARCHANGEL, CAPITAL OF ALASKA.

seals and walruses; that there are forests of trees, easily accessible, and of size sufficient for the tallest masts and largest spars; cedars of three feet in diameter, with tall, straight, branchless trunks, they tell us, are common. Indeed, it is now said that a company could be formed at a few days' notice which would pay for the mere property \$10,000,000, a quarter more than the cost of the whole purchase, they having the

right to the trade in fish, furs, and mines, leaving to the Government the right of dominion—a right which, except for political reasons, is of little account, and indeed rather a burden than an advantage.

Yet, upon the whole, we looked rather coldly upon our new acquisition. Seven and a quarter millions of dollars in gold seemed a rather large sum to be expended just then for a pur-

chase of doubtful value. It seemed uncertain whether Congress would make an appropriation for the payment, and without this the whole matter would fall to the ground. But the Russian Minister having made the bargain was anxious to see it concluded. He had sold something which, no matter how much it was worth to us, was worse than useless to his Government. Whatever was received for it was so much clear gain; and in the present condition of Russian finances seven and a quarter millions, or half that sum, was worthy of consideration. So, acting upon a quiet hint from Mr. Seward, he undertook to manufacture a little public opinion in the matter. He engaged Mr. Robert J. Walker, a most persuasive man, who can prove any thing by figures, to act as "open counsel." For \$25,000 as fee Mr. Walker undertook to write up Alaska in the newspapers. He did his work deftly. It was, indeed, reported that money to the amount of hundreds of thousands and even millions was expended among newspapers, their correspondents, members of Congress, and otherwise, in order to get the appropriation passed. The matter was brought before Congress, by whom a Committee of Investigation was appointed. As we write the Committee find an expenditure of only this \$25,000 to Mr. Walker, of which he paid \$5000 to a Mr. Stanton, and a further sum of \$3000 offered to the editor of a newspaper; which sum the editor virtuously declined for himself, but intimated that it might very properly be given to his brother. If any body else got any Alaska money it has not as yet (January, 1869) been shown. At all events, the appropriation was made; the seven millions and odd hundreds of thousands were duly paid over, making the Russian exchequer so much the richer. So all preliminaries being arranged, on the 18th of October, 1867, the Russian flag was hauled down at Sitka, the Stars and Stripes run up, and there ceased to be any Russian America.

We have said that since Alaska came into our possession very little has been added to our actual knowledge of the Territory and its people. The 60,000 or 70,000 natives who inhabit this region of 550,000 square miles may be roughly grouped into three classes: the Koloschians, who dwell mainly on the coast, and are not very pleasant neighbors. In 1804 they massacred nearly all of the Russian garrison at Sitka. Since they formed a considerable part of the inhabitants of the settlement; but their quarter was separated by a stockade from that of the Russians, and no native, unless working in some private house, was allowed in the town after dark. The Aleuts, as the natives of the Aleutian Islands are styled, seem to be of much higher intelligence than any other tribe. A merchant trading in that quarter assures us that he knows several of them who have been



MALEMUTE NATIVE.

educated as priests, and who perform the Church service in the Greek language with perfect accuracy. Akin to these are the Malemutes, who live about Fort St. Michael and Unalachleet, the most northern Russian posts—the latter being in about latitude 64°. They are represented as a race of tall, stout people, but in other respects much resembling the Esquimaux. The men shave the crown of the head, and wear ornaments of bone run through holes in the face, just below the mouth. The women are tattooed on the chin, and wear bead ornaments suspended from the hair, and bracelets of lead or iron. The Co-Yukons, who live on the banks of the great river, are probably the most numerous of the tribes.* There are indications coming to light which seem to show that there was once in this region a much higher grade of civilization than now exists there. Captain E. G. Fast has recently brought thence an immense number of relics disinterred from tombs, or bought from families who had preserved them, apparently for generations. Among them are weapons of stone, iron, copper, and wood. Most curious are carvings upon walrus teeth. The figures remind one of the images found in Mexico and Yucatan. In the opinion of men whose judgment upon this matter is of most weight, these relics, and others which may be presumed to exist, will ultimately throw light upon the

* The word *Yukon* or *Kuichpack*, by which this stream is known, is said to mean "Great River" in different languages of the natives who inhabit its banks. *Co-Yukons*, then, means "The Men of the Great River." They are rather a pugnacious race, and are the terror of the other tribes. Mr. Whympier devotes to them a special chapter of considerable interest.



CAMP WITH "BLAZE," OR CAMP-MARK.

origin and migrations of the races who peopled the whole North American continent, from Bering's Straits to the Isthmus of Panama, and from the Pacific to the Atlantic.* The probable result will be to confirm the prevalent opinion of the learned that the present inhabitants of the extreme northern part of the American continent are of Asiatic origin, who made their way across Bering's Straits, and paddled through the Arctic Ocean, or sledged across the continent to Greenland. Mr. Markham, in the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society* for 1865, adduces strong evidence that the emigration took place at the time of Togrul Beg and Ghenghis Khan, about 1200 A.D. This Asiatic race, which we may call by the general name of Samoïdes, present so little in common with the aborigines who were found in the United States, Mexico, Central and South America as to render it wholly improbable that a common origin is to be ascribed to them.

To Mr. Frederick Whymper, whose book is cited at the head of this paper, we are indebted for most of the matter which follows. He has told us, with pen and pencil, some things which might otherwise have remained forever unknown. Though his observations were made just before Alaska became American instead of Russian, they had not been made public. They formed no part of the grounds upon which the transfer from Russia to the United States was made; and so for all real purposes they must be considered as new material.

* Engraved representations of some of these relics may be found in *Harper's Weekly* for January 2, 1869.

Mr. Whymper is a clever young English artist, and of abundant pluck. In 1862 he left the tight little island to see what he could see on the Pacific Coast of America. For a year or so we catch glimpses of him in California and British Columbia, of which regions he gives some interesting accounts. In 1865 he joined as artist the expedition fitted out by the Western Union Telegraph Company for the purpose of exploring the route proposed for an overland telegraph which, by way of Bering's Straits, should connect the continents of Europe and America. This enterprise, though altogether a failure, was so boldly conceived as to deserve a few paragraphs.

The enterprise owes its origin to Mr. P. M'D. Collins, who, about a dozen years ago, traveled over what was then the unknown region of Eastern Siberia and the coasts of

the Asiatic continent. He described his journeyings in this Magazine for July, 1858. Subsequently it came to be an accepted fact that a telegraphic connection must be established between Europe and America. The failure of the first attempts to lay the Atlantic cable had wrought a general conviction that an ocean line could never succeed. The Russian Government had built a line from St. Petersburg to Nicolaevski at the mouth of the Amoor River, and the Americans had joined New York with San Francisco. Mr. Collins proposed to unite these two lines, and procured the requisite privilege from the Russian and British Governments, through whose possessions the line must pass. The great Western Union Telegraph Company took up the plan, and organized exploring parties to survey the proposed route, a distance of more than 6000 miles, through a country almost uninhabited. Not only were surveys made, but a considerable length of line was actually constructed in British Columbia.

A glance at the map, or better still at a globe, will give some idea of the stupendous work thus undertaken. Its essential object was to bring London and New York within telegraphic communication. The distance, in a direct line across the Atlantic, is 74 degrees of longitude, a little more than 3000 miles. Let us follow a dispatch from London to New York over the proposed line. Leaving the British capital it would travel southward and eastward through Germany, thence northward to St. Petersburg; thence a little south of east across the whole expanse of European and Asiatic Russia to Nicolaevski, at the mouth of the Amoor, on the

Sea of Ochotsk, having traversed 140 degrees of longitude, and in its southward and northward bends about 20 degrees of latitude. So far the line was already built. Here began the work of the Telegraph Company. They proposed to bend northward around the head of the Ochotsk Sea, thence eastward and northward through Kamchatka, till the line struck Bering's Straits, opposite Fort Clarence, in longitude 165° west, and latitude 63° north, almost under the Arctic Circle. Thence it was to run southward through Russian America, British Columbia, Washington Territory, and Oregon to San Francisco; thence across the continent to New York. A dispatch, by this route, from London to New York would thus have traversed 286 degrees of longitude, and taking into account southern and northern deflections, nearly 80 degree of latitude, in all something more than the entire circumference of the globe.

Whether a dispatch sent over so long a series of lines, passing for no small part of the way through a country almost uninhabited, where winter lasts two-thirds of the year, and where for months there is only from two to four hours of daylight, would be likely to reach its destination very speedily may be considered questionable. Should a break occur in the wire it might sometimes be weeks before it could be discovered and repaired. The Telegraph Company, however, seem to have had no doubts on this point. They equipped a numerous corps, divided into five parties, with a military organization, the whole under the general superintendence of Colonel Bulkley, of the United States army, then on leave of absence for this purpose. The Siberian party was under charge of Major Abasa, a Russian officer. The Yukon party, to which Mr. Whymper was specially attached, was commanded by Major Kennicott.

Mr. Whymper gives a brief but interesting sketch of the proceedings of the Siberian party. The difficulties in the way of building a telegraphic line in this region are enormous. During the winter the constructing parties camped out for weeks together when the temperature was often below the freezing-point of mercury. To dig a hole for a telegraph post in ground frozen as hard as a rock was no slight task. Six of these, three feet deep, were thought to be a good day's work. When, as was often the case, the line was through a forest, the trees had to be cut down for some distance on each side; otherwise the fall of one would endanger the wire. Axes and other tools became almost as brittle as glass from the intense cold, and lost their edges when brought in contact with frozen wood. Still the Company persevered for eighteen months, and had expended three millions of dollars, when in the summer of 1866 came the tidings that the Atlantic Telegraph Cable had been laid, and was in successful operation. The Western Telegraphic Company abandoned its intercontinental enterprise, and recalled its employés. One can hardly wonder that these men draped in mourning

the poles which they had so laboriously set up.

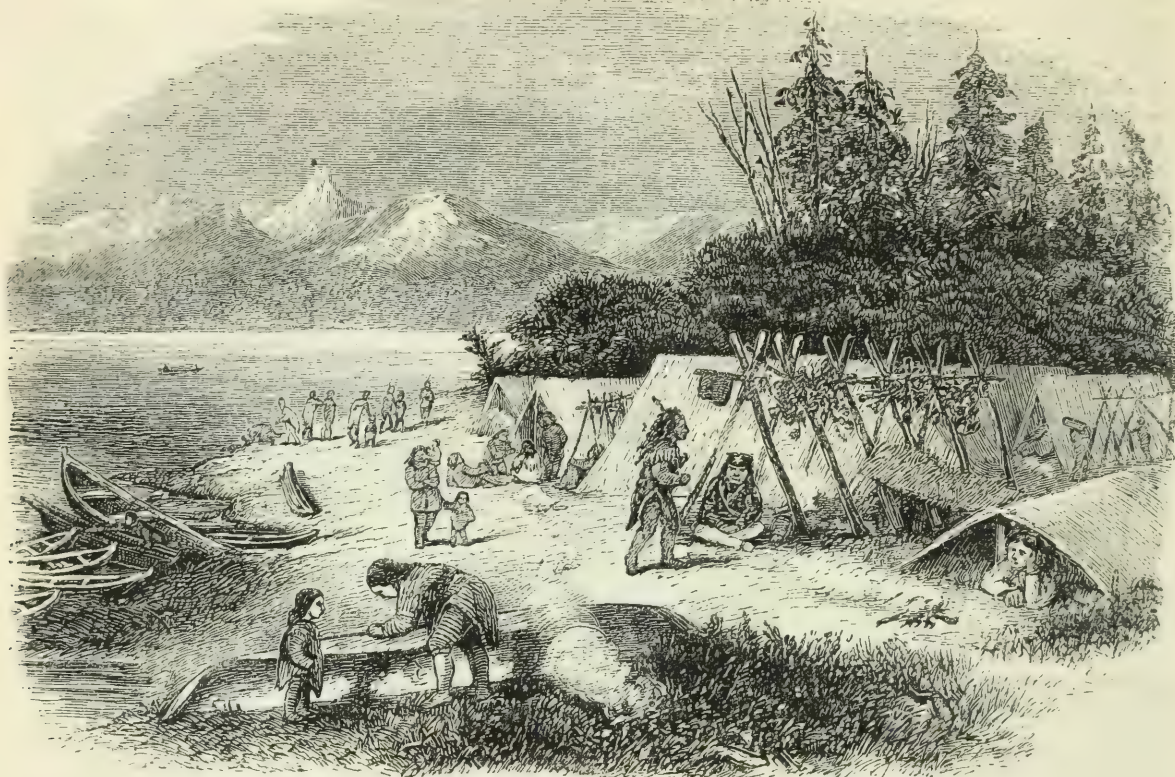
But the most interesting part of Mr. Whymper's book is the account of an expedition to and up the great River Yukon. In October, 1865, a portion of the expedition had taken up their winter-quarters at Unalachleet, on Norton Sound, in latitude 63°. The Yukon, for some hundreds of miles, runs almost parallel with the coast, and an overland journey of about two hundred miles brings one to Nulato, a trading post on that river, about 700 miles from its mouth.

The party organized to explore the upper course of the river consisted of six Europeans and three Indians. They were to travel on foot over the frozen rivers and through the snow. To convey their supplies they had four sledges, each drawn by five dogs. Such a team will draw a load of about 350 pounds. The dogs of this region are not of a very good class. They are usually of a grayish color, with long hair, short legs, immense bushy tails, and wolfish heads. Indeed, Mr. Whymper thinks that they have quite as much wolf as dog in them. Their usual food is fish; a dried salmon a day being their regular winter allowance—in summer they are expected to take care of themselves. They will, however, eat almost any thing, and if they can get enough grow fat upon it. They even took kindly to beans, if only boiled soft—something which Kane could never induce his dogs to venture upon.

The party set out at 11 o'clock on the morning of October 27, that is, not long after sun-



TANANA INDIAN.



INDIAN SUMMER ENCAMPMENT.

rise. The thermometer stood on starting at 30° below the freezing-point, and soon sunk still lower; but the travelers soon found that their heavy skin dresses were too warm, and threw them upon the sledges. It is to be noted that the thermometer is no certain indication of the degree of cold as experienced by living creatures. It seems that after a point about thirty degrees below the freezing-point of water is reached the human system takes little account of mere temperature, as indicated by the thermometer. Mr. Whympers repeatedly mentions camping out when the temperature indicated ten or twenty degrees below freezing-point, with only a screen of canvas fixed behind the trees and their snow-shoes stuck in the ground to shelter them from the wind—the only enemy that they feared. Tents even were dispensed with, because they could not well be placed close to the fire. Wrapping themselves up in blankets and furs, they fell soundly asleep, though in the morning their beards and mustaches were a tangled mass of hair and ice. Finally they found it wise to shave closely during the winter. Even when the mercury froze -72° below the freezing-point of water—they do not seem to have found it *very cold*, provided that there was no wind; while one day, when the thermometer was 44° higher, we find this note: “A north wind blew, and made us feel the cold very decidedly. It is wonderful how searching the wind is in this Arctic climate; each little seam, slit, or tear in your fur or woolen clothing makes you aware of its existence; and one’s nose, ears, and angles generally are the special sufferers.”

The trip was begun a little too early in the season. The snow had not yet become packed hard. A bit of thaw now and then happened, which transformed the soft snow into slush. The streams to be crossed were not always frozen solid. But luckily among the “traps” was a light skin boat, for which they had paid five dollars in American silver, and an axe, worth half as much more. This boat, besides present use, afterward served for more than a thousand miles of river travel; and so, as Mr. Whympers says, “it was not an expensive craft.”

Whenever they came to a stream they were wont to make a hole through the ice to get a draught of water. The Indians always filled up the hole with loose snow, before stooping down, on hands and knees, to drink. They said that this was done to filter out some little red worms with which these rivers swarmed. It is to be noted that this region abounds in hot, or rather warm springs, which never appear to freeze over. In one, which Mr. Whympers examined, the temperature of the water was a single degree above the freezing-point, while the air was 23° colder.

The travelers wore snow-shoes, for without them it would often have been impossible to make their way; but the use of them in soft or soggy snow is very fatiguing. One indeed sinks only three or four inches instead of as many feet as he would without them; but then the shoes get clogged, and at every step an extra weight of a dozen pounds has to be lifted. Sometimes they had to break a path for the sledges. The men would walk ahead for a space, then come back, and start on again,

thus going over the distance three times. Under such untoward circumstances it can not be wondered at that they sometimes accomplished no more than ten miles a day.

At noon, on the 11th of November, a fortnight after starting, they caught glimpses of a faint streak of blue, varying the white monotony. They knew that this marked the course of the great river whither they were tending. They pushed forward eagerly toward it, and at sun-

down, breaking out from the woods, shot down a steep bank, and stood on an immense field of snow-clad ice—the Yukon, frozen solidly over, except that here and there were a few isolated streaks of open water. From bank to bank the distance was more than a mile; and this they afterward found was the normal breadth of the river for seven hundred miles below and a thousand miles above. Not unfrequently it spread out into broad lagoons of four or five miles wide.

They stopped two days at the Indian village of Coltog. The houses were built mainly underground. First a little shanty is put up, under which a hole like a well is dug. Thence a branch, like a sewer, runs some yards, along which one must crawl on hands and knees to reach the proper dwelling, which is a square hole in the earth, over which is raised a low dome-shaped roof, with a hole in the top to let out the smoke of the fire, which is built directly underneath. When the fire gets low the smoke-hole is covered with a skin, keeping in the heat, but also shutting in the manifold scents engendered by the crowded occupancy. The dogs make the low roof a sort of trysting place, and every now and then one tumbles down through the smoke-hole into the fire, adding the pleasant odor of singed hair to those arising from stale fish, old skin clothes, young puppies, and other like abominable smells.

From this Indian village they proceeded up the river, and after two days' travel reached the Russian station of Nulato, where they were hospitably welcomed, and were assigned to comfortable quarters. Nulato was the most northern, and also the most inland, of all the Russian Fur Company's posts. It is in about latitude 65° , and longitude 158° . It stands on a flat



ARRIVAL AT THE YUKON.

strip of land bounded on one side by the Nulato River, a considerable branch of the Yukon, and on the other by the great river. Notwithstanding the high northern latitude trees of considerable size grow there, and during the brief summer season the grass is luxuriant, and berries abound. The post is a little fortress, surrounded by a picket, which is closed at night to exclude the Indians, who camp around in large numbers. The building appropriated to our travelers was built of logs, forming one side of the square. The windows were of seal-gut instead of glass; and as there was only from two to three hours of daylight at this season, the light was none of the best. By calking the floor with moss, and covering it with straw and skins, the room was kept moderately warm, except near the floor. If one hung damp garments from the rafters they would steam at the top, while near the floor they would be frozen hard. Mr. Whympers notes that on one occasion the temperature of the upper part of the room was 65°, while near the floor it was only 4°. Water for daily use was hauled on a sledge from the river. To get it they had to break through the ice, of which five feet was the average thickness, though it sometimes piled up to twice as much. The Indians catch immense quantities of fish by constructing a kind of weir of wicker-work, for which they keep holes open in the ice.

Winter fairly set in soon after the party had taken up their abode at Nulato. On the 26th of November the thermometer indicated "the comparatively moderate temperature of 2° above zero." It suddenly fell to 18° below, and kept on steadily lowering until, on the 5th of December, the spirit thermometer—for the mercurial one had frozen solid—showed —58°, that is, 90° below the freezing-point of water. But, says Mr. Whympers, "the weather was lovely; no wind blew or snow fell during the whole time, and we did not feel the cold as much as at many other times." When the thermometer was at 10° below zero an expedition was sent to Unalashleet to bring up stores, and one day, when it was at —32°, an Indian came to the post, bringing with him his child, and some sweet fat melted into birch-bark boxes, and some grouse, for which he was duly paid, and, besides, got a present of tea and bread. He did not seem to find the weather uncomfortably cold. During the months of December and January there were eleven days when the thermometer fell below the freezing-point of mercury—that is, below —40° of Fahrenheit's thermometer. The shortest day was December 21, when the sun rose at 10.40 A.M., and set at 12.30 P.M., being one hour and fifty minutes above the horizon.

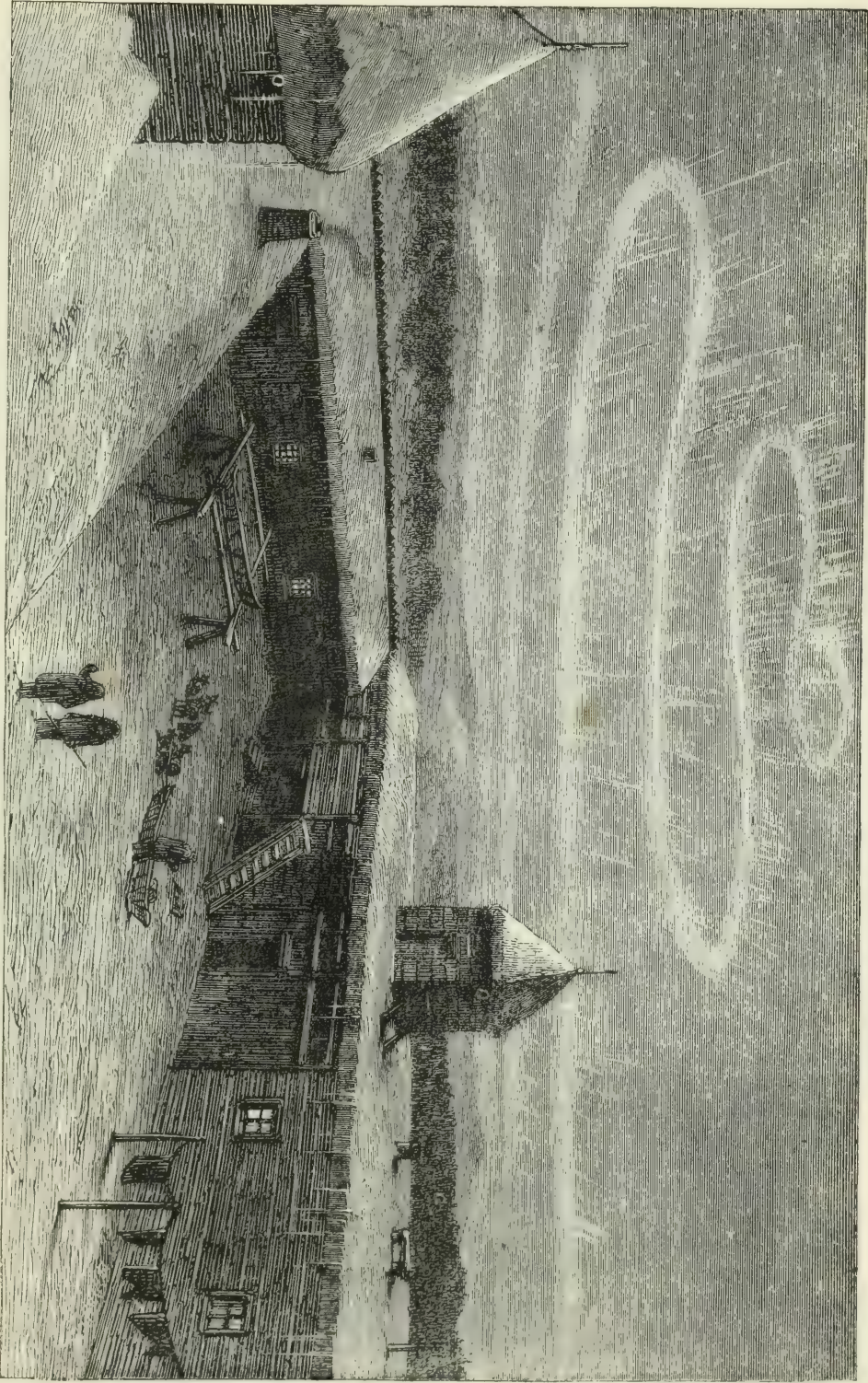
During the months of November and January Mr. Whympers made many sketches of scenery, not a few of which he gives in his book, and of which we reproduce several. An artist less enthusiastic would have shrunk from attempting to draw out of doors when the temperature was not seldom sixty degrees below

freezing-point. The work, he says, "was done with difficulty, and often by installments. Between every five strokes of the pencil I ran about to exercise myself, or went into our quarters for warmth. Several times I skinned my fingers, once froze my left ear, which swelled up nearly to the top of my head, and I was always afraid that my prominent nasal organ would get bitten. The use of water-colors was, of course, impracticable—except when I could keep a pot of warm water on a small fire by my side—a thing done by me on two or three occasions, when engaged at a distance from the post. Even inside the house the spaces near the windows—as well as the floor—were often below freezing-point. Once, forgetful of the fact, I mixed some colors up with water that had just stood near the oven, and, wetting a small brush, commenced to apply it to my drawing-block. Before it reached the paper it was covered with a skin of ice, and simply scratched the surface, and I had to give up for the time being."

Auroral displays were not unfrequently exhibited, though not as often as they had expected. One of the most brilliant occurred on the 27th of December. "It was not the conventional arch, but a graceful, undulating, ever-changing snake of electric light; evanescent colors, pale as those of a lunar rainbow, ever and again flitting through it, and long streamers and scintillations moving upward to the bright stars, which distinctly shone through its hazy, ethereal form. The night was beautifully calm and clear, cold, but not intensely so, the thermometer at +16°."

Early in March a train came up from Unalashleet with twenty-two dogs, and dried salmon enough to last them for a month. Two of the party, Ketchum and Lablache, took advantage of this to make a trip of more than a thousand miles up the river. This trip lasted two months, and from the brief notice of it given by Mr. Whympers, it seems to have been a very remarkable one. They found the Upper Yukon, commencing at 1200 miles from its mouth, and onward for 600 miles more, navigable for boats of a considerable size. They reached Fort Selkirk, on the main branch of the Yukon, here laid down on the maps as Pelly River. From this point a portage of 80 miles brings one to Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie River, emptying into the Arctic Ocean, and communicating with York Factory on Hudson Bay. Over this route, or by way of the Porcupine or Rat River, which unites at Fort Yukon with Pelly's River, the Hudson Bay Company transport all their goods for trading with the Indians on the Yukon. Over the eighty miles of portage the goods are packed on men's backs; thence they are brought down in boats some forty feet long, drawing two or three feet of water. Such a boat will carry, besides the crew, half a ton of freight. Mr. Whympers affirms that a flat-bottomed stern-wheel steamer, like those used upon our upper rivers, could ascend the Yukon for

AURORA AT NULATO.

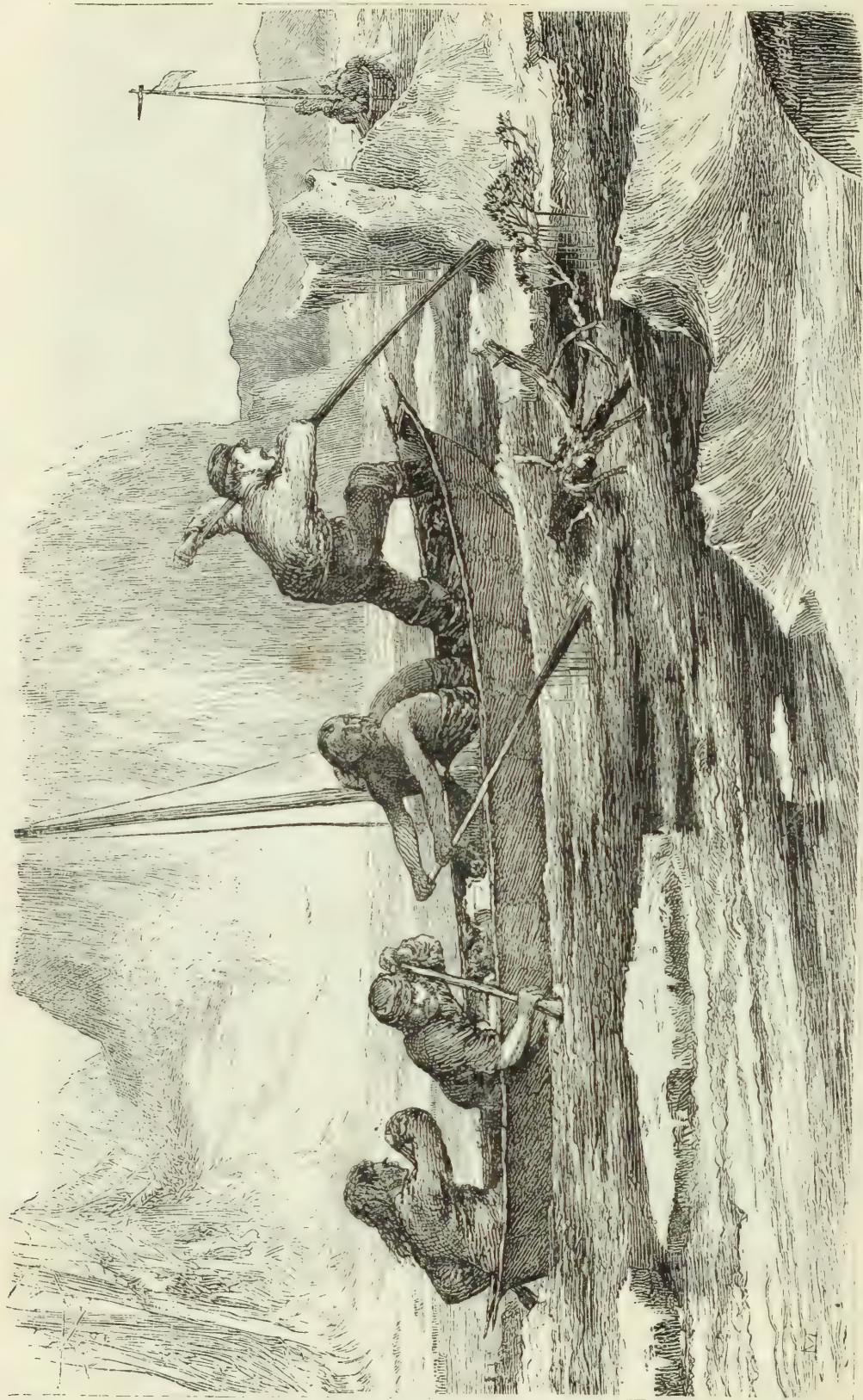


1800 miles, and tap the whole fur-bearing region. But as the river is frozen solid for more than two-thirds of the year, a steamer could hardly make more than a single trip during a twelvemonth. We hardly venture to recommend the fitting out of such a boat as an enterprise likely to prove profitable.

During the long winter most of the Yukon party remained at Nulato. Early in April there came signs of approaching summer—for, strictly speaking, there is here no spring or autumn. On the 5th there came a thaw. On the 9th flies made their appearance. Next day the willows were seen budding. For a fortnight

more there were changes in the weather. On the 28th the first goose was seen.

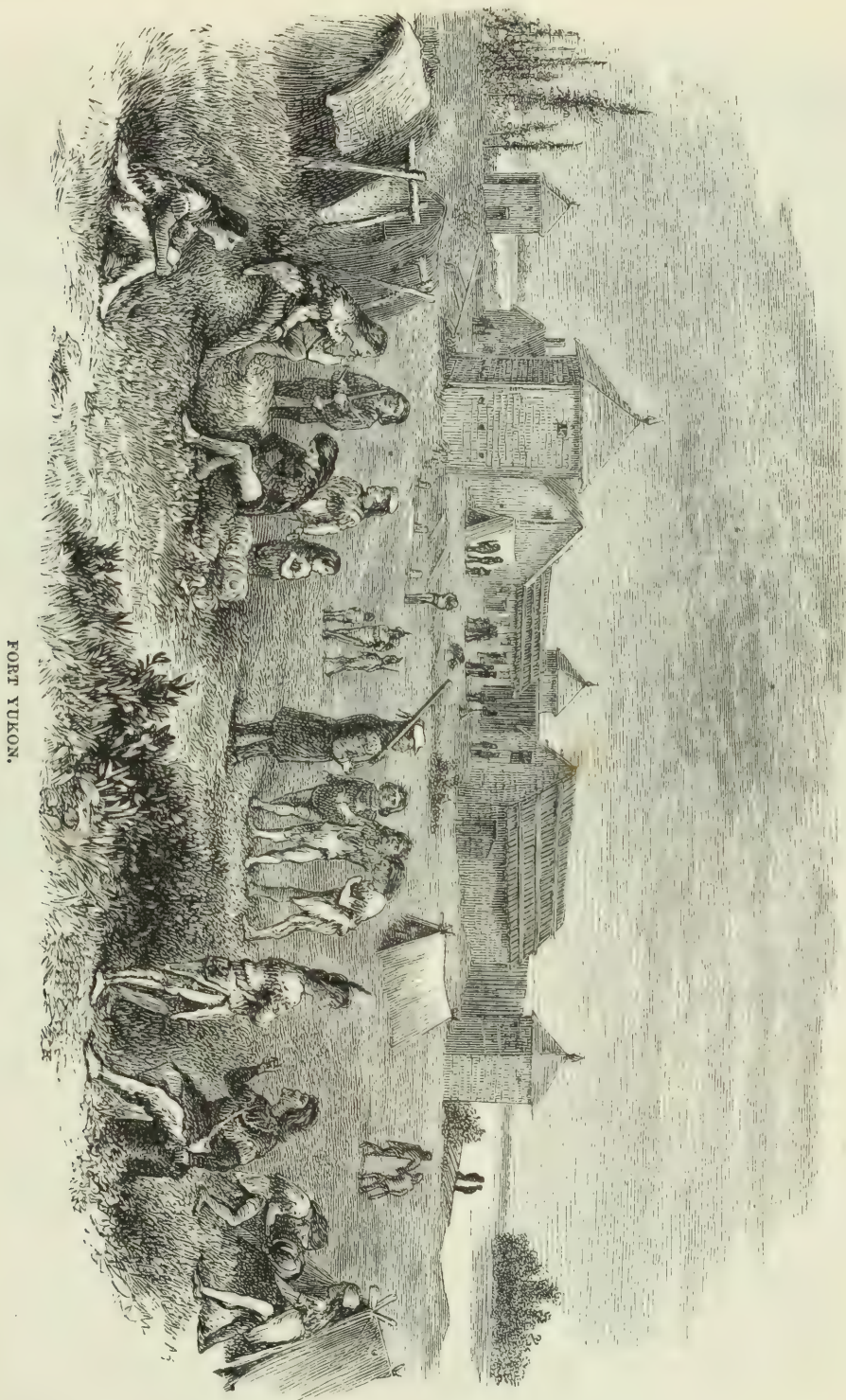
Still the ice in the rivers remained unbroken. On the 12th of May that in the Nulato broke up, and mosquitoes appeared. Next day came swallows, and wild-geese grew so abundant that their hunter killed half a dozen, and the day following ten more. On the 19th of May the ice in the Yukon itself began to give way. For a week there was a steady stream of broken ice, bringing down with it whole trees torn up from the banks; the water rising fourteen feet above its winter level. On the 24th the river was tolerably clear of ice.



BREAKING UP OF ICE IN THE YUKON.

By this time the Russians had made preparations for their spring trading excursion up the Yukon. With them went Mr. Whympier and his companions. The Russian traders had a skin boat, fitted with rudder, mast, and large square sail, manned by eight men, and carrying fully two tons of goods and provisions. The Americans, five in all, had their own little boat, laden with six or seven hundred pounds of stores of all kinds. The river was

still full of ice and drift-wood, and the navigation was by no means free of peril. Large trees would sometimes pass right under the Russian boat, and fairly lift it out of the water. These skin boats are admirably adapted to such a kind of navigation. They give way without harm to a blow which would break in the bottom of a wooden or bark canoe. It is worth inquiry whether India rubber might not be substituted for skins for these boats.



FORT YUKON.

The destination of the Russians was Nuclukayette, an Indian trading place 240 miles above Nulato, this being the farthest point ever reached by them. The Americans were bound for Fort Yukon, a Hudson Bay Company's post, 360 miles further. This post lies a little within the boundaries of our Alaska, and the Hudson Bay Company used to pay a small sum to the Russians for the privilege of occupying it and trading with the natives thereabouts.

One can hardly imagine the rapidity with which summer comes on in this region. On the 27th of May the river was full of ice. Ten days after the voyagers had to lie by during the

noonday heat. The thermometer then stood at 80° in the shade. On the 9th of June the Americans parted with their Russian companions. On the 23d they reached Fort Yukon, having rowed and tracked 600 miles against a swift current. The trip had lasted twenty-nine days, out of which they had laid by only three. A few weeks later they descended the same space, having the current with them, in seven days.

They remained at Fort Yukon until the 8th of July, being most hospitably entertained. The fort had quite a civilized look. There were freshly-plastered walls, glazed windows, and open fire-places, magazines, stores, fur-room,



MOOSE HUNTING IN THE YUKON RIVER.

and ice-well. Camped around the fort were quite five hundred Indians, who had come there to trade. Some wore their native costumes of skins; others were tricked out in coats and shirts of civilized peoples. One old chief, known as "Red-Leggings," was gorgeous in a scarlet coat, with brass buttons and epaulets. The Indians were of many tribes. There were, for example, "Foolish Folks," "Wood Folks," "Birch-bark Folks," "Rat Folks," and "Hill Folks."

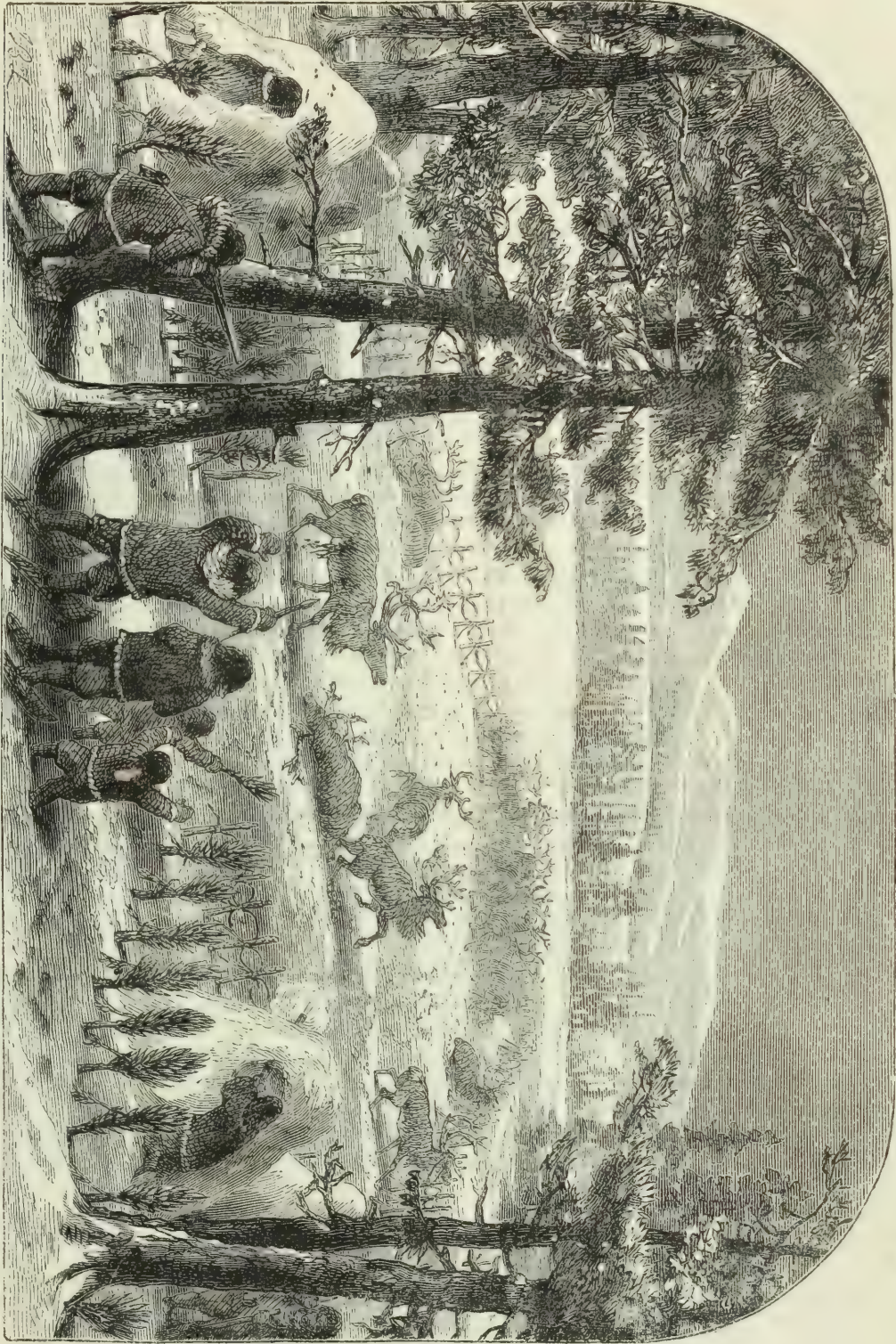
The fur-room of the fort was a rare sight. From the beams hung marten skins by the thousand, while the cheaper kinds of furs were lying upon the floor in huge heaps. There was a fair supply of the skins of the silver-gray and black fox. The latter is by far the most valuable. There is a story that one unlucky employé of the Company bought a skin of a white fox, which had been cunningly dyed black, paying for it more pounds than he should have paid shillings: the overplus was deducted from his salary. "Skins" are the currency of Fort Yukon. The unit is a beaver-skin, estimated at about half a dollar. Two martens count as one beaver, and so on.

On the 8th of July the party, who had in the mean time been rejoined by their two comrades who had months before gone on their up-river excursion, bade adieu to their hospitable entertainers, and, under a parting salute, canoed

down the river. They voyaged day and night, only stopping two or three times a day to boil their tea and fry their fish. It was a holiday excursion, the current sweeping them down at the rate of a hundred miles in the twenty-four hours. Nulato was reached on the 13th. Thence, two days later, they proceeded down the river, once making forty-five miles in seven hours.

Below Nulato the region is comparatively poor. It lies out of the way of traders, and as fish are plenty they are rather a drug in the market. Five needles was thought a fair price for a salmon of thirty pounds; and, says Mr. Whymper, "tobacco went further than we had ever known it to do before." On the 25th of July the party reached St. Michael's. The whole voyage down the river, 1300 miles, had occupied just fifteen and a half days. There they got orders to get ready for immediate departure, for the telegraph enterprise had been definitely abandoned.

So ended an expedition which really gives us something new about Alaska—or rather a portion of it, for nine-tenths of the region which we have acquired is as yet wholly unknown ground, and most likely contains nothing worth knowing. The one thing which strikes the reader at once, and which confirms what is told by Richardson, Kane, Hall, and all other Arctic explorers, is the superabundance of animal



INDIAN DEER-CORRAL.

life existing in these northern regions. Strange as it may seem, tropical and semi-tropical regions are almost bare of living creatures. Strain and his party wandered for weeks through the thick forests of Central America, never seeing an animal or rarely even a bird; and, as far as one can judge, the rivers seemed almost destitute of fish. But life abounds in the Arctic regions. The rivers swarm with fish almost begging to be caught. The Kamchatdales have reindeer by the thousand. Whympet and his friends during their brief stay at Nulato bought the skins of 800 white hares, which were used to cover their blankets. The In-

dians had caught them and appropriated the meat to their own use. Moose meat, varied by beaver, is the standing food of those who have got tired of salmon and such like fish. The delicacies are a moose's nose and a beaver's tail.

So abundant are the moose on the Yukon River that the natives hardly think it worth while to waste powder and shot in killing them. When an Indian, in his canoe, comes upon a moose swimming in the water, he chases it up until the creature is fatigued, then stabs it to the heart with his knife. They have also an ingenious way of *corralling* deer. They build

an elliptical inclosure of stakes upon a trail; between each pair of stakes is a slip-noose. A herd of deer is driven into the inclosure. They try to escape between the stakes, and run their heads into the nooses, by which they are entangled, held fast, and so fall a ready prey.

The question comes back to us—"Was the purchase of Alaska a wise one?" Viewed from a purely commercial stand-point, the answer must be "No." That the fish and furs there existing are worth more than seven and a quarter millions of dollars is beyond question. But the Government of the United States can not go into the business of catching salmon or beaver; nor can it undertake to farm out this right to individuals or companies. The sum paid for the purchase will never be returned directly to the Treasury.

But beyond the commercial view of the matter there is a political one. The acquisition of Alaska in effect places in our hands the whole Pacific coast of America. From the Arctic circle downward to the old debated line of $54^{\circ} 40'$ all is ours. Southward from this our present possessions, commencing at 49° , stretch downward to about 32° . It can hardly be doubted that before long Lower California will come into our hands, bringing our line down to the Tropic of Cancer. Then the only break in our Pacific line from the tropic to the Arctic circle will be the little strip now known as British Columbia, with a frontage upon the Pacific of barely three hundred miles. This, for a thousand reasons, the British Government will be glad to abandon upon any pretext; and so we, if we are wise, shall be able to say of the broad Pacific what the Romans were wont to say of the narrow Mediterranean, that it is "our sea."

Whether in the purchase of Alaska our Government took this broad view we can not say. If it did not, it built wiser than it knew.

To the foregoing paper we add a few notes drawn mainly from Mr. Whympers's book, for which no proper place was found in the body of the article.

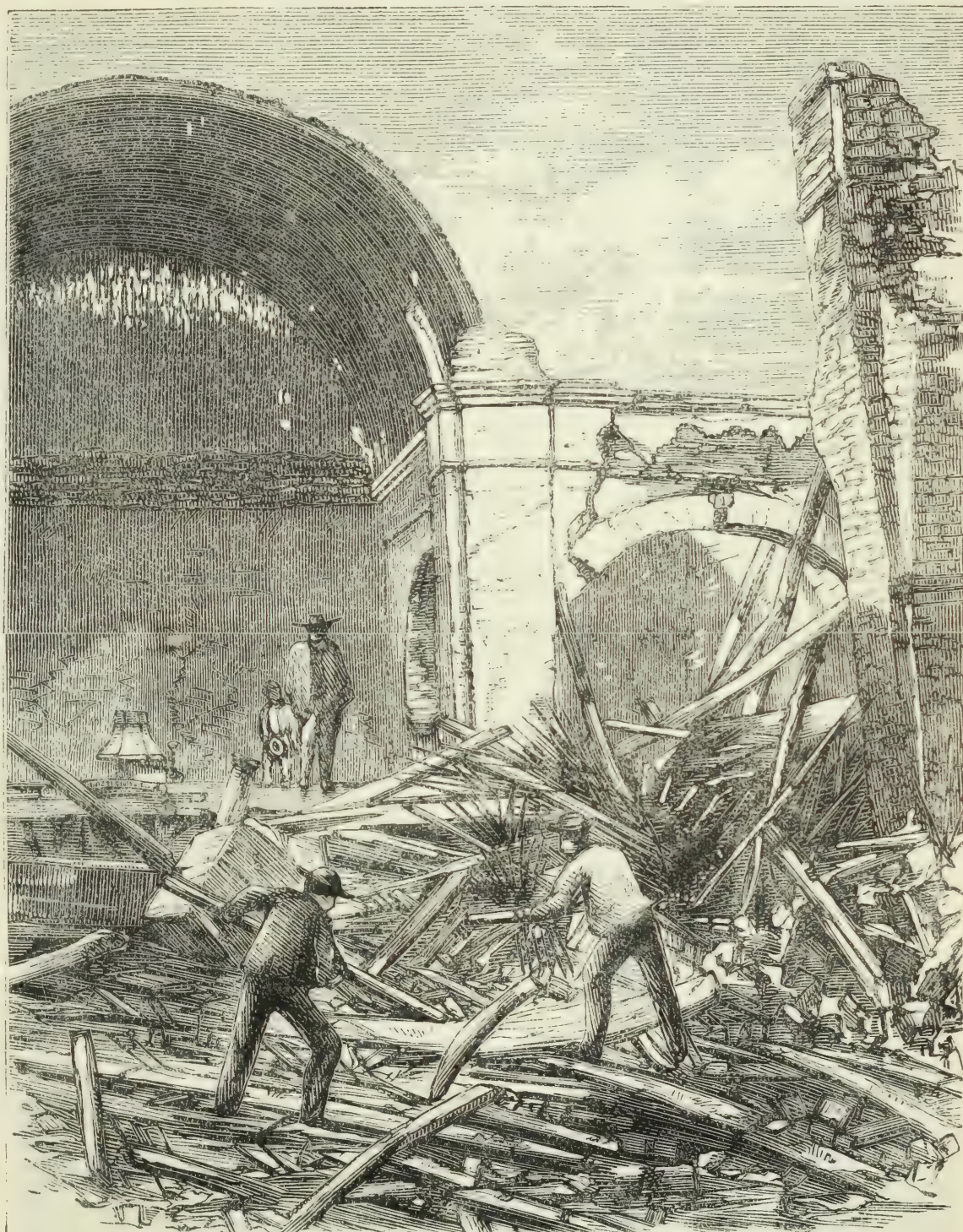
The fortunes of Sitka, the capital of Alaska, are worthy of record. When it was known that the region had passed into American hands every thing took a sudden rise. Keen Hebrew traders, knowing that furs up country bore a merely nominal price, and that Sitka was the great entrepôt where these were collected—a million of dollars' worth being frequently gathered there at a time—thought they could buy them for next to nothing. So prices of locations ran up to a fabulous sum. For a log-

house \$10,000 was asked. Saloons, lager-bier cellars, and barbers' shops sprang up like mushrooms. But men who came to buy furs for nothing found that the price at Sitka was—freight deducted—just the same as at San Francisco; as indeed why should it not be? The Russian Fur Company could send its "skins" to San Francisco, and thence to Canton, or London, or elsewhere, quite as cheaply as Meyer Joseph could; and so the return boats from Sitka to San Francisco were crowded with most dissatisfied personages, who went there to shear and found themselves shorn. At the latest dates every body who could get away from Sitka had gone. Russians any way went pell-mell. The whole city could in January have been bought for a song.

The British Government seems once to have had a serious idea of constructing a great railway and steamboat route from Montreal to the Pacific. Several noted engineers reported about plans and surveys. One Waddington read his paper thereupon before the Royal Geographical Society. All that was wanted was to track the Great Canadian Lakes and the Saskatchewan River for 1249 miles, and then catch Fraser River, in British Columbia, and follow it for 260 or 280 miles more, down to Bute Inlet, in British Columbia. By this route, out of the 3940 miles between Montreal and the Pacific, there would be 2400 miles by water. And, moreover, "the fertile settlement of the Red River, now detached and isolated, would be connected with civilization and the outer world." We imagine that no one who has read the various papers on this vast region which have from time to time appeared in this Magazine will be inclined to invest much solid cash in any enterprise like those suggested by British schemers. Nobody within the lives of living men will go overland from the Atlantic to the Pacific except through American territory.

The scheme to connect London and New York by way of Kamchatka was certainly absurd enough in itself. But the objections to the scheme were still more absurd. For instance, it was affirmed that a cable could not be safely laid across the narrowest part of Bering's Straits, because the icebergs sweeping down would infallibly cut it. To this there was given a quite satisfactory reply: There are no icebergs in Bering's Sea or Strait. The currents set into, not out of, the Arctic Ocean; and so quite likely the man is now living who will reach the North Pole by way, not of Greenland, but of Alaska.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN EARTHQUAKES OF 1868.



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. ANNE, ICA, PERU, AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE OF AUGUST 13.

*"Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvat sæclum in favilla"*

THE twelve months embraced between the 1st of October, 1867, and the 1st of October, 1868, were distinguished by a series of physical phenomena more remarkable than is known to have occurred during any equal period of time in history. The series was grandly initiated and typified by the startling atmospheric and terrestrial convulsions that afflicted the Windward Islands in the autumn of the first-named

year, and which were fast followed by fearful hurricanes, earthquakes, and volcanic eruptions in almost every quarter and country of the globe, culminating with the great South American earthquakes of the 13th and 16th of August, 1868. These earthquakes, for their extent, violence, and wide-spread devastation, will probably be regarded as the most terrible on record. They were felt, more or less severely, over an extent, from north to south, of more than sixty degrees of latitude, all the way from the Isth-

mus to the Cape. Yet their lateral action seems to have been checked, on the east certainly, by the chain of the Cordillera, and effectually stopped by the Andes. What tremendous force they exerted beneath the vast waste of waters extending from Peru to Cathay we can only infer from those tidal waves which broke equally on the shores of the Pacific islands and on those of distant New Zealand, Japan, and California.

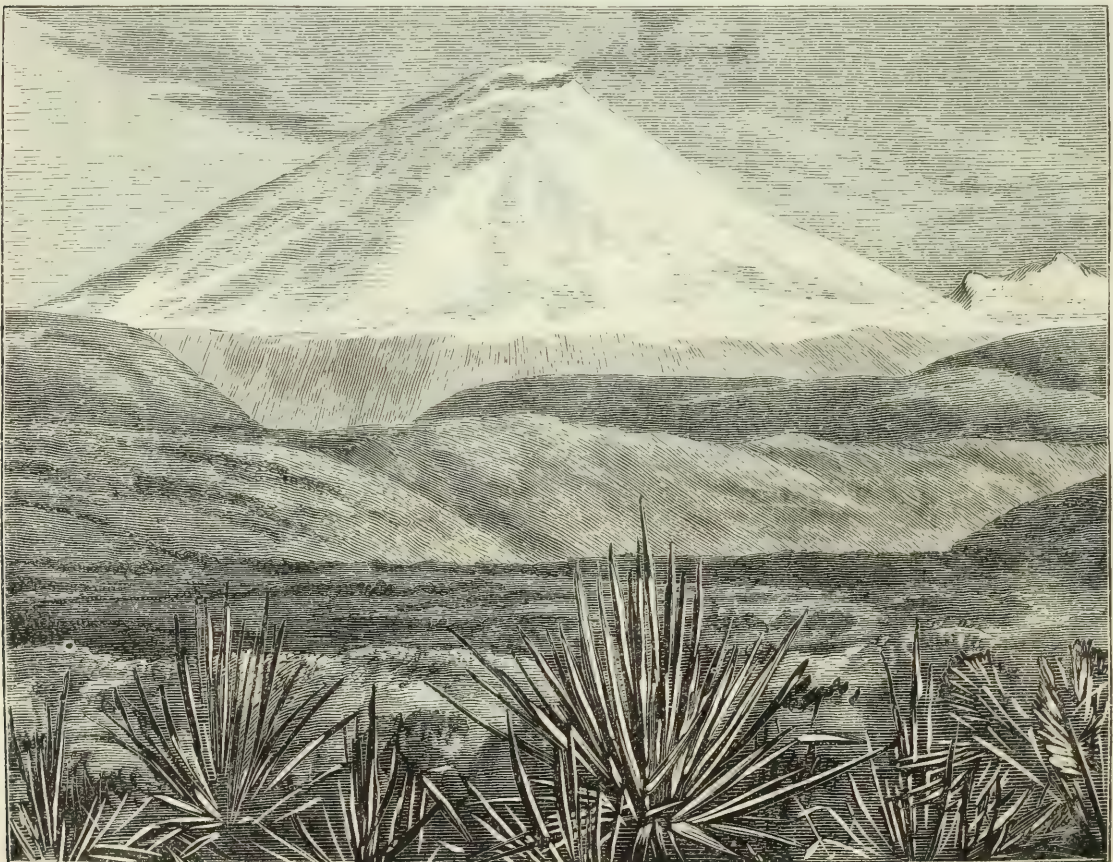
Careful accounts of the various physical phenomena of the past eventful year are certainly a desideratum in science, for it is only through these that we may deduce their cause, or the laws, if such there be, that control them. But these are, from the nature of the case, difficult to obtain. Few men can remain calm and collected amidst the din and dangers of battle; fewer still can retain the self-possession and control necessary to note down correctly its thousand incidents. The hurricane and the earthquake are far more terrible and paralyzing than the shock of armies, for that very Nature of which we are a part seems smitten by powers it can not resist; the earth, which is our supremest conception of solidity, seems to give way, and the air, which is our symbol of softness and non-resistance, becomes invested with a dense and irresistible force, smiting and shivering whatever opposes it. No wonder, then, that the accounts which we get of these two classes of phenomena are often vague and inaccurate. Exaggerated they can scarcely be.

Yet, with all these drawbacks and inevitable deficiencies, we are fortunate—whether as simply curious readers or as students—in having

very full and clear accounts of the crowning catastrophes of the earthquake year.

Without going into any speculations at this point as to the origin or causes of earthquakes, I can not help reverting to the fact that no part of the earth is more subject to these convulsions than the lands in and around the Caribbean Sea—the Greater and Lesser Antilles, and the coasts of Venezuela, New Granada, and Central America—except what, broadly speaking, may be called the Pacific coast of South America. Here they are not only most frequent, but most violent. How far the physical conformation of this portion of the earth may explain its bad pre-eminence in this respect I will not undertake to say. But it is boldly and exceptionally marked, perhaps by the very forces that now sway and harass it.

Certainly in no part of the world does nature assume grander or more varied forms than in this part of America. Deserts as bare as those of Sahara alternate with valleys as rich and luxuriant as those of Italy. Lofty mountains, crowned with snow, lift their rugged crests over broad, bleak *punas* or table-lands, themselves more elevated than the White Mountains or the Alleghanies. Rivers, taking their rise among melting snows, precipitate themselves through deep and rocky gorges into the Pacific, or wind with swirling current among the majestic but broken Andes to swell the flood of the Amazon. Here, too, are lakes ranking with those that nurse the St. Lawrence in respect of size, and whose bosoms lie almost level with the summit of Mont Blanc—the centres, in some instances,



VOLCANO OF COTOPAXI.

of great terrestrial basins without outlet to the sea, and with independent fluvial systems of their own.

In this region of earthquakes we find also two great mountain ranges, which determine the physical aspect of the South American continent, and here assume their most majestic proportions. The western range, usually denominated the Cordillera, runs nearly parallel to the coast throughout its whole length, and at such short distance inland that, to the voyager, the sea seems literally to break at its feet. Even where it recedes furthest from the shore, it throws forward outliers or spurs, which cease to be imposing only when contrasted with the mighty masses behind them. There is, nevertheless, a narrow and often interrupted strip of land between the Cordillera and the sea, which from Guayaquil, the principal port of Ecuador, southward to Chili, is as desert as the flanks of the mountains themselves are arid and repulsive. A waste of sand and rock, it is the domain of silence and death—a silence only broken by the screams of water-birds and the howls of the sea-wolves that throng its frayed and forbidding shores.

This narrow strip of land, called the *Costa*, as distinguished from the *Sierra*, is intersected at varying intervals by valleys of great fertility and beauty, and often of considerable size. They are formed by the streams and torrents from the mountains, and are fed by the melting snows or the rains that fall during part of the year among the Cordilleras. Some of these streams are swallowed up by the thirsty sands before they reach the sea, forming oases, or green, cultivable spots at the outlets of the gorges whence they emerge.

The Cordillera is a great terrestrial billow, bristling with volcanoes, active and extinct, and in almost every part showing striking evidences of volcanic agencies. Although having an average elevation somewhat less than the Eastern Cordillera or the Andes, it is, nevertheless, the true water-shed of the South American continent. The Andes, from which it is separated by the high Andean plateau, is pierced by numberless deep valleys, through which most of the waters collected between the two ranges flow, in uncounted streams and rivers, into the Orinoco, the Amazon, and the Plata. But the Cordillera of the coast is throughout unbroken.

These two ranges, although in places separated for a distance of one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles, sometimes approach each other more closely, and, at one or two points, really come together, or form a knot in which they become indistinguishable. One of these places of contact is at a point known as the Pass of La Raya, at the northern extremity of the Titicaca basin, in latitude $14^{\circ} 30'$ south, and longitude $70^{\circ} 50'$ west. Another point of contact occurs in Northern Peru, near the important mines of Cerro de Pasco, latitude $10^{\circ} 15'$ south, longitude $76^{\circ} 10'$ west. They close again near Loja in Southern Ecuador, continu-

ing parallel to each other, with interlocking spurs, through that republic into New Granada and the Isthmus of Darien, toward which they subside in height, leaving the valley of the Atrato between them. But even on the Isthmus, though no longer much more than ranges of hills, they are distinctly traceable, the valleys of the rivers Bayamo and Chucunaque, discharging into the Pacific, intervening. In Veraguas and Costa Rica the same relation is preserved more or less distinctly, only the coast range is broken through, and the Andean plateau represented by the gulf and valley of Nicoya. In Nicaragua the lake of the same name is held at the height of 128 feet between the two ranges; but here the coast range sinks down into a volcanic dam, elevated but 43 feet above the lake, and but thirteen miles broad. The outlet of the lake, the Rio San Juan, nevertheless bursts through the eastern range, and flows into the Atlantic. Higher up, in San Salvador, the Pacific penetrates the western chain, between the volcanoes of Coseguina and Amapala, and spreads itself out behind, forming the Gulf of Fonseca. Still higher, the intermediate valley, no longer lifted up in the clouds, as in Bolivia, Peru, and Ecuador, but low and tropical in aspect, is represented by that of the river Lempa. The valley of the Usumasinta, although opening on the Gulf of Mexico, corresponds with it in Guatemala and Chiapas; and the same relations hold good all through Mexico and in our own western country, where we find the same Andean plateau modified into the great Salt Lake basin—the Cordillera represented by the Sierra Nevada, and the Andes by the Rocky Mountains.

The true back-bone of the continent is unquestionably the range that I have distinguished as the Andes, although it is not always the “divide” between the waters flowing into the Atlantic and Pacific respectively. Its rocks, as a rule, are those that we call primitive, notwithstanding some of its loftiest peaks, like Sorata, are disrupted upheavals of sedimentary deposits. Few volcanoes are found in this range, and its flanks are seldom disturbed by earthquakes.

The Cordillera, or Coast Range, on the other hand, and as I have said before, bristles with volcanoes, active and extinct, all the way from Mount St. Elias, southward, through our own country, Mexico, Central America, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia to Chili. It is throughout volcanic, as if overlying some vast fissure of the earth's crust, reaching nearly in a right line from pole to pole, and as if raised by ejections from the glowing and calcined matters and minerals that some philosophers tell us are eternally seething in the bowels of the globe. It is along this range and at its base that most of that class of phenomena called earthquakes occur. We know of no living volcano except on its line, or where it intersects the Andes.

It is a fact with which students are well acquainted that nearly all volcanoes occur near the

sea, and generally on the west side of continents, peninsulas, or islands. The rule is so uniform as almost to prohibit the explanation of the fact on the hypothesis of accidental coincidence. Various other explanations have been attempted, quite too numerous and complicated to be recounted; but that which meets the whole matter in the most summary, if not the most scientific, manner was presented by a certain Dr. Larreynaga, of the city of Guatemala, in 1845. Living in an eminently volcanic country, this *savant* attributed volcanoes, and all the terrestrial phenomena called earthquakes, to the circumstance that under certain conditions of the sun and the sea the latter acts as a grand double convex lens of hundreds or thousands of miles of area, concentrating the sun's rays at the bottom of the ocean or on the shelving shores of continents with such tremendous power as to fuse them on the instant, and cause eruptions from the very heart of the earth, in the form of volcanic islands in the water and volcanic mountains on the land.

As already said, the region of which I have described the topographical features is that marked by the frequency of its earthquakes over any other part of the Western continent. Running through the history of these occurrences we find two great centres in which their action has been most pronounced and destructive, and these, curiously enough, coincide very nearly with the sites of the capitals of the two republics of Ecuador and Peru, namely, Quito and Lima. A law seems to have regulated, approximately, their frequency. From forty to fifty of perceptible, and occasionally of startling, violence occur annually; and every thirty years or thereabouts, at periods coinciding very nearly with the life of a generation of men, a terrible and destructive one may be counted on with much certainty. The *rationale* of this kind of periodicity remains to be determined, but the fact of its existence, as we shall see, is well established by indisputable observations.

In the great earthquakes of 1868, however, although Quito was severely racked, the centre of action seems to have been two hundred miles to the north of that city. Lima felt the shocks, but suffered little, the centre of action being apparently not far from Arequipa, three hundred miles to the south.

The history of the terrible earthquake of 1746, with which alone the recent one, so far at least as Peru is concerned, can be compared, is very well known, but may be advantageously epitomized here, as illustrating almost precisely the phenomena that were conspicuous in the later catastrophe.

Like most of the principal Spanish-American cities on the Pacific, Lima is built some miles inland from its port, Callao. Higher ground and better air were, to a certain extent, the reasons for this practice of building back from the coast; but the predominant motive was generally to escape from the attacks of the sea-rov-

ers who infested the great South Sea. Around Callao, near which unite the valleys of the rivers Rimac and Chillon, the ground is rather low, although immediately in front of the port, and forming it in fact, are some high islands, notably that of San Lorenzo. Behind the port the coast rises steadily but rapidly up to the base of the hills or mountains, seven miles distant, where Lima stands at an elevation of 512 feet above the sea. The intermediate ground is mainly if not wholly made up of the debris, the stones and soil, washed down from the gorges of the Cordillera, in some places much impacted, so as to resemble breccia or conglomerate, and possibly, for this reason, more sensitive to subterranean forces.

The earthquake of 1746, which destroyed both Lima and Callao, and was felt over a vast expanse of country, took place on the 28th of October, the day of St. Simon and St. Jude. During the night, at half past ten o'clock, the earth was suddenly convulsed, and, as a contemporary with the event, writes, "At one and the same instant came the noise, the shock, and the ruin," so that in the space of four minutes, during which the earthquake lasted, the destruction was complete, and Lima reduced to a heap of ruins. Of upward of 3000 houses but 21 remained standing. There were 71 churches, great and small, all of which were destroyed. Still, owing in part to its occurrence early in the evening, before the people were in their beds, only 1141 persons were killed out of a population of perhaps from 40,000 to 50,000. Seventy of these were patients in the hospital of St. Anne.

The earthquake was felt simultaneously in the port of Callao, but with what force is not known, since almost on the instant of its occurrence the sea receded to a great distance, and then returned with such violence as literally to sweep the town, with its fortifications, garrison, and people, out of existence. Five thousand persons are supposed to have perished. There were twenty-three vessels, great and small, in the harbor; four of these, including the San Fermin, man-of-war, were carried completely over the town and its forts, and cast into the fields at a spot still marked by a cross, a mile and a half inland. The other vessels were foundered. Accurate measurements show that this cross here referred to stands at an elevation of a fraction over 137 feet above the existing sea-level, which has probably remained constant since the catastrophe. If so, the tidal wave must have been upward of 137 feet high, or else the earth must have sunk, for the moment, a corresponding number of feet.

Terrible commotion and alarm prevailed among the survivors in Lima, accompanied with much robbery and violence, as is always the case in such disasters, which, so far from checking crime, seem to encourage, or at least develop it. So the Viceroy, Villa Garcia, had erected two tall gibbets in Lima, and others near Callao, on which he summarily hung plun-

derers of all kinds, which, an old chronicler tells, "had a marvelously good effect."

This earthquake, notwithstanding its violence in Lima and its vicinity, does not seem to have been very severely felt further than forty miles to the northward and a hundred miles to the southward. The tidal wave, however, reached as far north as Santa, 200 miles from Callao, where "the ship *Concepcion*, belonging to Don Tomas de Chavanque," was foundered by it. Noises were heard, it is said, in Truxillo, 275 miles to the north, but without disturbance of the earth.

It has been often asserted, and is largely believed, that atmospheric and other meteoric phenomena often prognosticate the approach of earthquakes; and it is alleged that animals and men have an obscure perception and foreboding of them, manifested by a feeling of anxiety and restlessness, shuddering and tremblings of the limbs. Von Tschudi, a good authority, affirms that he several times experienced this sensation while in Peru, just before the occurrence of earthquakes. My own experience of several years in countries subjected to these phenomena, but which, however, is entirely of a negative character, does not confirm these statements and hypotheses. It was confined to a residence of a year on the coast of Peru, and to three rather decisive shocks. I do not mention those slight tremors of the ground which, during the day, are seldom to be distinguished from the vibration of the ground occasioned by carriages, and are mostly appreciable at night. The first of the three to which I refer occurred November 23, 1863, at about six o'clock in the morning, and lasted about ten seconds. It was preceded by a distinct rumbling sound, continuing during the movement, which was of the ordinary undulatory kind. The shock was felt along the whole coast, from Arica northward, doing little damage, however, except in the city of Truxillo.

The second I experienced a few weeks later, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, while engaged in making a survey of the ruins of Amacavilca, near the village of Chorillos, nine miles south of Lima. I had just exposed a plate in my photographic camera, and was timing the exposure, when my attention was arrested by a sound from the southward, something like that of a heavy sea-wave striking the shore at an angle and breaking in a sustained, continuous roar. I recognized the sound, and carefully noted the time that elapsed between its first reaching my ear and the commencement of the earth movement. It was five seconds—a fact of value as bearing on the rapidity with which earthquake shocks are propagated. The movement was not very severe, although sufficiently great to ruin my photographic negative, which I preserve as probably the only example of photographing an earthquake. In Lima it caused some alarm, but little damage.

My third and last experience was when descending to the coast from the lofty table-lands

of Huancavelica, through the valley of the river Pisco, to the sea, in the succeeding month of November. We were just emerging from between the mighty walls of rock and bare, lofty mountains that shut in the upper waters of that stream, and were entering on the undulating desert extending from the mountains to the sea, when we again heard the ominous sound approaching, as before, from the south. My mule pricked up her ears, and stopped on the instant, in a tremor, as if smitten with sudden ague. I dismounted, and took out my watch. It was ten seconds, not counting the time this manœuvre occupied, before the movement commenced under our feet. The shock lasted seven seconds, and was a severe one, being a combination of the undulatory and saltatory movements. It was also wide-spread in its range, and in any country except Peru, where man has taken almost every possible precaution against the effects of earthquakes, would have been destructive.

And here I have to recount a circumstance interesting in itself and to science. In gazing to the southward, and listening to the advance of the shock as it approached with constantly increasing noise, we distinctly saw the vibrations of the mountains in that direction for four seconds before those nearest us began to bow to each other. Assuming that the movement of the mountains could be detected by the naked eye at a distance of two miles, we have the means of an approximate estimate of the velocity of the shock in question. It was about thirty miles a minute.

It is not many years ago that it was generally believed among the common people, and implicitly by many of the better classes, that not only "signs in the heavens," but pestilences also, were the portents and precursors of earthquakes. Had this hypothesis prevailed in Peru in this decade the great catastrophe of 1868 might have been foreseen with terrible distinctness, for during the six months preceding the 13th of August a large part of the country was literally decimated by the yellow-fever, or a fever analogous, of peculiar malignity. In Lima and Callao it was particularly fatal, over ten thousand deaths, it is said, having occurred in the capital, while in the port one-fifth of the population was swept away. For weeks and months penitential processions, in sombre garb, with agonizing lamentations, thronged the streets of both cities, while the churches were dim with incense from their many altars, before which flared sacrificial candles, while there rose day and night the murmur of prayers and sobs, mingled with the echoes of masses and the low chant of the ritual for the dead. To escape the pestilence thousands fled to Arequipa, Arica, Tacna, and other places less afflicted, only to meet there a more appalling, if less destructive, agent of death. To escape the pestiferous atmosphere of Callao the ill-fated *Fredonia*, the United States store-ship, which had swung lazily at her moorings for so long a period as to

have become almost as characteristic a feature of the harbor as the island of San Lorenzo, was towed to Arica by the only less ill-fated *Walteree*, to be dashed in pieces, with all her crew, on the sinister rocks at the base of the frowning Morro.

It is not unnatural that deeply-seated superstitions should have existed regarding earthquakes in a country so exposed to their occurrence as Peru, and that the pseudo science of a century and a half ago should find in them a field for profit and display. They were attributed to causes as fantastic and irrelevant as imagination could devise; effects were taken to explain causes; and even the influences of the planets, and of the conjunctions of the sun and moon, were alleged active agents in their occurrence. I have before me "The Astronomical Clock of Earthquakes (*Temblores de la Tierra*), a marvelous Secret of Nature, discovered and explained by Don Juan de Barrenechea, Professor of Mathematics in the Royal University of San Marcos, in Lima," printed in 1725. It is "perpetual and universal," and "at one and the same time indicates the time when earthquakes will occur, when human beings will expire who die a natural death, and the time of low tide." It is adjusted for the meridian of Lima, and is accompanied with a special horoscope (if I may so call it) or calculation for the year 1726. Five days in the year, the 24th of January, the 22d and 31st of May, the 12th of August, and the 31st of December, are those in which people should take special precautions against earthquakes.

Had Professor Barrenechea published his "Reloj Astronomico" 142 years later, in 1868 instead of 1726, his prediction of the 12th of August would have been regarded as a sufficient demonstration of the accuracy of his mathematical and other calculations. The difference of a day would be overlooked, and even now the Professor would be accepted in Lima, and possibly in his own college, as a "sabio" surpassing Newton and all the philosophers in prescience and knowledge of the laws of Nature.

Coming now to the great Peruvian earthquake of August 13, 1868, I shall speak of it as distinct from that which devastated some parts of Ecuador three days later. What dependence there may have existed between the two, as well as between all the similar phenomena which during a few months made the circuit of the globe, is a profound question for physicists. In its direct action on human life the convulsion in Ecuador was more fatal than that in Peru, because the latter occurred in the afternoon, and was preceded by warning shocks, while the former took place at midnight, and without premonition.

The Peruvian earthquake was felt from the equator to latitude 43° , in Chili, over a coastline of upward of 3000 miles. It was also felt inland, although but lightly, beyond the Cordillera of the coast, past the great *Despoblado*, or uninhabited region, at Puno, on the shores

of Lake Titicaca, in Cuzco, the old Inca capital, and at La Paz, the capital of Bolivia. In fact, over an area of not far from 450,000 square miles. Its effects, or those of concurrent phenomena in the Pacific, seem to have been limited only by the shores of that vast ocean, since nearly synchronous tidal disturbances were felt on the shores of Australia, of China and Japan, at the Sandwich Islands, and on the coasts of California and Alaska.

Its devastating force, however, was chiefly expended in Peru, and here its most conspicuous incidents were to the south of Lima, and consisted in the destruction of the city of Arequipa and the port of Arica. Moquegua and a few other interior towns, including the great mining town of Cerro de Pasco, suffered heavily and directly by the earthquake; but Arica, Iquique, Chala, and the other sea-ports were exposed to double disaster, for all along the coast the implacable sea completed the destruction the earthquake had begun.

The greatest loss of life and property at any one place in Peru was at Arequipa, the second city in size, population, wealth, social and political importance in the republic. In short, the rival of Lima, and often, politically, its master. It stands in latitude $12^{\circ} 2' S.$ and longitude $77^{\circ} 8' W.$, at the foot of the great symmetrical volcanic cone of Misti, 20,300 feet high, on a beautiful plain, one of the interior *oases* that occur at the foot of the Cordillera which I have already described. This plain, elevated 7850 feet above the sea, is watered by the river Chili, and between it and the sea at Islay, which is the port of Arequipa, intervenes an unbroken desert, relieved only by *medanos*, or crescent-shaped, shifting sand-hills, and the skeletons of men, mules, and horses that have perished in the transit.

Before the conquest the Incas had made an establishment here for facilitating communication between their capital and the coast, and called it *Ari-quepai*, "Yes, rest here!" from which, with slight variation, comes the name of the modern city, founded by the great Pizarro himself in 1540. A late census showed it to contain about 50,000 inhabitants; and as through it most of the trade with those vast interior departments of Peru, Cuzco, and Puno was carried on, it had become, together with its local resources, rich and luxurious. Probably no town in South America was so well built. Its houses, if not altogether imposing, were massive and strong, constructed of a light but tough volcanic stone, vaulted, and seldom of more than one story. This style of architecture was adopted in 1821, after the great earthquake of that year, which had laid most of the city in ruins, as a security against a similar catastrophe, and the new buildings successfully resisted all subsequent convulsions, many of them formidable, until the 13th of August, when they were thrown down, despite their strength, like the card-houses that children build. Its cathedral, a modern building of a rather extraor-



INDIANS OF AREQUIPA.

dinary architectural style, was, nevertheless, a vast and imposing edifice, and believed by most of the self-complacent Arequipans to be among the finest structures in the world. It had a bell, cast in Arequipa itself, and one of its "lions," of greater size than that of St. Paul's in London. Apart from these more obvious distinctions, the indices of wealth, activity, and enterprise, Arequipa contended that it was the most intelligent and vivacious, and, in science and art, the most advanced city in Peru. It even ventured on the bold assumption that its women were more beautiful than those of Lima. As impartial writers, we must admit that this self-sufficiency was not wholly unfounded. Most of the distinguished names in modern Peruvian history, whether in government, art, literature, commerce, or war, belong to Arequipa—albeit, it is constantly involved in intrigue and revolution, which led to its bombardment by President Prado for three days, in December, 1867; with a destruction supplemented by that of the earthquake that took place nine months later. The bombardment, however, was unsuccessful, and its failure cost Prado his place at the head of the government.

Notwithstanding its position so much further inland, Arequipa seems to have been, from its foundation, nearly as frequently exposed to earthquakes as Lima itself. Among the most celebrated are those of January 2, 1582; February 18, 1600; November 23, 1604; December 9, 1609; 1613; May 20, 1666; April 23, 1668; October 21, 1687; August 22, 1715;

May 13, 1784; 1812; July 10, 1821; June 3, 1825; and October 9, 1831. Of these that of 1582, from all accounts, seems to have been the severest; and, it is said, was so fearful in the interior that the huanacos and vicuñas of the mountains fled to the city and sought refuge in the habitations of men, tame with fright.

The story of the final destruction of this somewhat haughty city is, perhaps, best told in the following concise letter from that place, dated August 16, three days after the event:

"This city was completely destroyed by an earthquake on the 13th instant; not a church left standing, not a house habitable. The shock commenced at twenty minutes past five P.M., and lasted from six to seven minutes. The houses being solidly built and of one story resisted for about one minute, which gave time for the people to rush into the middle of the streets; so the mortality, although considerable, is not so great as might have been expected. If the earthquake had taken place at night, few indeed would have been left to tell the story. As it is, the prisoners in the *Carcel* (public prison) and the sick in the hospital have perished. The earthquake commenced with an undulating movement, and as the shock culminated no one could keep his feet; the houses rocked as a ship in the trough of the sea, and came crumbling down. The shrieks of the women, the crash of falling masonry, the upheaving of the earth, and the clouds of blinding dust, made up a scene that can not be described.

"We had nineteen minor shocks the same night. Nothing has as yet been done towards disinterring the dead. I do not think any are buried alive, as certain death must have been the fate of all those who were not able to get into the street.

"The earth has opened in all the plains around, and water has appeared in various places."

Another account from an eye-witness, dated August 16, describes the event as follows:

"At about four minutes past five p.m. last Thursday, the 13th, a slight movement of the earth was noticeable here by persons who chanced to be seated; there was no rumbling. In about eight to ten seconds more the movement became strong enough for persons not seated to notice. This movement gradually increased in strength until, after about thirty seconds, pieces of timber began to fall from the houses. In about a minute all were satisfied that a great earthquake was at hand. Then began a terrible rumbling, similar to the noise of an avalanche. Every one ran to the open spaces. It seemed as if the earth was about to open; the earth shook, and every structure swayed to and fro from north to south. It seemed in my own house as if the walls were about to meet and smother us. In about three minutes the soil shook so that it was almost impossible to hold one's feet. The strongest buildings began then to cast off stones, bricks, pieces of wood, etc., and the weakest began to fall, almost all of them level with the ground. In about five minutes from the first movement the whole city was enveloped in clouds of dust and darkness, and resounded with the crash of falling buildings. There is not one house left standing in Arequipa. The only church tower left is that of Santa Catalina, but it, like the cathedral, will have to be pulled down. Santo Domingo Church is down to the ground. The Portal de Flores is all down, as well as all the surrounding blocks. Nearly all the inmates of the prison and hospitals perished. Many persons are known to have been crushed to death in the streets.

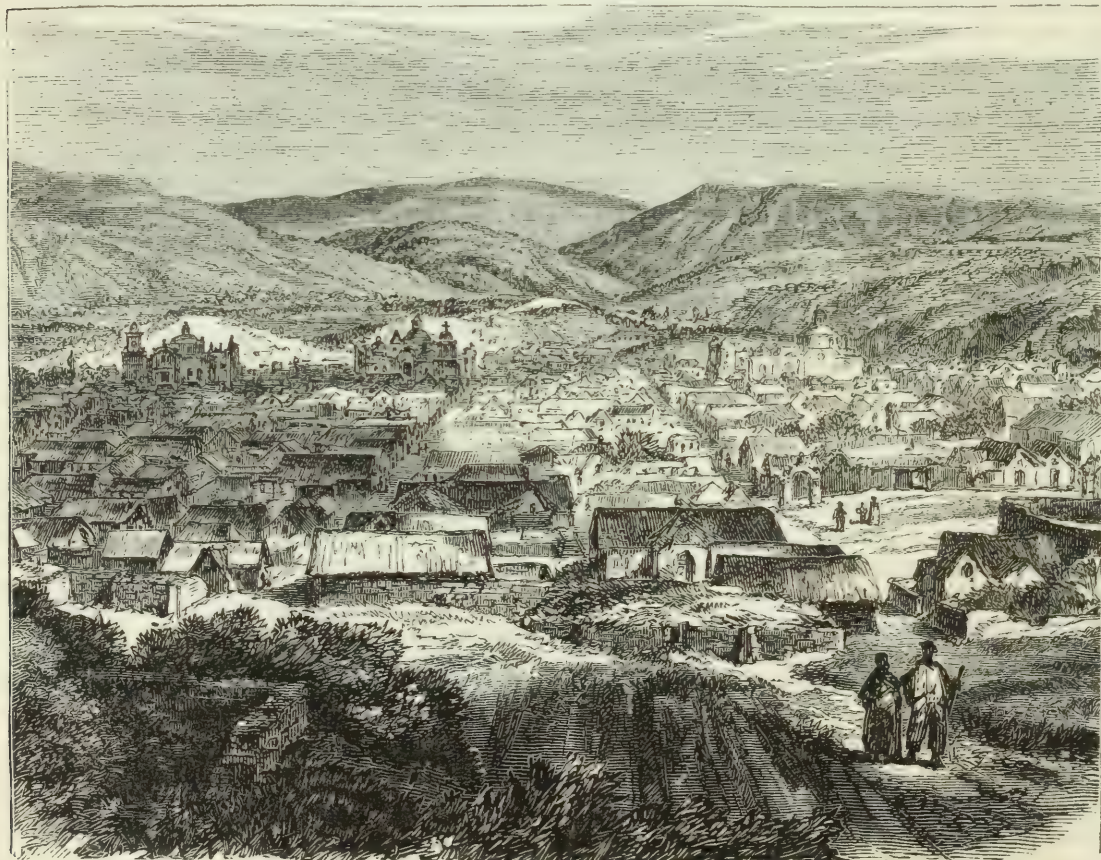
"We are now living in a tent on the river bank. No one dares go to town, as the shocks still continue to bring down what little is left standing. They occur at intervals of half an hour each. This evening some of the shocks have been very violent. So far there have been about seventy-six shocks up to eight p.m. The river Paucarpata has changed to three colors, which makes us believe that the volcanoes are at work. Every thing is confusion, and the cries and lamentations that we hear are heart-rending. Thus

the work of the Arequipenos for three hundred years has been destroyed in a few minutes; it will take an age to do the same work over. The *débris* of the Jesuits' church was hurled to a distance of one hundred yards.

"The picture presented by our desolate city is sad indeed. God grant that our fears be not realized, for Mount Misti is vomiting lava, clouds of smoke, and quantities of mud, and darkness hides its sides from our view. We hear the constant noise of falling rocks and earth, and the river is impassable, owing to its black color and sulphurous odor."

As already said, Arequipa stood at the foot of the great volcano Misti, which had not been in eruption during the historical period, but which now burst into activity, in which it still remains. At the time of the eruption those who were outside the city saw huge pieces of rock split off from it, and, together with heavy avalanches of snow and ice, tumble down to the bottom, making a fearful noise. The river that is fed by the snows of the mountain increased at least one-third inside of six hours. Indeed, the rise in the water was so great and rapid as to inundate several of the towns in the valley of Arequipa, sweeping away the ruins the earthquake had made, together with the dead and the wounded.

As to the loss of life and property, the Prefect of Arequipa, "writing under the deepest impression of horror, and in profound affliction," reported officially, "all the edifices have been thrown to the ground, and the few walls that remain are so racked that they will require to be demolished." Another report states the number of buildings absolutely ruined at between four and five thousand, besides twenty-



CITY OF MOQUEGUA, PERU.

two churches, including the cathedral. The prisoners in the jails and the patients in the hospitals, unable to avail themselves of the warning which enabled the people generally to save their lives, were all crushed. Thanks to the premonitory shocks, the strength of the edifices, and their comparatively small height, which prevented them from covering the streets when their walls fell outward, the number of victims outside the hospitals and jails does not appear to have exceeded three hundred, with from one thousand to twelve hundred severely injured. Still, until the ruins are cleared, it will be impossible to ascertain the number of the dead.

About 90 miles to the southeast of Arequipa, in another fertile oasis, situated 60 miles back from the sea, in the centre of a considerable wine-producing district, is the large town of Moquegua, from which the southern department of Peru takes its name. Immediately behind it, forming part of the chain of the Cordillera, are three great volcanoes—that of Omate, called by the Indians Huayna-Putina, Ubinas, and Tutupaca. The first-named broke out in a fearful eruption in 1600. The latter seems to have done so simultaneously with the occurrence of the earthquake under notice, and throughout Peru is believed to have been its centre of action. At any rate, the convulsion was as severe in Moquegua as in Arequipa, and, from all reports, attended with as heavy loss of life. The following account of the catastrophe here is from a letter of a resident, dated August 30:

"The movement of the shocks was from east to west, alternating with vertical vibrations. I noticed this especially. And the earth seemed as if about to open under my feet and leave me in the air. The shocks lasted from five to six minutes. When the buildings had tumbled we were almost choked with dust, but a western breeze soon dispelled the clouds. The earth did not cease shaking until Sunday, the 22d of August. The shocks were more or less violent, but were always preceded by heavy discharges of electricity louder than the heaviest cannonading. In about five minutes every structure in the valley was in literally complete dilapidation, not a stone left on another. In the limestone lands all the hills were split and the rocks were rent into small pieces. Along the river and in the lowlands of the vineyards large openings were made, whence issued streams of blackish and pestiferous water. I assure you that I have seen as vivid a picture of judgment-day as is possible in this world. The damage done to our crops will amount to about twenty-five per cent. The inhabitants of this city and valley are encamped in the parks and fields; some are in groups with their friends, others in tents or huts, and some in the open air."

Ninety miles from Moquegua, still to the southwest, is the city of Tacna, capital of the department, and one of the most important and active towns of Peru. I have described this town, which I visited in 1864, in this Magazine for April, 1868, and hence only need to say here, in explanation of the fact of its suffering very little in the great earthquake, that it is a modern town, built chiefly of wooden houses of one story, which may be racked, but which could hardly be thrown down by any convulsion

of the earth. Nevertheless, forty buildings were destroyed, probably some of the few built of stone or adobes, and a few lives were lost.

While, however, Tacna escaped thus lightly, Arica, its port, 40 miles to the southwest, was absolutely destroyed by the earthquake and its attendant phenomena. Our accounts of the catastrophe at this point are much more full and accurate than from any other, and probably the event will be best remembered from its devastations here. Although, next to Callao, the most important port of Peru, it was not that rich and populous place that many accounts of the earthquake have represented. Instead of having, as some of these state, a population of from thirty to forty thousand souls, it probably had less than six thousand; and although rather picturesque and showy from the water, was meanly built. The mole, custom-house, the warehouses, and some of the residences and offices of foreigners, were large and substantial modern structures; but the remaining buildings were either of adobes or canes plastered over, yet well adapted to resist earthquakes.



CHART OF HARBOR, ARICA.

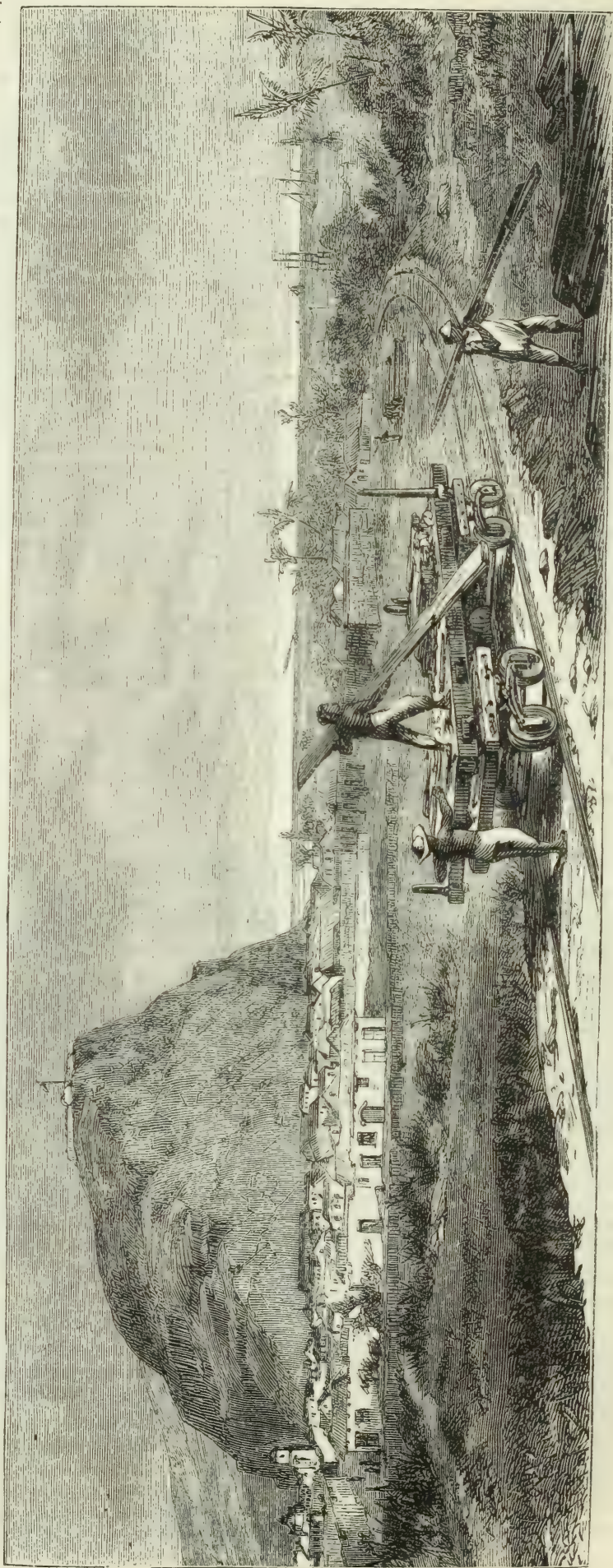
The great shock of the earthquake of August 13 took place here a few minutes earlier than it did in Arequipa, showing that Arica was nearer the centre of action than the latter town. As there, it was also preceded by premonitory shocks, which had the effect of alarming the inhabitants and driving them into the streets or open squares, and to the sand-hills back of the town, where they were in comparative safety. An eye-witness says:

"The hour was that when by custom most of the

inhabitants had just closed their daily labors and were at their homes. The instant the startling indications of an earthquake were felt there was a general rush for uncovered spaces, which were reached by many uninjured, but not by all. The streets became a scene of terror. All the houses in the city trembled as if affected with the ague. Then they surged, and some of them fell to pieces with crash after crash. At this juncture, when the undulations were most active, the earth opened in several places in long and almost regular lines. The fissures were from one to three inches in width. The sensation was as though something was rolling underneath. From every fissure there rushed forth dry earth like dust, which was followed by a stifling gas. Owing to the demolition of buildings and the general destruction of all kinds of property, and the dust that was raised, as well as that set in motion by the general tumult, a dense cloud formed over the city and obscured the light. Beneath the cloud the gas severely oppressed every living creature, and would have suffocated all if it had lingered longer than it did, which was only about ninety seconds. The undulations were three in number. Each succeeding one was of greater magnitude than the previous one. When the undulations ceased the cloud of dust ascended and dispersed, and light was restored. Then shocks at short intervals succeeded, as though subterranean explosions or collisions were taking place. At this time people from all parts of the city fled to the hills, amidst falling bricks and timbers, which fell from swaying walls and broadly-rent buildings, just on the eve of crumbling into perfect ruin. Some were struck dead by the falling materials, and others were maimed, while all were made to stagger from side to side like people in a state of intoxication. Many of both sexes carried children in their arms, and those who had not these conveyed articles of value. The avarice of many was stronger than fear even amidst this terrible confusion, and hence there were those who dallied to collect valuables, many of whom suffered for their temerity, either by the sacrifice of their lives or otherwise. As the rush for the hills continued, and stones and materials of all kinds were falling, and houses and parts of them were crashing, numerous people were struck down and either killed or dangerously hurt."

Another eye-witness, a Peruvian, writing the following day, relates :

"The main shock lasted from seven to ten minutes. Beasts and birds were wild with affright, and



ARICA, PERU, FROM THE NORTH.

as buildings rocked and fell with deafening crashes the earth rose and sank like the waves of the troubled sea. The people, who could not keep their feet, uttered frightful shrieks at the continued commotion, which went on increasing, and seemed to announce the end of the world. The very mountains seemed to rise and totter and fall; the whole surface of the level land moved and broke like a disturbed pool of water, and it was impossible to stand, except as one *ran* with headlong violence. I have never witnessed any thing so appalling and terrible, and I have to stop writing now in consequence of the renewed shaking."

At this time there lay in the harbor of Arica the United States double-ender, 12-gun war-steamer, *Wateree*, the United States store-ship *Fredonia*, towed down in July to escape the yellow-fever prevailing in Callao, the Prussian iron-clad *America*, of 14 guns, the English brig *Chañarcillo*, the Chilean schooners *Rosa Rivera* and *Regalon*, the British ship *Kamahamaha*.

These data are important, for almost simultaneously with the earthquake on land occurred such disturbances of the sea as never before had a parallel on the coast after the Callao catastrophe of 1746. An officer of the *Wateree* describes the scene on shore and what happened on the sea in these graphic words:

"On the afternoon of August 13, as we were finishing our dinner on board the *Wateree*, at about twenty minutes past five o'clock, immense clouds of dust were seen at a distance of some ten miles south of Arica. This, of course, attracted attention as a matter of unusual occurrence. The volume of clouded dust came nearer and nearer, and it was observed from the deck of the vessel that the peaks of mountains in the chain of the Cordilleras began to wave to and fro like reeds in a storm. There could have been no optical delusion about it, for the sea was calm and the vessel was perfectly quiet. A few minutes after it was observed that from mountains nearer to Arica whole piles of rock rent themselves loose, and large mounds of earth and stone rolled down the sides. Very soon it was noticed that the whole earth was shaking, and that an earthquake was in progress. By comparing distances of ports reached by the earthquake successively, and computing the time by exact measurement, it was ascertained that the volcanic element under the surface of the globe at that particular spot traveled at the rate of between 600 and 700 miles an hour. When the convulsion reached the Morro, a rocky precipice lining one side of the harbor, it also began to move. Pieces of from ten to twenty-five tons in weight began to move from their base and fall, altering the whole front view of that part of the coast. At the same moment the town commenced to crumble into ruins. The noise, the rumbling like the echoes of thunder, the explosive sounds, like that of firing a heavy battery, were terrific and deafening, and the whole soil of the country, as far as it could be seen, was moving, first like a wave, in the direction from south to north, then it trembled, and at last it shook heavily, throwing into a heap of ruins two-thirds of all the houses of Arica. Men, women, and children ran into any open space near at hand, and their shrieks and screams could be heard distinctly on board the shipping; even the Custom-House, built of iron, stone, and adobe, received a wide crack at the first shock. Shock after shock followed; on several places openings were becoming visible in the ground, and sulphurous vapor issued from them. At this juncture a crowd of people flocked to the mole, seeking boats to take refuge on the vessels in the harbor. As yet the shipping in the harbor felt not the least commotion from the disturbances on land.

"After the first shock there was a rest. No breeze could be felt, no ripple was seen on the waters. The *Wateree* and the *Fredonia* sent their surgeons ashore to assist the wounded. Between fifty and sixty of the people of the town had reached the mole by this time

to take to the boats. But the surgeons had hardly landed, and but few of the others had entered the boats, when the sea quietly receded from the shore, leaving the boats high and dry on the beach. The water had not receded further than the distance of extremely low tide when all at once, on the whole levee of the harbor, it commenced to rise. It appeared at first as if the ground of the shore was sinking, but the mole being carried away, the people on the mole were seen floating; the little pagoda used as an office for the captain of the port was also floating, and the water still rose until it reached a height of thirty-four feet above high-water mark, and overflowed the town, and rushed through the streets, and threw down by the force of its weight what the earthquake had left. And all this rise and overflow of the waters took only about five minutes.

"The water rushed back into the ocean more suddenly than it had advanced upon the land, and carried with it the Custom-House and the residence of the English Consul. This awful spectacle of destruction by the receding flood had hardly been realized when the sea rose again, and now the vessels in port began dragging. The water rose to the same height as before, and on rushing back it brought not only the debris of a ruined city with it, but even a locomotive and tender and a train of four cars were seen carried away by the fearful force of the waves. During this advance of the sea inland another terrific shock, lasting about eight minutes, was felt, the thunders of the earth and the storm of the waves surpassing all conception of human endurance. At this time all around the city the dust formed into clouds, and obscuring the sky, made things on land quite invisible. It was then that the thundering approach of a heavy sea-wave was noticed, and a minute afterward a sea-wall of perpendicular height to the extent of from forty-two to forty-five feet, capped with a fringe of bright, glistening foam, swept over the land, stranding far in-shore the United States steamer *Wateree*, the *America*, a Peruvian frigate, and the *Chañarcillo*, an English merchant-vessel."

The commander of the Peruvian iron-clad *America*, after describing the fate of that vessel, says:

"The American man-of-war *Wateree* is about a mile further up the beach than we are. Of the *Fredonia* not a plank is left. The English vessel *Chañarcillo* and the Chilean ones *Rosa Rivera* and *Regalon* are lost. Not a single boat is left in this bay, and scarcely a single person of those that were aboard the lost vessels is known to have been saved.

"In these our moments of supreme distress we find our salvation in the officers and crew of the United States man-of-war *Wateree*. Their whole cargo is safe and sound, and they have therefrom clothed and fed us, and offered every comfort that we need. It is my pleasant duty to make this fact known to your Excellency, as well as the noble conduct of Doctors Winslow and Dubois—the former of the *Wateree* and the latter of the *Fredonia*. Both have, with the utmost zeal, attended to our wounds. In the midst of such distress I had the satisfaction of witnessing the rare gallantry of my men. The sailors were unwilling to leave the ship, although ordered to do so, until they were allowed to carry us off on their shoulders, as we could scarcely walk from wounds."

The *Wateree*, to which complimentary reference is here made, was a compact and trustworthy vessel. Her commander, impelled by motives of humanity, went on shore immediately after the shock that had prostrated the town, in the hope of rescuing some of the officers of the *Fredonia* and their wives, who were there. The officer left in charge of the vessel seems to have been equal to the emergency that followed. The guns were lashed, life-lines were rigged, and her most powerful anchors



UNITED STATES WAR STEAMER WATEREE, STRANDED AT ARICA.

thrown out. Eleven tidal waves struck her, and she was several times swept up and down the coast by irregular currents before she was thrown on shore, with the loss of but a single man, and standing as erect in her sandy bed as she did in the docks where she was built.

The single person connected with the *Wateree* who was lost was a man named Tait, boatswain of the captain's gig. With the submergence of the mole, where he was waiting the orders of his superior officer, he was carried out to sea by the recession of the wave, and as rapidly driven back on the shore. Recognizing at once his doom, and the futility of any effort to avert it, he seized his country's ensign, and with it waved a last adieu to his comrades on the *Wateree*, surging unmanageably under the terrible sea-bore.

Captain J. H. Gillis, of the *Wateree*, addressed to Admiral Turner, then commander of the United States squadron in the South Pacific, a report, in which he says :

"The *Wateree* lies about three miles to the northwest of the city, and about four hundred and fifty yards inland. Although her hull has suffered much, still she appears to be in perfect condition. Not a plank has been started, and she stands upright as though in a dry dock. Considering her position, and its slight elevation above the sea, we do not think it possible to float her again. It would be impossible to dig under her, as the means are not at hand, and it would cost more than what the vessel is worth. My crew remain aboard by day, but as the rumbling of earthquakes still continues, and the Peruvian sloop of war *America* is ashore below us in a direct line, with broadside on us, I have deemed it advisable to remove them. Another sea-bore would smash both vessels.

"I lent what aid in the way of provisions that I could to the inhabitants of Arica, but have been forced

to suspend it, as I have scarcely what will suffice for my men. I shall remain by my vessel until further instructions from you. We have lost all our anchors, and if we have another rush of the sea that will turn the ship on beam-ends she will become a worthless hulk."

The *Fredonia*, United States store-ship of 800 tons and 6 guns, with a crew of 30 persons, seems to have become unmanageable from the first, and was dashed to pieces on the black and sinister reefs that lie in front of the rocky headland called *El Morro de Arica*. All on board were lost. The captain and four others, who were on shore, were saved, as was the surgeon of the *Wateree*, whose wife, however, was killed in his arms by falling timbers as he was carrying her to a place of safety.

The number killed in Arica is estimated at about four hundred, mostly by the great wave that swept over the town. The larger part of these were plunderers who thronged to the ruins after the first shock was past, or avaricious persons returning to look after their valuables. And it is worthy of note, that in every place in Peru and Ecuador the earthquake, instead of overawing criminals, pilferers, and thieves, seems to have given them new audacity and activity. The crash and ruin excited open and developed latent crime, and rapine and murder held high carnival among the wrecks of cities and over the mangled bodies of the dead. The Viceroy of Peru had good reason to rear his gibbets in Lima and Callao in 1746; yet it is a strange reflection that the symbol of man's vengeance should have a restraining effect on human conduct beyond the most impressive manifestations of Divine power!



IQUIQUE, PERU.

The loss of property in Arica is described as amounting to several millions of dollars. As it was not only the sea-port of Tacna, but in fact of a large part of Bolivia, the amount of foreign merchandise stored there, including quantities of alpaca-wool, ores, and cinchona-bark coming down from the interior, was very large. All this was lost. The proprietor of the largest warehouse, connected with which was a distillery, returning to the place after the catastrophe, was unable to point out the site of his establishment, the destruction was so complete.

The desert hills around Arica are stuffed with desiccated bodies of the ancient Aymaras, who seem to have had here an important fishing station. To these hills the terrified inhabitants of the town fled on the first warnings of danger, there to be met with the appalling spectacle of the grave literally giving up its dead. The convulsed and writhing earth threw to the surface hundreds of the grim, dried bodies of the Indians who had lived here centuries before, still wrapped in the coarse cerements that the dry and nitrous soil had preserved from decay.

A fate only a little less terrible, and a destruction only a little less complete, than that which befell Arica, overcame also the important and extreme southern port of Peru, Iquique, as well as the petty ports of Chala, Ylo, Pisagua, and others to the northward. Iquique derived its principal importance from being the port of the great nitrate of soda region of Tarapaca, and had lately been the seat of much activity. Lives to the number of two hundred, and property to the extent of two

millions, are estimated to have been lost here—mainly, as at Arica, by the tidal wave.

Islay, a mean place, notwithstanding it is the port of Arequipa, owed its escape to the fact of being situated on a bluff high above the reach of the wave that broke harmlessly against its rocky buttresses; but Nasca, Cerro de Azul, Tambo de Mora, Pisco, etc., were less fortunate. All were more or less ruined. The fine town of Ica, standing thirty miles back from the coast, was also left a wreck. At the Chincha or Guano Islands, where a large number of vessels were lying, receiving or awaiting cargo, great damage ensued from the collision of the ships. In Callao, with the reminiscences of its former misfortunes still vivid after the lapse of more than a century, the earthquake shock created great consternation, which rose into panic when the sea began to recede, premonitory of the irruption of a tidal wave perhaps as fearful as that of 1746. The wave came, but from a direction where it was mainly interrupted and its force broken by the friendly island of San Lorenzo, so that, although a portion of the town was inundated, but comparatively little damage was sustained. The sea came in, not with towering crest and angry front, but rather as a fast-rising tide. No lives were lost, but fires broke out in some of the abandoned houses nearest the water, which did damage to the extent of a million or more, and sent a large part of the inhabitants to the supposed comparatively safe, and much more elevated places, Bellavista, Miraflores, and Lima.

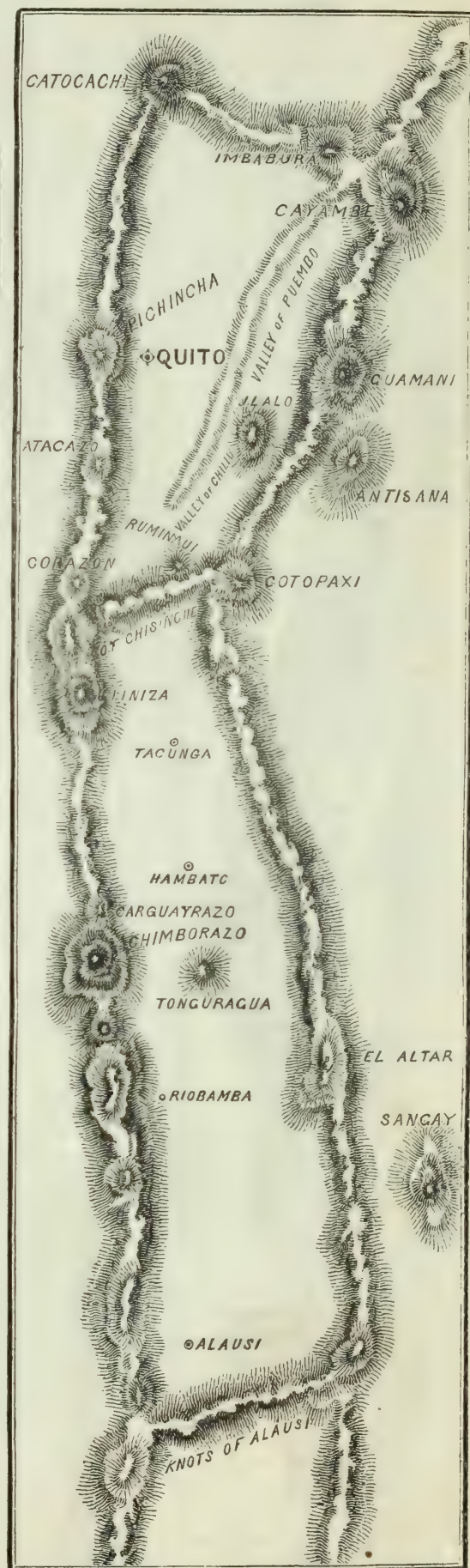
In Lima no special harm was done, although the earthquake was one of those recorded as "severe." It was felt slightly to the northward, but distinguished most by its effects on the sea-level. Casma, in the early reports, was set down as "swallowed up" and "covered with water," but later accounts do not confirm the story.

Beyond Peru, to the south, the port of Cobija, belonging to Bolivia, was slightly affected; but the ports of Chili, still further to the southward, were very much damaged. At Talcahuano the shocks were felt at 9 p.m. (?), and the sea-wave came rushing in a few minutes afterward, destroying much property. No lives were lost, as the inhabitants had previously fled to the hills. Similar phenomena were witnessed at Tomé, and Constitucion and Caldera suffered severely. In the city of Copiapo the shocks did not occur until 1 h. 30 m. on the 14th, seven hours after the disturbance in Arequipa. They lasted three minutes, but did no serious damage. At Coquimbo and La Serena they were strong. In Valparaiso they were trifling; but they were vigorous in Juan Fernandez, Robinson Crusoe's historic island. Indeed, they extended as far south as the Chilean port of Lota.

The first reports, said to have been founded on governmental estimates, of the loss of life and property in Peru were 30,000 lives and \$300,000,000 of property. Later data lead us to be-

lieve that probably not over 3000 lives were lost, and \$100,000,000 of property.

In Ecuador, however, the loss of property



THE CORDILLERAS OF ECUADOR.



QUITO, CAPITAL OF ECUADOR, FROM THE NORTH.

was less, but of life greater, for reasons that will appear as we go on. But before proceeding to give an account of the catastrophe there, we must refer, for a moment, to the physical condition of that country.

The higher or central portion of Ecuador, in which the principal part of its population is concentrated, and of which the capital, Quito, is the centre, is one of the most markedly volcanic regions of the globe, and is celebrated for the frequency and violence of its earthquakes. Both the Cordillera and the Andes are here distinguished by the number and majesty of their volcanic peaks. Here, on one side, is the mighty Chimborazo, 21,422 feet high, and, on the other, the scarcely inferior cone of Cotopaxi, 18,800 feet in elevation. Also the picturesque *El Altar*, the rugged Illiniza, the more regular Corazon and Cayambe, as well as others, occupying the relative positions shown in the accompanying map of the knots and ramifications of what are called the "Cordilleras of Quito." It will be seen that the region in question is a grand plateau, about two hundred miles long, and from sixty to ninety broad; bounded by the Cordillera of the coast on the west, the Andes on the east, by the transverse knots of Alausi on the south, and Imbaburu on the north, and with the intermediate chain of Chisinche dividing it in unequal proportions. This plateau, which is somewhat irregular and broken in surface, is about 9000 feet in height, in parts barren, in others fertile, with a generally very delightful climate, and with those oth-

er resources and advantages which made it the seat of population and power in ancient as in modern times. Here the Scyris had their capital, Quito, which the Incas afterward elevated to almost equal rank with Cuzco, and which the Spaniards adopted as the centre of their Presidency.

Quito occupies a lofty position on a ledge of the volcano of Pichincha, at an elevation, as lately accurately determined, of 9537 feet above the sea. The volcano rises behind it to a height of 15,976; that is to say, is 6439 feet above the city. From its summit, says Mr. Hassaurek, on a clear day, is presented one of the most imposing and magnificent views in the whole world. "Glaciers show their hoary heads on all sides. More than twenty snow-clad mountains rise before you, and fill your soul with admiration and awe. You find yourself in the midst of a council of the great patriarchs of the Andes, and listen amazed to their speaker, Cotopaxi, who every now and then sends his roaring thunders through the land."

Pichincha is a treacherous and dangerous neighbor; for since the Conquest it has had three notable eruptions—in 1575, 1587, and 1660. That of September 8, 1575, seems to have been the most formidable and destructive to Quito, the municipality of which decreed, six days after, and while its terrors were still upon them, that the anniversary of the event should forever be religiously observed.

Quito, viewed from the elevation called Pannecillo, which rises seven hundred feet above it

on the south, is disappointing. "There it lies at your feet," says a recent traveler, "buried between treeless and melancholy mountains, showing but now and then a spot indicative of cultivation; isolated from the rest of the world by impassable roads and gigantic Cordilleras. No chimneys overtop its brown roofs; no friendly cloud of smoke curls to the unruffled sky; no rattling of wagons, no din of machinery strikes your ear; no busy hum emerges from the capital of the republic. The only noises which ascend from the caldron in which it lies are the ringing of church-bells, the crow of the cock, and the sound of the drums and trumpets of the soldiery."

Altogether, the city resembles one of those spell-bound cities which are described in the Arabian Nights. But as soon as we enter it a more lively appearance is presented. On the principal streets and plazas hundreds of human beings are constantly in motion, chiefly Indians and cholos (mixed white and Indian), dressed in ponchos or rags, and with nothing better than hempen sandals to protect their feet. Nevertheless, there are mixed with these the women of the middle orders, in red, green, and blue rebozos; ladies in gay silks; monks, with immense hats, in white, brown, and blue; curés in black; and Indians of a hundred different villages in every variety of costume, not omitting the naked and painted dweller on the eastern declivity of the Andes. There are no carts, but the streets are thronged with mules, horses, oxen, donkeys, and llamas; water-carriers with immense jars on their backs; butchers and bakers with meat and bread in troughs on their heads; children and dogs.

The streets are narrow, and the houses, mostly in the old Moorish style, are of one story, with roofs projecting over the pavements, as a partial protection against sun and rain. They have neither fire-places nor chimneys, except in a few houses of modern construction. The kitchen is a dark, close room, with no exit for smoke or smells except the door, and a few small holes in the wall over it. The pots used in cooking do not have flat bottoms like ours, but are either rounded or pointed below, so that they can not stand without being supported by some contrivance, or inserted in holes in the hearth. The great water-jars have the same impracticable shape, and have to be supported on wooden trestles or by stones. There are no hotels or inns, and when Mr. Hassaurek arrived there, as American Min-

ister, he found only one *posada*, but so filthy and full of vermin that he could not enter it. It was "black, dirty, and neglected, full of fleas, and without accommodations of any kind, so that the traveler, forced to enter, acquires a valid claim to commiseration, in spite of the image of the saint at the entrance, before which tallow-candles are kept burning all the year round." When we consider that Quito is a city of not far from 40,000 inhabitants, this deficiency in public accommodation seems remarkable. But if it has no hotels, it has plenty of churches and convents, which, with their neglected and overgrown court-yards and gardens, occupy fully one-fourth of the city.

If we may credit the authority already several times quoted, life in Quito, notwithstanding the climate is neither hot nor cold, the thermometer never rising above 70° or sinking below 45°, is rendered miserable by the pervading and prevailing filth. On one occasion a gentleman with whom he was traveling, seeing him wash his face, asked him, in surprise, if he did so every day! He once had occasion to order some flour made of the *yuca*, and besought the woman who had undertaken to grind it, between two stones, in primitive fashion, to be sure to keep it clean. She brought it at last, tied up in a man's shirt spotted with slaughtered fleas! On another occasion he had his desire for coffee destroyed by seeing the servant biting off lumps of sugar from a loaf, and depositing them in the dish from which he was expected to sweeten the beverage! "To see a man pick a flea from behind his neck-tie and kill it between his teeth is not an uncommon sight."



WATER-CARRIERS OF QUITO.

Against these drawbacks, however, it is said there are no snakes around Quito; mosquitoes are hardly known; tarantulas have never been heard of; flies are rare; there are no rats, bats, bugs, or beetles. Roses bloom all the year round; wild flowers cover the walls of courtyards and drape the ruins; tulips, pinks, and lilies brighten the gardens winter and summer, and verdure ever smiles around you. "The sky, when unclouded, is of the purest blue, and the atmosphere as limpid and balmy as that of the fabulous Eden!"

But under her smiling aspect Nature here veils her most sinister and destructive powers. As we have seen, Quito suffered terribly from earthquakes in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and as late as the 22d of March, 1859, it was visited by a series of shocks that occasioned great loss of life and property, while some of the small towns in its vicinity were wholly ruined. During the recent great earthquake it suffered severely, but far less than the more northern towns and cities of the republic.

This earthquake, which is without parallel in the history of the terrestrial convulsions that have afflicted Ecuador, and which was attended with far greater loss of life than that of Peru, was not, as is generally supposed, synchronous with the latter. The disturbance in Peru occurred on the afternoon of the 13th of August; that in Ecuador not until the night of the 15th, or rather the morning of the 16th, and seems to have resulted from independent internal commotions, the centre of action having been, according to all accounts, to the north of Quito.

It is a coincidence perhaps worthy of remark, that the convulsions in Ecuador, as in Peru, followed close on pestilence. Throughout the months of June and July the weather had been exceedingly hot and oppressive, with phenomenal atmospheric disturbances. About the latter part of July a fatal catarrhal fever broke out simultaneously all over the country, which defied medicine, and swept off its victims by the thousand, so that on the memorable 16th of August the whole country was in mourning.

In Quito, and, as far as can be ascertained at this distance, in all parts of the region subsequently most afflicted by the earthquake, the atmospheric disturbances alluded to above culminated on the 15th of August, and in the afternoon suddenly burst in heavy showers of rain and hail, accompanied with tremendous thunder. The sky cleared before sunset, and the night was calm and bright. At 1.20 A.M., however, on the 16th, a powerful shock of earthquake was felt. Its vibrations are described as alternating from south to north, and from north to south. Another shock was felt at 2.48, and another at 3.27. At 9.30 A.M. and at noon similar shocks were experienced. On August 17 there were shocks at 6 A.M. and between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon; the latter was accompanied by a shower of rain and hail, like that occurring on the 15th. On the 18th the

same occurred at about half past 3 in the afternoon; and on the 19th, at about 6 A.M., another shock was felt.

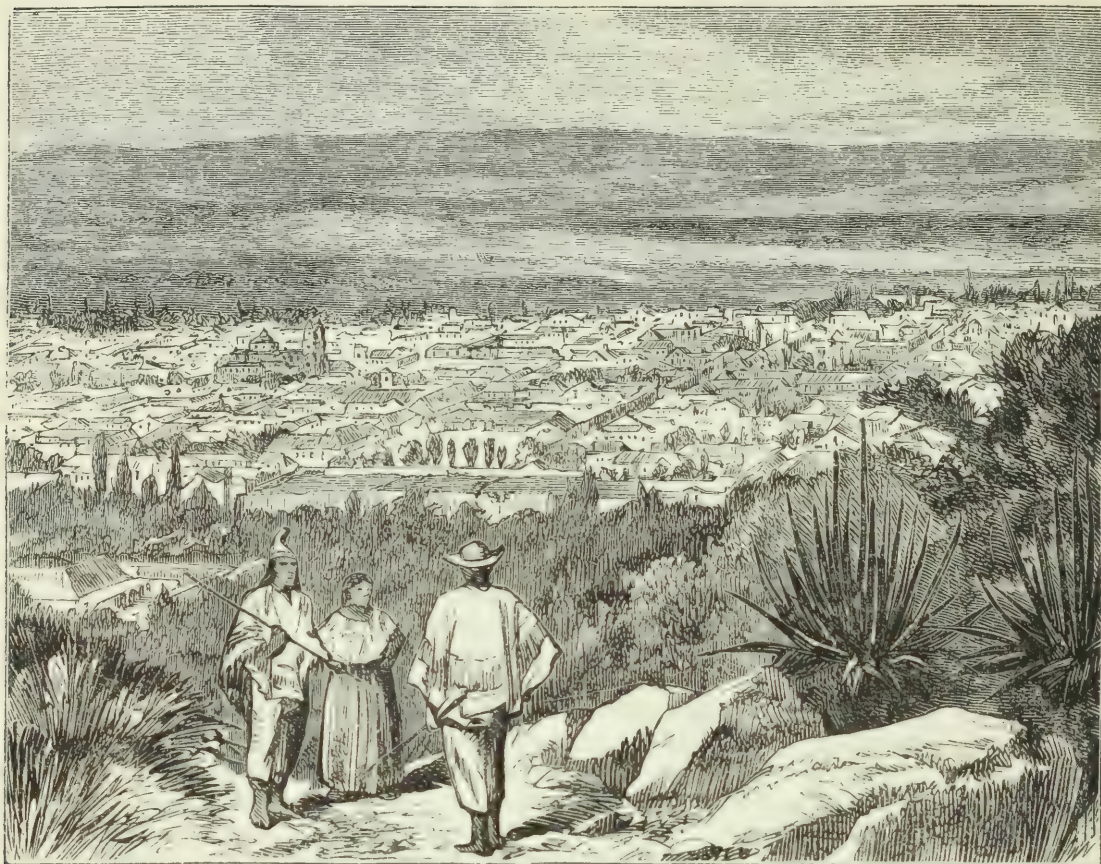
The first shock was severest, and caused the principal damage sustained by the city. Nineteen lives were lost, and the Government reported that the churches of San Francisco, of the Jesuits, the Carmelites, St. Agustin, Santa Clara, and the Cathedral, as well as the government buildings, the archbishop's palace, all massive buildings of stone, were wholly or in great part demolished. Only the grand altar of the Carmelite church was left standing. In fact, says the report, "all the buildings of the city have been so terribly shaken that not one can be considered safe to live in."

The towns of Perucho, Puellaro, Cachiquanjo, etc., near Quito, were reported as "in perfect ruin, most of the inhabitants destroyed, and not enough left uninjured to succor the wounded or bury the dead."

As already said, however, the earthquake was most violent in the northern provinces of Ecuador, attended by sinking of the ground, the subsidence of hills, tumbling down of cliffs, appearance of lakes, and opening of vast chasms in the earth—in short, with all the accessories of the most terrible convulsions of the earth known to man. The province of Imbaburu, which Mr. Hassaurek calls "the Fairy Province," was the most fertile and productive in all the republic, and it was most populous. Its inhabitants, mostly Indians, were thrifty agriculturists, or prosperous manufacturers of coarse cotton goods, with which they supplied Quito and the southern districts. It was studded with large and thriving towns, such as Ibarra, Otavalo, Cotacachi, Atuntaqui, Carranqui, the birth-place of the Inca Atahualpa, and others of less note, but which shared in the literally *total destruction* of those here named.

The earthquake occurring in the night, when the people were in their houses and asleep, the destruction of life was very great. The population of the province was estimated at 80,000, and the first published reports put the loss of life at upward of 50,000; but later and calmer accounts place it at not exceeding 40,000 in the whole republic—the principal loss, nevertheless, occurring in the province of Imbaburu. How complete was the destruction in some places appears from the following extract from the report of the Medical Commission sent by the government to the relief of the wounded:

"We have first to note the destruction of the whole of the canton of Catuchi. Its two towns were totally destroyed, without having left as much as a vestige of their former presence. From all the information we have gathered, but five per cent. of the population was saved here. The surrounding farms are destroyed; great fissures run through the ground, making it completely valueless as an agricultural district. Following the direction of the Western Cordillera, and in the order of the injury inflicted, are the former towns of Tumbalira, Urcuqui, and Sali-



IBARRA, ECUADOR.

nas, which are in the same sad condition, but are unapproachable from the fact that the roads have totally disappeared and all the bridges swept away. The town of Atuntaqui is also destroyed; of its population one-fifth have been saved. The farms surrounding this place have suffered terribly. Of Ibarra two-thirds of the inhabitants have been saved."

The change in the physical aspect of the country caused by the convulsion is thus described by the Jesuit Father Aguilar, in a letter to the government dated from Carranqui, five days after the event:

"All the road from Otabalo to Ibarra is sown with ruins and the dead. The opening and tumbling in of ravines are frequent, especially along the West Cordillera, from Mojando to San Lorenzo. On the slopes of Cuicocha, besides the tumbling of huge pieces, enormous new clefts are being opened, or the old ones made wider. The roads that joined the farms and towns of the western slope are impassable, owing to broad and deep ravines. The Ambi bluffs gave way, carrying all the cane-fields and houses along. The formidable masses of stone and earth that were hurled from the Cotacachi rolled down into the lower plains, carrying ruin and desolation with them. From the Imbaburu's northern slope has started a torrent of mud that has formed hillocks, after destroying some fields of grain near Ibarra and killing a great number of cattle. The mud flow was followed by a less one of water, which is daily increasing.

"So far we can not tell where the centre of

the shocks was, for I must leave such matters and the exploration of the ground till I have attended to more pressing wants. Nevertheless, it is thought, with reason apparently, that the focus is Mount Ocampo, for it casts out great quantities of bituminous matter."

The fate of the town of Cotacachi is described in the reports with terrible brevity: "Where Cotacachi was is now a lake!" This town suffered most in the earthquake of 1859, from the effects of which, however, it had mainly recovered, so that Mr. Hassaurek observes that he saw less ruins there than any where else in the country. Of Atuntaqui, the town which lost four-fifths of its inhabitants, the same authority says, "it was one of the most industrious and enterprising of the republic."

Ibarra, the capital of the province, was also its most populous and important town, with a population variously stated at from 8000 to 16,000, but probably nearer the former number. It was beautifully situated in the centre of a rich plain, at an elevation of about 7500 feet above the sea, almost hidden among orchards, gardens, clover-fields, and willows, above which only the spires and domes of its churches were visible. Travelers describe its inhabitants as having been exceedingly social and hospitable, the place being the residence of most of the large landed and sugar-estate proprietors of the district. According to the early accounts of the earthquake not less than 13,000 people were killed in Ibarra, but the Medical Commission reports that two-thirds were saved, and

that if the survivors "had gone energetically to work to extricate those that were buried alive, the number of victims would not have exceeded 500. But indolence, apathy, and a thirst for robbery," the Commission adds, "prevented any attempt from being made to unearth the victims, whose cries and lamentation continued for five and six days." Hence the unfortunates who were not immediately killed were forced to linger and die of hunger, thirst, and festering wounds. Within a few days the bodies began to decompose, the stench became intolerable, and the living were compelled to fly from the scene. "The stench," writes Father Aguilar, "at the end of six days, is so great that it is sickening at the distance of two miles. Nevertheless, we went yesterday to the ruins, and, after working for two hours, succeeded in rescuing one poor fellow who had been buried all this time by the side of his dead wife. The decomposition of the latter and the horrors that awaited him were unsurpassed and inconceivable."

This same reporter gives us the following paragraph, which, perhaps better than any description, brings home to us how sweeping must have been the destruction not only in Ibarra, but the other towns: "At Ibarra 18 of the Rocha family were lost, leaving the name extinguished; of the Villota family 11 perished; of the Almeidas, 26; of the Vacas, 4; of the Sabias, 7; of the latter's tenants, 20; of the Perez, 5; the Laras, 7; Burban, 3; Rosales, 17; Rétama, 1; Andrade Marin, 12; Miguel Andrade, 7; Ledesma, 15—the whole name; Peñaherrera, 18; Agrijalva, 4; Ribadanciza, 4; Meza, 2; Vega, 7; Yopez, 6; Espinoza, 6; Vinuesa, 1; Torres, 11; Brizon, 5; Acosta, 8; Peña, 6; Pacheco, 8; Teran, 3; Flores, 7; Gomez, 4; Guzman, 5; Pozes, 4; Benalcazar, 8; Castelo, 1; Suares, 8; Lopez, 13; and Valencia, 4. At Quitumbita were lost Drs. Andrade Marin and J. Bonce, besides many other persons. In the house where they lived not a soul was left to tell the tale."

Otabalo, situated not far from Ibarra, but at a greater altitude (8500 feet above sea), is reported to have suffered more than the latter town. Of its reputed 10,000 inhabitants 7000 are reported to have suffered.

The extent of the Ecuadorean earthquake is as yet unknown, beyond that it was felt as far north as Pasto, in the interior of Colombia, and at Guayaquil, and along the coast of the province of Camanas, to the northward of that port, for a distance of 300 miles. This coast, like that of Peru, was swept by a tidal wave after the shocks had thrown down twenty-two churches, nearly all of the public buildings, and most of the houses. The southern part of Ecuador, next Peru, seems to have suffered least; but in former times it was more sorely afflicted than any part of this lofty volcanic region. In 1640 the town of Cacha was swallowed up, and, with its 5000 Indians, was never seen again. The great catastrophe of 1797, which destroyed the

old city of Riobamba, is still remembered with awe. Only four hundred and eighty persons of its population escaped, while the entire face of the country around it was wholly changed. Mountains rose where cultivated valleys had existed; rivers disappeared or changed their course; and plains usurped the place of mountains and ravines.

To the east of Riobamba the volcano of Sangai is seen, in a state of constant eruption; and in this direction, also, is the beautiful Altar (*El Altar*), whose original name, however, in the Inca tongue, was *Capac-Urcu*, 16,380 feet high. According to an ancient tradition among the natives, this mountain—the form of which is so extraordinary that no other peak of the Andes can equal it in splendor, when the setting sun lights up the snows that cover it—was formerly much higher than Chimborazo. Its eruptions were continuous for seven or eight years, when the summit fell in, leaving two symmetric horns, which seem to lean toward each other and give an idea of the original form of the volcano. A table of rock which, seen from Riobamba, rises upon the western edge of the crater, between the horns, has obtained for the mountain the Spanish name of *Altar*. The falling in of the mountain is fixed by tradition at about the close of the fifteenth century. The Indians applied the name of Queen of the Mountains to this volcano, and the adjectives great, powerful, glorious, splendid, and incomparable, to this mountain.

The great earthquake of the 13th of August was distinctly felt throughout the whole length of Chili to Chiloe, and in the islands off the coast. It was, however, only in the northern part of the country, from Mejellones to Copiapo and La Serena, that the direct force of the shock was most severely felt. To the south of Valparaiso the tidal wave was the principal cause of injury, except perhaps at Talcahuano, where, on the night of the 14th of August, at nine o'clock, a distinct and independent series of shocks took place, attended by a tidal wave of presumably local origin and of great force. The water of the sea is said to have grown hot, so that the shell-fish thrown up by the wave were thoroughly boiled. Similar subsequent shocks took place in Copiapo, Coquimbo, and La Serena, which were attributed to a different centre of action from those of the 13th. According to report, the volcano of Leullalco, 80 leagues back from Copiapo, broke out in violent eruption simultaneously with these earthquakes. According to one account: "From its crater enormous torrents of large stones were discharged, which rolled to a great distance in the valley below, leaving tracks which will last for ages. The lava at the same time vomited forth formed hillocks of a grayish color, which offer an imposing view from a distance. At the foot of the peak large crevices have been opened, in some places 50 yards wide, from which a kind of brackish water, highly impregnated with sulphur, issues forth in great abundance; and a



EL ALTAR, VOLCANO, ECUADOR.

few squares further off the earth has entirely changed its structure, many small rivulets having been formed where none ever before existed, out of some of which a species of fish of various size have been taken, similar to the king-fish (*peje-rey*?)."

From all these accounts it would appear that the great August earthquakes resolve themselves into three groups, viz.: those felt from Peru as a centre on the afternoon of the 13th of August; those, less severe, affecting the coast of Chili on the 14th and 15th; and those that destroyed the province of Imbaburu in Ecuador on the 16th. The two former, originating not far back from the sea, were attended with marked marine phenomena, which were observed in every part of the Pacific. The tidal wave or waves which agitated that ocean deserve close study in connection with the South American earthquakes, which may have been, after all, only incidents themselves sympathizing with some grand disturbance having its focus beneath the ocean. In Southern California the oscillations of the sea were observed about daylight on the 14th of August; in all the Sandwich Islands about midnight on the 13th; in New Zealand and the Chatham Islands and Australia on the 15th, and at about the same time on the coasts of China and Japan. It will take time and care to gather the data, especially as regards the precise time of the occurrence of the phenomenon in all these places, to determine if it was wholly due to the disturbances on the South American coast. In fact, all de-

ductions and generalizations regarding the earthquakes and the tidal waves are embarrassed by the general looseness of the statements that reach us, and which are moreover often contradictory.

The velocity of the earthquake shock, it is obvious, must depend greatly on the nature of the earth's crust through which it is transmitted, and upon the initial force. As a consequence we find a rate of transit, in different cases, varying from 20 to 40 miles a minute—the great Lisbon earthquake of October 31, 1755, which was felt over an area four times as great as that of all Europe, having a maximum propulsion of 37 miles a minute.

The earthquake of August 13, as already said, seems to have had its centre of action somewhere at the base of the Cordillera, or in the Cordillera itself, between Arica and Arequipa, and not far from the city of Moquegua.

There were five points where observations as to the time of the occurrence were made with sufficient exactness to enable us to determine approximately its place of origin and its rapidity, viz.: Arequipa, Arica, Pisco, Lima, and on board the ship Gobernador Pozzi, at sea, in latitude $15^{\circ} 45'$ south, and longitude $75^{\circ} 44'$ west. Reduced to mean time, at Lima, the first shock of the earthquake was felt:

In Lima.....	at 4 h. 46 m. P.M.
In Pisco.....	at 4 h. 43 m. P.M.
At Sea.....	at 4 h. 48 m. P.M.
In Arequipa.....	at 4 h. 42 m. P.M.
In Arica.....	at 4 h. 38 m. P.M.

This would give a rate of velocity between Pisco and Lima (112 miles), assuming both places to be on the same radius from the centre of action, of a fraction less than 40 miles per minute. From Pisco to the place at sea occupied by the Gobernador Pozzi the distance is 125 miles, so that the rate of velocity through the ocean or its bed was here only about 25 miles per minute. The distance from Pisco to the Sandwich Islands is about 85 equatorial degrees, or 5950 statute miles, which, as the wave struck there at "about midnight," would give it seven hours in the transit, equal to about 15 miles per minute, which is about the estimated speed of the wave in the great Indian earthquake of 1819.

Finally, the South American earthquakes seem to have been the culmination of a series of disturbances affecting the whole globe, commencing with the St. Thomas earthquakes in October, 1867, followed by the grand eruption of Mauna Loa in the Sandwich Islands in April, and by the increased activity of most other known volcanic vents. They were followed by convulsions in almost every part of the world, of far less intensity—and which, as I write, do not appear to have wholly subsided—in California, the Sandwich Islands, Japan, Eastern Asia, Austria, the south of France, Great Britain, our own Atlantic States, and in Mexico. I have prepared, from very imperfect materials, a list of upward of two hundred earthquakes reported to have occurred in the fourteen months between October, 1867, and January, 1869—a number many times in excess of that of any preceding year.

The year, in short, has furnished us with fresh and cogent evidence in support of Mr. Mallet, who stated some years ago, in a report to the British Association, that from the sixtieth to the eightieth year of each century is always the period of greatest volcanic activity.

There are philosophers who maintain that earthquakes and their affiliated phenomena are on the increase, and will increase with every cycle. They will probably point triumphantly to the record of the last year in demonstration of their theory. Their hypothesis is, that with the cooling of the fused interior mass of the earth the strata forming its crust are constantly impelled to readjust themselves under the alterations of pressure exerted by deposits from great rivers, land-slips, and a multitude of other causes. In other words, that the equilibrium of the earth is constantly changing from these as also from meteoric incidents; and that these changes become, consequently, more and more frequent; and they point to the fact that of the 6831 earthquakes registered up to the end of the year 1850, only 58 happened before the Christian era, while 3204 are known to have occurred during the first half of this century. They admit that part of this apparent increase is due to better registration, and because a larger portion of the surface of the earth is

comprehended in the records, but that, with due allowance for these circumstances, there has been a rapid increase in the number of earthquakes, especially those of a disastrous kind.

So remarkable has been this increase that there have not been wanting those who have accepted the fact as a physical interpretation of the prophecy of our Saviour, that one of the signs of the establishment of his religion in the world would be the occurrence of earthquakes "in divers places."

Besides these terrestrial phenomena the year involved will long be remembered among meteorologists. England and the greater part of the continent of Europe were scorched by drought. India was deluged with rain. In Bengal 78 inches of rain fell in nine months, being 11 inches more than the annual average. In Guzerat, Surat, etc., thousands of houses were washed away, and the rice crops were rotted. In Southern Europe the rain-fall was excessive. Parts of Italy were so drenched that prayers for fair weather were offered in the churches. It was so rainy on the borders of Como that the visitors there sought refuge in Milan. Every where, nearly, strange and extraordinary, if not unprecedented, meteorological phenomena were observed.

But whatever may be their portent, they have called out an enlarged and Christian sympathy and material aid to sufferers equally unprecedented in the history of the world. The Congress of Chili, immediately on the disaster becoming known, did not limit its beneficence to its own sufferers, but appropriated large sums for the relief of those in Peru, where private as well as public contributions in the towns that escaped were made on a magnificent scale—Mr. Meiggs, an American contractor for the Arequipa railway, notwithstanding heavy personal losses, heading the list with a donation of \$50,000. When the fearful nature of the ruin in Ecuador became known in Lima the Government not only immediately forwarded \$100,000 to Quito, but authorized a guarantee of a loan of \$2,000,000 for the authorities of Ecuador. All the foreign vessels of war on the South Pacific coast not only offered their services as transports for stores to the points most afflicted, but freely dispensed their own to the hungry, the sick, and the wounded. Conspicuous in this work of charity were the Powhatan and Kearsarge of our own squadron; and many of the survivors of the destruction at Arica must have died from hunger, exposure, and want of medical attention had it not been for the officers and crew of the Wateree, which, although stranded, remained in perfect order, with her armament, stores, and medicines complete.

Thus it is that the ties of brotherhood and the bonds of charity between men and nations become every year stronger. The rainbow spans the storm.

CATHERINE II., OF RUSSIA.

A FAIR-HAIRED, well-formed, and good-humored girl, remarkable for her cheerfulness and gay spirits, her intelligence, and her native dignity, Catherine II., of Russia, then Princess Sophia of Zerbst, passed her happy youth chiefly at the little town of Stettin. Neither pride nor ambition disturbed the modest hours of her girlhood. She played with the children of the quiet citizens, and was scarcely distinguished in any thing from her young companions, except that she was always the leader of their games. Her dress was plain, her education strict and careful, and she was early instructed in the Lutheran religion by an excellent pastor, who strove to form her mind to virtue and self-restraint.

Sometimes she was allowed to vary her quiet life by a visit to an aunt at Hamburg, where she read the works of eminent living authors, and formed a lasting taste for letters. Still oftener she was at Brunswick, with her relative the dowager-duchess; and now and then visited the court of the great Frederick at Berlin. Frank, generous, kind, she seems to have been generally beloved by her companions; in her later grandeur she called herself to their memory by various tokens of affection and esteem; she sent her picture set in jewels to a playmate, and a sum of money to her schoolmaster; and the mighty and guilty empress would sometimes speak of her school-days at Stettin with a pleasure that no doubt concealed a deep, unspoken pain.

But great plans were being concerted by several crowned heads for the handsome Stettin princess; she was to be made Empress of all the Russias. Elizabeth, the reigning empress at this time (1744), was now growing old, and her nephew, the Grand-duke Peter, was her heir. She wished to provide him with a wife, and a romance-like circumstance led her to fix her choice upon the Princess Sophia. Long ere she mounted the throne of the Czars, it is said, Elizabeth had loved and had been betrothed to the young Prince of Holstein, who was Sophia's uncle. But just as the marriage was about to be celebrated, the prince fell sick and died. In the anguish of her bereavement and of her disappointed hope of happiness Elizabeth made a vow never to marry another. She kept her vow, at least in name, and the memory of her early love seems to have lingered deep in her heart through all the irregularities of her later career. It is charitable to believe that those who have erred might, under more happy circumstances, have been purer and better; and we may readily conceive that had Elizabeth been united to one whom she so tenderly loved, her life would have been far different, and her fame unclouded by those dark stains that must now forever rest upon it.

The Czaress had heard of the attractive appearance and amiable disposition of the young Sophia, and she sent for her to come with her

mother to St. Petersburg, hoping that her nephew, Peter, would consent to make her his wife. Frederick of Prussia, too, was anxious to promote the marriage; and all things seemed at first to concur in fulfilling the hopes of the empress and the king. Sophia alone was led by an instinctive dread to shrink from the alliance. When the project was mentioned to her, she burst into tears, refused to leave the peaceful and innocent home at Stettin for the splendors of St. Petersburg, and declared that she would rather marry a simple count in Holstein than share the throne of the future Emperor of all the Russias. She was induced, however, by the solicitation of her mother, and, perhaps, by her own native ambition, to stifle her prophetic terror and appear at the imperial court. She was now in the first bloom of maiden grace and dignity. Her figure was fine and commanding, her complexion fair, her eyes blue, her hair light and flowing; and her intelligent countenance and pleasant disposition won the hearts of the Russians.

Peter, too, possessed many of the attractions of youth. His face and figure were not unpleasing. He was still innocent and pure; his disposition frank and kind. No sooner had the young couple met than they seemed to have formed a mutual affection and esteem. Peter became Sophia's avowed lover; and her mother, overjoyed by the success of her ambitious plans, threw herself at the Empress's feet and asked her consent to their union; she called to her mind the love she had borne to the prince, her brother, and urged the strong affection that bound the grand-duke and her niece together. Elizabeth, who could never hear the prince of Holstein's name mentioned without weeping, burst into tears and gave her consent with joy. The approaching marriage was announced to the foreign ambassadors, and a day was appointed for the celebration of the nuptials. The Princess Sophia, meantime, had changed her Lutheran faith for that of the Greek church, and was baptized anew under the name of Catherine Alexievna. A fatal change! The fair Stettin girl seems almost to have assumed a new character with her new name. She was never more Sophia of Zerbst; she was ever after to be the ambitious, unscrupulous, and magnificent Catherine.

All things had thus far passed prosperously, even beyond their hopes, for the royal promoters of this fatal match. But now the first of a long series of misfortunes occurred. The grand-duke was suddenly seized with the small-pox of a most malignant character—his life was despaired of; and Catherine seemed threatened, like Elizabeth, with the loss of her royal lover. Unhappily for both he at length recovered. But his youthful vigor and graceful form were gone, he was shrunken and withered; and his once handsome face was now disfigured in a manner that made him for a time, at least, hideous to look upon.

Catherine, prepared by her mother for the

shocking sight, entered his apartment, fell upon his neck, and kissed him. But the effect upon her nervous system was terrible. She returned to her own room, and sank into a swoon which lasted for three hours. Ambition, however, which had now been aroused in her once peaceful breast, joined to the entreaties of her mother and the wishes of the empress, led her to consent to the solemnization of the marriage. The unhappy pair were united, and from that moment a bitter hatred seems to have sprung up between them. Catherine looked with contempt upon her ill-fated husband, who was coarse, ill-educated, and ignorant, and who gradually sank deep into dissipation and drunkenness; while the grand-duke, enraged at her infidelities or her levity, sometimes drove her, weeping and torn with mortification, from the midst of his courtiers by his rude and blunt reproaches.

The Empress Elizabeth died in 1762, and Peter III. ascended the throne. Catherine had looked forward to the time when her husband should obtain absolute power with terror, lest he might consign her to a prison or the tomb. But Peter, who seems to have possessed a generous heart, began now to treat her with apparent kindness. She appeared with him on all state occasions; and their son, Paul Petrovitch, was looked upon as the heir to the throne. But nothing could long heal the dissensions between the ill-assorted pair. Catherine was amiable but resolute, ambitious and determined to rule. Peter sometimes yielded to her imperious control, and at others treated her with a coarseness and a violence that a woman never forgives. The interference of pretended friends and secret foes, as is often the case with the matrimonial quarrels of persons in less exalted stations, widened the difference between them; until at length Peter resolved, it is said, to depose the empress and marry the Countess Vorontzoff, who had long held a complete mastery over his feeble mind. He had even prepared a prison for his unfaithful wife, where she would pass the rest of her life in solitude and despair.

Catherine, meanwhile, acquainted with his design, had not been idle. In connection with Count Panin, the Princess Dashkoff, and her own favorite, Gregory Orloff, she formed a conspiracy to dethrone the Czar and seize upon the vacant throne. That eager desire to rule which had made her the leader of her young companions in their childish sports now led her, in her mature years, to assume an equal control over the intriguers and plotters of an immoral court. She won the affections, or the respect, of the Russians by her condescending manners and her active mind. A portion of the army was gained over to her side by promises and bribes. She deceived the priests and monks by her pretended zeal for religion. The courtiers were charmed by her liberality and her magnificence; and all St. Petersburg had learned to look upon her as its actual sovereign.

The Czar, on the other hand, offended all orders of his subjects. His admiration for Frederick of Prussia, his effort to introduce German manners into the imperial court, his fondness for German favorites, his plain preference for the Lutheran over the national faith, his vices and his drunkenness, blinded the people to the few excellent qualities which he really possessed.

At this time Catherine lived in a fierce excitement, which she concealed under smiles and gayety. A sudden discovery of her designs would hurl her at once from a throne to Siberia, or to a perpetual imprisonment. Even death might be near; for in Russia no one would venture to defend her from the rage of the absolute Czar. The fatal moment at length came. One night, when she had retired to sleep in a summer-house at some distance from the palace, she was aroused by the sudden entrance of a soldier whom she had never seen. "Your Majesty," he said, "has not a moment to lose; get ready to follow me." It was now two o'clock in the morning. Catherine sprang up, called her confidant, Ivanovna, and having disguised themselves to escape notice, the two women, trembling and terrified, entered a carriage which waited for them at the garden-gate. Alexey Orloff, brother of Gregory, took the reins and drove rapidly toward St. Petersburg. The horses soon gave out, having been over-driven, and the conspirators were forced to alight and proceed on foot. They had not gone far when they overtook a light country cart, which they at once seized and entered, and in this manner reached the capital.

Worn with fatigue and anxiety, Catherine concealed her terror under an appearance of calmness and dignity. She presented herself to the soldiers of the garrison. She told them that the Czar had intended that night to put her to death, together with her son, the grand-duke, and she appealed to them for protection. The Ismailoff guards at once cried out, "Long live the Empress!" The rest of the soldiers followed their example; the priests assembled around her; the people received her with acclamations; and that very morning she was proclaimed Empress of all the Russias, in the midst of a splendid assemblage, in the Holy Church of Kazan. She then returned to the palace; the gates were thrown open to all the people, and a vast throng poured in to take the oath of allegiance. So rapid and so unlooked-for was this strange revolution, by which a foreigner and a woman, with no hereditary title, became the successor of Peter the Great!

The dethroned Czar, her husband, knew nothing of what had occurred. He was at his favorite palace of Oranienbaum, plunged in dissipation. When the news came he sank into helpless despondency. He thought at one moment of escaping into Poland; the next he composed a letter to Catherine, imploring her mercy, and offering to resign the crown. But the relentless conspirators had resolved to

show him no pity; he was stripped of his orders and his royal robes by a band of plunderers; even his pockets were searched, and several diamonds and pieces of jewelry which he had hidden were discovered. He stood for a time barefoot and nearly naked on the steps of his palace, exposed to the jeers and insults of the coarse soldiery. An old morning-gown was then thrown over him, and he was confined, under a guard, in his own room. Here he was forced to sign a renunciation of the throne, and a confession of his own unfitness to wear the crown.

A dark mystery hangs over the fate of the unfortunate Czar. His death soon followed his deposition. It is said that he was poisoned while in confinement, and that when the poison seemed too slow in its effect, Alexey Orloff, Prince Baratinsky, and Teploff, another of the conspirators, threw themselves upon him and strangled him. Whether Catherine was accessory to the horrible deed seems undecided. Coxe and other writers are inclined to believe that she was not. We may hope at least that their opinion is well-founded, and that she, who was so uniformly merciful to her enemies, was not stained with her husband's blood. Yet it is sufficiently horrible to remember that she took no pains to punish his murderers, and that they were covered with honors and emoluments, and formed the fearful ornaments of her splendid court.

In the year 1762 Catherine became empress. Around her were gathered the chief conspirators, men coarse, ill-educated, and risen from the lowest ranks of the people, in whose society she complained that she could find no pleasure, yet to whose aid she was indebted for all she was. Her subjects were discontented and rebellious. She visited Moscow, the ancient seat of the Czars; but her life was threatened, and she hastily returned to St. Petersburg. Even there she found herself surrounded by conspiracies against her power and her person. The European monarchs looked coldly upon the parvenu empress who now wielded the uncertain sceptre, which she was believed to have won by a barbarous and dreadful crime; and, from her dangerous eminence, Catherine beheld herself every where surrounded by a thousand terrors which might have appalled any nature less resolute than her own.

Danger, however, seemed only to draw out her wonderful genius for command, and her fierce, unhallowed ambition guided her to a course of policy that made her the most potent monarch of her time. She crushed discontent at home with unparalleled vigor. The ancient nobility of Russia, who hated and despised the German usurper and her low-born courtiers, at length became her willing slaves. The countless legions of bishops and monks, whom she had offended and treated with ignominy when they had ceased to be useful to her, hid themselves, overawed and helpless, in their cells. Her splendid victories and conquests won for

her a popularity among her subjects such as none of her predecessors but Peter the Great had possessed. Abroad, the monarchs of Europe were soon overmastered by her imperious will. Frederick the Great courted her favor. Joseph II., of Austria, became a willing instrument in accomplishing her most unscrupulous designs. George III., of England, sank into her ally. And dissolute Louis XV. vainly strove by feeble diplomacy to check the stately progress of the new Semiramis. Catherine became the master intellect of Europe.

Of all her vast designs, that upon which her chief energies were expended was to make Russia acknowledged as one of the civilized nations of the time. As Philip of Macedon had labored with fierce, untiring zeal to make his native kingdom Greek, so Catherine lived to make Russia European. She was resolved to be received as a peer into that assemblage of crowned heads whose haughty caste was still inclined to look down upon the barbarous empire which the great Peter had brought into notice; and she prepared to take an equal place among the Hapsburgs, the Bourbons, and the Guelphs.

Russia until now had been Asiatic rather than European. Its manners and its history had continued Oriental; and in all the traits of modern civilization it had lingered far behind the Western powers of Europe. Yet there had been a time when this difference was by no means so remarkable. Russia commenced its career of progress almost as early, and had given the promise of as rapid an advance, as almost any one of those nations which now looked down upon it with contempt. When the empire of Charlemagne had broken into a thousand feudal fragments, and France and Germany were once more become half barbarous; when Spain was a Moorish province; when Alfred, the inspired Anglo-Saxon, was laboring to convert the English from brutes into men; when Prussia was a wilderness, and Sarmatia a den of savages—Rurik, the founder of the Russian monarchy, had descended from the North and formed a Norman dukedom on the banks of the Dnieper. The new nation flourished with singular vigor. It is said that Kief and Novgorod were grand-dukedoms as early as the ninth century. And it seems certain that about this time the Russians had formed a close connection with the Greeks at Constantinople, and had imbibed Christianity and civilization from the most cultivated city of the age.

The Norman dukes and the Northern conquerors, instructed by the priests and monks of the South, soon became as well educated and as humane as were the nobles of Germany and France. An alphabet, borrowed from the Greek, was introduced, and literature and learning flourished in the populous cities of Russia. The Bible was translated into the Slavonic dialect as early as the ninth century. The Grand-duke Vladimir, an intelligent prince, encouraged letters, music was already cultivated, and a poetical paraphrase of the Psalms was sung in

all the churches. Schools were founded in various parts of the empire. Painting flourished in Russia a century before it was introduced into Italy. The convents abounded with scholars; and the monk Nestor, about 1100, composed the annals of the Russian rulers in a simple and not ungraceful manner. He was followed by several other annalists, who gave their countrymen a taste for history. Already, in 1036, Novgorod was a great city, and the court of the Russian duke was renowned for its splendor and cultivation. Novgorod, now a scene of ruin, was then the centre of a vast trade, and was famous for the independent spirit of its people. The Russian government, in the twelfth century, was almost a republic; absolute power was unknown; and the proud citizens of the capital boldly repelled every attempt to impair their liberties. An enormous bell hung suspended in the market-place of Novgorod, called by the inhabitants the "Eternal;" it was only sounded in moments when their freedom was endangered, and its sacred note assembled in arms the well-trained legions of the city, always terrible to their foes, and confident of victory. The grandeur and power of the Russian capital was expressed in the popular saying of the time: "Who can resist the gods and great Novgorod?"

Thus Russia bade fair to eclipse all the other nations of Europe in freedom and civilization, when suddenly the invasion of the Tartars swept over it in a torrent of desolation. The Eastern savages once more reduced it to barbarism. For several centuries it was a Tartar province, or was constantly exposed to their ravages. The government fell into anarchy; its neighbors, the Poles, took advantage of its weakness and plundered it at will; freedom died out; yet the line of Rurik continued to rule until 1584, when it ended with the feeble Theodore, the last of his race.

In 1613 Michael Romanoff, the first of the present dynasty, was chosen grand-duke, and his excellent rule laid the foundations of the modern greatness of Russia. Alexey and Peter the Great aided in reviving the slumbering intellect of the nation; but it was under the rule of the gifted Catherine that Russia made its most important advance in general refinement and intelligence.

If she had not been an empress, Catherine might perhaps have won a higher glory as an author. Her love for letters was intense and lasting. She sought the correspondence and the friendship of almost every eminent literary man of the day; she wrote to Voltaire in terms of sincere admiration, and strove in vain to allure him to St. Petersburg. With Diderot she was more successful, and the philosopher condescended to give a portion of his time to a visit to the faithful empress. Their conversations were long and philosophical; and Diderot seems to have found a far more agreeable friend in Catherine than the sarcastic Voltaire in his admirer and persecutor, Frederick. Catherine

was always profuse in her liberality to literary men. She purchased Diderot's library for a considerable sum, in order to provide a dowry for his daughter, allowed him to retain the use of it for life, and settled upon him a pension as her librarian. She wished to induce the historian Robertson, by munificent offers, to write an account of her reign. Her court was filled with men of intelligence and learning, of science and art. Every form of mental excellence found in her a friend; she established academies or societies of learning and science, and lavished her revenues in seeking to awaken the intellect of her people. Poets, musicians, philosophers, actors, and artists sprang up under her careful patronage; and she succeeded, at last, in making St. Petersburg illustrious as one of the intellectual centres of Europe.

Her own pen, in the midst of her laborious cares of office, was never idle. One of the first acts of her reign was to write out instructions for a code of laws for Russia, full of wisdom, benevolence, and learning; a work, indeed, sufficient in itself to give her a lasting fame. She was afterward employed in a series of philological researches which have merited the praise of Professor Max Müller. For her son, the grand-duke, she composed several beautiful tales, full of tenderness and pure morality; and she also compiled a brief history of Russia; while her extensive correspondence, and her numerous proclamations and state papers, indicate a masculine vigor of understanding quite unparalleled in the history of female sovereigns. Elizabeth of England was a better scholar, but had less genius; and no other empress or queen can rival as an authoress the imperial legislatrix, philologist, and novelist of Russia.

Genuine and undoubting in her faith in literature, Catherine entered the proud republic of letters with a humility that proves her greatness. With her literary friends she was no longer the absolute empress, but the humble disciple and the faithful follower. Haughty and tenacious of her dignity among monarchs and statesmen, to Voltaire, D'Alembert, or Diderot she admitted herself an inferior. Frederick the Great, who was only a literary pretender in his intercourse with Voltaire and the lesser men of letters whom he had collected around him, could never be more than a modern Dionysius; he would send poets to the mines or sell philosophers into slavery as his ignoble impulses prompted. But it was not so with Catherine. The great empress threw herself at the feet of the eminent author with sincere humility, and she strove to win the good opinion of the world of literature with an assiduous patience which contrasts strongly with that iron vigor by which she crushed the pride of European kings.

Meanwhile St. Petersburg shone with material splendor. Catherine has been called its second founder. She found it a collection of wooden hovels; she left it a city of granite and marble. Palaces sprang up under her magic

touch; public works of rare value and excellence abounded; her galleries were filled with rare pictures and graceful statues; an equestrian statue of Peter the Great, unrivaled for grandeur and power, adorned the banks of the Neva; and the crystal waters of that beautiful river were chained by a series of granite quays and embankments that put to shame the ports of the capitals of older origin.

The rapid growth of St. Petersburg is wonderful in history. In the year 1700, when New York and Boston were already flourishing commercial towns, the rapid Neva flowed through a desolate morass and a perfect solitude. In 1703 Peter the Great built a small fort on one of the islands in the river, and himself lived in a low hut upon an adjacent island, to which he gave the name of St. Petersburg. The hut is still preserved, with religious care, like the house of Romulus by the Romans, and was the germ of that magnificent city which has become the capital of an empire more extensive than that of Rome. Peter, who had resolved to make Russia a commercial power and the mistress of the Baltic trade, hastened the growth of his new city with despotic vigor. Yet even he found it no easy task to convert the swampy islands and naked shores of the Neva into a tolerable habitation for man. When the west wind blew the waters of the river were swelled by the tide, and a general inundation swept over the infant settlement. The climate was harsh and fickle; the winters terribly severe. Food and fuel must be brought from a great distance in the interior, for the barren neighborhood produced only a few fir-trees. No stone for building existed in the swamps of the Neva; and Peter ordered every vessel entering the harbor, if a large one, to bring him thirty stones; if small, ten; and every peasant's wagon three, to aid him in building his bridges and his public works. The first brick house was built in 1710. Every noble was commanded to have a palace at St. Petersburg. But the growth of the city was still slow, and when Peter died he left behind him only the gigantic plan of a metropolis whose completion nature and the inconveniences of its situation seemed resolved to defeat.

By the close of Catherine's reign a wonderful transformation was effected. "The crystal waters of the Neva, deep, rapid, and transparent," exclaimed an English traveler of the time, "exhibit the most grand and lively scenes I have ever beheld." On the north side, a mighty fortress, the Academy of Sciences, and the Academy of Arts; on the south, the imperial palace, the Admiralty, and a range of palatial houses, belonging to the nobility or the wealthy foreign merchants, had hidden the morass and the fen. The immense church of St. Isaac, a wilderness of granite and marble columns, the superb marble palace which the empress had built for Prince Orloff, and a vast number of hospitals, churches, and public buildings had sprung up, like Aladdin's palace, on the most desolate site in Europe. Within eighty years the hovel which

Peter the Great planted in the wilderness had expanded into a magnificent capital, glittering with gems and gold.

The splendor and gayety of St. Petersburg surpassed that of every other court in Europe. The lavish expenditure of Versailles, the home of luxury and taste, was faint and feeble when compared with the Oriental magnificence of the fêtes on the banks of the Neva. Catherine led the revels of her subjects. She was an empress, and she supposed that an empress must necessarily shine in balls and masquerades. In her court and her entertainments she sought to blend European taste with Oriental splendor. A court-day at St. Petersburg, in luxury and show, is said to have surpassed description. The vast rooms of the palace were furnished at a boundless expense. An immense retinue of courtiers always preceded and followed Catherine as she entered the apartments devoted to the guests; and the costliness and dazzling richness of their dresses, and the profusion of precious stones with which they were adorned, created an impression of magnificence of which the splendor of other courts could convey but a faint idea. Men as well as women glittered with diamonds. Coats were embroidered with flowers of diamonds; buttons were formed of huge diamonds valued at immense sums; sword-hilts and plumes were covered with them; and Russian princes and nobles, when they visited foreign courts, were known by the glitter of their countless diamonds and the barbaric lustre of their gorgeous attire.

Tsarsko-selo, the summer palace of the Czars, was situated on a pleasant plain, amidst woods and hills, about eighteen miles from St. Petersburg. Begun by Catherine I., it was completed by the second Catherine, and its vast size and costly magnificence more than equaled the wildest dreams of the Arabian romancers. It was here that, in 1770, Catherine gave an entertainment in honor of Prince Henry of Prussia, the most splendid the world has ever seen. At night the empress, the grand-duke, Prince Henry, and other members of the court set out from St. Petersburg in a sledge drawn by sixteen horses, and inclosed on all sides by double glasses, which allowed them a clear view of the striking scenes outside. They were followed by two thousand other sledges, all filled with the invited guests, who were masked, and either in domino or dressed in fancy costume.

The road was illuminated by long rows of colored lamps. At every verst, or three-quarters of a mile, a triumphal arch of glittering lights, a pyramid of lamps, or a brilliant display of fire-works arrested the attention; and by its side, at similar intervals, elegant temporary villas had been erected, in which the country people, dressed as shepherds and shepherdesses, or in some gay costume, were seen dancing and feasting as if the whole world was in a revel. At two versts from the palace, through an opening in the woods, appeared a huge artificial mountain, representing Vesuvius in eruption, whose

torrents of flame lighted up the way until the gay company had passed within the enchanted groves and gardens that surrounded Tsarskoselo.

Eight thousand guests ascended the marble staircase of the palace, and scarcely filled its vast range of apartments. Ten thousand wax-lights flashed down upon the magnificent furniture and the jeweled dresses of the assembled throng. It was a scene of wild and barbaric splendor. The maskers represented every nation and every age. Cossacks, Chinese, Turks, Persians, and Armenians performed their national dances and preserved their borrowed characters. The long rows of masked visages, the bushy beards, the grotesque dresses, and the animation of the maskers formed a spectacle that recalled the descriptions of old romances of fairy festivals and magic realms. The dance continued for two hours. Suddenly a discharge of cannon was heard. Every light was at once extinguished, and the company crowded to the windows of the palace. Before them spread a sea of golden light. The whole front of the palace was illuminated by a grand display of fire-works, where all the tints of the rainbow were emulated by a quick succession of various devices. There were great battles and victories related in lines of fire; pictures of vanquished Turks and flying Tartars; the glory of Catherine embodied in striking emblems; sieges and naval contests written in green, red, and gold; and a rain of rockets that eclipsed the stars and moon. The cannon sounded again, the candles were as suddenly relighted, and a banquet was found laid out for the guests where the wines of the South and the fruits of the tropics were profusely mingled with the products of the Northern clime.

At these entertainments Catherine usually wore a robe of green silk or velvet, the Russian national color. Her hair was slightly powdered. She wore a crown of the rarest diamonds. The stars of the orders of St. George and St. Andrew appeared upon her shoulder. She passed around the rooms leaning upon the arm of one of her courtiers, and conversed with easy dignity with those around her. Her countenance was calm, her manner self-possessed, and not the most acute observer could detect in her well-ordered looks the terrible secrets, the fierce ambition, the boundless regret that now lurked in the hidden places of that seared and blighted heart.

Her passions were her tyrants. She was the slave of demons that would never suffer her to escape. Neither philosophy nor religion came to her rescue. The peace of self-approbation she could never have known; and she lived and died in the fierce excitement of wild and hopeless desire.

Ambition for herself and for her country was no doubt her ruling motive. For herself she longed to shine in the eyes of her contemporaries; to be spoken of with terror and admiration in the civilized courts of the West; to be

flattered by philosophers and courted by kings; and she evidently hoped that her name might go down to posterity as the most magnificent of empresses, and one who deserved to be looked upon as the chief founder of Russian civilization. For Russia, too, she was ambitious. Like every Russian monarch, she labored to extend the limits of her empire by force or fraud. Two grand projects she meditated upon incessantly; they were the moving springs of all her public policy. One was to appropriate a large part of unhappy Poland; the other to seize upon Constantinople.

Catherine was the author of the plan for the dismemberment of Poland. In the early part of her reign she had forced the Poles to accept Stanislaus Augustus as their king, intending to govern Poland as a subject province, under the nominal rule of her favorite. But when she found that even Stanislaus refused to submit implicitly to her will, she formed the plan of dividing the Polish territory between herself and her two fellow-vultures, the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria. For this purpose she had invited Prince Henry to her court, and amidst a splendid round of balls and masks, of outward gayety and careless revelry, she confided to the prince the outlines of her project. This grave, pale, sickly-looking prince, who wandered through the succession of balls and entertainments as solemn and almost as silent as a ghost, had been charged by Frederick the Great with a special mission to Catherine. Henry was the second best general of the age. He had shared in all the terrible campaigns of Frederick, and was inferior in renown only to his imperious brother. But he was his brother's slave, and performed with abject fidelity his most infamous commands. It was agreed that Poland was to be dismembered and almost blotted from the list of nations. Prussia was to have Dantzic and its neighborhood; Russia was to engross a still larger share; and the Emperor of Austria, Joseph II., was induced to join the unscrupulous confederacy.

Catherine had not entered upon this ungenerous design without some appearance of justice. The folly or madness of the Poles hastened their own destruction. Poland had long been divided into a great number of religious sects. The Catholics, the Greek Church, Protestantism, Socinianism, and various other forms of belief disturbed the peace of the nation. But toleration had long been the fundamental law of the government, when, unhappily, the Roman Catholics gained the ascendancy, and commenced a general persecution of all who differed from them. The result was violent internal disputes and a fearful scene of anarchy. Catherine fomented the civil war. Her armies entered the country under pretext of protecting the "Dissidents," as the Protestant dissenters were called; the Catholics imprudently persisted in their violence, and the religious war raged with unabated fury.

Poland, too, had for many ages been the en-

emy and sometimes the scourge of Russia. The Russians asserted that the territory they now proposed to seize had been ravished from their ancestors; while the Poles contended that the ancient Russian princes had been the subjects of Poland.* Prussia made a similar claim with the Russians. The Poles had no doubt overrun and conquered Prussia, as well as Russia, in early ages; and Frederick now professed only to demand what was his by right of inheritance. It is not my design to narrate the Polish wars. It is sufficient to know that Poland was oppressed by three great empires and the madness of its Catholic prelates, who called in the aid of the Turks. Its gallant struggle for freedom was in vain. Kosciusko, its last hero, was defeated under the walls of Warsaw, and in October, 1795, Poland ceased to exist. Catherine saw with singular exultation the progress of her empire toward the heart of Europe. She had baffled the intrigues of France, the hatred of England. Russia was moving westward. Who could say where its proud course should cease? Was Europe to become Cossack? Had she not made Russia the peer of France, England, Austria? Was not her empire, which had once been so despised, now not only European, but almost the master of European politics?

But dear as had ever been her ambitious project of placing her barbarous Russia among the first-class powers of Europe, there was one other design upon which she dwelt with even greater enthusiasm. The Russians, from the time of Rurik, have fixed their longing eyes upon Constantinople. The trust-worthy Nestor, and his follower and scholar Karamsin, relate that one of the first expeditions of the Varangian masters of Kief was against the Byzantine empire. Constantinople, however, conquered the Russians by a gift of Christianity and knowledge. The descendants of Rurik intermarried with the Byzantine emperors. "The Russians are our friends," exclaimed the historian Photius. Greek intelligence spread among the Slavonic tribes. Russia became almost a Greek province; and the Russians came to consider as a part of themselves and of their own possessions the faded magnificence of Constantinople; its holy fane of St. Sophia; its churches hallowed by the splendid ritual of their common faith and the presence of the patriarch of the East; its emperors, who in their low estate still looked upon the barbarous kings of France and Germany as their inferiors, and shrank from their alliance as a degradation, while they were the near connections of the Russian dukes; and in this unity of faith and feeling the Russians had become insensibly linked to the destinies of Constantinople. That city was their Mecca, their Jerusalem, their Rome; and their countless priests, monks, and nobles taught their subject people to look to the Byzantine

capital with a superstitious love and veneration.

In a moment this natural sentiment was fearfully shocked and outraged. The home of their religious masters was overwhelmed in a horrible fate. The wild, irresistible Ottomans, slaves of the hated crescent, intruded themselves between Russia and its religious centre, struck down the Greek, the Slave, the European, and captured Constantinople. The holy city was profaned and defiled by the Tartar horde. St. Sophia's venerable shrine became a mosque. The Greek Church was pillaged of its possessions; its priests, monks, and nuns sold into slavery; its ancient splendors forever torn away; and when the Greek population returned to their native city they found themselves fallen to the condition of slaves, and objects of insult and contempt to the coarse and hostile Turk. Every day they were subject to the vilest injuries, and every hour they were made to feel the horrors of their doom.

Turkey, meanwhile, firmly seated at Constantinople, menaced Russia in the moment of its feebleness, and terrified Europe. A succession of vigorous sultans and viziers made the Ottoman Empire, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, irresistible. The Greek population through all the isles and shores of Greece wept in chains, and felt that for them there was no hope. The Greek Church, still the faith of the larger part of the people of European Turkey, mourned by the rivers its captivity, and believed that its day of glory was forever gone. For where could it turn for aid? The Turk abhorred and persecuted it; the Pope looked coldly on its woes; the most Christian King of France was an ally of the sultan, Soliman the Great; and the grand-dukes of Russia, its only faithful friends, were the semi-barbarous rulers of a divided people.

The hope of the Greek Church came from the decline of the Turkish vigor and the rapid rise of Russia under the Romanoff dynasty. After the death of Soliman the Great the Ottoman Empire, which was only the settlement of a Tartar horde in the midst of a vast subject population, began necessarily to decay; it had no internal resources to recruit its powers, and it never assimilated the Greek population to itself. Russia meanwhile grew in strength, and began to venture to lift its arm against Turkey. Peter the Great came, and the contest was not unequal. Yet when, in the opening of her reign, Catherine ventured to dream of the conquest of Constantinople, the Turks were still a mighty people, covered by the renown of a hundred victories, while the Russians had yet to win a name among the conquering nations of Europe.

Catherine's design was singularly popular with the Russians. No nation is more religious than they. Even in the present day, strangers who ride in omnibuses in St. Petersburg are surprised, every now and then, to see their companions bowing and crossing themselves, and even muttering a short prayer, as

* See Chev , Hist. de la Pologne, i. p. 53 *et seq.* Schnitzler, Inst. Russe, p. 40. Jauffret, Cath. II.

they pass by a church or a holy painting; and no house in the capital, not even those of the foreign residents, is thought complete or safe to live in without a picture of a saint before which burns the ever-lighted lamp. Throughout the provinces superstition is still stronger; the priests, the monks, the smoky picture, the patron saint, are revered in every cottage and every palace; and the religious sentiment governs Russia, notwithstanding its numerous sects, with unrivaled power.

Hatred to the Turks has ever been a part of the Russian faith. They have sympathized with their Greek brethren in their bondage, and have lamented the fall of the metropolis of their Church. Constantinople, to them, is not only a splendid city, or a favorable port for Russian commerce, but it is the ancient seat of Christianity enslaved by a band of infidels; the natural centre of a great Greek population ravished from them by the spoiler. It is not ambition, but justice and duty, that animate the Russian in his crusade against the Turks. It is a holy war, which can never end until the hated race shall have been driven back to its deserts, and St. Sophia once more resounds with the musical liturgy of the Greeks.

Catherine seized upon this prevailing sentiment, and used it to confirm her unstable throne. Yet she began the contest with considerable distrust. The Turks, indeed, first declared war against Russia, incited by the intrigues of France, and by the solicitation of the Polish Catholics; and immense hosts of infidels appeared on the borders of Russia, and seemed to defy the efforts of the best Russian commanders. But very soon the internal weakness of Turkey began to appear. Romanzoff, the hero of the war, defeated, in 1770, an army of 80,000 Turks. An army of 150,000 men, led by the grand vizier, threw themselves upon the victorious Russians; Romanzoff, with only 18,000, charged them with bayonets, and drove them, broken and routed, from the field. The Turks now lost courage, and saw their strongest fortresses fall, one by one, before the active Russians. A still more fatal blow, meantime, had fallen upon the Ottoman power. Catherine, with her usual foresight, had resolved to attack the enemy in the Grecian seas. The dockyards of Archangel, Cronstadt, and Reval resounded with her naval preparations. A fleet of twenty sail of the line was built; the sailors were trained upon the Northern seas; able English officers entered the Russian navy, and lent their aid in making Russia a maritime power; and, to the astonishment of Europe, the powerful Russian fleet, commanded by Admiral Spiridoff, but in fact controlled by Alexey Orloff, set sail from the Baltic for the Mediterranean, and was soon engaged in exciting to revolt the isles and continent of Greece. Once more Catherine had startled Western Europe by a display of unexampled energy. Never before had a Russian fleet been seen in the Mediterranean.

A fierce battle took place (1770) between the

Turkish and the Russian navies among the isles of Greece. The Capudan-Pasha, in the *Sultan*, of ninety guns, attacked the ship of Admiral Spiridoff. The vessels came alongside of each other, and poured upon each other an incessant fire. A rain of cannon-shot and grenades swept the decks, but neither side would yield. At length the *Sultan* took fire; the Russian ship was unable to disengage itself, and both blew up together. The commanders and a few officers alone escaped. The Turks continued to fight the Russians all day with desperate courage, and at evening entered the narrow bay of Tschesme. Here, the next night, the English officers of the Russian fleet sent in fire-ships among them; Lieutenant Dugdale himself fastened a fire-ship to one of the Turkish vessels; the fleet, crowded together in a narrow space, was soon in flames, and before morning the Turkish navy was perfectly destroyed.

Catherine's towering ambition might well have been satisfied with the renown of her victories by sea and land. Turkey, once so terrible, lay almost at her mercy. In her exultation she rewarded Alexey Orloff and Romanzoff with boundless liberality. Her throne was now perfectly assured. Her people looked upon her with reverence and pride. Foreign nations courted and feared her. Her great name overshadowed Europe, and if, after all, she did not win Constantinople, she obtained possession of the Crimea, and opened the path which must surely lead the Russians to the Byzantine capital. Nearly a hundred years have passed since her famous victories. Turkey has been saved by the interference of the united powers of the West. Yet it will probably be a happy day for millions of subject Greeks when the Russian standards float over the walls of Constantinople.

Catherine's life was one of ceaseless labor. She rose at six both in winter and summer, she always retired to her room at ten. Her day was chiefly passed in her own apartments, at her desk, or in consultations with her trusted counselors. She planned her own military expeditions, and attended to the internal regulations of her vast empire. She sent out scientific men to explore her distant territories, and brave navigators to trace the continent of America and the islands of Bering Strait. She founded schools and charitable institutions, and looked with pity on the sufferings of the poor. She planned a vast scheme of internal improvement; built canals, roads, and bridges in various parts of the empire; reformed the laws of the nation; enforced justice; protected, when she could not emancipate, the serf; recommended morality; was assiduous in her religious observances; and filled all Europe with the fame of her liberality and beneficence.

Yet there were moments when Catherine must have felt how giddy was that splendid eminence upon which she had placed herself, and when the anticipated pains of deposition, shame, and death drove her to remorseless deeds of

cruelty and crime. At such moments no fear of infamy, no sentiment of pity, moved her from her fearful design. She crushed the feeble pretenders to her throne with relentless hand. She pursued them to their deaths with a malignity full of fraud and vindictiveness. Yet, in this respect, was she more guilty than Elizabeth of England, the executioner of her cousin, or Mary, the assassin of her husband; than Henry VIII., or Louis XIV.? The two most noted victims of Catherine's jealous tyranny were Prince Ivan III. and the fair Princess Tarrakanoff.

Built upon an island in the midst of the Neva, about forty miles from St. Petersburg, stands the famous fortress of Schlussemburgh, the Bastile of Russia. Its walls are fifty feet high, of stone and brick, and within it are rows of horrible cells and dungeons, in which the miserable captives live in a kind of twilight gloom. Here Maria, the sister, and Eudocia, the first wife of Peter the Great, were confined; and here the unhappy Prince Ivan lingered for twenty-three years, until put to death by the orders of Catherine. Ivan was descended from the elder half-brother of Peter the Great. When an infant he was raised to the throne, from whence he was deposed by one of those sudden revolutions so common in Russia, and passed the remainder of his life in close confinement. Once Emperor of all the Russias, the miserable youth was subjected to barbarities seldom equaled. He was confined in a subterranean vault, from which the light of day was carefully excluded. He knew no difference between day and night. His guards were forbidden to speak to him, and he grew up without any intercourse with his fellow-men. He was never taught to read and write; his mind was purposely enfeebled; and, like Casper Hauser, his utterance was defective, and he seems to have become, in the gloom of his dreadful dungeon, a wretched imbecile. At least his persecutors spread the most degrading reports concerning his mental condition, and it was said that he was at times a raving lunatic, ferocious as a savage.

But during all these long years of imprisonment the memory of the unfortunate young Czar seems still to have been cherished by the Russians, and many knew that there was shut up in the gloomy walls of the castle a prisoner who was entitled to sit on the throne of Russia. Conspiracies were formed in his favor. His name was still powerful; and Catherine, alarmed for her own safety, placed two officers in Ivan's cell, with orders to put him to death in case of an insurrection. The moment for the execution of this barbarous order soon came. A plot was formed to set Ivan free and place him on the throne; the conspirators had obtained admission to the castle, and were hastening toward the prince's chamber, when the two assassins attacked Ivan, and notwithstanding his cries for mercy, and his vain struggles, pierced him with many wounds. The body of Ivan was the next day exposed before the church in the castle of Schlussemburgh, and im-

mense crowds of people, full of pity and indignation, came from St. Petersburg and the neighboring country to weep over his remains. The assassins fled in a ship to Denmark, to escape the rage of their countrymen, but were afterward amply rewarded and praised by the empress, and the death of her hapless rival seemed to complete Catherine's security.

The story of the fair Princess Tarrakanoff is even more touching and romantic than that of the miserable Ivan. She was the daughter of the Empress Elizabeth by a clandestine marriage. Prince Radzivil, of Poland, enraged at the cruelties exercised by Catherine upon the Poles, resolved to employ the young princess, the offspring of the beloved Elizabeth, as an instrument to disturb the peaceful rule of the usurper. It is even said that he intended to marry the princess, and he took her to Rome to educate her under his own care. But Catherine, who was informed by her spies of all that happened in foreign courts, soon discovered the plans of Prince Radzivil. She at once confiscated his estates, and reduced him to live upon the sale of his diamonds, and at length prevailed upon him, by the offer of restoring his property, to promise that he would no longer concern himself about the daughter of Elizabeth. He could not, however, be induced to betray the young princess into the hands of her destroyers, and a different agent was therefore employed.

Alexey Orloff, the assassin of Peter III., was one of the fearful ornaments of Catherine's court. He was a savage, uneducated, coarse, insolent, and vain. His strength was enormous. He crushed pieces of iron or glass in his hand without an effort. He broke an apple in two with his fingers. His conscience was seared, and he is said to have boasted openly of his murder of Peter, and to have described minutely the manner in which it was done before a large company. Yet the terrible power which Alexey had gained over the Empress forced her not only to tolerate his society, but to cover him with honors and emoluments. He shone in all her court entertainments at the head of the Russian nobles. He had been placed in command of the Mediterranean fleet, and to him the empress attributed all the glory of its success, which was in fact due to the English officers. Catherine gave him the title of Tschesminski. She presented him with a magnificent palace of Tschesme, which she had built for him near her own. He was adorned with the decoration of the highest order of knighthood, and foreign ambassadors who came to pay their court to the empress saw the murderer of her husband always at her side.

It was to this monster, who was cunning as well as brutal, that Catherine committed the duty of decoying the Princess Tarrakanoff within reach of her vengeance. Attended by a single domestic, her only friend, the princess was now living in poverty at Rome, the desertion of Prince Radzivil having left her quite alone. Here she was visited by a Neapolitan, Ribas, an

emissary of Orloff, who pretended a deep concern for her misfortunes, and even supplied her with money when she was in great necessity. The princess was scarcely sixteen. She was innocent and trustful, and she soon learned to look upon Ribas as her benefactor and a preserver sent to her from Heaven. Her female attendant was also won by the arts of the betrayer; and nothing can be more touching than the spectacle of these two hapless women falling a prey to the cunning Neapolitan.

Having thus won their perfect confidence, Ribas proceeded a step farther in his plan. He told the princess that he was commissioned by Count Alexey Orloff to offer her the Russian crown. He said that the Russians were discontented with Catherine's rule; that Orloff, particularly, was incensed at her ingratitude; and that if the princess would accept his services and reward him by the gift of her hand, he could easily place her upon the throne of Russia, amidst the general joy of the people. This brilliant hope of a relief from her present sufferings, so unlooked for and so imposing, filled the imagination of the poor young girl, and led her into an excess of confidence. Already she saw herself an empress. From miserable poverty and dependence she was suddenly to be raised to the splendors of a throne. The vision, which had been first presented to her fancy by Prince Radzivil, was now about to be realized, nor did it seem improbable that the daughter of Elizabeth would be more acceptable to the Russians than the German Catherine. The young princess awaited in eager expectation the approach of her benefactor, Orloff.

He came covered with the renown of his late victories. He threw himself at the feet of the princess, and professed the deepest love and admiration for her; and he soon won her heart, and she loved him with sincere affection. In vain did several persons, who saw through his evil designs, endeavor to persuade the princess of the danger of confiding in him. She only repeated what they said to Orloff, and gave him a new opportunity of showing his rare address by defending himself against their calumnies. He now urged their marriage, and the day was appointed for its solemnization. The ceremony was to be performed according to the Greek ritual; and Orloff employed several of his dependents to disguise themselves as priests and lawyers, and thus desecrate the holy rite. The murderer of Peter feared neither God nor man.

The princess now appeared every where in Italy as the wife of Orloff. He treated her with studious attention. Her love and trust in him was unbounded, and she clung to him with a touching faith that contrasts strangely with the murderous duplicity of the man she loved. When he urged upon her the necessity of their leaving Rome, in order to carry out their project of dethroning Catherine in some less conspicuous city, she said that she would follow him wherever he went. He brought her

to Pisa and lodged her in a magnificent palace; but when she went to a play or any public place he always accompanied her himself. He scarcely suffered her to go out of his sight, and was fearful that his victim might yet be ravished from him.

The plot was now drawing toward a successful close. A division of the Russian fleet had entered the port of Leghorn, and Orloff pretended that it was necessary for him to go thither; he offered to take the princess with him, and she gladly consented to go. She was eager to see the famous city, but, above all, to look upon the stately ships of her native land. Upon their arrival at Leghorn she staid at the house of the English consul, with the ladies of his family, and was received every where with great distinction, as the daughter of an empress and the wife of Count Orloff. A little court gathered around her, anxious to fulfill her slightest wish. The people thronged to see her as she passed through the streets. Balls and entertainments were given in her honor; and the unhappy girl was plunged in a round of gayety and excitement in which she almost seemed an empress indeed.

So wholly unconscious was she of treachery and danger that she at length asked to be shown the Russian fleet. Orloff consented, and gave the necessary orders. The next day, when they rose from the table, they went down to the water-side, where a boat, with a magnificent awning, had been prepared for the princess. She entered, followed by a party of ladies and the English consul. Orloff went in a second boat, accompanied by Admiral Greig; and a third, filled with English and Russian officers, closed the procession. An immense crowd of people had collected on the wharves to witness the novel spectacle. As the boats approached the fleet the princess was received with salutes of artillery; a band of music played the national airs, and loud huzzas rang through the crowded vessels. Never was there a more inspiring welcome; and as the princess approached the vessel she was to enter, a chair, splendidly adorned, was let down from the side, and when she alighted on deck it was observed that she was received by the Russian officers with all the honors due to her exalted rank.

But in a moment she was seized and handcuffed. Vainly she implored the mercy of him whom she still called her husband; vainly did she throw herself at his feet and cover them with her tears. Orloff refused even to reply to her touching lamentations. She was carried down into the hold of the vessel, and the next day set sail, a prisoner in irons, for Russia. On reaching St. Petersburg the unhappy princess was shut up in Schlussemburgh, and was forever hidden amidst its gloomy dungeons. It is not known certainly how she died; but it is said that after six years' imprisonment the waters of the Neva, in the disastrous inundation of 1771, swept over the island of Schlussel-

burgh and ended the sufferings of the royal prisoner.

Catherine, meantime, showed no trace, in her outward bearing, of the cares and terrors of her lofty station. She still appeared among the ladies of her court with an air of dignity that, even in the plainest dress, would have marked her as their chief. Her look spoke authority and command. Her brown hair, her large blue eyes, her fair complexion, her graceful arm and hand, her well-rounded form, seemed untouched by time. Her dress was usually plain, except on solemn festivals, when her head and corset were covered with diamonds. She seemed courteous, gentle, beneficent, and was outwardly devout; and strangers who visited her court were charmed by her easy dignity and native grace. Yet there was scarcely a moment when the memory of her murdered husband could have been absent from her mind; and had she forgotten him, a succession of impostors who assumed his name and endeavored to shake her power must have recalled him both to the nation and the empress.

The most successful of these was Pugatcheff. He was a Cossack who had been a common soldier in the army, but who bore a striking resemblance to Peter III. Russia at this time abounded in heretics or separatists, particularly among the Cossack hordes, who professed to hold a purer faith than that of the established priesthood, and who desired to restore the national church to its early simplicity. To these reformers Pugatcheff addressed himself. He declared that he was the lost emperor, Peter III., who had escaped from his murderers; that the cause of his deposition and imprisonment had been his zeal for religious reform; and that he was come to lead his faithful Cossacks to the deliverance of the Church and the overthrow of their persecutors. A wild religious enthusiasm spread through the brave but ignorant hordes from the Caspian to the Irtish. Pugatcheff collected a powerful army and defeated several Russian commanders. Catherine might well tremble for her uncertain throne. All Southern Russia was overrun by the rebels, and even Moscow, never well-affected toward the empress, seemed about to fall into their hands. The impostor gave liberty to the serfs, and wherever his armies came the nobles were murdered by their slaves, who flocked to the banners of Peter III. A great reward was offered for Pugatcheff's head, yet among all his wild followers not one would betray him. He was at last defeated by his own imprudence (1774), and brought in an iron cage to Moscow, where he was put to death. It is believed that the impostor was an instrument in the hands of a large party of the priests and the nobility, and that Catherine prudently concealed from the nation the names of those who were the authors of the design.

From this time Catherine reigned almost undisturbed—the mistress of the North. Good fortune attended all her enterprises. She waged

another war with Turkey, and wrested from it the Crimea. Poland was reduced to a terrible tranquillity. Her wonderful intellect seemed to expand in grandeur as her power increased. When the American Revolution broke out her sympathies were plainly with our forefathers, and she was among the first of the European powers to welcome the ships of the new-born nation to the free traffic of the seas. Much to the displeasure of the English Government, she opened her ports to the flag of the revolted colonists. But she also aimed a still more vigorous blow against the naval supremacy of England. She invented the scheme of an armed neutrality, and enforced the principle that free ships make free goods. Denmark, Sweden, Prussia, Austria, and even Portugal accepted her amendment to the maritime law, and thus Catherine has the merit of having made a valuable improvement in the code of nations. She recommended to her subjects perfect religious toleration, and all the various sects lived together under her equitable sway in perfect amity. The Catholics threw aside their exclusiveness, the Calvinists and the Lutherans their terror of popery, the Greeks their nationality, and formed a common brotherhood, in which the harsh note of religious controversy was never heard.

On the day when she blessed the waters of the Neva the empress gave to the clergy of all denominations an entertainment which she called *the dinner of toleration*. At the head of the bountiful table presided Gabriel, Archbishop of Novgorod and St. Petersburg, with the graceful and hospitable manner so common to the Russian noble. Around him the highest dignitaries of the Greek Church were mingled with the pastors of the Protestant congregations and the priests of the Catholic faith. A Jesuit took wine with the Dutch Reformed minister; a Greek pope conversed freely with a Lutheran divine. When different wines were served around on the same salver, the archbishop said, pleasantly, in allusion to the occasion: "These wines are all good; they differ only in color and taste;" and at the close of the repast he repeated, in a clear voice, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and goodwill to men." The remainder of the evening was passed in cheerful conversation; Russian, French, German, and Latin were heard on all sides; and the good-humored clergy ever retained a pleasing recollection of the *dinner of toleration*. The lesson which Catherine taught might well be studied in every land. Let us, by all means, give "dinners of toleration."

On the darker shades of Catherine's character I do not propose to dwell. Let her errors be buried with her. They certainly brought with them their own fearful retribution. Prince Gregory Orloff, her favorite for many years, and the chief author of her greatness, died, in 1784, a raving madman, the victim of remorse. The bleeding shade of the murdered Peter III. followed him wherever he went; terrified him

in horrible visions at night, and seemed constantly to threaten him with avenging darts. Orloff sometimes sunk into silent melancholy, and then broke out into wild shouts of insane merriment. He heaped curses and wild reproaches upon Catherine fearful to listen to, and which seemed to plunge her in the deepest despair. At length the wretched prince fled to Moscow, and died in unspeakable agony.

Deep as had been Catherine's depression, she soon rose above it again, and plunged into business and dissipation. So long as the crescent waved over the Golden Horn, her life could never want an object. Her fierce ambition was easily fired, and her courtiers never ceased to point it toward Constantinople. Potemkin, her new favorite, led her armies against the Turks with various success; but still the glittering prize remained unwon. The jealousy of the Western powers, and the obstinate courage of the Turks, defeated her design of placing her grandson, Constantine, on the Byzantine throne. Potemkin, meantime, raised by the favor of his sovereign from a low station, became the most magnificent subject in Europe. A giant in size and strength, half savage, half human, he astonished his age by his boundless extravagance and his unlimited power. Catherine alone could hold his savage nature in check. His intellect was vigorous, although uncultivated; but he grew fond of study, and lingered with delight over the clear portraits and stately characters of Plutarch. He was accused of having been present at the murder of Peter, but he always denied it. At length his mighty frame gave way, destroyed by its own wild passions. He died in 1791. Catherine buried him at Kherson, and raised a magnificent mausoleum over his remains.

Age had now come upon her, death was drawing near, yet never was she more busy. She seemed to seek oblivion of the past in the exercise of her boundless power. She seized upon Courland and annexed it to her empire. She overran a part of Persia. She concluded a treaty of alliance with Austria and England, by which Turkey was to be conquered and made Russian. The Greeks were eagerly awaiting her coming to rise against the hated Turk; the empire of Constantine and of Justinian was to be revived in unexampled splendor by the mistress of the icy North; and Catherine was the most successful and the most powerful sovereign that had ever sat upon a European throne.

In the midst of this last grand scheme of ambition she died, on the morning of November 6, 1796. She arose in her usual excellent health, and took a cup of coffee. She then retired to her closet. Her women found her, about half an hour afterward, lying speechless on the floor. She never spoke again, although she lived until ten o'clock the next evening. It is sometimes said that Catherine was as fortunate in her death as in her life; yet who can tell what thoughts rushed to her active brain during that long period of humiliating weakness! She saw,

perhaps, the whole vision of her by-gone life in strange and startling distinctness. She was again the kind, the pure, the generous Sophia of Zerbst, full of the hallowed impulses of a spotless youth. Once more the venerable Lutheran pastor pointed out to her the way to eternal bliss; once more she shrank with prophetic terror from the dazzling hope of an earthly crown. Again she was loved, wooed, and won; again she shrank from the fatal nuptials. Then came the reign of passion, ambition, crime. She had murdered him who once loved her, but whom she had irrevocably estranged; and the diamond crown of all the Russias glittered above her uneasy brow. The shade of Peter next passed slowly, with sad eyes, before her speechless form. Then came the mournful Ivan, showing his gaping wounds. Then the young daughter of Elizabeth, groveling at the feet of Orloff, her betrayer; and then a countless host of vigorous men and helpless women and children, whom Catherine's unholy ambition had condemned to sorrow, disease, and death. Then the passions which had ruled over her like raging demons must have seemed loathsome as Spenser's pictures; then the spectre of Sin, beheld for the first time in its true character, must have realized Milton's allegory; and then the consciousness of impending death must have drawn from that shrinking spirit a wail as full of unutterable melancholy as that which Homer ascribes to the Cimmerian shades.

A strange and eccentric funeral was prepared by the new emperor, Paul, for his wonderful mother. It was the symbol of some hidden meaning. Paul seems to have meditated in secret upon his father's fate and his mother's errors, and in a dim way strove to make some atonement for both. He ordered the coffin of Peter to be brought and set by the side of that of Catherine, and stretching from one to the other was a true-lover's knot, on which was inscribed, "Divided in life; united in death." The imperial crown was placed on his father's coffin. But the most striking circumstance of the ceremony was the singular punishment which Paul now inflicted upon the two surviving murderers, Alexey Orloff and Prince Baratinsky. They were forced to stand, as chief mourners, one on each side of Peter's coffin, for three hours, in the presence of a countless throng of spectators. Alexey Orloff bore the terrible ordeal without shrinking; but the Prince Baratinsky was overwhelmed with confusion and remorse, and could scarcely be kept from fainting by the use of stimulants. Grown old in crime, the two conspirators, after more than thirty years, looked once more upon the remains of him whom they had so cruelly murdered, and were pointed out to all Russia as the assassins of the Czar. They were then banished from the court, but received no other punishment. Such was the end of Sophia of Zerbst, and of that fatal marriage by which she became the mightiest monarch of her time.

MY CHUM'S STORY.

I.—MY CHUM.

WHEN I was in college I roomed with—well, never mind his name now, for you will hear of him in his own way before long.

He was remarkable in college for three things—quick wit, laziness, and story-telling. Of the three, laziness was rather his strong point. His stories, of which he had an inexhaustible fund, made him a favorite in all circles among the students; and his wit helped him out of many a corner in which his laziness would otherwise have surrendered him to discipline.

"Don't hesitate so," said the Professor of Metaphysics to him, encouragingly, in one of our first recitations in "Locke on the Understanding." "Speak out: I think you are correct."

"The fact is," returned Chum, who had only glanced over the lesson in his quick way, "the author is very abstruse, and I feel as if I had a Lock-jaw of the Understanding."

Chum was not pleased, second term of Junior year, when we were required to write compositions once a month. I always liked to write, when I had any ideas; and I studied shorthand in order to write other people's ideas when I had none of my own. Chum, who was full of ideas, hated to write. "You might as well ask me," said he, "to dispense all the dews of a broad summer evening through the nozzle of your garden watering-pot as expect me to condense my thoughts, by the point of a mean steel pen, on a sheet of note-paper. Why, I think all over, and I can't write it."

After sitting silent at his writing-table he asked me if my sister had a sewing-machine.

"Yes, she has. Why do you ask?"

"Because I wish you would take her needle out of the shank and put a pen in instead, and see if a fellow can't write by working the treadle! But oh, hum! the girls have got ahead of us on the labor-saving machines, I am afraid."

With this he threw down his pen and went off, and I believe it was the last time he thought of his composition until the Saturday when we were going to the lecture-room to read. He then begged a half-quire of paper from my port-folio, and confessed that he had not written a word.

When he was called on in turn to read he rose, to my great amazement, faced the Professor, unrolled his half-quire of white paper, holding it up between him and his preceptor as if it were a hardly legible manuscript, cast upon me a confidential but grave glance, cleared his throat, and in a steady voice commenced a story which ran substantially as follows:

MANY years ago an unfortunate woman, who had married a foreign gentleman of elegant but dissipated habits, and followed him with fidelity to the end of his downward course abroad, found herself, upon his sudden death in a duel, left a widow, far from her native land. Her few

relatives at home were wealthy, but she had been long estranged from them by her husband's course.

She had now one son, a bright lad of twelve, whose waywardness constantly reminded her of the waywardness of her unhappy husband. Etienne's growing resemblance to his deceased father enhanced her affection for the boy, while it doubled her solitudes as to his future, by continually awakening the tender but painful memories of the past.

A little money and a few valuables were left to her out of the wreck of her fortune; and in this wretched state she counted herself happy that she was able to return to her own land, with her alien-born son, and bearing the remains of her alien husband.

Soon after landing she gave birth to twins, a boy and a girl. The nearest relatives of this sad widow, Mrs. Merprise, were two brothers, of the name of Krebb, one of whom, Louis, paid some attention to her wants. Louis Krebb was a wealthy gentleman who resided in the city of New York. He was unmarried, but maintained a considerable establishment, and divided his leisure between his home and his club. Among a large circle of acquaintance he was well spoken of out of respect to his wealth, and on the same account many little eccentricities of character, which would have provoked criticism if exhibited by a "small fellow," as a man of moderate means is called by some others, were unnoticed in him.

This brother assisted the widow to obtain a small cottage in a quiet village on the banks of the Housatonic River. She chose this situation because she desired to live economically; and here she might, without great discomfort, even labor with her own hands, if that should be necessary, for the welfare of her children. To avoid such a necessity she would gladly have accepted further assistance from her wealthy brother if it had been offered; but the aid which she hesitated to ask he would not volunteer to give. Perhaps, knowing her pride, he satisfied himself with assuring her, in general terms, and not in the most cordial manner, that if she wanted any thing more she must ask for it. He went back to the city leaving her pleasantly ensconced in a comfortable little home, but without inquiring too closely into her resources for the future.

Mrs. Merprise struggled successfully for life, and brought up her children with such teaching as her own fireside and the village school afforded.

When the elder son, Etienne, was grown a handsome, tall, and slender fellow of twenty, and Stephen and Susie, the twins, were stout children of eight or nine, Miss Margaret Maidstone came to the village to take charge of the district school. Her arrival was a great event in the village. She was a mature and well-educated woman, who had chosen teaching for her profession, as it were. She was prepossessing in personal appearance, and every one wondered why she should remain a teacher at thirty years of age.

Etienne at this time was a leading spirit among the young people of the village, yet not a favorite with them. Others were more thoroughly taught, more practically trained than he;

but he was more apt and more fastidious, and had a superior address and adroitness, which gave him precedence of them. He had a good degree of that power of self-adaptation which enables its possessor to make himself agreeable to persons of the most opposite characteristics, and even to exert a fascinating influence over minds of stronger qualities; but his feelings, though deep, were narrow and selfish. He had not those broad, common sympathies which, better than any thing except the passion of love, call that fascinating self-adaptation into exercise, and make the possessor universally agreeable. He was conscious of his superiority in manners and tastes, and this consciousness tended to repel the affection of those who followed his lead. But as yet he was unconscious of the power of self-adaptation which gave him this superficial superiority, because he lacked hitherto the motive force of a strong affection which should set it in play.

Etienne soon made an impression upon the mind of the new teacher that led her to a strong though a mixed interest in him. She possessed a good share of those ready sympathies which he lacked, and to the force of these were soon added a personal interest in his character and a warm wish for his welfare. He was headstrong, and constantly resisted the control of his mother; but he soon found himself yielding his own will, with pleasure, to Miss Maidstone, and even seeking from her good counsel he would have laughed at if another person had offered it. In this way an intimacy sprung up between them such as a Junior in college is supposed to know nothing about. It is said, however, by those who *do* know, that two hearts do thus sometimes effect a telegraphic union, the tie being, in exterior appearance, nothing but a commonplace, non-conducting, scholastic, Platonic affection; while within, concealed and protected by this flexible insulator, is an interior core of electric cord.

Before she was aware of it Margaret Maidstone was more than half in love with Etienne, and had almost half-acknowledged it. She refused to enter into an engagement of marriage with him, pointing out the disparity of their ages, and asserting the sisterly nature of her interest in him as the sole ground of their intimacy. She was, however, too much fascinated by the young man to relinquish an acquaintance which aroused the most interior and deepest affections of her soul. Her prudence sufficed to deter her from accepting him as her betrothed, but it did not suffice to withdraw her from his agreeable companionship. She indirectly encouraged a fruitless passion, which she vainly thought she could control for her own peace of mind, and could use for his welfare.

Little Stephen and Susie, walking to and from school, often carried some little message or note between these loving friends, and without knowing what they were about, promoted the progress of a passion which determined the future of their brother.

At about the time when Margaret began to feel the inevitable struggle that was approaching she first met with Mr. Krebb, the uncle of Etienne. This gentleman, well advanced in years but well preserved in condition, visited the town, partly at the request of Mrs. Merprise, who was in failing health, and partly to look at a new

mill property he was urged to buy. It happened that Miss Maidstone was returning from New York in the same train, at the end of a short vacation, and they met as fellow-travelers, accidentally discovering that they were going to the same place.

Mr. Krebb addressed himself with much courtesy to entertain her. He drew out the mental resources of his fair and womanly companion, and gazed with much pleasure on her handsome and expressive face, as she conversed with her own animation upon the topics of the day. He pressed her with questions about the village and the family of Mrs. Merprise. She spoke warmly of Mrs. Merprise, who was now an invalid, and praised the twins, who were her best pupils. She made an effort to speak of Etienne frankly and without embarrassment. But she found in so doing that her own tongue revealed to her a sober estimate of his character which she had not acknowledged to herself before. She spoke no ill of him; but that which she did say was so guarded and qualified that she was startled at her own words. This conversation on her own part made an impression on her mind which she could not efface. She felt now, in the presence of Mr. Krebb, that she had never before deliberately measured Etienne's worth. She had regarded him with a pure sympathy under the influence of his fascinating manners, and in solitude had cherished the charm which his companionship possessed for her. But now, when she strove to give the best account of him that she could, she was alarmed to hear herself speaking so much in the tone of apology or excuse. When she was secluded in the rural scene where she met Etienne he filled a large space in her little world; but a visit to New York, and converse with men and women who were full of the grave activities of life, enlarged her horizon; she became more conscious of her own innate ambitions, and in Etienne's absence a gulf appeared between her own assiduous habits and tastes and his unsettled mind and purposeless life. The most favorable estimate which her tongue could put forth in definite words entered her ears again as a condemnation.

So quickly does it sometimes cool the heated vapors of the brain to make a little circuit in the outer air.

That which we hear our own tongues say, if it does not confirm us, convicts us. Margaret, after this conversation, felt that she was self-convicted. What she had said about Etienne, by its kindly silence and omissions, defined the negative limits of his character, and enabled her judgment, for the first time, decisively to condemn the false position into which her sympathies and the luxury of his affection had led her.

Such are the contradictions of judgment and affection that as they approached the village station her newly-formed judgment began to waver before the rising emotion of expectancy. She wondered if Etienne would come to meet her, and both hoped and feared that he would. Mr. Krebb courteously assisted her to alight from the car, and offered her his arm to lead her through the crowd. Following him thus, she saw Etienne awaiting them just without. A flush of pleasure on her face answered for the moment to the flash of delight his countenance showed at the recognition; but the next moment he discovered that

she was hanging on the arm of a stranger. His brows fell; he gazed at her an instant; and then, turning, disappeared before she could approach him. He was seized by a jealousy which was the more sharp because he knew he had no right to be jealous. His unreasonableness rebuked the pleasurable emotions she had indulged; and her judgment asserted itself again, and she condemned him more strongly than before.

From this time Margaret Maidstone withdrew from her intimacy with Etienne. She was wounded by his expostulations, and half repented her determination; but this feeling was superseded by regret to see him abandon the good resolutions he had formed under her influence. He became as wayward as ever before, and she was sorrowfully confirmed in her judgment.

She was subsequently surprised by the attentions which Mr. Krebb paid to her, and soon by his proposals of marriage. Flattered yet disappointed, half pleased and half indifferent, she tried to arouse in favor of Mr. Krebb the emotions that Etienne had awakened. She passively received his addresses, and referred him to "Papa," as even an independent young lady of thirty years may well do in a case of short acquaintance.

"Papa" and Mr. Krebb soon arranged the matter; the wedding took place; and in due season Mrs. Margaret Krebb assumed her new position at the head of the establishment of the elderly capitalist whose name and fortunes she had prudentially consented to share.

Poor Etienne, who had never consented to take No for an answer from Margaret, declared he would not remain to witness such a match, and on the eve of the wedding he broke his mother's heart by suddenly disappearing. His hat was afterward found on the bank of the river; and after the lapse of years the opinion that he had drowned himself became fully accepted by all the family, and his death became a legal fact. His mother died lamenting her lost son. She committed the care of her remaining children to a kind neighbor, in whose family they proved industrious and useful. Stephen adopted the trade of a mason, and shortly before he became of age he removed with Susie to New York, where he found employment. He neither sought nor received attention from Mr. and Mrs. Krebb, but in his own sturdy way set about working out his own fortunes.

Mrs. Krebb, at the head of her city establishment, found many hours in which she could not but fondly think her lot might have been different—more humble yet more happy. Yet she could not, in all her reveries, decisively conclude whether she wished it had been otherwise with her or not.

At this point Chum ceased, and took his seat.

The Professor sat in his desk, with his chin thrust forward, and his eyes closely set, looking at Chum. Chum rolled up his white paper tightly, put it in his pocket, and tried very hard to look unconcerned.

We could not tell whether the Professor was disappointed at this lame conclusion of what had promised to be a romance, or whether he was dissatisfied that a love-story should be in-

troduced among the grave essays which Juniors are wont to produce.

He tapped on his desk and said: "Young gentlemen, you may hand me your manuscripts for corrections. I will return them next week."

Chum was evidently shocked; but he buttoned over his pocket, and, after the others had handed in their sheets, he rose and said, respectfully: "If you please, Sir, mine is not yet finished. It will be concluded next time, so it will be necessary for me to keep it; and I will hand both parts in together."

Saying this, he sat down and folded his arms as if there was nothing more to be said.

"But I shall assign you a *subject* for next session," said the Professor, looking askance at Chum. "I wish you all to take the same subject; say—say *Heroism*."

"Heroism!" said Chum. "That's exactly what the next part of my composition is about."

Before his last word was uttered the class broke up. Chum, sitting next me, near the door, was the first to escape.

"There's your paper," said he, tossing down the half-quire. "Much obliged."

II.—HEROISM.

After our Professor of Rhetoric, in second term, Junior year, had given us a subject for composition, instead of leaving us each to choose his own, Chum seemed more disinclined to write than ever. He is certainly a fellow of ability, and, listening to his conversation, you would think him full of intellectual wealth. But he never would work. This, however, relates to what he used to be. I hear recently that he has at last set up in life for himself, has married a good, sensible, New England girl, and got a place on the editorial staff of a New York daily paper. I have no doubt that, between them, he'll get bravely over his college indolence.

Chum seemed to make no more preparation for his second composition than for his first. He is quite incapable, I know, of deliberately planning a deceit; and I doubt whether he gave a thought to his appearance in the class without a manuscript until the other boys began to read.

As his turn approached he whispered to me, "Where's my paper? Give me some paper."

"I have none," replied I, laughing at his anxiety. I thought he richly deserved to be caught, for presuming so far on the Professor's ignorance or indulgence as to tell one of his rambling stories instead of writing a composition.

He shrugged his shoulders and sat back composedly. When I finished my reading, and the Professor occupied himself in marking his estimate of its merits upon his record of the class, Chum took up my manuscript curiously, and turned over the leaves. In a moment his name was called, and he was on his feet, holding up my paper before him, and with his prepossessing effrontery actually reading the title of my

own grave essay as the name of his story. The boys were naturally more interested in one of Chum's tales than in their own homilies, and even the unsuspecting Professor settled himself comfortably in his chair, as if enjoying a sort of gratification in this variation of our routine.

"Heroism is not, as has been well said by an able writer"—and here, with mock gravity, Chum gave a glance at me, as if to mark the compliment, and acknowledge that he was reading the first sentences of my own essay—"heroism is not confined to the lofty and the great. It is often found in its purest state among those who, by reason of their humble circumstances, the world will never recognize as heroes."

These were *my* very words! I thought it was a fine sentiment when I originated it, and I think so still. I did not know whether to be vexed or gratified by his stealing my work; but it sounded so well, as he rolled out the rounded period, that, instead of snatching my manuscript from his hands, I sat still to hear more.

But although his eye seemed to follow my lines, and he turned over leaf after leaf as he went on, that was the end of his extract, and he commenced his own "composition," as I suppose he called it, in the following tenor:

UPON the deck of a small trading-vessel on the Atlantic, about midway between New York and Liverpool, two young women sat in a crouching posture against the bulwark, the better to evade the violent motion of the vessel, which was riding over the huge waves of a subsiding storm. They were dressed in thick, dark, short skirts, each with a handkerchief pinned over the shoulders. The elder wore a white cap much disheveled and stained by the weather, while the fair hair of the younger was drawn tightly back each side of the forehead, and half hung, half fell, in neglected locks behind. At their feet lay a large Newfoundland dog, who, not being able to hold on where he lay, as the girls could by the bulwark, seemed in danger of sliding away from them across the wet and slippery deck as the vessel rose steeply into the air after every downward plunge. From time to time, as the vessel thus careened more than usual, he looked up into the face of the younger girl with an expression which seemed to say that he would not leave their feet if he could help it; and she rewarded these dumb assurances of fidelity with an affectionate caress or some native Irish words of praise, which, doubtless, Newfoundland dogs understand as well as any other language. Other groups of wretched, weather-worn passengers crouched here and there about the deck.

"Well, Mary," said the elder of the emigrant girls, "we can't go on, and we must go back. It is no use talking o' Thomas now, Heaven help him! Here we are going home, for they say this crooked track is the straight road to Liverpool. And it's the hand o' the Lord or the Blessed Virgin" (crossing herself), "and you ought to praise her for it this minute, as I mean to do if I ever set foot on dry shore again."

"And I always thought," she continued, as her sister was silent, "that it was fooling business

for us two girls to set off alone, and leave mother lone and lorn."

"Ah, Biddy dear," said the younger, turning up a ruddy, tearful, smiling face to her sister, and kissing her, "never mind what you thought and said; for when Thomas sent us a letter that he was hurt and in the hospital, didn't he tell us to come to him if we could, and bring mother too, if she would come, and—but she wouldn't and couldn't; and weren't you a dear good girl to come with me, who would have had to come all alone of my own heart if you hadn't; and didn't mother tell us to go, and give us her blessing; and what will she say to us if we come back without him, nor a word of him, and he sick and dying, and nobody—"

This sentence, begun so cheerily, sank at its close into sobs; and the poor girl hid her face in her sister's lap, crying aloud.

"There now, Mary dear," resumed her sister, assuming in her turn the tone of consolation, "don't vex your soul with what we've gone to do, for we'll soon be safe back again. Indeed, we meant no harm if we did leave poor mother, and she consenting to it for Thomas's good; and I can't sleep o' nights on the water for thinking of her, and who is to take care of her, and being sea-sick and homesick all at once."

"Well," said Mary, resolutely, lifting her head. "Thomas is hurt and sick in America, and we were sent for, and we were sent; and we would have gone if we weren't; and what if we have been wrecked? We're saved; and I say we ought to go on to Thomas the very first chance we get."

"The first chance you get!" cried Bridget; "and isn't the first chance we've got just to go straight back home? There we were, in that horrid, sad steerage, when the great ship took fire in the storm. Steerage people can't fight against the Lord's storms and fires and wrecks, and can't run away from them, whatever the cabin folks may do in their boats and life-preservers. And don't you think the Lord sends us chances as well as changes, and life as well as death? and here is His chance, bless the Lord! for just a handful of us, and all the rest burned and drowned and lost; and you saved by the hair of your head by a strange dog after I had seen you go down with the salt-water in my own eyes; and it's just a chance to go straight home. Come, come, now," she concluded, in a tone of gentle authority; "away with your foolish talk about America, and thank the Blessed Virgin you are just where you are, and you're going just where you're going!"

To this the younger sister made no reply, but in silence threw herself upon the neck of the noble dog to whom she owed her life, as if she were thanking him anew; or, perhaps, as if, unable to secure her sister's concurrence in her sense of duty to her sick brother, she was throwing herself upon Rover as her sole companion, and meditating upon the possibility of launching off with him to swim to America.

While the two wrecked and rescued emigrants were thus discussing their condition upon mid-ocean, and contemplating the sudden change which had reversed their destination, the mother sat alone in a plain but comfortable cottage among the hills in one of the central counties of Ireland. She looked out upon the sunshine and

said to herself: "Aweel, the girls must now be safe over; and Thomas, God help him! they're with him now. Oh, when will they bring him home?"

Thomas, in his cot-bed in the hospital in New York, three thousand miles from home, asked the attendant if the weather was fair.

"And what are you always asking after the weather for?" retorted the attendant. "Never mind the weather. You'll never need an umbrella again unless you lie stiller than this;" and she gently spread over the restless sufferer the clothes which he had thrown off.

"Tell me," said he, moving as if he would, but could not, raise his arms to detain his interlocutor—"tell me, is it fair? Does the sun shine? Is there a fair wind?"

"Come, come!" was the reply, "don't vex yourself about the weather. They told me he was a mason," said the old woman to herself; "and here he is a-raving about the weather, just as if he had been off work in the storm and must begin again first fair day.

"Come, come, deary," said she. "It's not the weather for such as you to go to work again yet. It's been very bad, and you needn't get up yet. The boss won't expect you."

The poor boy tried in vain to raise himself to get a glimpse of the sky from the window, but fell back upon his pillow and turned his head to the wall, and the tears trickled down his cheeks. He made no attempt to raise his covered arms to conceal these silent signs of emotion; and he only said, in a low tone, "But mother will come; she'll come—she'll come! Or Mary will. Mary will, I *know*. Mary will come. Oh Mary, Mary!"

Mary, crouching for shelter from the spray upon the deck of the vessel that was carrying her and her sister back toward Ireland, was as fully possessed with a sense of her brother's wretchedness as if she had heard the words which thus escaped his lips a thousand miles away. She reached forth and took from her sister's bosom a letter which was deposited there, and, although she knew it by heart already, commenced to read it again. It ran thus:

MY DEAR MOTHER AND SISTERS,—Do not be troubled when you read this, which is to tell you that I have been badly hurt, but am alive, thank God! and getting on bravely. I send you twenty pounds, which I have saved of my wages, so that you might come out here. Mother, you'll never regret coming to be with your boy here. It is the country for us. If a man pays his way, and behaves himself, he is treated like a Man.

It was a wall that fell on my legs, and I'm in the hospital. I don't lack for a friend, God bless him! who sees to all I want. But I want my mother and my sisters. Give my love to Mary, and tell her she must come. Come all of you.

As I can't move, this letter is written for me by my friend, and your well-wisher,

STEPHEN MERPRISE.

Upon the deck of the vessel half a dozen other little groups of passengers appeared, who had also been saved from the wreck of the emigrant ship. The captain who had rescued them stood a little aloof, scanning now his encumbered deck and then the horizon. He was a tall, handsome man, but regarded them with an ill-favored eye, out of humor because this unexpected addition of hungry voyagers was too much for his stores, and he would have to put his little ship on short allowance. He was therefore greatly relieved when he saw a bark of American build and rig

on the bow; and he made all haste to alter his course so as to hail the stranger.

Soon every one was eagerly scanning the approaching vessel. Sad and pallid countenances were enlivened by curiosity, and those who had been silent exchanged animated conjectures. The ship's crew prepared to lower a boat. The captain hailed the bark, and, after some shouting which seemed to Bridget and Mary hoarse and inarticulate, he turned to his passengers and told them to tumble into the boat.

When the passengers learned that they were to be transferred to the outward-bound vessel they hastened to the gangway. Bridget alone, holding Mary fast by the waist, retained her position. "We're not going," said she, appealing to the captain. "We want to go back home."

"Well, you're nice girls, pretty, and don't eat much. I don't care if you do stay with us."

"No," said Mary. "Let me go, Biddy dear. I must go on. Give my love to mother, and tell her the last word I said to you was that."

"You'll not go on alone," said the captain. "You're a young lass to venture that."

"No, Rover will go with me," she replied, running to the gangway, followed by the dog.

As she awaited her turn to be lowered into the boat she looked back at her sister, who was sobbing upon the deck, while the captain stood looking at her.

"Rover," said Mary, looking at the dog through her tears, "you shall stay with her; I can spare you better than she."

Mary hurried back to her sister, made Rover lie down at her feet, and fastened him by slipping a rope through his collar and placing the end in her sister's hand. "There, hold him fast," she said. "Don't you let Rover go. You need him most. Rover, lie still. Good-by, again;" and, with a kiss to both, the bareheaded girl ran to the gangway, and in an instant disappeared over the side of the vessel. The cries and shouts of the sailors indicated that the boat was cast off. Rover barked and struggled to get free, turned and seized Bridget's arm in his huge jaws, and shook it till the rope dropped from her hand, when he ran to the gangway, tripping up the captain as he passed, leaped upon the taffrail, where he balanced himself for a moment, and then plunged into the water after the retreating boat. Bridget raised herself in time to see the boat, followed by the dog, rise into view and disappear again among the crests of waves, showing her Mary looking back and waving her hand.

The brave girl reached New York in due season, accompanied by Rover, and found the friend of her brother who had written to them of his accident, our old friend Stephen Merprise, who was now, although a very young man, a mason's foreman. He took her to the hospital, where she incessantly watched over her brother, and when he was well enough to be removed, Stephen found a home for them with himself and sister.

Bridget, notwithstanding her fears, reached her home in safety, and, resisting the urgent requests of her brother and sister, she never consented to try the ocean again.

"Is that the end of your story?" asked the Professor, who had been observed rubbing his spectacles when Chum was describing the patient in the hospital.

"That is all, Sir," replied Chum, rolling up my manuscript and pocketing it, just as if it were his own.

"Well, well," said the Professor; nodding his head in his own meditative way, and pausing. "But I don't see what that has to do with the other story; last month you said this would be a continuation. I don't see the connection."

"The connection between this story and the first one?" said Chum, interrogatively, as if to gain time to answer a puzzling question. "Oh, that will be all made plain next time. I have not finished it yet."

"Now, young gentlemen," the Professor began, tapping to silence the merriment of the class at this reply. "Now, young gentlemen, you've had pretty good scope for your imagination, and I will give you a dryer subject for your next compositions. You have been reading in Political Economy, and I will give you, for your subject, *Money*. You may treat it in an economic point of view, and discuss the precious metals; or in a financial aspect, and elucidate the currency; or in its social or moral bearings, as a power for good or evil—'the love of money is the root of all evil,' you know—there's a text for you. Or the popular phrase, 'the almighty dollar,' will suggest a line of thought; and I should like to have some of you, who can give time to the necessary reading, discuss the relation between the circulating medium and the origin and progress of civilization. In short, young gentlemen, you see that the subject is inexhaustible, and you may treat it in any way you like, so long as you treat it seriously. It is a beautiful subject for essays, *Money, Money!*"

"Could you give us a little to look at, Sir?" asked Chum, in a low tone, intended for the class only. The boys laughed, and the Professor rapped on his desk. At the end of the lesson and on the eve of dismissal conversation often took some such license.

"What was that inquiry I heard?" said the Professor, looking around the class.

Chum said, in the same under-tone, "It's no use to repeat the question. He hasn't got any."

A general but very silent laugh was the only response to the Professor's demand, and he was both too good-natured and too judicious to press it.

"Chum," said I, as the class broke up, "give me my manuscript. You'll *have* to write next time. Why, you're positively imposing on the Professor. It's a shame. You'll catch it yet."

"That's true," said Chum. "It *is* a shame. I'll go and tell him now."

So he put on a grave expression and walked up to the desk. I followed to hear the conversation. How he could have the face to make the avowal I could not imagine; but he proved to have more impudence than was necessary, for he commenced by asking, in a most respectful and innocent tone:

"If you please, Sir, will you tell me how much you have marked me for my compositions?"

The Professor, whose merit-marks were always a great secret, looked aghast at such a question.

"I beg your pardon, Sir, if it's not proper for me to ask. But all I wanted to know was whether my course had been approved, for—"

"Oh yes," interrupted the Professor, smiling—"oh yes; very good story; only I thought you didn't quite finish it. You ought to have written a little more. Now—"

"But," interposed Chum, "I haven't written—"

"You see," persisted the Professor, "in a thing of that kind—in fiction, that is to say—the art of Rhetoric requires that you should satisfy the expectations that you have raised; and if I were to criticise your story I should say that the fate of the hero and the heroine, or the heroes and the heroines, have been left rather—well, rather undefined."

"What I was going to say," interposed Chum, "is that I have not yet committed my compositions to writing."

"What! haven't written them?"

"No, Sir, not yet. Writing is very hard for me, and I thought I would begin in the same way as Homer and Demosthenes did."

"But you read them from your paper."

"No, Sir. I couldn't stand up and recite without something before my face; but I have not written them out yet."

"Well, Sir!" said the Professor, "you must write your next one, and must write on the subject I gave the class."

III.—MONEY.

Chum felt that he was fairly cornered. He had acknowledged to the Professor that he had been extemporizing his compositions, and now he was oppressed with the necessity of actually writing. He carried a pencil behind his ear all the time, and sharpened it incessantly. He said he was trying to "bring his ideas to a point." He would sit by the hour, lounging with his feet on the window, whistling, or calling out to the boys on the green; and whenever I spoke to him he would reply, "Don't interrupt me; I am writing my composition."

At the end of a week he told me it was finished. He pulled out of his pocket a half-sheet of paper, folded like the back of an old letter, and began reading the notes he had jotted there, in a slow, sententious way, very unlike his fluent narrative of the month before.

"*Money* is the concentrated essence of Labor. A man who has a thousand dollars has a thousand days' work in his one hand. If he knows its value he can move about among men with the force of a thousand laborers—that is, with a hundred and twenty horse-power.

"To know the force of Money, one must know Labor.

"When one man has Money, and another has not, they contend for its possession. This is Trade, or Robbery, according to circumstances.

"There are three uses of Money—the use of

getting it, the use of keeping it, and the use of spending it. Consequently it classifies the bulk of mankind into Money-getters, Money-keepers, and Money-spenders. Except the misers we read of in novels, men do not love money for itself, any more than soup-tickets, or baggage-checks, or promissory notes, or title-deeds. The 'love of money' is the pleasure of mental function in getting or keeping or spending. The sponge and the spendthrift are equally guilty with the miser.

"The class of Money-getters includes merchants, gold-miners, pickpockets, politicians, and professional beggars. Americans are great Money-getters, but they do not care to keep. Hence this is a country of great incomes, but small fortunes.

"The class of Money-keepers is small. Literary men are not found in it. Lawyers are good at keeping money, particularly if it is other people's. Money, like some other essences, has a pungent, sweet taste; but to be kept must be corked tightly. It evaporates in the open air, and the vapor is called Interest. A mortgage is a condensing instrument which enables a Money-keeper to evaporate a Money-spender.

"The class of Money-spenders includes the majority of mankind. It is natural to spend money before we get it. We are all born to this, and cost a great deal before we earn any thing. The power to get into debt is essential to the happiness of all shiftless people, including most of the governments of Europe. College students and married women, who have no legal capacity to bind themselves, satisfy this propensity by getting their fathers and husbands into debt if possible.

"Money is like gunpowder. To make it carry, charges should be carefully measured and well rammed down. Its explosive power depends on the tightness with which you hold it. Scattered loose it fizzles away with no effect.

"To become wealthy one must both get and keep. To be useful the wealthy man must be also a judicious money-spender."

"That will never do, Chum!" I exclaimed, as he finished reading. "Why do you waste your ideas so? There is matter enough in that for six essays, if it were only written out. Then, too, it is rough. It doesn't read well."

"It seems to me," said Chum, musingly, as if he had not heard my criticism—"it seems to me that it is too long. It took me a great while to write it out."

"Too long!" said I. "What, that scrap? Prof. won't mark you ten for what doesn't take you two minutes to read."

"But if there's enough matter in it, the shorter the better, I should think."

"Not according to the Rules of Rhetoric," said I. "I'm afraid you haven't read up enough in Blair and Kames. The fact is, to make good compositions you must expand your ideas. Blow them up big like a balloon. Beat them out thin

like gold-beaters' foil. Spread them over as much surface as you can. When you have hammered them well on one side, turn over and hammer on the other. That's the way to shine in Rhetoric. That's the way they teach the students to write sermons in the Seminary. One little short text can be hammered out forty minutes long."

"Then I shall never write sermons," said Chum. "But I don't think my composition is so bad, after all. It is short, and mixed up, as you say, and a little rough; but that is the way with wisdom generally."

"Yes; but people can't digest pure gluten, nor will they take kindly to plain wisdom. You must put some bran into your bread if you would make it most digestible."

Chum was silenced, of course, for the Rules of Rhetoric are unquestionable and unanswerable; but he seemed dissatisfied, and threw down his paper, asking me to fix it for him so as to please the Professor, and went away.

When he returned he was in great glee, and said I needn't do any thing about his composition, for he should not read it. It seemed that he had met the President coming out of Faculty meeting, with the Professors, who were laughing, and the President spoke to him, and asked him how he was getting on with the system of Homer and Demosthenes, and wished him success in it.

Chum took this as a license to go on in his own way; so he threw away his pencil, and gave me his paper, saying I might mix as much bran with it as I liked. I was always fond of getting ideas from Chum, and his paper afforded me matter for four capital essays, which I thought were almost as long and good as the "Country Parson's," and when I graduated I made my Commencement speech out of the sentence about the Love of Money.

The story of Chum's extemporizing got around the class; and when we met again the boys were all ready to laugh at whatever he should say.

When he was called on he rose, with his blank paper, and commenced his disquisition on Money as follows:

MR. LOUIS KREBB was one of two brothers between whom a large fortune was divided in their youth. Louis was a money-keeper, Harry a money-spender. Louis did not marry the reigning belle, nor keep trotting-horses and a yacht, nor disburse any money without a good consideration, which he always set down plainly in his account-book. Harry's fortune leaked away in every direction, until he had nothing which he could call his own, and he became a sort of genteel hanger-on to his elder brother, full of lively anticipations of his death.

The elder brother, Louis, grew old fast. He became whimsical, then queer, then eccentric, and then would have been called deranged, if he had not been so wonderfully rich. He had peevish fits, when he did nothing that he was asked to do, and every thing that he was begged not to do; and silent fits, when he would not speak for a day at a time; and gay fits, when he

laughed at every thing, particularly the troubles of other people. After every monthly balancing of his accounts he had an economic fit, in which he would reduce his household, dismiss a servant, sell a horse or a carriage, close up a room or a suit of rooms, and thus diminish his expenses. Mrs. Krebb was obliged to humor his dismal fancies. She could not but reflect that he would not last much longer; and he was accustomed to console her for yielding to his capricious parsimony by telling her he was saving it all for her.

When Stephen Merprise reached the age of twenty-one, working at his trade in New York, he had with great self-denial saved several hundred dollars out of his earnings; and he said to his sister Susie that they could now fulfill their mother's last wish. Before her death she had spoken of her brother's neglect of her, and had bade Stephen, if he were ever able, to repay the sum that she had received from him, and to be independent of him. In pursuance of this wish Stephen had preserved the value of the little possessions his mother had left, and accumulated his own savings with it. The sum thus obtained he now drew from the savings-bank, and with his sister went to his uncle's great mansion to transact the most important piece of business they had yet had.

They walked, with care, across the marble hall, and were ushered into the rich man's library. Mr. Krebb was his own steward and accountant. The books in his library were chiefly the ledgers in his big safe.

"My name is Merprise," said the young man, "Stephen Merprise; and I have come on a matter of business."

There was no reply.

"Perhaps you remember my mother," said he, almost bitterly, vexed at the indifferent look cast upon him, and easily conjecturing that he was regarded as a beggar.

"My mother," he resumed, raising his voice, after waiting in vain for an answer, "Mrs. Mary Merprise. You assisted her when she was in trouble. We are her children, Sir."

"Oh no!" said the gentleman, in a hollow voice, that seemed to come from the safe behind him. "I can't do any thing more. It was very little—very little I could do then, and now I am positively unable."

"Come, Susie, let's go," said Stephen, turning away.

But Susie stood still, holding her brother's arm, and waited for him to proceed.

"It may have been but little to you, Sir," resumed Stephen, thus quietly held to his purpose, "but it was a great deal to her and to us. And it was her wish that we should call upon you whenever—"

"Ah! dear, dear," the old gentleman broke in. "Call upon me! Oh! every body calls upon me. I have so many calls that I am under the necessity of declining. Let me give you a piece of advice. There is a rule I have adopted which is, not to give any thing to any body that asks for it. I'll give you any thing you want if you only don't ask for it. Beggars, rich or poor, I won't encourage. So I say to 'em, 'If you hadn't asked it, I could have given it to you; but now you've asked me for it, I won't do it.' That's what I say to 'em."

Stephen, biting his lips in silence, produced a

roll of bills, and with a tremulous hand, for it contained the last dollar he had, held it out to the old man.

"There," said he. "See here. We don't ask for help. You gave my mother money to get a roof for her head. It was all you did for her; and we have come to pay it off, as she told me to when she died."

"Ah! you wish to pay the debt? Ah! I recollect. It was a considerable sum. Was it not more than this? Let me see," and he turned over his ledgers. "Family expenses—Country place—Farm—Mills—Charity—that's the account, Charity. Yes, here is the entry: to sister Mary, in sundry sums, five hundred dollars. But that was a long time ago."

"Yes, Sir, a long time; but she wished us to offer to pay it, at least."

"Oh, of course, very right; but I was thinking of the interest. It is twelve years."

"She mentioned the interest," said Stephen, "and it is all here."

"Twelve years at compound interest will make it—"

"She did not say compound interest. I shall only pay you simple interest. I can not do more; this is all the money we have in the world. If you don't choose to take it, very well."

"Ah! ah! very well. I will not insist upon it—only I usually get compound interest."

The old man counted off the money and put it in his safe.

"Take a seat, Sir," said he, recovering himself and speaking as if they had just come in. "Pray be seated, Miss Merprise. I am very glad to see you."

"We will not trouble you longer," retorted Stephen. "We have nothing more for you."

"Well, I shall be happy to see you again," said the old man. "You're getting on finely, I don't doubt. You must be a good business man to attend so well to such a case as this. I am obliged to you. To tell the truth, now that I have got it—he! he!—I didn't much expect to get it again. Not much—he! he! Good-morning, good-morning."

Stephen stalked out of the room with Susie blushing upon his arm. They left the house as the old man said to himself, "I like that fellow; he's a little snappish, but he's independent, and he pays his debts. He must be a thrifty fellow. He's my own nephew, too. I wonder where he lives. Yes, he's my own nephew, and that's his sister. I must remember them in my will. Yes," he said, smiting feebly on his desk, "I will give him a *chance* of something, at any rate."

Old Mr. Krebb thus closed his charity account, and ejaculated a wish that he might not have another opportunity to reopen it—a wish that was soon fulfilled.

Stephen and his sister returned to their humble lodging feeling that they had now to begin life anew. Stephen declared that he would never set foot in his uncle's house again. How well he kept the resolution remains to be seen.

It so happened that Mary Cairnes, finding her brother so much better as to be able to be left alone, and their purse so low as to threaten them with speedy distress, had resolved to seek a place as household servant. Susie had endeavored to advise her toward some other employment, but none had been found. Mary said that she must

do something immediately, and after advertising in vain she commenced applying from house to house in answer to advertisements of "Servants wanted." By one of those coincidences which sometimes happen, it fell out that while Stephen and Susie were in Mr. Krebb's library Mary Cairnes entered the same house as applicant for the situation of chamber-maid and waitress. Her appearance pleased Mrs. Krebb, who engaged her to enter upon her duties that very evening.

When Stephen heard this he at first opposed it, but unable to assign a reason why his indignation at the selfishness of his uncle should hinder Mary from obtaining good employment he withdrew his objection, and Mary went to her new home.

She found the great house in confusion and consternation, resulting from a sudden shock of paralysis that had fallen on Mr. Krebb. She was immediately sent to call several physicians, and then to inform Mr. Harry, the sick man's brother.

Mr. Harry returned word to Mrs. Krebb that he would come; and come he did next morning, with a trunk and a servant, and indicated his intention to remain with his brother.

The afflicted wife welcomed even this relief to her solitude in the great house.

"Is he able to attend to business?" asked Mr. Harry the next morning.

"Very little," Mrs. Krebb replied.

"We must assist him," said Mr. Harry. "He has not made his will yet?"

"No; but I think he will not need your assistance. He has expressed his intentions to me repeatedly."

"Ah! has he? but he will need our help to give them form. You and I must unite in this: our interests are the same. His property is very large; it must not be too much cut up. It would be a shame to scatter it. You and I must see to this."

"It will not be much scattered, Mr. Harry. I may as well tell you frankly that he has declared his intention of leaving it to me, as we have no children."

"Ah, I see. You have him under your thumb, and you mean to monopolize him. Come, now, that will never do. Undue influence is enough to set any will aside. We must unite in this, as I said. Our interests are the same. You shall have one-half the personal property for life, besides your dower in the real estate; and I will be content with the other half. *There* is a million and a half apiece. That's fair. I've no doubt he would agree to that."

"Indeed, Sir!" exclaimed the wife, "I can not discuss such a question with you."

"Well," urged the brother, "I will give you this house and the country place for life," and he waved his hand as if he were generously disposing of his own. "You shall have them both for life. You shall not be disturbed."

"I can not listen to any proposals upon the subject," said Mrs. Krebb. "I know my husband's intentions, and I shall not be a party to any attempt to influence him to take any other course than that which he prefers."

"But consider," urged Mr. Harry; "there are the Merprises; one of them is a regular vagabond, and the others are of no account at all, I understand. They'll come in for a big share if you and I don't agree upon something."

"A vagabond! Who? where?" exclaimed Mrs. Krebb; and after turning away her face to conceal her emotion, she continued, "I am astonished. Is he—I thought—I—I am astonished to hear you speak so of—of my husband's relatives." She hid her face in her handkerchief and left the room.

Mrs. Krebb was not a person to yield so important a point as her husband's will without vigorous contest. Ten minutes after this conversation she called the waitress, and said to her:

"Mary Cairnes, take a cab and tell the driver to go to No. 51 Wall Street. Go up stairs to Mr. Search's office. See him yourself, even if you have to wait. Give him this card; and after you have given it him tell him that *I* sent you, and as Mr. Krebb is very ill, I beg him to ask for *me* when he comes to the house. For *me*, you understand, Mary."

The card contained a line saying that Mr. Krebb was ill, and wished the lawyer to call immediately to receive instructions on a matter of great importance. Mary took it and disappeared.

At about the same moment Mr. Harry rang for his servant, and said to him: "John, find out quietly down stairs who is my brother's lawyer, and go to his office immediately, and tell him that Mr. Louis Krebb is ill, and must see him directly. Tell him to ask for *me* when he comes."

In a few moments John returned and said to his master, "Search is the lawyer's name, in Wall Street, but Mrs. Krebb has just sent a messenger for him."

"Ah ha! She has! Very good, very good. But that makes no difference. Go yourself, instantly; and mind, now; see that you get there first. Remember he is to ask for *me* when he comes."

Having dispatched his servant on this important errand, Mr. Harry went softly up stairs and entered his brother's chamber. The sick man turned his eyes upon him as he approached.

Mr. Harry motioned to the attendant to retire, and seated himself at the bedside. With the manner of one who would express an affectionate salutation, he laid his hand upon the helpless hand of his brother. After bidding him good-morning he talked some minutes upon general subjects, and then opened the topic of immediate interest.

"Mrs. Krebb is very anxious that you should make your will. Can I assist you in any way?"

No answer; but a rolling of the eyes, which looked as if the old man desired to shake his head, but had not the power.

"She has her own ideas of what she wishes you to do; what she wants you to give her; and, doubtless, her own ideas of what she will do with it when she gets it. Do you understand me?"

No answer; but an almost imperceptible raising of the eyebrows, which looked as if the old man desired to nod his head but could not.

"She is still a young woman, and she has naturally her ambitions and her attachments. She has never forgotten her old admirer. I see *that*, since you are sick. She is very attentive to you, is she not? Does every thing you want? Yes? Certainly. And she has often told you what she wants *you* to do, I don't doubt. She has set her heart, she tells me, upon having all your property. She has sent for a lawyer just now to get

you to make your will. Perhaps he will be here soon. If I can help you, or if I am wanted for any purpose, just let me know."

The old man attempted to speak; his jaw trembled and wavered without making any articulate sound. But on his face appeared a slight semblance of the grim half-smile with which he had looked on Stephen when he announced his rule that what was asked for he would never give.

Having thus kindly prepared the way for Mrs. Krebb, the affectionate brother withdrew.

Soon Mr. Search rang at the door. Mr. Search was a young old bachelor. He was a mediocre lawyer, and had adopted conveyancing as his specialty in the profession, it being his ambition to draw as many mortgages as possible for somebody, and then marry the mortgagee's daughter. Mortgages enough had he drawn for Mr. Krebb, who was his "rich client;" but Mr. Krebb had no daughter—only a wife.

It becomes a lawyer who draws wills to provide for all possible contingencies, and he gets in the habit of forecasting the future of his client's family. Mr. Search thought of the handsome wife of the sick man; then thought of her as a handsome widow; and finally decided that he would ask for *her*, as she had requested, and not for Mr. Harry.

Mrs. Krebb received him graciously, thanked him with some feeling for his expressions of grief at her husband's alarming condition, and then entered at once on the business before them.

"He has often expressed to me his intentions. They are very kind toward me—could not be more so—he intends to leave me every thing; but his brother is here now, and he is bent upon obtaining something. He wishes to impose his own interests upon my husband; and Mr. Krebb is in such a shocking state that I can not allow him to be disturbed. So I thought I ought to send for you immediately. I knew no one else in whom I could so well confide."

"I thank you, ma'am," said the lawyer. "I should say to you, frankly, that Mr. Harry Krebb had already sent for me when your messenger arrived. But I need only add that, with me, your wishes are of course paramount to all others."

"He sent for you! What right has he? Is he to be present?"

"He has no *right*, ma'am. I have received an expression of Mr. Krebb's wishes through yourself. As a professional man, as well as in the capacity of confidential friend, I may say that I shall, under the present painful circumstances, regard your own lips as the most proper and authoritative channel of communicating to me the instructions of the lamented—I would say of Mr. Krebb, whose speechless condition is so much to be lamented. In his condition you are the proper person to make known to me his wish for my attendance; and I have no hesitation in assuring you, personally, that I am ready to disregard the requests of any others, until Mr. Krebb himself shall indicate some other wish."

"Let us then go up stairs at once."

"One moment," said the lawyer; "it is a delicate matter to receive instructions for a will under such circumstances. You may rely upon me, Madam, that I comprehend the situation. It is essential that he shall express freely his *own* wishes. His *own* wishes, you understand, you know them very well. Above all, we must pre-

vent him from being unduly influenced by the will of others. As he is speechless, and can only answer by signs of assent or dissent, it will be necessary that you should name the various objects of bounty which you think he would wish to have remembered, the various sums or items of property which you may have heard him say, or may have reason to think, he would give, and I shall gather from him his instructions in a positive manner. 'Then I will come again to-morrow, with the will engrossed—'

"To-morrow! No, Sir; it must all be done to-day. It must, indeed. There is no time to be lost."

The old man lay in his bed, and his eyes were closed. Within that little sallow head, which looked startlingly dark upon the great expanse of white bedding, were working little currents of nervous power which even now could do more, in one volition, negative or affirmative, than three millions of day-laborers. One roll of those half-glazed eyes, or a shrinking of those puckered eyebrows, could move that which the sheer force of a hundred men in a hundred years could not more than replace. What depths of consciousness there might be in this mind it was now impossible to say. The generous powers were long unused and dormant. Those phases of consciousness, through which the soul is brought into relation with ideals and the energizing power of a Future and a Superior had never had room for existence in this brain. The whole force of its susceptibilities had long been engrossed in one direction.

A great ruling passion tones the whole mind and forms the back-ground upon which all incidental and collateral thoughts are wrought out. Every other feeling partakes of the nature of the dominant power. In Mr. Krebb's mind there was no charity but a pecuniary charity; no filial or fraternal relation that did not involve the idea of heirship and succession. The feeling of approbation implied the bestowal of money; and that of displeasure implied the withholding or withdrawal of it. Gratitude did not exist, for every thing had its consideration, and more than that was a superfluity. Resentment was measured in dollars and cents. His whole consciousness had been pecuniary and possessory.

Mrs. Krebb had now the delicate task of reminding him that the period of income had passed, and the time of outgo had come. She was not aware what a shock she was to communicate to this possessory consciousness in proposing to reverse the order of its nature, and in one act to negative all that it had hitherto attained.

Five minutes after Mrs. Krebb and the lawyer had entered the sick-chamber Mr. Harry, becoming impatient and suspicious that Mr. Search might enter without calling for him, as in fact he had already done, took his newspaper and chair and went to the door of the sick-chamber, where he seated himself as a sentinel. "There!" said he; "now she can't get in without me. It would be just like her to try."

Meanwhile the wife, already within the room, began her part in the process of drawing a will out of the dumb old man.

By dint of indifferent questions, such as whether he wished to leave any thing to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, or the Hospital for Sick Paupers, or the Washington Monument,

the will got on through two clauses by which some trivial bequests were made. Thus far the old man had only disposed of two or three thousands, which did not hurt him much. It was only pinching off a twig or two.

Mrs. Krebb came to a pause after she had named every body but herself, and looked at the lawyer.

"Go on," said he, quietly.

"And who will you give the rest to, my dear? You know you have often said you meant it for me. Will you give it all to me, my dear? All you are worth?"

The old man was immovable. It was like proposing to cut him up by the roots.

"Come, deary! answer me," urged Mrs. Krebb, feeling that she must go on; and she knelt by his side, and leaned over him, and kissed his yellow forehead—very softly, lest the lawyer should hear it. "Come, deary! will you say yes? That's my love. Yes! Mr. Search, I think he said yes. Oh! I must move; you can not see. His eyebrows moved a little. I must ask him again.

"Come, my love, you must say it again, so that Mr. Search can see it. That's my dear. Yes, he says he means it all for me."

The old man's assent, feeble at first, was repeated again and again, more vigorously.

"Do I understand you, Sir," said Mr. Search, "to say that you wish to leave all the rest and residue, of whatever name and nature, both real and personal, to your beloved wife, to have and to hold in her own right?"

"He says yes! he says yes!" exclaimed Mrs. Krebb.

The old man distinctly signaled yes, but the same grim half-smile rested on his bloodless features. Could it mean, this time, that what was asked for he would not give? His thoughts were his own secret. He certainly did say yes.

"There!" said Mrs. Krebb, with a quiet triumph. "That's all. We need not trouble you any more, love. I'll go and call the witnesses."

"Stay," said the lawyer.

But Mrs. Krebb was already at the door. She opened it and looked out. Instantly she shrank back again, but not quickly enough to prevent Mr. Harry from springing up and thrusting his foot within the door.

"What are you here for?"

"What are *you* here for?"

"Go away for a little while; you can not see Louis now."

"If *you* are in, I shall come in."

"You've no right to come in."

"You'll not dare to refuse me."

"I do refuse."

"That's enough for me. Then I come in without leave." And forcing the door open, he nearly tipped his sister-in-law into the corner as he entered.

The sick man witnessed this pleasant little contest for the post of honor by his bedside. To judge by his cynical smile, it seemed rather to amuse than to vex him. "They want me to make a will," said he to himself, "and I'll humor them. They'll have all my property if I don't make one, and I'll make one that will vex them. I'll trap 'em, the buzzards!"

Mrs. Krebb and Mr. Harry each moved rapidly to the bedside, as if contesting for the posses-

sion of the half-animated body, and stood there, alternately doting upon him and glaring at each other.

Mr. Search, not knowing what else to do, went on with his questions. The old man directed his eager gaze first at the lawyer, whom he was answering, and then at his wife and brother, watching the expressions on their faces.

"You have given all your property to your beloved wife," said the lawyer, resuming the interrupted instructions.

The old man turned his grim smile upon his brother and signaled "Yes."

"What, Louis!" exclaimed he, with an oath—"to her?"

The old man, as if a new passion reanimated his powers, nodded—actually nodded.

"You're crazy," said Harry.

Louis made as if he would shake his head.

Mr. Harry threw up his hands as if all was over, and threw himself into his chair, while Mrs. Krebb beamed with triumph.

"Do you give it to her without condition or limitation?" continued the lawyer.

The old man turned his looks toward his wife, and, enjoying her attention, signaled "No."

"What condition do you impose?"

He still smiled grimly on his wife's anxious, inquiring face, but indicated no reply.

"Is the bequest for life?"

"No."

"For a term of years?"

"No."

"During widowhood?"

The old man nodded.

"Do I understand you that her right ceases if she marry again?"

The old man, without taking his eyes off her face, smiled and nodded, as if to say, "How do you like that, dearest?"

The wife hid her face in her hands and threw herself back into a chair, and Mr. Harry jumped to his feet again.

"And what disposition do you make of it in case she should marry again?" continued the lawyer, coolly.

No answer.

"Do you give it to me, Louis?" appealed his brother.

Louis looked keenly at him, and slowly nodded.

Mr. Harry cast a glance of triumph on his sister-in-law, as he pressed his inquiry, "You give it *all* to me—*all*?"

"Yes."

"He gives it all to me if she marries again," said Mr. Harry, turning to the lawyer. "You understand?"

"I will take the instructions myself, if you please, Sir," returned the lawyer. "I understand you to say," continued he, addressing the testator, "that, in case of the marriage of Mrs. Krebb, you give your estate to Mr. Harry Krebb—upon any conditions?"

"Yes."

"What conditions do you wish? Do they relate to his use of the property?"

"No."

"To his own state or condition?"

"Yes."

"What—marriage?"

"No."

"Life?"

"Yes."

"Do you limit the gift to a life-estate?"

"No."

"Do you mean to make the gift take effect only in case he should be living at the time of such marriage?"

"Yes."

"But if he should not be living how would you dispose of it? Do you wish to give it to any of the persons who have been mentioned before?"

"Yes."

"To whom?—the children of your sister?"

"Yes."

"What are their names? Stephen, I believe—"

"Yes."

"And Susan?"

"Yes."

"Now," said the lawyer, recapitulating to make this capricious purpose distinct, "you give all your estate to your wife, *provided* she does not marry again. If she marries again her right ceases, and you give the estate to your brother, *provided* he be then living. If he be not then living, you give it to Stephen and Susan in equal shares."

"Yes, yes!" nodded the old man. And with an enthusiasm of malice he looked from wife to brother, and from brother to wife, to watch the effect he had produced in thus hedging their expectations with contingencies. He had every reason to be gratified with the immediate effect of his ingenuity. He had completely embarrassed them both.

It occurred, of course, to the lawyer that he might perhaps modify these intentions of the old man if he should point out some of the legal effects of such provisions. But whatever personal fancies he may have cherished when he commenced to draw a will in favor of the anticipated widow were quite cooled by the shocking provision or condition that she should remain unmarried. His mind accordingly had reverted to its proper professional bearings, and he now contemplated the vast estate with whose owner he was dealing rather as a fine subject for litigation than as the marriage portion of a handsome widow. In this point of view he naturally thought, as some others have before him, that the worse the will the better the lawsuit. He accordingly drew out the provisions directed by the testator, and after a few minutes' writing they held the old man up in his bed, put the pen into his motionless fingers, and the wife moved the tip so as to make a cross upon the paper.

Mr. Search went away rubbing his hands, and saying that that will would keep him in business as long as he lived, and that he would not care much on which side he should be retained.

Old Mr. Krebb lay back upon his pillow, chuckling at the confusion he had caused to his wife and brother.

It never occurred to the old man that it was possible for his brother to gain by marriage what his wife would lose by marriage, and that a compromise of a connubial nature would smooth it all over delightfully.

Mrs. Krebb, who would not otherwise have thought of the question of marriage, at least before the time of half-mourning, retired to her room to ponder on the subject, and vainly endeavored

to feel satisfied with the fortune and the obligation of widowhood.

Mr. Harry, a little more shrewd, said to himself, "I've heard somewhere that a man may not marry his deceased wife's sister. I wonder if a woman can marry her deceased husband's brother. I'll ask Mr. Search next time I see him. If I can do that, it will make all right after all. The *money's* what I want. Hang the woman, but I'll have the *money*."

Here Chum rolled up his paper and sat down.

The Professor drew a long breath and said: "Very good! Queer will that—very queer. But I doubt whether that will would hold water. Are you sure of your law there?"

"I believe, Sir," replied Chum, gravely, "that it is our Rhetoric, not our Law, that is in question here. One can't do justice to two such sciences at once, Sir—at least not in Junior year."

The Professor laughed with the class, and did not press his criticism further.

"What subject shall we take next month?" asked Chum, as the class showed signs of breaking up without having received any announcement of a subject.

"Choose for yourself," replied the Professor, shuffling his papers into the desk and hiding his face behind the lid.

"*Choose for yourself*," repeated Chum to me, in a tone heard by the class. "That's a good subject. That will finish off my heroine very well."

IV.—CHOOSE FOR YOURSELF.

While Chum had been telling stories instead of reading composition I had amused myself with taking notes in short-hand. I wrote out these notes at my leisure, and presented him with the manuscript. He grasped my hand and said not a word.

"There you are," said I. "You can send in your manuscript now, and save your standing."

"You're a glorious fellow," said he. "And I take back all the disrespectful things I've said about your old inkstand."

"The apology is perfectly satisfactory," said I, for whom he really meant it. "Now sit down and tell me your story for next month, and we will have *that* written out beforehand. After that, Chum, you must write your own."

This was the way I came to report Chum's stories.

On composition day he marched in with all his papers; and when he was called on he rose with veritable manuscript to read from, instead of blank sheets.

"There seems to have been some mistake," he said, by way of preface, "about our subject this month. I observe that the other members of the class have written on various subjects. I have taken the one designated by you, Sir."

"By me!" exclaimed the Professor.

"Yes, Sir; as I understood you. My subject is, 'Choose for Yourself.'"

OLD MR. KREBB, having made his will in such a way as to bother the dear kin who begged him to make it, lay back contented in his bed, and after lingering helpless a short time, suddenly died. His widow occupied the seclusion of her mourning in endeavoring to decide whether she would continue a widow and enjoy the three millions, or accept some husband and lose the three millions. Mr. Krebb's brother occupied himself in wishing the widow would marry somebody straightway, and in wondering how soon it would do to offer his own hand, and thus endeavor to secure the fortune between them upon the best terms for himself that she might grant.

Soon after the old man made his will Mary Cairnes, the pretty Irish girl, who had been called in as a witness to the execution of the instrument, went home to spend a few hours with her invalid brother. When I say "home" I mean a snug lodging on the fourth floor of a retired tenement in the upper part of the town, where Stephen Merprise and his sister Susan had their little apartments.

The four sat all the evening in Stephen and Susie's sitting-room. Susie was sewing. Stephen, as usual, was at work over his books, for he had always kept up his love of reading, although daily engrossed in his trade. Mary spent the evening in sewing for her brother, occasionally pausing to tell Stephen the meaning of some French phrase—she having brought some acquaintance with that language from the Continent, where she had once spent a season in the service of an English family—or to tell him of some English or Irish town she had been in.

The convalescent brother retired early, and, leaving his door ajar, asked Mary to sing him to sleep, as she had often done since she had come to him. She sang, in a sweet voice, some quaint native songs, which put him soon to sleep, but quite waked up Stephen, who had begun to grow sleepy over his books.

Mary then prepared to return. "I must go back to my palace now," she said, gayly. "Oh! how short an evening is when there is only one in a week! It will be a long week till I see these dear walls again."

"We'll find you something better to do yet," said Stephen. "Why, you could teach! Here you've been teaching *me* half the evening. Why couldn't she teach, Susie?"

"Not in *this* country, I fear," said Mary. "It would not be what they'd expect. I'm awkward enough where I am now. Every thing is strange, so strange, here."

Stephen insisted on escorting Mary back to the residence of his late uncle. She was a brave girl, and declared herself quite able to go alone, but when they were fairly in the street she was so timid that she hardly could muster courage to take the arm which he offered her. What an inconsistent, boasting, fearful little heart—to brave the world, and then to be afraid of Stephen, only Stephen! And then, after she had taken the arm, there was another difficulty worse than the first. It was so very silent. It was not one of your noisy streets, full of bustle and distraction. On the contrary, it was a quiet, retired way, rather lonely to walk through alone. But Stephen marched along and said never a word; and it got to be very silent indeed. Oh, for a noise, if it were only a cart;

something to introduce a subject, no matter what!

Mary kept her eyes on the ground, just as if it were necessary to do so on a bright moonlight night and on a good pavement! At last it seemed to the eyes which were looking down as if they were being looked at in turn by other eyes that were a little above.

Now that, of course, is very embarrassing. And the case becomes still more embarrassing sometimes. For observe, that when one's face is half averted it is difficult to see the eyes that are thus half curtained by the eyelids; you must lean forward a little to do so; and then, if the eyes should look up just at that moment, if the fair curtains should be suddenly parted, and the inhabitant within look out upon you, you would feel caught, as it were. Wouldn't you, now? Come, be frank about it. Wouldn't you feel a little as if you had been peering in at some case-ment, and the fair inmate had appeared within and detected you attempting to spy out the contents of her boudoir?

Very well; then you know how Stephen felt when Mary looked up.

Now I am not able to state any reason why one pair of innocent eyes may not look at another pair of innocent eyes without you and I spending a whole page upon the phenomenon.

I go further, and say that I am unable to define the process by which one pair of eyes knows that the other pair of eyes is *looking in*—is not merely casting a casual glance upon the case-ment, as it were, and thinking, perhaps, of nothing at all, but actually looking in.

Now this is a more important question than it seems to be, for I have a theory which may explain it. In accordance with what I have read in scientific works of the purely mechanical, chemical, and electrical constitution of man, I have conjectured that when two pairs of eyes thus meet so that the axes of vision of each precisely coincide, as they must do in the act of looking *in*, we have two rays of light proceeding in opposite directions in precisely the same path; and these rays—whether undulatory or corpuscular makes no difference to my theory—these rays must agitate and perturb each other in a manner quite peculiar to the precise conjunction in which they meet, and it is not strange that a ray of light, perturbed or agitated in a peculiar manner, should, when impinging upon the retina, affect the nerves of vision in a peculiar manner, and produce interior effects in the cerebral convolutions of the most peculiar character.

If man be such a perfect, admirable machine, this theory can easily be tested by a simple experiment, which I mean to try. A pair of glass eyes should be taken, and placed so as to cast their rays of reflection precisely in the same path as the axes of vision of some susceptible young person. If it should be found that a pair of glass eyes, or, better still, two little round mirrors, under the proper conditions of position and light, should produce the same peculiar excitement of the retina, and awaken in the mind the tenderest emotions, then my theory will be established; and we shall, moreover, have a triumphant confirmation of the mechanical, chemical, and electrical theory of human nature.

Now when one is caught looking in at windows, it is very proper to make an apology; and

the best apology is to have an errand, or to pretend to have one, which is sometimes better still.

So Stephen spoke. But he did not speak very boldly, either. He said, "I should like to know what you were thinking about, Mary?"

What a foolish question! And under such circumstances, too. To pretend that *that* was what he was "looking in at the window" for! If that was what he wanted, why didn't he ask her at the outset in a straightforward way, instead of looking at her rosy face and drooping eyelids for whole minutes at a time without saying a word?

"Couldn't you tell me, Mary?" he added, gently, after waiting for a reply.

Now why should he say "Mary?" Because, mind you, nobody else was near; and if he had not, she still would have understood that she was addressed. But "Mary" is a very pretty name, and it sounded very prettily as he said it.

"I was thinking," said Mary, "I—I was thinking that—that you did not come to your uncle's house. I was wondering why you did not go to see your aunt now."

"I never went there but once, when Mr. Krebb was living," returned the young man. "I was not welcome. He was very busy with his money, and he did not want to see us. That's a good reason, is it not? They never cared for us. I don't suppose my aunt knows we are in New York."

"That *was* a good reason," replied the girl. "But *now*? Now he is gone, and his poor wife is left alone. She has a great many acquaintances, but I don't think she has many friends. It's a very large house, but it's nearly all shut up, dark and deserted. When I think how kind you were to my brother when he was in trouble, yes, and to me too, when I came all alone and destitute to take care of him—you see I was wondering why you did not go to comfort your aunt."

"Do you think I ought to go?"

"I did not say that. I said I was wondering why you did not."

"I said I *would* not. I said I would *never* enter the house again—never. But Susie says we ought to go."

"Then I think so too," said Mary, looking up with a frank smile straight into the eyes that had embarrassed her before.

Stephen left his companion at the basement-door of the great house, and bade her good-night. The next day with Susie he rang at the front-door, and was shown into the parlor.

Mrs. Krebb received them with unexpected cordiality. After some time spent in conversation about the death of Mr. Krebb, and in recalling reminiscences of the days when Stephen and his sister had been her pupils, Mrs. Krebb led the conversation to the subject of the will, and astonished her young relatives by explaining its provisions.

"That's a singular will," said Stephen.

"Yes," said Mrs. Krebb; "his brother interposed and induced him to change his original intentions. I think it was all owing to his interference."

"It was quite unnecessary to mention *my* name in it," said Stephen. "Perhaps you may not know that a short time ago, in pursuance of my mother's dying request, I offered Mr. Krebb the amount she had received from him, with interest.

I did not expect he would receive it; but he did. If it had pleased him to return that amount to me I should have thought it very just; but I never shall claim any thing else."

Mrs. Krebb's eyes sparkled at the idea of Stephen's so readily disavowing any expectations under the will, and she replied, "Indeed, *that* shall be repaid. It would be very generous in you to be satisfied with what I am sure is no more than justice. Mr. Krebb was so business-like in all his ways. But I am sure he meant no unkindness."

"No," replied Stephen, "I did not mean to ask even that. It would have been very well for him to have provided for it; but he did not; so let us say no more about it."

This seemed to close this subject of conversation. They talked afterward of Mr. Krebb's illness; and Mrs. Krebb inquired, with much kindness of manner, into their circumstances, and Stephen's prospects in business. Here he was quite at home; and from his enthusiastic accounts of his work, and his hopes of advancement, one would hardly have inferred that he had just stripped himself of the last dollar of his savings to repay the uncle.

Mrs. Krebb made very warm offers of assistance and friendship to the young people, for which Stephen thanked her, while Susie looked around upon the grand parlor, with its paintings and its piano, and wished the will had been a little different, as it might have been just as well as not.

"No, I thank you," said Stephen, after Mrs. Krebb had said that they must be friends, and had offered to lend him money for his business. "I thank you; but I could not borrow. I had better work my own way, and not too fast."

"And is there nothing I can do for you?" said the woman with three millions to the youth with nothing. Susie fancied that she became perhaps a little more earnest in offering as Stephen became more distinct in declining.

"Yes, ma'am; there is one thing. Could you give Mary Cairnes two evenings out in the week?"

"Mary Cairnes! my waitress! are you a friend of hers?"

Stephen blushed, and Susie interposed. "Yes, auntie—if I may call you so. You see, her brother is one of Stephen's workmen, and he was badly hurt, and Stephen was taking care of him when Mary came out from Ireland to nurse him. They have been very unfortunate. And she has only the one evening to see him. He is better now, but she needs more time to care for him."

"Yes, she shall have two evenings a week, or three, if Susie asks it," replied Mrs. Krebb, smiling.

So they came away.

"I should like to live in that house," said Susie. "I never saw any thing so finely furnished. Such a library, too, for you, Stephen, in the back-parlor."

"I'm sorry to hear you say so," said Stephen. "I don't want it. We'll have one of our own one of these days."

"But what a will!" said Susie. "I can't think of your working so hard without wishing that his brother was—was dead, and auntie was married again. It's positively wicked, I know; but I can't help it."

"Then don't think of it," said Stephen. "We'll not go there again."

"Why couldn't he have divided his property, and made us all happy, instead of tantalizing every body with it?"

"What right has any man, Susie, after he is dead and gone, to control what is left in the world, and ought to be at the disposal of the living?"

"It was his own, Stephen, to do with as he pleased."

"Yes, Susie, while he lived; but it is not his now. And we don't know what would please him now. Selfishness perpetuates itself; but if it pleases him now to look back from another world, and see how he has tied the hands and entangled the happiness of living, active people for years to come—for a lifetime—if that pleases him now, he must be among the bad."

"Oh, Stephen, don't talk so!"

"Yes, Susie; it may have been his will when he made it, but I don't believe it's his will now. It's a vicious will. Why should the law give a dead man arms to reach back from another world and hold on with an unchangeable grip to the possessions he left behind, and ought to have relinquished here? Why should he have the power to hold on to his will when he no longer has the power to change it?"

"If he had divided his property it would have united us all," said Susie; "but he has forbidden the division, and *we* are all divided instead."

"Yes," said Stephen. "Money earned is a clear property, but money bequeathed is like treasure-trove—the finders never agree. Mere luck makes friends quarrel. Here, now, is a happy family! Mrs. Krebb wishes Mr. Harry would die, and Mr. Harry wishes Mrs. Krebb would get married; and both of them hate us, I dare say, because if we were not in existence they would have fared better. And we wish them both to forfeit the property, and begin to despise the memory of the old man who left it. The law is wrong that permits his old skeleton to stand for years in the family circle, directing what we shall do and what we shall not do. The worst of it is, we can't help ill-feeling. It is irresistible. It would cost us three millions to feel like Christians."

"We *will* feel like Christians," said Susie, putting her little foot with emphasis on the pavement; "and I wish our names were not mentioned in the will."

"I am glad to hear you say so," said Stephen; "and now let us forget it all."

If you think that Stephen was unnaturally philosophical in this you are quite correct, and he half thought so himself. His mind did not long hold to the resolution he had just formed. He soon began to see more of the other side of the question, and the more real and tangible the great fortune seemed as he thought of it, the more vexatious seemed the freak that had debarred his sister and himself from their lawful and immediate share in his uncle's estate. He shortly came to the conclusion that, although he would not care for it himself, it was his duty as toward Susie to assert some claim, if any were sustainable.

He was in this mood when old Mr. Harry Krebb called upon him to endeavor to enlist his co-operation in the event of a lawsuit. Mr. Krebb

gave such an account of the circumstances under which the will was made, and of the old man's weakness and eccentricity, and of the legal opinions he had obtained to the effect that the will itself was void on this account, that he induced Stephen to consent to join him in bringing an action to set the will aside.

In giving this consent Stephen was, perhaps, actuated more by the desire of protecting his sister's rights than of asserting his own; and he made it a condition that he should not be called on to give a day of time or a dollar of money to the litigation. Mr. Harry was much pleased to secure thus the entire management of the case to himself; and Stephen went through the formality of making oath to the bill of complaint, in which it was alleged that he was informed and believed that the testator was not of sound mind and memory, and was not capable of making a will. Mr. Harry's lawyer, who attended to administer the oath, congratulated the young man upon being a plaintiff in one of the greatest lawsuits of the age; and, if the truth were told, Stephen, with all his appearance of indifference, felt as if he had taken another step upon the ladder of life when he saw his name affixed to the papers in *Krebb* against *Krebb*, and thought of the possible consequences of such an act.

As for Susie, she was at first more pained at the idea of combining to prosecute her aunt than pleased at the hope of success; but she soon reconciled herself to the position of a plaintiff, and wondered how soon they would go to the court and hear the verdict.

As for Mary, imagine how glad she was to get two evenings a week with her brother. When Susie told her of the brilliant contingencies which opened before them tears of joy filled her eyes, which always beamed with gratitude upon those who had befriended her brother. But Stephen thenceforward found her less social and communicative than before, and more impatient than ever that her brother should be able to move.

Old Harry Krebb, armed with his bill of complaint, and the appropriate writ or process to commence the great suit of *Krebb* against *Krebb*, went one fine day to call upon his sister-in-law. He determined that she should be either his wife or his defendant, and he resolved to press a suit in one sense or the other. To make a sure thing of it, the crusty old fellow was prepared to threaten as well as to coax.

Mr. Harry dined at his club, and spent an hour over his wine in meditating on the policy he should pursue in conversing with the widow. The deep fellow got so deep that when he rose to go and seek Mrs. Krebb he was full of love and law in a strange mixture. At first he had been uncertain whether it were wiser to threaten first and offer afterward, or to offer first and threaten afterward. This difficulty disappeared as he got on with his wine, and he soon found the most opposite sentiments comfortably commingled. In the fullness of anticipated triumph he said to himself, as he swaggered along toward her house, "Sink or swim, marry or sue, bride or defendant, kisses or costs, by Heaven I'll have my share of the money!"

On this swelling wave of exulting resolution this brave but poor lover was floated into the presence of the widowed millionaire.

"What does this fellow want?" thought Mrs.

Krebb, as Mr. Harry swayed across the room, kissed her hand, and made as if he would sink on one knee before her.

"Dearest Margaret," said he, "I have come to avow my heart, and to propose a happy settlement of all our differences, to declare the sentiments with which your beauty and worth—your worth, I mean personal worth, I do not allude to property—have inspired me."

The horror with which the lady drew back from him glimmered dimly into the excited mind of the lover, and admonished him that he was getting on too fast.

"Yes, dearest one—for so I must call you, and I know you will not forbid me till you have heard me. Yes! I have come to tell you of the dilemma in which you stand, and to offer myself to deliver you, if you will accept me."

"Yes, dearest, there is a combination—there is a lawsuit about to be commenced, to set aside the very extraordinary will your late husband made. I am informed and believe, as deponent saith, that it was fraudulent and void."

"Who says that?" said Mrs. Krebb, indignantly. "How dare you?"

"*Deponent saith*," responded the old fellow, with a shrewd look. "It's only the language of the law, my dear; the law talks very bad, sometimes; and the worst of it is that what the judge asks the witness must tell. I was in the room when the will was made. It will not be my fault if I am made to appear against your interests."

Mrs. Krebb was silent.

"Your late husband," continued the brother, "has condemned you to be a widow, and left you to fight your battles alone. I can set you free in the sweet bonds of matrimony. You would not lose any thing by uniting your fortunes with mine. Together we could defy any opposition."

"I do not believe a word of it," said the widow. "There is no one but yourself to interfere with me. The Merprises are content. What do you want? What do you mean to do?"

"Ah! my dear Margaret, I must either agree with you or agree with the rest of the family. I must either stand by the will or yield it up. I come to you to propose that—to propose—yes, in short, to propose—that's it. If you will have me, I am yours; and we can easily arrange details about the property on equitable terms. But otherwise I must go against the will and set it aside. In other words, my dear, I come with a ring in one hand and a writ in the other, and you must choose for yourself."

Mrs. Krebb broke into a merry laugh, during which her odd suitor stood rather sheepishly awaiting her answer. She was divided between indignation and a sense of the ludicrous, and she half laughed, half scowled her reply:

"Show me the writ and show me the ring, and I will choose very soon."

"There's the writ," said Mr. Harry, reluctantly drawing it out. "I haven't any ring here."

"Never mind the ring to-night," responded the lady. "Leave me now, and I will give you my answer to-morrow, after I have read this."

"I can not leave it. I must take it with me."

"No! If you want my answer leave it, and I will respond to your proposal to-morrow. And now good-night, Harry," she added, looking at

him with momentary toleration, and offering her hand.

She led him to the door and shut him out into the hall. She heard him groping for his hat and stick, for though the hall was lighted his eyes were hazy; and at last he closed the outer door, and his uncertain feet descended the front steps.

"It seems to me that your story is rather long," interposed the Professor, rapping on his desk to enforce the interruption. "The hour is up."

"Let him go on," said the boys, in a general chorus.

"It is *rather* long," said Chum, gravely, "or rather it was, but it is getting shorter every minute."

"Hm!" ejaculated the Professor. "It is time for me to go," looking at his watch. "Any of the class can go who wish to. Can't you tell us in a few words how it ends? It's a pity to leave it there."

"In a few *minutes* I can, Sir," responded Chum. "The Death and Marriage column, you know, is always a short one."

"Well! well! Go on. You may as well read it all while you're about it."

Nobody moved to leave the class-room; and we all settled ourselves to hear the conclusion. Chum resumed his reading:

WE left old Mr. Harry descending the steps of the Krebb mansion. On his way home the half-tipsy man was run over in the street, and did not live to receive an answer to the dilemma which he had proposed to the widow.

The decease of this dashing old beau was lamented only by his creditors—those faithful friends who hold that while there is life there is hope, and who never say die unless they can get their money by saying it. These—for many such friends he had—mourned his untimely end. Mrs. Krebb felt unspeakably relieved, and even Stephen and Susie thought with satisfaction that one obstacle was removed.

It will not be expected that one who is not yet even a *bachelor* of arts should be able adequately to describe the play of those tender emotions which undergraduates are presumed never to have experienced. I must therefore say bluntly, as a parrot would blurt it out, not knowing what it means, that Stephen was in love with Thomas's pretty sister, and Mary has since as good as acknowledged that if it had not been for the bugbear of a fortune hanging over his head they would have made a match of it straightway. But she, blushing girl, had her own ideas about station in life, and keeping her own place; and while she perhaps confessed to herself that she liked Stephen poor, and even Stephen as a master-workman, she was quite disconcerted by the thought of Stephen a millionaire. Stephen himself was not long in conjecturing her heart.

It would be a very charming narrative, were I capable of tracing it, to describe the courtship of this poor-young-possible-rich man. Living in his garret, working at his trade, thinking himself prospered when the end of a month left a few dollars surplus, and triumphing in Mary's genial congratulations thereat, and yet in his poverty

hampered with a capricious possibility of a fortune which threatened to break all the prospects of his love. He found he could not get on either with his work or his love unless he resolutely foreswore all such expectations, and kept himself doggedly in the hard path of self-reliance.

So he refused to continue the suit against the will when it was suspended by Mr. Harry's death, and declared himself quite indifferent to the matter.

I will not say but that after he felt himself quite secure in the affections of his modest Mary he intended to make a new attempt to claim the fortune; but meanwhile he stuck well to his work; and after some objection he consented that Mary should, for a time at least, continue at service.

It was during this period, while Stephen was building castles in the air, not knowing whether they would turn out cottages or palaces, that a strange gentleman called at the great mansion of Mrs. Krebb and asked for her. Mary Cairnes saw him as he passed up stairs, and thought she had seen him before. He had a handsome yet weather-browned face, was well dressed, and had the bearing of a traveler. Mary could fix no recognition of him in her mind, but his apparition aroused reminiscences of her voyage, and the movements of the ocean. Neither of the servants heard him go away; whether he made a long call or a short one they could not tell. A day or two afterward Mrs. Krebb went away alone in her carriage, and came home late in the afternoon. The coachman said she went to the railroad station, and required him to await her return; he did not see any one meet her. The next day some one was heard to enter the house and pass up stairs. Mrs. Krebb said nothing to the servants of any visitor, and their curiosity was appealed to strongly by the circumstances.

It is a very curious feeling, that—the dim consciousness that something unknown is going on in the very circle of your own household. The sense of being on the outside of a secret penetrates the calmest mind, and quickens the perceptions of all the senses. Servants live in this continual condition, and it is not to be alleged against them as a sin, if the retina of the eye does become sensitive in side spots, so that what happens in a corner forces itself upon them; or if the drum of the ear grows ticklish, and takes notice, like that of the factory operative, of the least variation in sound from the ordinary monotony of routine. Nor is there any more exciting phase of this feeling than that which is aroused by the conviction that Somebody is in the house. *Somebody!* Treads come to be as well known as tones of voice. A tremor of the floor is either understood as plainly as a door-bell, or it makes you hold your breath and say, "It sounds as if Somebody were in the house!"

This belief began to prevail below stairs in Mrs. Krebb's mansion. But in proportion as the subject grew interesting to the cook and the coachman, it grew disagreeable to Mary Cairnes, who had less fancy for footfalls and keyholes and circumstantial evidence of scandals. She resolved, after a few days of these suspicions, to leave the house, and went up stairs to avow her determination to her employer, and ask for a recommendation. Mrs. Krebb had the best of reasons for acceding to this request without inquiry

or objection, and gave her leave to go immediately. She opened her port-folio, and taking a scrap of paper, wrote her a good character, paid her in full, and bade her good-by. Mary, surprised and greatly relieved to be thus easily dismissed, left her first service, hoping that it might be her last.

When Stephen came home in the evening he listened to the story in silence. The accounts of the other servants, which Mary repeated in answer to his inquiries, after she had given the reason of her leaving, raised in his mind the conjecture that there had been a clandestine marriage. Stephen asked for the recommendation which Mrs. Krebb had given her.

"What are you going to do, Stephen?" asked his sister.

"I don't know, Susie. If it is a scandal in high life we've nothing to do with it. If Mrs. Krebb is married again, as it seems she ought to be, we have something to say."

As he folded up the paper some words penciled on the back caught his eye. They seemed to be, "Train for Hastings at 10 o'clock."

He asked Mary who wrote that, but she did not know. It had not been written since she had the paper. Mrs. Krebb took the paper from among other loose pieces in her port-folio. She thought it was not Mrs. Krebb's own handwriting.

Stephen resolved to follow up this clew. The next day he went to the Hudson River station, and found there was a train for Hastings at the time named. He took it, and alighted in that town an hour after. The only question for me, said he, is, has there been a wedding? By inquiries at the residence of the clergyman of the town he found that on the day on which Mrs. Krebb had been absent a couple had called to ask for the clergyman, but that he was out of town at the time, and they had gone away without giving any address. The vague description given him of the personal appearance of the lady was hardly enough to identify her positively, but the circumstance was sufficient for Stephen, and he resolved to call on Mrs. Krebb and ask her the question bluntly.

Although the young man had felt little inclined to regard the contingent possibility of his succeeding to the fortune so long as it was a mere possibility, he was not inclined now to submit to any deception. "I told her," said he to himself, "that I would never claim any more of his money than my own that I had paid him, but I will not allow her to defraud Susie, nor me either. She shall acknowledge the truth to me herself."

The servants' conjectures proved to be so far true that there was, in fact, "Somebody in the house." Somebody sat and talked with Mrs. Krebb in her sitting-room up stairs. Somebody came without its being known when he went away, and went without its having been known that he had come.

Stephen, resolved to penetrate this mystery, called upon his aunt, and was shown into her presence.

After an awkward pause he said, bluntly; "Well, ma'am, I have come to ask you if you are married again."

Mrs. Krebb, instead of being covered with confusion at the discovery of her secret, merely

smiled. "I confess," said she, "that there are some circumstances which would tend to excuse such a suspicion on your part. But I am surprised that you could think me capable of taking such a step clandestinely."

"I am not content with an evasive answer, Madam. Answer me yes or no, if you please, and do not mislead me."

"I will not mislead you; but to answer either yes or no, alone, would mislead you."

"I do not understand you, ma'am."

"Well, then, let me ask you a question. Supposing that I am married again, what do you propose to do?"

This question, put in a quiet, smiling way, irritated the young man.

"It is enough for me," said he. "I have circumstantial evidence which renders it probable that you are clandestinely married. You do not deny it, but say that to deny it would be false. If you don't choose to tell the truth, no matter. I know the truth."

"Well, what do you propose to do?"

"I will tell you what I do *not* propose to do. I do *not* propose to treat with *you*. Your marriage forfeits the property, and it is now Susie's and mine. The will provides so. And however I might have felt if it were otherwise, I consider that any attempt at concealment on your part, such as I have detected, calls on me to assert our rights under the will."

"Perhaps you do not wish to discuss the question except by means of litigation; but you have already furnished me with a sufficient answer to your claim."

"What do you mean?"

"You have already informed me that you disavowed any expectations under the will."

"What if I did? It was in conversation. I thought so then. But I have changed my mind."

"You forget. I have it in writing that you are prepared to prove the will void. You made oath to it, I believe. It is too late for you to make any claim under the will."

So saying she drew from her port-folio the papers which Mr. Harry had left with her. Stephen was silenced. He had nothing to say. He knew that he could not assert his rights without a lawsuit, of which he had a great horror; and he saw now that his adversary had the means of a defense or the show of a defense which he had not anticipated. He thought the easiest way out of it was to cut the knot in a way consistent both with his sense of his sister's rights and his own independence.

"I am not disposed," he replied, "to make litigation. I will tell you what I will do. Whatever I have said or done I will abide by. But that shall not prejudice Susie. You shall surrender to her one-half of the estate without any controversy, and we will both waive all further claim, marriage or no marriage."

"Please put the terms in writing, that they may be understood definitely; and I must show them to my adviser before I offer it as a proposal binding on me."

Who was the adviser? Stephen did not know, unless it might be her legal adviser, until Mrs. Krebb took the paper he had written at her request and left the room, asking him to wait. Then it became apparent to Stephen that Mrs. Krebb's adviser was "Somebody in the house."

Mrs. Krebb came back smiling. "My adviser does not approve of the terms," said she. "They are too liberal."

Stephen took up his hat, and moved to leave the room.

"Stay!" said she; "too liberal on *your* part, I mean. He says that I ought to relinquish more than half. To keep half would be scarcely just. For if there is no marriage you are entitled to nothing; and if there is a marriage, I think Susie would be ill satisfied with half the estate for herself and nothing for you."

"What do you propose, then?" said Stephen, who began to feel that he was perhaps not gifted, certainly not experienced, in such negotiations.

"I propose that you and Susie should accept two-thirds of the estate, and waive all further claim in case of my marriage. Supposing that you were entitled to the whole estate—a claim you have already repudiated—and supposing that you could enforce the claim by a lawsuit, I ask you to relinquish your claim as to one-third upon my surrendering the other two-thirds."

"I would rather agree amicably upon that than recover the *whole* by a lawsuit," said Stephen, frankly.

"Then you entertain the proposal?" asked Mrs. Krebb.

"Yes, certainly. I will consider it. I can not answer finally now."

"I have a reason for proposing to reserve one-third which I think will be perfectly satisfactory to you when you know it."

"Perhaps so," said Stephen, dryly; "but I can't calculate the value of your mysteries. I must go on known facts."

"Very well. You will consider the matter."

"Yes."

"And we will come and see you to-morrow evening, and see if it is agreed on—if you will allow us."

The last words, and the cordial tone in which they were uttered by a handsome woman, overcame Stephen's pride.

"You will find us young birds in a very humble nest," said he, as he gave his address. "It is the fourth floor, the door on the right. It would be more suitable for me to come here, and I would rather do so."

"Ah! but you forget Susie. And then we want to see Susie in her own home."

"And who is it who is to come with you, may I ask?" said Stephen, with something of the cynical tone with which he had commenced the conversation.

"You will see," said Mrs. Krebb.

"Your adviser, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied she, laughing, "my adviser, we will say for the present."

"And I presume it will be proper for me to have my adviser there too?"

"Certainly, if you wish," she replied, looking at him, in her turn, with an inquisitive air.

Stephen laughed, internally saying to himself, She shall find I can make a mystery as well as she can. And he added: "Then my adviser shall certainly be there, unless, indeed, *she* objects to be present."

"She! Who is she?" But Stephen was gone. He heard the question, and left his aunt to wonder what sort of a female lawyer Stephen had found for a legal adviser.

The young man now felt that his fortune was secured. His first act was the extravagance of buying a rich but simple ring, which he put that evening on Mary's finger as a pledge of their engagement. She mildly reproved him for being a spendthrift, but mingled such very sweet counter-arguments with her chidings that he would have done it again in a minute. Stephen laid Mrs. Krebb's proposal before Susie, who joyfully approved it; but he did not mention her intended visit, because he wished it to be received in the most simple and natural way. Nor did he say a word of the negotiation to Mary, other than to tell her that he had got his first and last secret from her, which he should only conceal a few hours. Mary, looking at him calmly, seeing that he was in earnest—half grave, half smiling—set a sort of seal upon his lips that quite excused him for maintaining silence on the topic.

On the appointed evening Stephen was sitting with his little circle making an unsuccessful attempt to read aloud to them.

"I declare, Stephen," cried Susie, "something possesses you to-night, for you stop reading every time you hear a noise. If it were not a public staircase one would think you suspected somebody was in *our* house."

At this instant the door was opened by Stephen, and Mrs. Krebb entered, leaning on the arm of a tall and handsome gentleman, who looked about him with a blunt, frank, kindly smile.

"Good-evening!" said he, with a loud voice. "I wish joy to your little home. Nay, I see it here already. And this is Stephen, is it? Stephen, my boy, your hand!" and in a moment Stephen's surprised and unresisting hand was in the grip of a weather-beaten fist. "What! don't you remember me? Ah, look! No? Well, well! I deserve it. And here's Susie," said he, turning himself toward her and stretching out his arms as if he hesitated to advance first, while his eyes filled with her charming image and overflowed in two little exclamation points of tender feeling on his cheeks. "Here's Susie; what does the sister say?"

"Why, Stephen!" exclaimed the agitated girl. "*Etienne!*" and she rushed into the outstretched arms that met her half-way.

"It is my brother," said Stephen, in his matter-of-fact way, and the next moment the men were embracing, while Susie hung on their indiscriminated necks putting in a kiss here and there at a hazard. But none of them were lost, Susie—sister dear!

Mrs. Krebb stood on one side, alternately laughing and crying at this scene. On the other side stood Mary, with her work in her hand, just as she had risen to leave the room, but transfixed with astonishment at this strange recognition of a face familiar to herself. As soon as she recovered herself she took her brother's hand to cause him to rise to leave the room with her. But Etienne said to Stephen, "Do not let her go;" and Stephen called her back.

"This," said Mrs. Krebb, coming forward to Etienne and taking him by the arm—"this is my adviser."

"And this," said Stephen, drawing Mary to him with one hand, and holding her at his side with the other arm around her—"this is *my* adviser."

Of course Mary looked up in blank astonishment.

"Yes," said Stephen, "you are and you always *shall* be my adviser."

"Stephen," said Etienne, "I acknowledge that you are even with me. I intended to surprise you, but you have anticipated me."

"I remember your brother," said Mary, speaking for the first time. "He saved us from shipwreck. I must thank him, which I did not do when I left him."

"No," said the captain, for such Etienne of course was. "My dog ran away with you; and, to tell the truth, I didn't blame him."

The captain took both of Mary's hands, and looked into her deep blue eyes. His right hand felt the ring upon the significant finger, and Mary felt him roll it back and forth as he leaned forward and kissed her brow.

"I've no need to wish you joy, Stephen," said he. "You have it all here; and if money can do you any good you shall have that too. When I came to New York last voyage a happy fate brought me to Margaret again. She decided to offer you half the estate and go with me; but I told her it ought to be two-thirds at least. I don't want more, for I've got enough; you might take it all and not hurt me. We've been up to Margaret's old home and made all the arrangements for the wedding, which is to be very quiet, for I'm a sort of truant, and nobody knows me; and it's to be next week. So it's all arranged, and it's only for you to say if it's agreeable to you, and what we shall do with the big estate?"

"There, Mary," said Stephen, "you see how it is; they propose to divide the estate into three shares, just as it would have been if Etienne had come home before Uncle Krebb had died, and they ask us if we approve of the match."

Poor Mary blushed at Stephen's blunt way of making her to appear the arbiter of her late employer's fortune and fate. She could only look up and timidly say: "You must choose for yourself, Stephen. I am quite too happy as it is."

"She says," said Stephen, good-naturedly, "that we must choose for ourselves; of course that involves being pleased with each other's choice. As to the estate, give me enough to set up in business for myself, and to give Thomas here a start, and Susie must have the rest of what you don't take."

"No you don't, Stephen," said Etienne, maliciously. "If you don't take your third I'll never consent to your choice. So now, Mary, make him come to terms. And what is more, you must give up business and take care of the estate for us all. That will be enough occupation for you, for we are going abroad, and I can't attend to it; and I dare say Susie will make you *her* banker too."

In due time the weddings took place. They all went up to Hastings to the captain's wedding, which took place there; but Stephen insisted on being married in the same little sitting-room where his vows had been pledged in poverty, and Mary quite agreed with him in beginning modestly his new career.

Here Chum closed his paper and sat down. A buzz of satisfaction ran through the class, and they began to rise.

The Professor was heard tapping on his desk, and the room was silenced again.

"You have not told us," said he, "what became of Susie."

The boys all took their seats again as Chum rose to reply.

"As far as my account goes," said he, "that must be left to the imagination. It may be that she went abroad with Etienne and his wife, and that she spent the winter in Rome and married some Russian prince or an Italian nobleman. It may be that she staid quietly with Stephen and Mary, and that Thomas turned out a remarkably promising young man after he had been naturalized. Or it may be that she set up her own establishment on Fifth Avenue, and went into society with her own span on the Bloomingdale Road, and her own cottage at Newport, until she found her match in that way. On such questions as these, Sir, I can only say, as you told us in giving out the task, you may '*Choose for yourself*.'"

SONG OF THE WIND.

OVER the meadows and over the hill
I frolic and fly at my own sweet will;
Here away, there away, thither and yon,
This minute with you, the next minute gone.
For I find out the ways of the pathless wood,
And follow the sea in my hardihood.
The waterfalls sing in my strong embrace,
And the wild rose turns me her blushing face,
And drops all her petals like perfumed tears
Whenever my errant step she hears.
I know the peaks of the frozen zone;
I've swept with my breath every desolate cone;
I've trodden the hills, and rent them asunder,
And laughed in the face of the purple thunder.
In the fervid noon of the tropic hours,
Over regions where slides a blood-shot moon,
I forbid the showers, I rob the flowers,
And appear in the blast of the fierce simoon.

Mine is the power of weal or woe,
To-day I'm a friend, to-morrow a foe;
I toss the curls of the laughing girls,
While I wreck their lovers 'mid angry swirls.
The sea knows my voice, and answers my shout,
While I twist the terrible waterspout,
And send it writhing across the deep
To make the flesh of the sailor creep,
His heart stand still, and his eyes grow dim,
Thinking of those who remember him.

Oh! mine are the secrets of heaven and earth;
I know where the rainbow has its birth:
At the moment when it sprang into being
I was there, though beyond all human seeing;
For I parted the cloud, I dispelled the rain,
I beckoned the sun-god back again,
While into my fluting there crept a strain
That was half like pleasure and half like pain.

Yet sweeter task is mine, I trow,
When I carry strange seed to the mountain's brow,
To the barren crests of the coral reef,
Which has blossomed neither in bud or leaf.
Since I'm the magician of fields Elysian,
Speeding abroad on my fruitful mission;
Wreathing the rocks with lichen and vines,
With flame of cactus, and wondrous disk
Of poison-flowers, 'mid the tamarisk
Thickets, that wind and entwine,
And shiver and thrill at each sigh of mine.

ABOUT COLD.

IN midwinter, in this latitude at least, with the wind blowing fresh from the glassy summits and gorges of the ice-mountains of the pole, penetrating through skin and flesh to the very bones with its spikes of frost, clotting the blood, and pinching, as with a vice, nose, ears, and every exposed part of the human body, it seems like a mockery to deny the existence of cold. The philosophers, however, declare that there is no essential difference between it and heat, which, being merely a movement of the particles of matter, exhibits, when retarded by various causes, the phenomena of what is ordinarily termed cold. Cold, then, is only—to use an engineer's word, but of genuine Shakspearian coinage too—"slowed" heat, our senses to the contrary notwithstanding. These, by-the-by, are by no means to be relied upon in a question of temperature, as is proved by the experiment, described in the previous number, with the three bowls, where the hands of the same person give diametrically opposite testimony, one declaring that to be warm which the other positively asserts to be cool.

The great source, as we all know, of the natural heat of our globe is the sun. Its diminution, or cold, which is the more familiar and convenient term, is due mainly to the radiation into space of the earth's heat, of which during winter it loses in this way more than the comparatively little it acquires from the solar rays, and we see the result in the frost and its various phenomena. The earth receives and gives away heat just as any other body. When brought into relation with a colder it radiates, or sends off its heat in *radii* or straight lines to it; and, on the contrary, when exposed to the influence of a hotter body, it absorbs or takes in its greater warmth. These processes will continue until an equality of temperature is established, a state to which our globe, the sun, and space constantly tend, but never attain. It would appear, however, that the earth is gradually getting colder, very gradually indeed, for the loss of temperature is only about 2° Fahrenheit in 5,760,000 years.

During the night the earth loses the warmth it has received from the solar rays throughout the day. The lowest degree of cold reached is generally a little before sunrise. This is the moment when most of us feel even in bed a certain chilliness which disposes us to huddle more closely within our blankets, and draw up the one which at the beginning of the night we had rejected in consequence of its oppressive warmth. This, too, is the time when laggards are least inclined to get up, for, feeling cold, they have an instinctive dread of the outer air cooled to its lowest point, and desire to await until its chill may be taken off by the first rays of the sun.

The nocturnal cooling of our globe produces various phenomena, of which one of the most familiar is the deposition of dew. This is mere-

ly water formed by the condensation of the vapor which always forms a more or less large constituent of the atmosphere. Near the surface of the ground, which during the night becomes cold from the radiation of its heat into space, the air is also reduced in temperature, and its watery vapor is necessarily condensed and deposited as dew upon every chilled body. This deposit varies, as we know, according to the nature of the substance upon which it falls. The iron plow-share may be dry, the grindstone slightly moist, and the grass where they are lying dripping wet, although the three have been exposed to the same atmospheric influence. The difference arises from the fact that not one of them is of the same temperature, each being moistened with dew in proportion to its lowness of degree. The cooling of terrestrial substances occasionally during the nights of the spring, when the daily heating is less than in summer, may descend below the freezing-point; we then see the familiar phenomenon of white frost, or frozen dew. In torrid regions, even, where there is no natural ice, it may be produced by an ingenious application of the cold which ensues from the nightly radiation of the earth. In Bengal they dig shallow pits, and filling them with straw, which is a bad conductor, place in them flat, open vessels containing water which has been previously boiled to free it from air. The water continues during the whole night to send off its heat into cold space, and the straw, by its imperfect conduction, preventing the heat of the soil from interfering with the process, it is found in the morning skimmed with ice. Clear, dry nights are the most favorable for this operation, for the freer the atmosphere is from moisture and cloud the greater is the radiation of the earth's heat into space, and consequently the more intense the cold. So, in our winters, the formation of ice is more or less dependent upon dry weather and a cloudless sky. A certain quantity of moisture is essential to the formation of dew, but its deposit is prevented by the interposition of any thing between the ground and space, whether it be a cloud, or even a tree, a roof, or a stone-wall.

It is a vulgar notion among farmers that the much-dreaded white frosts of spring are due to the influence of the moon, because this luminary is always observed to shine brightly during the nights of their occurrence. This is, however, merely a coincidence, both naturally showing themselves in clear weather, which is essential to their appearance. The moon, so far from having any thing to do with cooling the earth, is constantly warming it with the rays it reflects from the sun.

Gardeners, whether conscious of the scientific fact or not that frost is the effect of the radiation of the earth's heat into space, practically act in accordance with it by protecting their delicate plants with matting. In Peru it has been long customary for the farmers to light fires of a resinous substance at that hour

of the night when the cold becomes the most severe, in order that the clouds of thick smoke floating above the vines may form a protective cover by which the cooling process of radiation is prevented.

The bodies which cool most during the night are those which receive the greatest heat during the day. Vegetables appear to, but do not, disobey this universal law, from the fact that much of the heat they receive is consumed by the evaporation of the fluids they contain, and have their temperature thus lowered.

One of the most common effects of cold is the solidification of water in the form of ice. This, in its natural state, is produced during winter in temperate, and at all seasons in Arctic regions, by the earth radiating into space, or parting with more warmth than it receives from the sun. The fluidity of water, as of other liquids, is due to the heat which is interposed between its molecules, and keeps them so far separate that they readily move upon each other. This, when abstracted in sufficient quantity, allows of the free action of the natural attraction which draws the particles of the body together and, fixing them into a solid, thus makes ice of water. There is nothing peculiar in the congelation of this familiar fluid. With a sufficiently low temperature there would be no liquids at all, and in the Arctic regions solidity is not only a characteristic of water and iron, but of brandy and other spirit. Ice is now no longer a subject of wonder in any part of the world, and a pacha of Egypt who cools his daily sherbet with a crystal from Wenham or Rockland Lake, would not be startled, as was a predecessor, by the conjuring skill of a Belzoni, who came near losing his head, not a great many years ago, for having declared and proved to the face and beard of the Oriental despot that he could turn water into a solid.

Familiar, however, as ice is to most of the world, there is in it a great deal of interest, which few know any thing about, but all may easily learn from the study of its natural history. There is one peculiarity in water which distinguishes it from all other substances in nature, and were it not for this exceptional characteristic* the whole condition of the earth would be changed. There is a law in obedience to which all bodies expand by an increase and consequently contract by a diminution of heat, or what we are agreed to term cold. Water appears at first to be no exception, since it expands as we apply heat, and contracts as we withdraw it, until it is reduced to the temperature of 39° Fahrenheit, when, by a miracle of Nature, it is suddenly made to reverse her own order, and begins to expand until it solidifies into ice. If it were not for this, which we have ventured to term a natural miracle, the fountains of all that part of the earth where the winters are sufficiently severe for

* Bismuth and type-metal expand on cooling, but from a mechanical cause.

frost would be dried up, and life upon it rendered impossible. Suppose that water as it froze contracted, instead of expanding, each stratum as it became congealed would descend to the bottom of sea, river, and spring, until the whole was converted into a mass as fixed in solidity as the mountains of granite.

Water at 39° is contracted within the smallest space of which it is capable, and a quart-measure contains more of it at that than any other temperature. This contraction at 39° Fahrenheit accounts for the fact that the water at the bottom of deep lakes is always found at this degree. During the nights of autumn the strata of surface water of the lakes are cooled; and as they become denser sink, while the warmer from below rise to take their place; and when in their turn reduced in temperature, also fall. The water at 39° , at which it contracts the most, and therefore acquires its greater density, must sink below all the rest. In the summer the surface water of the lake becomes heated, but being at the same time expanded and, rendered lighter, it keeps its place. In colder weather the surface and the rest may reach the same temperature— 39° —when there will be, of course, no change in position. In winter the superficial stratum is turned into ice, which expanding and being consequently lighter, keeps above, and does not affect the depths below. The crust thus formed keeps the water beneath from cooling in cold weather; and in hot, although the surface is much warmed, the liquid conduction is so slight that the depths of the lake do not acquire any calculable degree of increased temperature. Heat is thus constantly stored up at the bottom of deep rivers, lakes, and seas, and the life of delicate animals and vegetables made possible even within the ribs of eternal ice.

The resolute will of Nature is nowhere more manifest than in the exercise of this expansion of substances. Whether it be the conversion of a solid into a fluid, or a fluid into a vapor, the change is effected with an almost irresistible force. Water becoming steam, with its familiar might, hardly shows greater power than when turning into a solid. Take a cast-iron tube, fill it with water, and after closing its aperture with a stopper of metal screwed fast, expose it to the frost of a severe winter day. The result will be that the tube will be split, with a great noise like that of a cannon, from end to end, by the water trying to find space enough to expand into ice. An English officer of artillery at Quebec filled a bomb-shell fourteen inches in diameter with water, and after driving firmly into its nozzle an iron pin, threw it out where it was exposed to a severe Canadian frost. The stopper was soon forced out to a distance of more than a hundred yards, and a cylinder of ice eight or nine inches long projected from the orifice. On repeating the experiment the iron pin kept its place, but the shell itself was rent in twain, and the crack filled with protruding ice. In this latitude we have no occasion for

the experiments of the philosophers to remind us of the expansive power of freezing water. We hardly get through one of our severe winters without the bursting of a water-pipe to refresh our memory in regard to this scientific fact. It is surprising that the application of another scientific fact is not oftener made as a remedy for these inconvenient and expensive eruptions of freezing Croton. All pipes, however exposed to frost, may be kept secure by inclosing them in tubes of tin-plate, by which a layer of non-conducting air would always surround them, so as to prevent the water from reaching a dangerous lowness of temperature. Housekeepers can console themselves for their frequent domestic catastrophes during winter. Thus, when they persist in exposing their pitchers, and other vessels of feeble crockery, filled with Croton to the hard frost of the night, they will be able next morning, while picking up the broken fragments, to reflect with philosophic delight upon the scientific truth that water, when cold enough, will expand and break whatever resists its natural inclination for space. When the cold is excessive the strongest vessel, though open, may be burst by the freezing of the liquid it contains, for the surface congealing first acts as a firm cover or stopper, and, resisting the subsequent expansion of the depths, the bottom is forced to give way. The mere moisture absorbed by the earth swells occasionally with sufficient force, when the cold is excessive, to overturn the most solid structures, and great rocks have been riven by drops of water frozen as they trickled through their crevices, and trees split by the sap arrested in its circulation and expanded to a solid by a sudden frost.

During winter in our latitude it may be said without much exaggeration that it snows on every cold day even when the sky is cloudless. With a temperature sufficiently low the moisture which the atmosphere always contains freezes and forms small crystals of ice, so minute and transparent as not to be seen with the naked eye, but of such excessive sharpness as to be distinctly felt on every frosty day piercing the skin as the wind drives them against the exposed face. When the atmosphere is unusually moist these little crystals condense the watery vapor on their cold surfaces, and becoming thus enlarged grow into what we call flakes of snow. These, retaining the original crystalline form of their nuclei, possess the most beautiful shapes. Many hundred different ones have been counted, but all were merely modifications of a star with six rays. Water in freezing also assumes these graceful forms, but in the mass of ice the crystals are so joined together as not to be distinctly perceptible. By an ingenious contrivance the frozen casket may be made to disclose its hidden beauties.

The glaciers which fill great mountain gorges and extensive valleys with Niagaras of ice, and sweeping down in their irresistible course tear away mountain-sides and crush every obstacle, leaving no trace of man and the puny structures

he has audaciously raised under their threatening brows, are merely made of feathery flakes of snow which a breath could melt. On the tops of high mountains the watery vapor of the atmosphere is condensed in the form of snow, which covers eternally their summits. "Sometimes," says the French savant Cazin, "the masses of snow descend the declivities as avalanches, with a noise as of thunder, and fill the valleys; sometimes they slip along slowly and accumulate at the base of the declivities in compressed masses. The air imprisoned in the flakes of snow is little by little expelled, and the mass becomes still more solid; it presses heavily on the rocks at the bottom of the higher valleys, and descends gradually toward the lower. Here, in consequence of the increased warmth, it again attains the temperature of the freezing-point, and begins to melt. Then regelation takes place at an immense scale, because the bottom of the valley and the sides of the mountain present an obstacle to the gliding of the ice. Continually impelled by its weight, the mass may break in overcoming the obstacles to its progress, and immense and deep transverse crevasses result from the rupture. Soon, however, the downward pressure of the consolidated snow and ice causes the sides of the crevasse to meet, and re-gelation takes place. In the mean time other crevasses are produced by the same causes, and the downward pressure continuing, are again compactly closed by the law of re-gelation. Thus the glacier moves slowly down the valley, at a rate of progress varying from fifteen inches daily in the winter to thirty inches in the summer, dragging here and there the debris of rock which have yielded to its efforts." Once in a warmer region, the great glacier melts without and within, and flows forth as a river, the source of which may be thus traced to a flake of snow.

This re-gelation—or freezing again—to which the formation of these great masses of ice is mainly due, is a process which is repeated by every boy who makes a snow-ball. The flakes of snow, by the pressure and warmth of his hand, are brought together and melted, so that they have the position, the freedom from air, and degree of cold necessary for union. With continued handling the snow-ball becomes, as we all know and are made to feel if struck by it, a hard mass of ice. Tyndall, the successor of Faraday, has shown such is the plastic nature of ice, that by forcing it in wooden moulds it may be made to take the form of lenses, spheres, cups, or even human and other figures. These simple experiments are all illustrated in the formation of glaciers, which are derived, as we have seen, from mere flakes of snow, which in turn owe their origin to the drops which compose the great bodies of water constituting so large a portion of our globe. The lakes, seas, and oceans, together with the mountains, form a vast distilling apparatus of which the sun is the source of heat. The surface of these great reservoirs of water are being constantly ex-

panded by the solar warmth into vapor, which, rising to the cold mountain heights, condense into clouds and snow.

The geologists, as is known even to the most superficial student of the earth's history, attribute much of the present condition of its surface to the effect of glaciers during what is termed "the Glacial Epoch." The scientific traveler observes, almost every where he directs his skilled eye, the traces of these destructive monsters of matter. In Switzerland, however, where they are of a fresher date, though long before the creation of man, he may see them more distinctly. Here he notices the rocky borders of the valleys scored by deep furrows, some of which are polished and rounded off, and others streaked or channeled, but all evidently produced by some down-tending mass of irregular edges and gritty hardness, grinding, chiseling out, and rubbing on the stony surfaces along which it has been impelled with more or less speed. On the chalky slopes of the Jura, moreover, there are blocks of the same granite which forms the summits of the Alps, from which they must have been torn away and borne down by glaciers, until arrested at the places where they now rise as rugged monuments of chaos. Similar operations are now going on. Glaciers, as they descend the slopes of the mountain, tear away and carry with them great fragments of rock, which are deposited here and there on their course, as the ice which holds them melts away.

Tyndall has the credit of supplying, by an ingenious suggestion, a plausible explanation of the glacial epoch. He says that to account for its phenomena we have only to suppose, in that geological age, a more powerful condensing apparatus than exists at present. For this all that would be required would be loftier mountains, the summits of which we know increase in cold with their height. This being conceded, it might be possible, as is probable, that the temperature of the earth was much higher, even in the glacial period, than it is now. The sun may have distilled, by its greater heat, more abundantly and rapidly the seas into vapor, which, in its turn, having mountains with loftier summits to rise to, and therefore of greater cold, may have been condensed into more copious snows, and solidified into vaster glaciers. Those countries, therefore, where the "glacial epoch" has left its records, may be considered to have sunk, in consequence of the gradual depression of the surface of the earth, from the cooling and shrinking of its molten interior. The mountains of Switzerland have been unquestionably higher than they are, and traces of the sinking of the whole country are marked distinctly on the sides of the Alps and the Jura.

All are familiar with the fact that ice is cold; but many will be surprised to hear that when melting into water it is colder still. This is, however, a truth which scientific experiment establishes and daily experience illustrates.

The confectioner is not satisfied with pounding the ice, but mixes salt with it before heaping it about the vessel which contains the cream he desires to freeze. He, when asked why he makes such a mixture, will simply say that it is for the sake of producing a greater cold; but how this effect results he will probably not be able to explain. The salt makes the ice colder merely by causing it to melt, and it causes it to melt in consequence of its avidity for water, which it can only obtain by turning the solid into a liquid. Such is the attraction of chloride of sodium (salt) for water, say the philosophers, that it overcomes the cohesion between the particles of ice.

Substances are either solids, liquids, or gases, into each of which all may be respectively converted, according to the degrees of heat to which they are exposed. It is true that the natural philosopher and chemist have not yet been able to perfect their instruments so as to make ocular demonstration of the universality of the law; but the examples of obedience to it are so numerous as to leave no doubt of its existence. In all these changes of form, which are essentially due to heat, there are manifestations of its presence or absence—or rather of its increase or diminution, for it is never absolutely wanting. When a solid is turned into a liquid, and a liquid into a vapor or gas, cold is produced; and, with the reverse of these operations, heat is the result. In the first example, the heat is supposed to be consumed or exclusively employed in executing the change in the interior of the bodies, and therefore can give no outward sensible manifestation of itself; in the second, as the transformations are effected by what we term cold, or the absence of heat, there is no consumption or employment of this principle within, and it therefore exhibits itself without. So the melting of ice produces cold; and this is the purpose of what are termed freezing-mixtures, which are ordinarily made by mixing pounded ice and salt together. A considerable cold can, however, be produced without ice. Salt dissolved or melted in water will lower the temperature sufficiently to be indicated by the thermometer; and nitrate of ammonia, treated in the same way, will reduce it below the freezing-point.

The one principle is apparent in all the various processes of producing artificial cold, which is universally the result of a change from a greater to a less density of form. The spirituous fluids, such as alcohol and ether, which evaporate readily and thus turn with facility from the liquid to the gaseous state, offer the aptest illustration of the effect of such a transformation upon temperature. A drop of sulphuric ether on the hand will produce by its quick change to vapor an immediate sensation of cold. A draft of air greatly facilitates the operation. Ice can be produced almost instantaneously by simply taking a thin glass tube containing water, and after putting it into a tumbler filled with cotton saturated with ether,

keeping up a brisk current of air with the nozzle of a pair of bellows thrust into the vessel. This will rapidly change the liquid into a gas, by which sufficient cold will at once be produced to freeze water.

The mere diminution of the pressure upon moist air will, in consequence of its sudden expansion, produce a degree of cold quite manifest to the senses. Fogs, rain, and even snow are not seldom owing to this cause, and we can produce them artificially by this simple experiment. Take two glass reservoirs communicating with each other by stop-cocks. Put into one air saturated with moisture, and produce a vacuum in the other by means of the air-pump, and then open the communication between them, when a miniature storm will be the result, with its usual concomitants of wind, mist, rain, or snow.

In tropical countries they use vessels of porous earthenware to keep their water fresh, which is the natural effect of the evaporation going on constantly from their surfaces kept in perpetual moisture by the transuding liquid. The cooling lotions of the surgeon owe their refreshing qualities to their ready evaporation. An old doctor says: "The frequent abuse of such applications will afford a striking illustration of the necessity of chemical knowledge for the preparation and direction of remedies. I have known a lotion of this kind applied to the head, when the patient has immediately covered it with a flannel cap, and thus converted into a rubefacient that which was intended to act as a refrigerant." An opposite mistake, and not less frequent one perhaps, is when spirits on being applied for the sake of creating a desired warmth are so exposed to the air as to evaporate and produce a dreaded cold. Any one who has been to sea must have noticed the old sailor, when asked the "way" of the wind, plunge his finger into his mouth and hold it up in the air before he ventures to deliver his unquestionable oracle. He seems, with his uplifted hand and solemn manner, as if engaged in some mysterious communion with old Boreas or some of his fellow-divinities of the elements; but his act is not one of superstition, but a philosophical process, though he might not confess to it under so dignified a title. The saliva on his finger evaporates most readily on the part exposed to the wind, and thus indicates by a greater cold its direction. Any one who in some way or other has got a good wetting and can not readily change his dripping clothes, should bear in mind the scientific fact that evaporation produces cold, and consequently avoid wind and all circumstances calculated to increase it. A dry over-coat thrown over his saturated suit will probably prevent all the evils of a chill.

The most intense cold ever produced is obtained by mixing frozen carbonic acid and ether together. By this a temperature as low as 212° Fahrenheit below freezing-point can be reached; and to the use of this artificial cold chemists are indebted for the solidification of certain sub-

stances which can not otherwise be made to change their forms. By its touch flowing quicksilver is turned at once into a solid which may be hammered, cut, or worked, as any other metal; but care must be taken not to grasp it too firmly with the hand, for it will *burn* the flesh, or produce the same effect by the sudden abstraction of its heat as red-hot iron. If moulds are filled with mercury, and surrounded by the mixture of frozen carbonic acid and ether, busts and statuettes, glistening like silver, may be produced, and these will be frozen so hard that they will last for a considerable time.

The most intense cold ever endured by man was 70° below zero, or 102° below freezing-point, of Fahrenheit. Arctic travelers have been able not only to bear this excessive lowness of temperature, but while exposed to it to preserve their health and even enjoy life. Though their broth might thicken to a soapy solid during its short and hasty transit from the boiling pot on the fire to their hungry mouths, and their brandy become so congealed as to make it necessary to clip it into bits with a hatchet, and turn them well, like sugar-plums, under the warm tongue before they could be melted and easily swallowed, the temperature of their bodies would hardly vary. The easy adaptation of the human system to extreme changes from heat to cold and cold to heat is marvelous. Men have gone into ovens of a temperature of 212° , and, while beef-steaks were broiling and the kettle was sounding its steam alarm by their sides, have borne the excessive heat without much inconvenience and no subsequent suffering. Whether the surrounding cold be sufficient to solidify one's whisky, or the heat to cook his dinner, his own temperature must remain at about 98° . This is effected in the latter case by the abundant perspiration supplied by the natural water which forms so large a portion of the composition of the human body. This coming to the surface and being rapidly evaporated, and thus changing its form from a liquid to a gas, serves to keep down the temperature of the body to its naturally low degree. When exposed, on the contrary, to excessive cold, all the internal energy of the human system is concentrated in keeping up its internal combustion. This is aided by increased activity of breathing, the consumption of fatty and other substances which supply the animal fire with its carbon, or fuel, and the protection of the surface of the body with warm coverings.

The object of dress in cold weather is not to give warmth, as many suppose, but to keep what the body may already possess. The heat we have is mostly of our own making, and is the result of the chemical action or human fire lighted within us; and we must take care, as we ordinarily do in winter, that its warmth shall not be used up too quickly for our natural means of keeping it going. These consist in enveloping ourselves in flannels, broadcloths, furs, and feathers, and when in repose living in an atmosphere the temperature of which has

been raised by artificial heat. It is not safe, however, to rely too much on such means, for these can only aid in keeping what we have, but not adding to our store; and this is essential, for the process by which heat is made is necessary for other purposes in the human economy equally essential to health. In cold weather, especially, we require a great deal of exercise and a plentiful supply of pure air, that not only the human fire may be quickened, but that through the appetite thus increased we may be constantly taking in fresh stocks of combustible material.

To keep a thing cold in summer and warm in winter requires, curiously enough, although the results are so different, the same appliances. To preserve ice throughout the hottest weather we have to surround it, as we do ourselves in winter, with non-conductors. Thus the sides of our ice-houses are filled in with saw-dust or charcoal, and we wrap our crystal Rockland or Wenham Lake on the hottest day in August in flannel to keep it cool, as we in December envelop ourselves with the same material that we may retain our natural warmth. In the former case the non-conducting wool prevents the external heat from reaching what it covers, and in the latter it hinders the internal from escaping.

Nature, in its provident care, has freely distributed among its numerous dependents these non-conductors wherever they might prove the most useful. The eider-duck, a bird peculiar to cold climates, is furnished with a down which is almost impervious to heat. So with the swan and most birds, and especially their young, the plumage of which is exceptionally soft and light, as these fledgelings require more and produce less heat than those of stronger wing. This beneficent care of Nature has extended still further, and penetrated even to the egg, where the living principle has been warmly enveloped with a non-conducting albumen (white of the egg), and its vitality thus preserved in spite of its frequent deprivation by absence of the hen-bird of the maternal warmth. The eel, tench, and also the garden-slug, or snail, have the power of secreting a slimy fluid, which serves as a warm coat to protect them against exposure to unusual cold. Those fish thus provided will live longer when drawn from their warmer element into the colder air than the mackerel, for example, which, having no such provision, is quick to die when landed. The blubber of the grampus and whale, as well as the corpulence of the alderman, are securities against freezing to death, although the former wallow in seas cooled by ice, and the latter waddle at the slowest pace exposed to the frost of a severe New York winter's day. Nature, by a wonderful process of compensation, is always equalizing its distribution of gifts, and thus cold and heat, practically as well as theoretically, become almost convertible terms, and life is made as enjoyable exposed to the freezing touch of the one as to the melting breath of the other.

FALSE AND TRUE.

Two walked under the olive-trees shading the walls of an ancient town,
Long ago, as with gold and purple canopied bravely the sun went down.

Strangely mated for lovers, they—he an eagle, and she a dove—
He with eyes of prophecy, under such a forehead as laurels love;

She with bashful and tender face, softly radiant with love's surprise—
Flushed with pink, like a peach-tree blossom under the fair Italian skies.

"Farewell, darling," he smiling said; "though this parting be bitter pain,
To the labor whose crowning waits me I must go—but I come again.

"Then, sweet love, how your heart will beat! From your swallow's nest looking down
You shall see how the eager people greet me back to the dear old town.

"Years may pass ere that golden day, fate and fortune may be unkind,
Yet no woman shall call me husband save the dear one I leave behind.

"Will you love me with patient love?—hold me precious the long years through?
Let us see, when the test is over, which of our two hearts proves most true!"

So he followed his guiding star to the region of song and art,
Wrought his dreams in the deathless marble, wooing Fame with a lover's heart.

Every shape of immortal youth which the soul of the artist thrills,
Charmed to sleep by some weird enchanter under the fair Carrara hills—

Gods and heroes of days gone by; saints and cherubs, a shining band—
Woke and rose, in their snowy beauty perfect under his master-hand.

Friendship sought him, and praise, and power; many a heart he wronged and rent;
Many a worship he won and wasted—smiling, spoiling, where'er he went;

Went the way that an artist loves, skimming the selfish sweets of life—
Giving to no one noble woman, loved and revered, the name of wife;

Yet he frittered his heart away, little by little, on many shrines,
Keeping nothing for her who waiting looked for him through her window vines.

So his beautiful years went by, smoothed by honors and ease and gold,
Till at last, after fourscore summers, all the days of his life were told.

Then they took him in splendid state back once more to the dear old town,
Where with his early love he wandered long ago as the sun went down.

Down the street as his funeral passed, leaning out from her casement high,
Pale and trembling, a white-haired woman gazed and wept as the crowd went by.

All are conquered by Fate or Time—there are changes in fifty years—
Fifty years! And alas, a widow gave the dead man these burning tears.

She whose youth he had sorely wronged, she whose heart he had starved and slain,
Now at his tardy coming uttered all her passionate grief and pain.

Eating the bread of lonely toil she had waited through tedious years,
Hoping all things, in tears and silence, fond and faithful despite her fears;

Then with a languid, cold consent, after patience and hope were dead,
Wedded another, whose constant passion sought her still, though her youth had fled.

Moan of people and chant of priest rose and wailed like a soul in woe;
Plumes like midnight and trailing sables slowly swept through the street below.

"Oh, my darling!" she sobbed aloud, shaken sore by her utter woe;
"Oh, my dearest, is this the coming which you promised so long ago?"

"Taunt me not with my broken troth, oh my love whom I still adore!
You who lived in the love of women, winning, wasting for evermore—

"You who honor the empty husk of your vow when your lips are dumb,
No proud woman has called you husband, and you come—as you pledged to come.

"Loyal to him whose name I bore, yet I loved you, and only you;
Judge between us, oh tender mother, which is the false and which the true!"

THE ROMANCE OF THE MAIDENS.

IN the summer of 1858 I visited the northeast corner of Ireland, whose bold cliffs and rugged, rocky shores are dear to the heart and memory of many now separated from them by the wide Atlantic, and there witnessed the closing scene of a romance not less improbable than the creations of fiction. Just where the shores of Ireland and Scotland most nearly approach each other, and the proverbially stormy waters of the Irish Sea rush impetuously through the narrow Channel, as though impatient to join the swelling waves of the North Atlantic, there stand off the coast of Antrim two huge sister rocks, known as "The Maidens." Situated about three miles from the shore, and a quarter of a mile asunder, they are in mid-track of vessels bound for Londonderry and the Clyde, and form a dangerous impediment in the way of the weather-beaten bark seeking a refuge in the safe harbor of Larne.

These rocks may be described as irregular, blunted cones; the summit of each is a rugged platform raised thirty feet above high-water mark, the sides steep and inaccessible as a builded wall. Many a goodly ship, with every soul on board, has here gone down to swift and certain destruction—many a fishing-boat been drawn into the deadly current between the rocks and swamped or dashed to pieces.

On each of these desolate pinnacles a light-house has been erected, with dwellings for the family of the light-keeper and his assistant, and year in and year out the twin lights beam across those stormy waters, making the once terrible Maidens friendly guiding-stars and harbingers of safety.

Ah! what sacrifices does the welfare of our race demand of many of its units. In order to minister to our need, profit, pleasure, some drive engine of the midnight train, facing the biting blast and cutting sleet—some labor in the scorching breath of the furnace—some toil in the mine, rarely beholding the fair face of Day—and some spend in the lonely, wave-washed light-tower the long hours of the wintry night. The dwellers in these weird habitations have surely need to be furnished with more than ordinary mental resources, and to be fortified by a thousand inner compensations. The light-keepers of the Maidens in fair weather hold daily communication with the shore and with one another by means of the large, strong-built boat with a crew of three men, which conveys to them food, stores, and water, for which last there is in each rock a hewn reservoir capable of containing a supply for three weeks. Sometimes in winter and rough weather the water-boat can not put out for days together, and at such times the sojourn on the rocks must be a very epitome of dreary isolation. It is at all seasons hazardous to attempt the passage from the main land in a small open boat, ever liable to be capsized by the sudden squalls of wind so frequent in these narrow seas, while it is

all but impossible to pass in one between the twin islets. Standing, relatively to each other, southeast and northwest, diagonally opposed to the strong current of the Channel, the waves, striking upon one rock, recoil toward the other, boiling, foaming, and roaring in that narrow strait with inconceivable and grand fury. Thus no boat is kept upon either rock, as it could be of so little use, and would prove a tempting source of danger. At the time spoken of the light-keeper of the North Maiden was a man whom we will call Sheil; his family consisted of a son who had arrived at man's estate, and a second wife, the mother of three young children.

Michael Sheil, acting as assistant to his father, was qualifying himself for a similar post. Besides cleaning and tending the lamps, their duties comprised looking after several buoys, placed off the coast for the guidance of navigators, and maintaining in perfect order the apparatus for rescuing the crew of any unfortunate vessel which might be driven against the inhospitable bosom of these cruel Maidens. Plenty of work, therefore, filled their hands and formed the best preventive against the *ennui* so often complained of by their more happily situated but less busy brethren.

Michael was looking forward to a period yet some months distant when, his time of probation having expired, he should receive an appointment, and take with him, perhaps to a less isolated abode, sweet Ellen Byrne, daughter of the keeper on the South Maiden; for so the ancient story fulfills itself with sublime indifference to clime and circumstance.

The hopes and desires of the young folks were known and approved by the parents of both; and the bright spot in the unvarying round of Michael's duties was that hour while the water-boat discharged its load at the Southern rock, or the blissful but infrequent occasions when the voyage ashore was performed by them together. These sunny days were, however, of brief duration.

The test of true love, which is said to be applied in some form or other to every genuine courtship, was speedily to be applied to them in a sharp and decisive manner. The elder Sheil was a man of angry and jealous temper. Hearing that certain small privileges, for which he had sued in vain, were granted to Byrne, his junior in the service, by the superior officers, Sheil vowed eternal vengeance against the entire family on the South Maiden, forbidding, in terms of insult and outrage, all further communication between them and his own household.

Bright and fair dawned the morning after this command had been issued; yet, when the boat reached the foot of the rock-hewn stair, no ascending step of Michael was heard by her who stood coyly hidden behind an angle of the wall at their accustomed meeting-place. A second and a third day, yet no Michael, not even a written line to explain his absence; and Ellen, whose pride forbade her making any in-

quiry of the boatmen on the subject uppermost in her heart, pursued her household tasks, now wondering and silently weeping, now brushing away her tears, and tossing her brown locks with a spasm of indignation.

At last the captain of the water-boat, a rough man but a kindly, sought Ellen in the house, for she came to the landing-place no longer, and saying with a meaning tone, "Cheery now, lass!" handed her the letter penned by Mike during his watch in the tower to tell her the story of their present separation, and closing a lover's passionate lamentations with an exhortation to trust in him and be faithful. Many a missive between the pair was conveyed by the sympathizing captain during the long months of the weary winter that succeeded. With the lapse of time came no signs of relenting on the part of Sheil, and by taking every means in his power to annoy and injure his neighbor he at last aroused in him an equally implacable hatred. Byrne bade his two daughters never again to mention the name of Sheil in his presence.

Poor Ellen drooped at first, but, helped by the loving sympathy of her younger sister, grew after a while composed and apparently contented. Her father began to think that Mike Sheil had no great hold on her heart, and was confirmed in his opinion by observing that Captain Morris came always now to the angle by the landing-place, and was received by Ellen with a ready smile. The captain was a widower, had a pleasant cottage at Larne, was part owner of a small coasting-vessel, and being a hale, hearty man, of little more than forty, was esteemed by Byrne no ineligible husband for his elder daughter, though she had numbered scarce nineteen summers.

While thus it fared with one of the plighted lovers the other pursued his daily avocations in a silent, resolved, clock-like manner that might have been suggestive to a more acute intelligence than his father's of the existence of an undercurrent of thought more engrossing than the labor that occupied his hands.

Now Michael Sheil, motherless child of a stern father, had early learned to take counsel with himself, and determined, even during the first ebullition of the light-keeper's wrath, while apparently acquiescing in his fiat, to take secret measures for defying it.

By leaving his post he would retard his gaining a position, of which in due time he was tolerably certain. He had just entered the last year of his assistantship; and a friend, who had influence at head-quarters, promised Michael to press for his appointment, at its expiration, to a light-station in a distant part of Ireland.

In the mean time he determined to build a boat, wherein, hazarding the dangers of the wild sea, he might pay stolen visits to his beloved. But how could this design be accomplished without discovery within the circumscribed limits of his island home? Whence

should the needful materials be obtained? How should he find time for such prolonged labor? Love, like faith, laughs at impossibilities, and oftentimes converts the most impracticable designs into achieved facts.

On the opposite side of the rock to the landing-stair, and consequently free from observation from the water, Michael had long ago discovered a little cave, haunt of the sea-birds, into which he had penetrated to rob their nests of their treasure of eggs, gaining access to it by means of a rope-ladder secured to the rock immediately above the cave's mouth—a mode of descent and ascent practicable only to a slight and active man, while to miss his footing involved a fall into the troubled water, and a dash against the pitiless granite wall. The upper part of the cavern was some feet above high-water; its floor, sloping upward as it receded, was for the most part dry; but at the entrance invaded by the waves of each returning tide.

Hither Michael at once began to convey his slender stock of material—drift-wood drawn from the sea—a few remaining planks left behind by the carpenters who had recently erected a shed—all these were lowered down the rock into the water; thence drawn with slow and painful effort into his strange work-shop by the unaided strength of the solitary worker.

During the winter months it was customary to divide the long night into two watches—the elder Sheil taking the first watch from sunset till midnight, when he was relieved by his son, who extinguished the lamps at sunrise. The interval until nine o'clock, the family breakfast hour, was Michael's precious opportunity for descending into the cave to continue his secret labor; often interrupted, however, by a foggy morning, rendering it necessary to burn the light far into the day, and by the periodical recurrence of high tide at the hour of dawn.

Fortune favored the brave and patient lover by casting upon the rock a swamped and battered boat; this, ostensibly breaking up for firewood, he took carefully to pieces, stowed away the ribs in the cave, and found them a most valuable contribution to his store. The friendly boatmen, though ignorant of their destined use, brought a few other indispensable articles, such as tools and nails. Little by little, progressing more rapidly with the lengthening mornings of the spring, the work grew, till at the close of nine long months the frail skiff was completed; and the faithful lover awaited only a calm and moonlight night to favor his first perilous adventure.

It was mid-May, and the light-keepers now took alternate night-watches. There was little fear that a footstep on the rock or the splashing of an oar in the water would be audible in the tower above the ceaseless sound of even the most placid summer sea. So, having determined to set out at midnight, when his father was on duty, and return in the early morning, when he had retired to rest, Michael apprised Ellen

of his intention of being at their old meeting-place next morning between two and three—a somewhat early hour for a love tryst.

Wonder, fear, and joy contended with each other all day in Ellen's bosom, and many were the whispered discussions between the sisters as to the manner in which this unlooked-for visit was to be accomplished. Katie decided in favor of Michael imitating the feat of Leander; Ellen entertained the soberer notion that the Captain had been prevailed upon to make a night trip with the water-boat. Ill fared it that day with Ellen's cookery and the thousand occupations of a solitary household. It needed all her younger sister's ready wit and light-hearted drollery to divert attention from her abstracted looks and frequent blunders.

Having vainly tried to sleep, Ellen arose while it was yet not far past midnight, and sat at her window gazing intently toward the North Maiden. At last she descried a dark speck crossing the shining track cast by the light-tower on the unusually calm water. Making a wide circuit to the southward to avoid the current of the strait and the broken water which indicates the site of a submerged group called the Shearing Rocks, the little boat, named by her builder *The Hope*, advanced bravely over the waves, and was at length brought to at foot of the landing-stair on the South Rock before the admiring eyes of both sisters.

A tender and tearful greeting was exchanged between the long-parted lovers—for there is a bitter as well as a sweet taste to the stolen morsel—and the joy of their meeting was shaded by a sense of danger and a fear of present discovery. As the story of the building of the little bark was poured into Ellen's wondering ear her cheek blanched at the thought of all the perils so unwearyingly incurred for her sake. "And now, darling," said Mike, "read this letter that I got this morning from Uncle James."

The letter informed Michael that his appointment was secured to the — Light, on the southern shore of Ireland; a good berth, but only available for a married man, and the duties were to be entered upon at midsummer. "An' shure, Mike," wrote his uncle, "ye know some fair colleen that ye can persuade to share it wid ye, though it is sae short a notice."

With downcast eyes and burning blushes, Ellen returned the letter to Michael, leaving her hand within his. No words were needed to assure him of the possession of the entire trust he had so well earned.

As he saw the buoyancy of the boat during the passage to the rock, "What," thought Michael, "if she can carry both of us?" Ellen was easily persuaded to step in, and it was evident that little vessel was capable of sustaining the double burden. Ere the brief hour of the interview had expired Ellen had agreed, at the end of a month, to trust herself to *The Hope*, and her lover's skill, for the passage to the shore, Michael in the mean time making all

the necessary arrangements for their marriage. The girls anxiously watched the receding skiff until a white handkerchief was waved for a moment from the rock, the promised token that Mike had reached home safe and undiscovered.

During the short period which remained to the two sisters to spend together they sewed industriously at Ellen's wardrobe, and having obtained permission of their father to accept an invitation to visit some relatives in King's County, they had the better pretext for making various purchases and preparations. Parcel by parcel most of the girls' personal possessions were sent ashore to the house of a grand-aunt, whither it was arranged Katie should go a day or two before the journey, and pack them for traveling, her sister following her on the 21st, the day fixed on for the wedding.

The English law requires that marriages should take place between the hours of eight and twelve A.M. As the water-boat would not return from the rocks till too late in the day, and as, moreover, Byrne announced his intention of going with Ellen to see his daughters comfortably started on their trip, the success of their plan depended on the lovers being able to make the voyage in the early morning by *The Hope*.

On the 16th of June wild weather set in; a stiff breeze blew continually for several days, at times swelling into a fierce gale; the angry sea lashed, foaming, against the rocks, sent up a blinding spray that made one tower invisible from the other by day. For three days the water-boat could not venture out. Gloomy faces and foreboding hearts dwelt on both the Maidens.

On the fourth morning, the weather having somewhat moderated, Captain Morris fulfilled his wonted service, but was with difficulty persuaded to take Katie back with him. Perceiving at length, by the eagerness of her entreaties, that she had some especial reason for desiring to face so stormy a passage, he made every possible arrangement for her comfort, and placed her in the most sheltered position the vessel afforded. Waving an adieu thence to Ellen, who watched the departure from the stair, but faint hope remained in their hearts for the accomplishment of their plans on the morrow.

At sunset, however, the breeze subsided, lulled, died—like a child, wearied out with the force of its own passionate waywardness, sinking into calm slumber. The summer moon and stars shone out one by one over a sea as blue, and almost as motionless, as the heavens above. Just as the brief twilight blushed into early dawn *The Hope* was pushed out from her native cave by the strong and resolute hand of her builder. Again the perilous surf was safely crossed, and the skiff moored at the South Maiden. Pale, but calm, Ellen stood ready, and almost without spoken word was assisted by Michael into her seat in the boat, which, with this double freight, was sunk in the water

very nearly to its edge. Even in that calm, and with the most steady rowing, it was necessary for Ellen unremittingly to bail out the water taken in by the tiny bark. The distance from the South, or further of the two rocks, to the nearest point of the shore is full four miles; running with the tide *The Hope* made steady way, and knowing full well that a rising breath of wind or the turn of the tide before they reached the main land must prove destruction to the adventurous voyagers, Michael strung every nerve and muscle to the task, pulling the oars for his own and a yet dearer life. Katie arose with the sun on that longest day of the year, and climbed the hill above the town of Larne. At her feet lay the beautiful little lough, the wooded hills sloping down to its margin; on her left the dark mountains were clothed with a morning glory of rosy mist; far out across the sea the outline of the Scottish coast was sharply defined upon the horizon; ships with all their canvas set sailed stately in the open channel: but upon none of the features of this fair prospect were her eyes bent. For Kate Byrne on that morning was there no point of interest in all that wide-extended view save the treacherously innocent-looking, tower-crowned rocks, and the small but ever-growing object advancing from them toward the main land. It drew nearer; two figures could be plainly discerned seated in the boat; it was making for Black-castle Rock, the rugged fore-shore of the hill on which she stood. Hastening down she made her way to where a little cove with a sandy bottom stretches in between the black rocks, a spot frequented for bathing by the inhabitants of the neighboring town. As yet the intending bathers were sound asleep, for it was but four o'clock in the morning. Very soon *The Hope* was run in upon the beach; Mike had carried Ellen from the boat, and she was clasped in the loving embrace of her younger sister. Not until then did the lovers exchange the passionate overflowings of their full hearts.

The frail craft that had done them such good service drawn ashore and secured, they all walked the two miles to the house of their aunt. The good soul, taken into confidence by Kate the night before, was already astir, and preparing a breakfast which should do honor to the occasion. While the bride elect exchanged her water-stained dress for the pretty muslin which became her so well, Mike called up Captain Morris, and, when that worthy had recovered from his astonishment at seeing him, and from the incredulity with which he received the story of the elopement, easily persuaded him to don his best suit and join them at that merry breakfast, as well as afterward to give away the bride. Perfectly secure they felt from pursuit by either of their parents, though Ellen had left a letter for her father that he might not be alarmed on missing her; for nothing short of a miracle could bring them to Larne till too late to interrupt the marriage ceremony.

At eight o'clock the little party had presented

themselves at the parish church, where the clergyman, whose duties seldom interfered with his ease, presently followed, somewhat out of temper at having to officiate at so early an hour. But the radiant appearance of the bride, whose face glowed with the excitement and exercise of the morning, would have charmed away the frowns of a more stony-hearted bachelor.

Returning from an early ramble I wandered in at the open door of the church just as the words, "I pronounce them to be man and wife together" fell upon the ears of the little group, and, gathering the outline of the story in a few whispered words from the old sexton, I drew nearer, and never have I seen a more fresh and sweet bride, a more frank and comely bridegroom, stand before the altar together than Michael Shiel and his young wife.

In another half hour the newly wedded pair and Katie had taken their seats on the mail-car, to make the first stages of their journeys in company, after a hearty farewell from the honest Captain, who was commissioned to treat for reconciliation between the families on the Maidens, and pardon for the runaway couple. *The Hope* was presented to the Captain as a parting gift, and was by him exhibited to the curious, in return for as many pence as sufficed to purchase a handsome contribution to the new ménage.

The chief actors in this little drama still live—and long may they live!—in the enjoyment of the love and happiness for whose sake they risked so much.

WOMAN'S WORK AND WAGES.

BY A WORKING-WOMAN.

ALTHOUGH so much has lately been said and written on this subject of Women's Work and Wages that it would seem to be quite exhausted, yet I have thought it might perhaps interest the public to know how a working-woman regards it from her stand-point. And if it be an impertinence to intrude where so many able pens and large, clear brains have been at work, the present condition of the various classes of women workers must plead my excuse; for there never was a time when that condition called more loudly for help. And this is but a natural consequence of the struggle through which the country has just passed. There are many households now entirely dependent upon the exertions of women where formerly the strong arms and willing hearts of fathers, husbands, or sons assumed the whole burden. This has driven into the ranks, already overcrowded, hundreds, nay, thousands, of new recruits. We find the employers only too ready to take advantage of these things; and with grudging hands they dole out the barest pittance to women who have given up husbands, fathers, sons, or brothers in the hour of their country's need; and if these venture to remonstrate they are curtly informed that there are plenty who would be glad of the work at even less prices.

All employers are not heartless, as some would affirm. In truth, many of them have never given the subject an hour's serious consideration. They pay as much as others do, and what more can be required at their hands? Of course it is each man's duty, as a sharp, acute business man, to get his work done as cheaply as his neighbor; if not, that neighbor will certainly undersell him. As for giving up a part of his profits that his work-people may be better paid, the idea is too absurd even to find a place in his thoughts. If the employée can get more from another she is welcome to leave; he can easily fill her place. Here is, in part at least, where the trouble lies. The laborers are so many in proportion to the labor that the employer can make his own terms; and what redress remains for the employée? Clearly none. Every avenue by which she can hope to gain a livelihood is crowded, and she must do as others do—take what she can get.

Americans are apt to pride themselves on their chivalrous treatment of women. But I fear it will be found to consist merely in externals. The school-director feels that he is only performing his duty to his district if he succeeds in pinching a few dollars off the meagre salary of the female teacher; the store-keeper who pays ten or twelve dollars a week to a salesman would be disgusted at the assurance of a saleswoman who would venture to ask more than half that amount for the very same labor. And although school-director or merchant will promptly give up their seat in the crowded car or omnibus to the pale, wearied working-girl, yet that will not prevent him from taking advantage of her poverty to obtain her work at prices which he well knows will not remunerate her for her labor. And she can not help herself, for she must live. How many despairing hearts are ready to cry out: "Better death at once than such a life!" But yet she must not dare do otherwise than live.

But it is not men alone who are thus unjust. There are—I shame to say it—women to be found in the foremost ranks of the oppressors. The lady merchant, with as little scruple as her friend of the opposite sex, adds to her profits by stinting the wages of her work-women; the thrifty housekeeper considers it her duty to expend her money very carefully, especially that which she pays for work; the fashionable lady must get her plain sewing done as cheaply as possible, because it costs so much to pay the equally fashionable dress-maker and milliner, who, on their part, pay their work-women as she pays for her family sewing—starvation prices.

It is strongly urged, even by her friends, that one reason of the trouble is that women go on for evermore in the old groove, and never try to do any thing new. I admit the truth of this; but is it altogether her fault? I think not. "Can you keep a set of books?" I asked of one, when summing up the various occupations that are open to us. "If I could, how would

it help me? What merchant would not pay a thousand or twelve hundred a year to a man rather than let a woman inside his counting-room?"

Let me tell you something of a friend of mine who thought she could keep a set of books, and who, by the sudden and unexpected death of her father, was left wholly dependent on her own exertions, with the additional burden of an invalid mother.

Her father was a mechanic, and, having no child but Marion, he had her thoroughly educated, intending her for a teacher. But finding that she had a most invincible repugnance to this profession, he did not urge it, especially as all her teachers united in declaring that she had no talent for it. His wages supported them all in ease and comfort, and it was very pleasant to have Marion at home helping her mother and brightening the house with her gay companions and their merry doings. But her father's death changed all this, for their income died with him; and the shock reduced her mother, always delicate, to such a helpless state of both mind and body that, instead of her counsels being of any use to Marion, she dared not even speak of their situation in her presence.

Marion, however, was not one to fold her hands and wait for the construction of the machine that was to take her to the top of the mountain. She at once sought for employment; but, greatly to her dismay, she found that all her friends agreed that she must teach, and as there chanced to be a vacancy where some of her father's friends had influence, it was at once secured for her. There seemed no other resource, and she accepted the uncongenial situation with a reluctant heart and a strong resolution of very soon leaving it.

To this end she entered a Commercial College. She had studied book-keeping before; but she was determined to be thorough, and if patience, perseverance, and the closest application ever accomplish any thing her purpose was attained. And the Principal must have thought so; for when she received her diploma he stated that she was among the best book-keepers who had ever left his College.

Now, then, she thought her trials and difficulties were nearly over. But how was she amazed to find it not only difficult—it might have been that even to a man—but utterly impossible, to obtain a situation. She traversed the whole city; she bore coldness, rudeness, misconstruction, absolute insult, all to no purpose. The very idea of a woman wanting to keep books was ridiculed as something beyond belief; and the woman who could think of it was looked on with suspicion; and the friends whose influence had obtained for her the situation she held were particularly wrathful.

"What more did she want?" they asked. "She had easy work, good pay, and short hours." What if her pupils remained with her for months, not seeming to advance an inch?

What if she did labor week after week, month after month, seeing no fruit of her labors? When the Principal grew tired of seeing their faces in her room he sent them to the next, and they did well enough there. Why should she make herself unhappy about these things so long as—thanks to their influence—she retained her situation, and her monthly salary was promptly paid?

And so, baffled, discouraged, and repulsed on all sides, she had to go on in the old track, well knowing that she was merely tolerated for the sake of her friends; knowing that she was no help, but rather a hindrance, in the great cause of education; feeling herself a useless lumberer of the ground in this uncongenial life; and having in her heart a curious sort of pity for her one talent which she was thus compelled to bury out of sight. And when her monthly salary, which was so much enlarged upon, was paid to her, she received it with such mingled feeling of defiant self-scorn and humiliation as would have tempted her to cry out, "I will not accept alms, and you know I have not earned it!" but the thought of her mother, helpless and dependent, checked her words.

"I would rather dig potatoes!" you say. So would Marion; but she could not make a living for her mother and herself by digging potatoes. She might learn the milliner trade. But, in the first place, she would have to give from eight months to a year of her time without pay or recompense; and after that she would have work six or perhaps eight months in the year, at wages ranging from four to seven dollars per week as she grew more skillful. And this to supply two persons with food and clothing, rent, fuel, and all other necessities.

This case is one of very many. But, as I have stated it, it may serve to illustrate the difficulties which beset a woman whenever she attempts to leave the beaten path. Although it has been clearly and conclusively demonstrated that women could do as well, if not better, than men in many of the trades and professions that, so far, have been given up entirely to men, yet let a woman try to enter one of these unaccustomed ways, and up starts my Lord High Fiddlesticks with the old cry, "Keep her out! Keep her out! She wants our breeches!" It is utterly useless for her to assure him that she has no design upon the aforesaid garment, but only wants bread. "If she only wants bread," he asks, "then why don't she go to the Giant's Tread-mill, where her sisters are?" It really is not the thing, you know, to be trying to get away from that ancient and time-honored institution, clamoring for an equal chance with men to earn her bread. It is not at all the way to be appreciated by the nobler sex."

What if the tread-mill is already crowded even to suffocation, still you know it is what she was born for; and if this excess of work-women enables the giant to bring the wages down to the starving-point, yet a true woman will starve quietly and say nothing about it. It is too ab-

surd for her to think of doing a man's work any way. And I do honestly believe that at least one great difficulty in this matter is the opinion, so deeply rooted in American minds, of women's utter inefficiency for any thing but a parlor ornament, or a drudge in some subordinate position.

This idea, however, is politely veiled under the pretext of an anxious solicitude for the preservation of her purity and delicacy, and a desire to shield her from rude contact with the world; and a great deal of nonsense is talked and written about the perfume of the lily, the dew-drop on the rose, the down on the peach, and other pretty things lost by this contact. All this sounds pretty enough, and I willingly admit that there is no position more natural or becoming to a woman than loving, trusting dependence on those whom she can thus love and trust.

But, although I admire the time-worn simile of the oak-tree and the clinging vine quite as much as those masculine advocates of the charming helplessness theory, yet I can not help asking, "How about those vines that have no oak-tree to cling to, or who have found the oak in which they have trusted turn out a mere reed, which, if they have no self-sustaining power, only serves to drag them to the earth, to be trampled by every cruel or careless passer-by?"

For this class there is clearly no dependence save their own labor. With them the problem is very simple. They must work or starve. Is it just, then; is it fair, is it humane even, to exclude them from *any* occupation where they could make a fair living on the shallow pretense that such an occupation is not feminine? To this pernicious idea may be ascribed many of the deficiencies in the present system of training and educating. Perhaps if I should say the total want of system, I would be nigher the truth.

The boy is early taught that he must depend on himself; the lesson is impressed on his mind not only at home, but in the school-room, where he is urged forward in the pursuit of education by the assurance that the time in which he has to acquire it is limited. His habits, his predilections, his plays even, are carefully noted by his watchful parents; and all have their weight in determining his future trade or profession. And when the time comes that the final choice is to be made there is no unnecessary waste of time. The father would not dream of keeping him idling about home. The real business of life begins for him at once; and with the full understanding that he must make his own way in the world, self-reliance soon becomes habitual. But it is altogether different with his sister. Her father is a mechanic, or perhaps a clerk, whose wages, with careful economy, will barely suffice to bring up his family in comfort and respectability, and Millie leaves school almost if not quite a woman in years, but lamentably deficient in any thing which would assist her father. She is "well educated," of course—for nearly all Americans are ambitious to have their children "educated;" and, thanks to the

common-schools, it costs but little, and the girls may as well have it, as their time counts for nothing.

And now the question arises, "What is she to do?" If she has any talent for teaching, and friends with sufficient influence to secure a situation for her, then she may teach without losing caste. But if she lacks the talent or the friends she must think of something else. At least this is her mother's decision. Curiously enough, however, we almost always find the father unwilling to have his daughter go to work; and his argument is, that she will be getting married in three or four years, and all she would make would be so trifling that it would scarcely be worth while for her to have the name of a working-girl for it; they will manage to get along without it. But her mother knows how many little fineries a young girl needs—things which never enter into the father's calculations; and she decides that she must earn something, and, of course, she has her way.

But neither parent would dream of apprenticing her, as they would her brother, that she may learn a trade thoroughly and so be prepared always to make her own living. That would be too much like a boy; and she must not have her womanhood tainted by the mere suspicion of unfemininity; and it would be useless waste of time. Accordingly Millie goes to something which she can learn in a few weeks or months, and at which if she earns her own clothing she will do very well.

At first she is cheerful and hopeful enough. She is earning something; and she tries to help her mother with the work, and to make home pleasant for her father; and she enjoys the pleasures and amusements within her reach with a zest altogether unknown to the mere idler.

But as the years go by her father finds age creeping on apace, and no provision made for it. His family is growing more expensive every year, while every year he finds himself less able to labor so constantly. His daughter is no help, and there are other daughters coming up who will be none either. And his days are filled with labor and his nights with anxiety and unrest, as he vainly seeks a solution of the ever-recurring problem, how to make one dollar do the work of five. No wonder his temper grows short, his manner crusty, as he looks forward to the time, so rapidly approaching, when he shall be laid aside as useless. Nor is it any lack of love for his daughters that leads him to look with envy on his neighbor who has only sons. His sons, if he has any, bear their part of the household expenses, with an occasional fling at Millie's uselessness, and thus in some degree lessen their father's burden. But if he have no sons then God help him!

And Millie sees it all. Every day, every hour, she feels her inefficiency. She knows she is a hindrance, where she should be a help to her overworked father. Her mother does not scruple to express a desire to see her set-

tled; her sisters growing up are wondering why she don't get married, and out of their way. Father, mother, brother, and sister, all contrive to make her feel that she is one too many. And all this without any thought of unkindness; and still the prince don't come.

Perhaps, at length, there comes one bearing the semblance of a prince; and although her heart does not acknowledge him, yet, in despair of finding the true one, she accepts his offer, and secures a home for herself. Sometimes, by a rare chance, she finds that he is really and truly the one who fills her heart. But far oftener she wakes up, when it is too late, to the bitter truth that work, poverty, privation, beggary even, were better than the fate to which she has sold herself; and often a few years find her, with the additional burden of two or three children, back in her old home.

Charlotte, her friend or neighbor, although her circumstances and surroundings are the same, takes quite a braver course. She will not yield to outside pressure so far as to marry for a living merely; and as the true prince never comes, she remains at home, although she is pushed aside by her sisters, groaned over by her mother, alternately wondered and sneered at by her brothers, while her father laments over the necessity of supporting her, yet is thankful for her presence in the house.

But after a while father and mother are both gone, and she is left alone. She has no home of her own, no means of support, no skill in any thing which would enable her to make her own living without help. Her brothers and sisters have married and gone to homes of their own, and don't feel bound to support her. "Why didn't Charlotte marry when she was young, and have a home of her own?" And she must live among them as best she can; sometimes with one, sometimes with another—sewing for the family, taking care of the sick, attending to the children, working harder than the hardest-worked servant—but with the difference that the servant claims her weekly wages, and prides herself on taking no harsh words or black looks from any body; while Charlotte is the convenient scape-goat on whom every one wreaks their ill-temper; who must bear the blame of every thing that goes wrong, from an ill-cooked meal to the spoiling of the children's tempers; the said children, by their keen observation and quick imitation of their elders, adding not a little bitterness to her sad lot. And if she ventures to hint that she needs a pair of shoes, her friends are astonished at her assurance. "Surely when she has nothing else to do she might earn her own clothing."

Now these are by no means extreme cases. They are the legitimate fruits of the charming "helplessness" theory. It has been clearly proven more than once that in every trade that requires delicacy of touch, quickness of perception, and skill rather than strength, women, if thoroughly taught, are fully equal if not superior to men.

Why, then, in the name of common-sense, are they not taught? Formerly, when American girls almost invariably married between the ages of sixteen and twenty, the idea of a girl spending two or three years acquiring a trade would have been scouted as something too absurd. But the class of unmarried women is yearly growing larger; and should not careful parents strive to have their daughters prepared for any contingency? If all girls were prepared to make fair livings for themselves, we should see far less of this anxiety for marriage which prompts them to take the first offer, whether suitable or not.

And even among the married how many do we now find who are compelled to labor for others as well as themselves. Many husbands have given their lives to their country's need; others have returned to their homes, but so crippled and broken that they can nevermore be aught but a burden to their families. Other men have fallen in the quiet walks of peaceful life; while still others survive a burden and curse to the community, but more especially to the miserable wives or daughters who must toil to support them in idleness and vice.

How are all these women to gain this support? If they are strong enough, they may go out washing. If they are not, there remains for them the inevitable needle; and what that means only God and those who have tried it may know.

And fathers and mothers look with pitiful hearts on those overworked, underpaid women, yet never think of guarding their own girls from a like fate. Truly the blindness of mortals is inconceivable. And yet for the life of me I can not see how men, and women too, can be so blinded and befogged. Year after year the army of working-women grows more numerous, the necessity for work more pressing, yet still they persist in believing *their* daughters exempt from such necessity. Work with them, if it means any thing, is merely an interlude between the time of leaving school and getting married; and then, of course, they will be provided for. And if you should suggest that they should be taught something which has not been considered strictly women's work, but would pay fair, living wages, you are met by some such rubbish as "Women *must* be feminine. They will never get married if they are not; for men can't admire masculine women." And the world has long ago decreed that women must be feminine though they die for it.

And even women—some, too, who should know better—look out from bright and happy homes, where they are shielded by strong arms and true hearts from any contact with or knowledge of the poverty and miseries which their sisters have to endure, and wonder what women mean by making such a clamor about more work; they are very sure any woman can find enough to do at home. They know as much about the matter as did that queen who wondered what her starving subjects meant by mak-

ing such an outcry about bread when they could get such nice cake for two-pence.

So long as such ideas obtain, just so long the narrow ways will still be crowded, and there will be dozens of applicants for every situation, whether it is in school-room or factory, in milliner-shop or telegraph-office; behind a counter or in a dress-maker's work-room; in a printing-office or in a garret room, trying to keep soul and body together—working for the tailors or making shirts, either occupation simply meaning starvation.

And still there remain hundreds for whom there is no room in work-room or factory, in store or office. That it is not from any want of capacity must be evident to any unprejudiced mind; for if, by any strange miracle, a woman chances to slip into any situation that, according to the traditions of society, should be filled by a man, we are complacently told that she is far more expert, and will do as much more work for half the wages. And why for half the wages? If a man gets a thousand a year for doing certain work, why, in the name of common-sense and justice, should a woman be put off with five hundred for doing the same work faster and better? Will any body ever make that clear to a working-woman's comprehension.

The needs of the working-woman may be summed up in a very few words. They are a thorough and practical education; a full recognition of her right to work at any employment for which she has physical or mental capacity; and compensation according to the quality and quantity of the work—not according to the sex of the worker. Their Bill of Rights, you see, is not so very extensive or alarming. Only the right to work, and a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. They don't want any garments save those which befit their sex; they don't want to be fed with turtle-soup out of gold spoons; they don't expect to have alms-houses built especially for them; the greater number of them don't even care to vote. In short, they only want to help themselves; and once they get a chance to do this, I, for one, have faith to believe they will soon work out their own redemption.

And there are men who could and would help them if they could only be brought to see that work to a woman means just what it does to a man. But they can not divest themselves of the idea that it is some unwomanly ambition that prompts her when she tries to better her condition; and if once she could fairly and honorably support herself, independent of any man's help, he thinks she would grow quite too careless of his opinion and admiration.

Now I know some of my strong-minded sisters will be ready to beat me for the admission; yet I will say that no true woman, be her condition what it will, ever loses the desire to secure the esteem and approbation of the opposite sex. But when it is a question of bread and butter, shoes and clothing, fuel and house-rent against this esteem, is she to blame if she pre-

fers the bread and butter? Or can any man think his wife a less worthy helpmate because she was not compelled to marry him for a home—being capable of making one for herself? Is it too much, then, to ask men—successful, prosperous men—to take the same interest in, and extend the same encouragement to the struggling woman who is bending all her energies to the up-hill task of bettering her condition, that they would to a man under the same circumstances? If it is honorable and praiseworthy in him to strive to reach the highest round of the ladder, is it less laudable in her? And if he should falter by the way, not at once succeeding, would any man believe himself justified in advising him to go down to the lowermost round because it suited the convenience of others who have succeeded to have intelligent drudges about them? If the mists of selfishness, prejudice, and jealousy could be cleared away, I think we should find few men or women either who would not be heartily ashamed that they had ever joined in this cry: "Let them come into our kitchens, for we have need of them."

And for you, sister women, basking in the light and warmth of homes won by no exertion or self-denial of yours, if you will not help, in God's name don't hinder! Cherished and protected as you are, you may be sincere in your belief that there is no change needed. But if in time to come you should be forced into the arena yourself, you would bitterly realize your mistake. And it matters little how assured your prospects may be. In this country fortune changes rapidly, and the petted, dainty wife or daughter of to-day may be the poor, destitute widow, or the lonely, desolate old maid of the future.

In conclusion, I would say to the working-women, If you wish to succeed be in earnest. This, after all has been said, is the lever with which you may and must move the world. Put your heart into your work. Make a business of it. Don't always look on it as something to be taken up for a few months, or at most, years, and then to be laid aside, never to be resumed. Whatever work you elect, whether hand-work or brain-work, take it up as if for life. Don't be satisfied with a superficial knowledge of your craft, whatever it may be. Never stop till you are a skilled work-woman. The working-man in *his* craft puts forth all his powers in the effort to reach perfection, and works as if for an object. Let the working-women show to the world that they too have the courage, energy, perseverance, and endurance requisite to success.

Go heartily to work, then, and while helping yourselves try also to help each other. We all remember the old fable of the bundle of fagots, which, taken singly, a child might break, but bound together, defied the strongest man. Men have been quick enough to apply the moral, and it is certainly time that you would see it. Earnest, united effort—I can not repeat it too often

—this will ultimately overcome all your difficulties.

Already there are faint indications of the dawn of a brighter day; old prejudices and jealousies are slowly wearing out; and we now find woman engaged in many occupations which a few years ago were carefully guarded against her approach. True, it is almost always in a subordinate position; but don't be content with that position. Fit yourself for the highest, and you may yet find yourself in the line of promotion. Don't be afraid of being called strong-minded; at the worst it is better than to be called weak-minded; but there is no reason why you should cease to be womanly in ceasing to be frivolous. Only be in earnest—stand by each other—*don't* talk scandal; but when you meet find some subject of discussion more profitable than each other's bonnets, beaux, or characters. Never fold your hands waiting for the machine that is to take you to the mountaintop, nor yet for the coming of the prince; but, remembering the great things that were done when the people had a mind to work, use with all earnestness whatever talent God has given you, and, my word for it, you will succeed; for of all the musty proverbs handed down to us by our grandmothers, there is none truer than this, "God helps those who help themselves."

TO MAJORCA.

A GRUMBLING Englishman, such as "Captain J. W. Clayton, F.R.G.S., late 13th Hussars," the author of a book he calls the "Sunny South," evidently is not exactly the sort of traveling companion we should have chosen if we had had our own way. It is certainly not our favorite mode of getting over classic ground to be led by the nose by a Smell-fungus of his kind, who goes sniffing about and stirring up all the dirty rubbish, and thus keeping us in a perpetual atmosphere of dust and fustiness. We don't care to have our heads dragged down from the contemplation of the sublimities of towering cathedral, and our nose held over the gutter which rankles at its base, in order to take a whiff of "a compound of extra-sour vinegar, stale slop-pails, and burned India rubber."

The Anglican growl is every where apparent, turning, like thunder, the sweetest milk sour. It is astonishing how resolute this John Bull is in discontent and pertinacious in complaint, even in spite of his own confessed reasons for satisfaction. The warm rays of the Sunny South seem sometimes, however, to liquefy his English iciness, but he hardly yields to their lenient touch. He wakes himself up constantly from incipient sleep and dreams of enjoyment with his own growl. "In the courtyard of our inn," he says, "a fountain was playing, and a vine formed a large shady arbor for smokers and idlers beneath." "There was not much to complain of," he adds, "and notwithstanding the general smell of garlic, and an

odor resembling that of steamboat cabins with which the bedrooms were perfumed, we slept most comfortably for a short time with calm consciences and clean sheets." The digestion of a breakfast at Bayonne is disturbed by the presence of "an opposite lady with a false nose, and a gentleman with diamond rings and dirty wristbands." The French vermicelli soup, which every one else acknowledges to be supreme, our English traveler calls a "not very inviting fluid, with things like boiled gentles in it;" and the delicious kidneys, stewed in Champagne, turn in his disordered Anglican stomach to "old hats and hot water." Thus, throughout the whole journey, he is quarreling with his meat and drink, scowling at each morsel that crosses his lips, and giving it some ugly name or other. The butter of Spain is lard, and its milk of mares; the tea consists of "chopped broomsticks and dead flies," and the wine of Xeres takes the growler "by the throat like a bulldog, and holds him there."

Captain Clayton affects to be a very knowing traveler. From his own well-marked characteristics of the genus we doubt not his familiarity with the peculiar features of John Bull, and accept this as a description of himself and family: "We are sure to meet an English paterfamilias, with mamma and daughters. When we say English, we do not mean moderately English, but downright and awfully British—British in the dogged look of plethoric, stupid self-complacency, and general superiority over every body and every thing not British; British in that moneyed, bovine state of mind which distinguishes the inferior specimens of the *nouveau riche* fresh from Albion." We, however, venture to deny that Captain Clayton ever heard this lingo, or any thing like it, from American lips: "Wa'al, stranger, I guess I prefer neither, for the manner in which you conduct operations in Eu-rope is a caution to snakes, and aside of being ridiculian in manner, I put it down slick as base and tyrannical, which, howsomever, is only as how yew poor Eurôpean critturs is suckled to enjure, except Irish cutes, who, I calculate, are absquatulating from the rotten Old World, and making pretty quick tracks across the fish-pond to the Almighty States, and that's a faact."

We can not find that our English traveler, in passing through Spain, saw much that has not been more clearly discerned and better described by others. The railway has become a matter of course on the Peninsula now, as every where else; and yet this pathway of modern civilization seems not to have let in much light upon Iberian darkness. The country of Old Spain, at least from the French frontier to Madrid, is more of a wilderness at this day than any part of our own continent. The trains, which move only at the rate of nine miles an hour, stop now and again in the midst of a barren region, at the discretion of guards or engine-drivers—for the stoppages are not confined to regular stations or villages, but sometimes take

place in the middle of fields, where there is no sign of habitations. Some woman, perhaps, may rise from the border of a ditch, where she has been resting, with a child in her arms, and all the officials will get down and have a chat with her; while the good-natured passengers, who take the stoppage as a matter of course, get out and smoke cigarettes. When some station, which is represented by one small house, is reached the carriage-windows are surrounded by tottering old men in ancient velvet hats with very broad brims, and with little silk balls dangling from them. They are all swathed in varicolored rags, and no one seems to know where they come from and how they live, but they are always there. On the journey to Madrid the traveler passes a succession of sandy plains and rugged mountains of granite, with here and there towns and villages composed of ruined churches, with their spires toppling above crouching hovels; peasants with broad sombreros and velveteen doublets, lagging behind flocks of black sheep; and endless groups of beggars, subjects for painters in their distant picturesqueness, but so vile when approached as to prove mere masses of dirt, apparently "designed by Providence as places of refuge for destitute insects." Every thing seems dull and obsolete but superstition, which still makes a brave show with all its flaunting emblems. Religious processions pass and repass. Mourners hooded and clad in black from head to foot, tonsured priests, attendants carrying torches, and children singing the *Miserere*, escort brightly-painted coffins, with keys dangling from them and fastened near the locks by chains, so as "to be in readiness at the day of judgment."

Madrid itself, though the Madrileños are very proud of their city, is pronounced to be merely a bad imitation of Paris. The mantilla and the fan have given way in the street to the *chapeau à la mode* and the gaudy parasol; and the traditional Spanish cloak, though still worn by some Dons, being crowned with the tall and ugly chimney hat of the French, has lost its easy grace in the incongruity of the companionship of its stiff associate.

There is little worth seeing, it would seem, in the Spanish capital but the famous gallery with its unequalled pictures of Velasquez and Murillo; and of these our guide has nothing to say but some commonplaces which our readers will thank us for sparing them. A bull-fight scene with a long-winded description is a matter of course with every Spanish traveler; but its horrors are too familiar to arrest our attention.

We are surprised at the total want in the records of a journey made so lately of any preliminary indication of the revolution which all believers in progress have just now so hopefully welcomed. At the theatre in Valladolid, every person rose reverentially to the unveiling of a picture of Queen Isabel. Her Majesty, as seen at the Opera through the usual *chiar-oscuro* atmosphere of smoke—for all, every where, in-

doors and out, puff cigarettes—appeared remarkably stout and of the middle age, with a roseate bloom which overspread her face even to the tip of her nose. She “wore a profusion of beautiful blue-black hair, and the expression of her countenance indicated that it was possible for her, now and then, to entertain strong opinions of her own. She was, in fact, or rather is, what vulgar people would call a lusty woman.” Every Saturday afternoon her Catholic Majesty used to drive in an open carriage, drawn by six mules, to the church Atocha, in order to pay her reverence to “a coarse, black wooden doll, which is wrapped, in a very grotesque manner, in garments incrustated with gold and stiff with precious stones, of sufficient value to build half a dozen hospitals and endow the poor of Madrid.” This sable idol, supposed to be the work of St. Luke’s own hands, is believed to be capable of performing miracles. Queen Isabel is said to have had great faith in its power; but her confidence has probably been somewhat weakened since it has not saved her from exile and a forced residence in unbelieving Paris. Within the shrine there is, or was, to be seen the court dress which her Majesty wore when an attempt was made upon her life. A similar robe being offered on each anniversary of the occurrence an immense number of garments has accumulated, and the Virgin has in consequence one of the largest wardrobes of any lady in Madrid. She is, in fact, well taken care of in every respect; and besides having plenty to wear, she possesses jewels and a crown of inestimable value. Her household consists of many of the noblest and proudest of the Spanish dames, and her territorial possessions and princely revenues give her rank among the wealthiest of the land.

We need not delay any longer at Madrid, of which our guide has nothing more to show us than what has been better presented by Ford in the best of the Murray hand-books, and others. We leave the capital, and on our way hurry through the narrow and gloomy Moorish streets winding about the rock on which Toledo is built, and past its cathedral of marvelous tracery and workmanship. Again, in our snug railway carriage of English manufacture, we move smoothly but leisurely along the iron road, and catch such glances of the country as the dark tunnels and deep cuttings will allow. Old towns and villages, with Moorish castles and mosque-like churches, are thrown past the eye, with a rapid panorama of rugged hills bristling with pines, ruined castles and falling towers, whitewashed farm-houses, glistening roads bordered by olive and mulberry trees, and country people of an Arab aspect, brown-skinned, red-sashed, and half naked, trudging along on mules, with their gay vari-colored trappings shining through the clouds of dust gilded by the sun. Then a wide sweep of garden-like plain stretches before us, and we feel already the soft breath of that southern sea, the Mediterranean.

Valencia, on the eastern shore of Spain, has a cheerful aspect. The open plazas are cooled with

the spray of elaborately sculptured fountains, and shaded with rows of acacias. Long streets of houses, brightly painted, with pink, blue, green, and red balconies draped with showy mats and carpets, and shaded with colored awnings; gardens with palms, oranges, aloes, oleanders, and marble basins; palaces, churches, and convents of marvelous structure; a population of priests in shovel-hats; señors in sombreros and cloaks; señoritas “glancing out from beneath the shade of the mantilla, with classic features and luxuriant blue-black hair;” picturesque beggars cut out, as it were, from Murillo’s canvas; and a perpetual clearness of atmosphere and softness of climate make of this old Spanish town something so different from the reality of our northern experience that we can only look upon it, in imagination, as a painting.

Ivica, Majorca, and Minorca seem to have existed heretofore merely as geographical facts to be learned by school-boys. The Balearic Isles were famous, as was impressively inculcated through a layer of thin and well-worn broadcloth (bad luck to it!) upon our tender boyhood, for having given birth to those famous slingers, whose skill was put to the test each day at dinner, which they could only eat on condition that, on its being set up on the roofs of their houses as a butt, they were able to strike it off. The omnipresent travelers of Murray and Harper have never yet set their feet upon Majorca. It is, however, easily reached from the eastern shore of Spain, whence a little cock-boat of a steamer will take you over to the island some time between sunrise and sunset, weather and Spanish laziness permitting.

Palma de Mallorca is the full-sounding and mellifluous name of the capital of the Balearic Islands, and it is in its beautiful little and not unbusy harbor that we disembark. The city is built upon the ruins of the old Roman town founded by Quintus Cecilius Metellus, who conquered the islands with galleys plated with ox-hides and skins as a protection against the fatal strokes of the Balearic slingers. The Moors followed and held them in subjection for four hundred years, when Don Jayme, King of Aragon, with a handful of Crusaders, wrested the country from heathen dominion, and secured it in the possession of Catholic Spain. The language generally spoken is what is called the Mallorquin, a corrupt variety of the Catalan. The cultivated people, however, are familiar with the pure Castilian, which is taught in all the schools, while the teaching of the provincial dialect is prohibited.

Palma retains much of its early Saracenic character. Old structures abound of a half-Gothic and half-Moorish style with twisted pillars and arabesque adornments. The Oriental luxuries of deeply-shaded courts of marble, continually dampened with the spray of ever-flowing fountains, still exist. The climate of Majorca is luxuriant. The sun looks down throughout the year from a clear sky; but the heat is tempered by the sea-breeze, and the



DISTANT VIEW OF BARCELONA.

surface of the island varied by mountains and valleys, with an abounding vegetation, favoring the production of shade and shadow. There are occasional table-lands, which, tilled by the vigorous race of the island, give rich crops of corn and flax, while the orange, olive, and carob grow luxuriantly without the care of man.

Majorca must certainly be a charming island, for it produces a marvelously softening effect upon our surly John Bull, who forgets to grumble after the second day of his arrival, having ejected all his bile on the first upon mine host of *De las Tres Palomas*, at Palma, for boiling instead of roasting his woodcocks, and putting him

on a short supply of water. We are glad to listen to him when in good-humor. He says: "The fertility of the island, coupled with the honesty and industry of the inhabitants, renders living cheap; and beyond the walls of the semi-Spanish capital extortion, even in the faintest form, is unknown throughout the length and breadth of Majorca. The peasantry and owners of the soil live on terms of the greatest amity and contentment. The distinction of class is recognized in no way that produces the slightest bitterness or heart-burnings. For long years the happy islanders, separated from the rest of the world, have regarded each other as one family. They seem to care little, and even to know little, of other nations, or even of the country of which their island is one of the provinces."

It is a surprise to find that a people so primitive and innocent as those of Majorca should have still such an instinct for blood as to look not only with complacency but eager interest upon the cruel sports of the *corrida*, or circus. It seems that there was a certain sporting Frenchman who was going about the Spanish dominions with a huge fighting elephant, very much as one of our Roughs, or Ruffians, as Dickens prefers to call them, saunters along with a snarling bull-terrier at his heels, ready to back it in a fight against any animal that could be brought. Monsieur and his fellow-brute found at Palma ready takers, and a contest was soon arranged between the elephant and a herd of wild bulls. A Spanish crowd of both sexes, composed of sombreros, cloaks, dark faces, flashing eyes, and mantillas, enveloped in clouds of tobacco-smoke, soon filled the white-washed arena on the outskirts of the town. The elephant, covered with a scarlet cloth provocative of blood, stood below, calmly throwing loaf after loaf of bread into his capacious maw, apparently unconscious of the presence of the throng of spectators. They, however, were in a state of great wonder and perplexity at the sight of the huge and, to them, hitherto unknown beast. One pretty young woman, with a *rebosillo*, lace mittens, and night-black tresses, had, so says our guide, but very confused notions as to which was the trunk and which the tail of the strange creature at which she looked with eyes flashing with excitement. An emotional youth cried out, "*Caramba!* why, the beast has got two tails!"

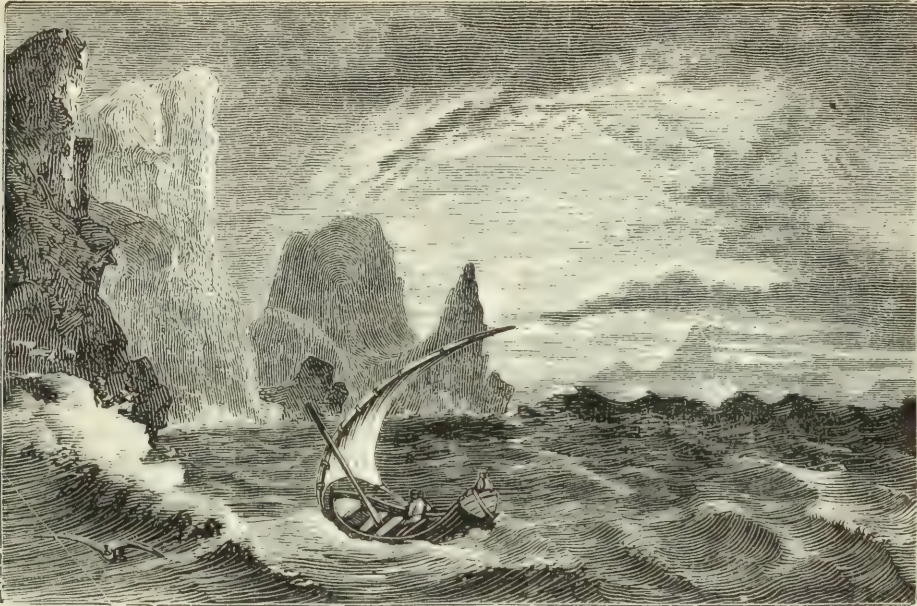
At a blast from a trumpet the doors flew open and let in a fierce bull. He suddenly stopped midway in the arena, and tossing the sand with his fore-feet, looked round until he caught a glance of the blood-provoking scarlet cloth, beneath which the elephantine mass was slowly heaving, when he dashed at it with horns down. The elephant, simply turning his head for a moment to receive the self-impaled beast upon his sharp tusks, shook off the dying carcass, and continued his meal with an equanimity which not even the enthusiastic cries, "*Bravo, elefante!* *Bravo, elefante!*" of the applauding multitude could disturb.

Gaudily caparisoned mules were now driven in, and being hooked to the carcass, wheeled gayly round and bore away the first dead. Another bull was now let in, and with equal blindness of fury rushed upon his monstrous foe. For a moment nothing could be seen but a cloud of dust raised by the shock and struggle. A loud bellowing, however, filled the arena. When at last the animals could be discerned it was seen that the tusk of the elephant had pierced one of the eyes of the bull, and was sticking in his brain and skull. Shaking himself free he fell, and springing from the ground with a last desperate effort, he struck his two feet against the forehead of his solid antagonist, but the hard bone resisted the shock, and only gave out a dull sound. The elephant now raised his foot, and planting it upon the chest of the prostrate bull, crushed him to death. "*Bravo, elefante!*" came from the lips of pretty women, and fans waved merrily all over the house.

It was not until the third bull was let in upon him that the elephant seemed to be aroused to the consciousness of a fight. He had hitherto kept his temper perfectly, but the new tormentor having succeeded in pricking with his horn the flesh of his lower jaw, he fretted with the smart and became angry. So shaking off the bull, and turning him over as if to roll him into a tangible shape, he wound his long trunk about him, and, raising him, dashed him furiously again and again on the sand, which became reddened at each blow with a gush of blood. The monster closed the unequal struggle by falling with his knees upon his prostrate victim, and cracking audibly every bone of his carcass.

It is pleasant to leave the cruel amphitheatre, with its tainted atmosphere of fevered breath and fermenting blood, and breathe the pure air of the Majorca paradise. After jogging for thirty miles or so behind four sure-footed mules through a country of jagged mountains and gloomy gorges, we come upon the fragrant valley of Solar. The air is heavy with the odor of the orange flower, and the deep green vegetation is heightened in color by the contrasting purple of the fig, which seems to ripen on every bush. "We threaded," says our crusty Englishman, now thoroughly thawed into the melting mood of sentiment and soft speech, "lane after lane, shaded over with the branches which met overhead, the fruit hanging from them, and temptingly inviting us to pluck them. The whole country around seemed like a wide garden, in the midst of which waved palms and pampas grass."

The village is a credit to the Spanish nation and itself, and has the exceptional characteristic for Spain of being clean and not ill-smelling. John Bull even acknowledges that it has a decent *posada*, or inn, where the floors are well scrubbed, the walls whitewashed, the sheets snowy, and the beds solitary and inviting to repose, in their happy freedom from the social bug



THE DANGEROUS ROCK, MAJORCA.

and intrusive flea. The valley of Solar, which has a circumference of only six miles, makes annually \$125,000 in gold by the sale of its oranges and lemons, and \$150,000 by that of its oil. The olive-trees grow well every where, but are ordinarily cultivated upon terraces cut into the sides of the mountains, where the fruit reaches the highest perfection. The roads are so well constructed that, in spite of the irregular features of the country, freight is readily transported to the sea-board. There is a secret which we will disclose to the discreet reader, but care not that it should be told to every one indiscriminately, lest this untraveled region be invaded by a horde of rich Barbarians of the North, and thus lose its rare quality of natural simplicity. Every thing is cheap in this primitive paradise. Captain Clayton declares that he had a capital dinner for five people, including a sack of four hundred oranges fresh from the boughs, for ten shillings (\$2 50), besides a great deal of civility! There is, however, one drawback in this delectable country—the modern *medicos* are said to be no better than their predecessors, the Sangrados of Gil Blas; but there is the consolation that they are well watched, and are not allowed to run a muck in the dark. Murder, even of the regular professional kind, is forced to speak out. By an act of the government the door of each medical man is scored in red with as many marks or crosses as the number of persons who have died under his treatment. This, however, may lead to such mistakes as occurred to a nervous Englishman, who, on being taken ill, sent out his servant for a doctor, enjoining him to bring the one upon whose door there were the fewest

death-scores. Finding a house with a single mark he secured the proprietor, but upon the Englishman boasting of his good luck to his Spanish friends, they exclaimed, “Dios! What have you done? You have the worst doctor in Spain! He never had but one patient in his life, and he died under him!” Fortunately the Majorcan climate is so good that there will be little occasion for consulting the fatal rubric of a doctor’s door.

In order to give variety to our journey we may return to the main land by the steamer plying between Palma and Barcelona; and soon after losing sight of the secluded capital of Majorca, hiding behind the jagged rocks of Dragonera, we shall come upon the open roadstead, where the latter city shows brightly with its staring warehouses and terraced villas. Barcelona, which is sometimes called the Manchester and Liverpool combined of Spain, is the second largest town on the Peninsula, and, with its natural facilities for trade and commerce, might rank among the most flourishing marts in the world. The climate is almost tropical, and the surrounding country, covered with groves of orange and pomegranate trees, and the slopes of the hills dotted with those villas, or *torres*, which so attracted the picturesque eye of Irving, has a charming aspect. Spain has heretofore wanted only political energy on the part of the people to perfect her happiness. The revolution would seem to show that this has been aroused. Is it doomed to be lulled again by the drowsy old tune of “God Save the King!” trolled by a few interested aristocrats only; or kept awake by the stirring music of “Hurrah for the Republic!” in which one and all may join?

MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XII.

GREETING AND—FAREWELL.

THE season was fading when I returned to London. Even in our dull and barbarous district people were beginning to make ghastly affectation of going out of town; while in the streets which society and civilization claimed for their own the windows were darkening one after another, much as the colored lamps of an old-fashioned illumination, before the universal reign of gas had set in, used to fade and die toward morning.

Lilla had a rapid summary of news for me. "Nothing much" had occurred, as she phrased it; her uncle had not yet left town; he had had a quarrel with his daughters, and she had an idea that it was all about the Opera and Mademoiselle Reichstein. Oh, hadn't I heard? Mademoiselle Reichstein had made such a success! Oh yes—splendid! But she had broken off her engagement rather suddenly, and she wanted to go to the other opera-house, and there was quite a turmoil about it; and Lilla believed there was going to be a lawsuit. But, however that might be, Mr. Lyndon was quite infatuated about her; and people would keep saying that he wanted to marry her; and his daughters were in such a way about it, and there was a row in the building, Lilla believed. She was quite delighted at the prospect of a "row" continuing and growing to be something serious, for she utterly detested Mr. Lyndon's daughters; and she was going to be introduced to Mademoiselle Reichstein.

"But if your uncle marries, Lilla, that will be rather a bad thing for you?"

"Yes; but I don't believe it will come to any thing. I should think a woman so young, and with such a career before her, isn't going to marry a man who has daughters quite as old as herself and once and a half as tall. If I were she, I know that nothing on earth should induce me to do such a thing. Oh, how I envy her! How happy some people are! What success they have, and gifts, and beauty! And what a miserable life a girl like me is doomed to lead! Here in this wretched old den! I wonder how one can live through it. I never cross the bridge but I think how sad and dreary my life is, and how much I should like to drown myself if I had the courage. *She* must be as happy as a queen. I envy her, and I admire her too."

"Have you seen her?"

"No; her portrait only; and it was a wretched portrait too—a thing in a music-shop, with some rubbishy piece of music appended: but it made her beautiful and queenly, and sad too, I thought. But I am to see her. Is it possible you did not hear of her success down in the country?"

"Oh yes, of course I did. But I am tired of all the singers who are every one in turn to surpass Jenny Lind and Grisi, and who disappear in a season."

"But the town is ringing with her."

"Yes, so it was with Mademoiselle Johanna Wagner; so it was with no end of women. Where are they all now?"

"Well, I don't know; but I have quite made up my mind that this one shall succeed and have a splendid career, and come to know me and be very fond of me, and take me behind the scenes, and have me in her box; and please don't destroy my delicious dream. I have not many pleasant dreams here, I can tell you. I never saw success in a living form face to face before; and pray don't convince me that I am not really to see it now. If you have come back cynical and out of humor, pray go away again on your travels; although we were precious lonely without you, I can tell you that."

"Were you lonely without me?"

"Oh yes, very. Mamma thought you would never come back."

"And you, Lilla?"

"Yes; I too was very lonely."

"And you were glad when I came back?"

"Glad? Yes, surely. You don't suppose I was not glad?"

The frank look of kindly affectionate surprise with which Lilla spoke these words had a warming, almost a thrilling influence on me. I think I had begun of late to form a kind of vague idea that Lilla might easily be induced to fall in love with me. I certainly did not love her, and I saw nothing in her manner toward me which spoke of love. But we were so much thrown together, we were both so lonely, that I sometimes began to ask myself whether it would not be possible for me to descend from my pinnacle of sublime isolation and despair, and lift her toward my heart. I look back now upon myself and my ways at that time with the feeling which I suppose most people entertain toward their youth, curiously blended of regret and admiration and contempt. What a vain creature I was, and yet how stupidly timid and diffident! What a fool I was, and how convinced of my own wisdom! How miserable I was, and how happy! What an admiration I had for my own merits, and yet what a rapturous and servile gratitude I felt to any woman who seemed to cast a favoring eye upon me! I kept thinking complacently whether I really could accept Lilla's love, without asking myself whether any consideration on earth could induce her to accept me as a lover; and yet all the time I was filled with a sense of humiliating gratefulness to the girl for having condescended to be friendly and kindly to me. Of course I thought to myself, if I could make up my mind to come down from my clouds and try to love her, I

must tell her openly, tragically, that I was a blighted being, that I had hardly any heart left to give, and so forth. Even then I had a faint doubt whether this would not be a little too much in the style of Dickens's Mr. Moddle, with whom I knew Lilla to be well acquainted; and what a pretty thing it would be if she were only to burst out laughing at my lachrymose avowal!

Yet the moment was tempting; the situation became critical. Lilla had her levities and her faults, that was plain enough; only a lover's eye could be blind to them, and I was not a lover. But they could surely be ameliorated, eradicated gently by patience and superior wisdom—mine, *par exemple*. Who did not once believe himself capable of reforming any one on whom he chose to try his hand? I am slow to believe in my own or any body else's reforming capabilities now; but I suppose I then thought that, if I but condescended to attempt the task, I could remove all the weaknesses and defects from poor Lilla's nature, and replace them by some splendid grafts of earnestness and lofty purpose.

However this may be, Lilla's friendly admission that she was lonely in my absence had sent a strange, sweet vibration through me. When this conversation occurred we were crossing St. James's Park. Thus far our roads lay together, and when there was a possibility of such companionship, we always took advantage of it. It was a beautiful evening, and the light of the setting sun threw a poetical glory over even the arid gravel and stunted trees of the park. It was a dangerous time and hour to walk with a pretty woman, and hear her tell you that she had been lonely in your absence.

I glanced at Lilla. Her eyes were downcast—only, I now believe, because the level rays of the evening sun threatened them—and there was a faint crimson on her cheeks. She was silent. I felt my soul dissolving in sentiment.

"Then you were really glad of my return, Lilla, and you thought of me in my absence?"

She looked up quickly, smilingly, perhaps just a little surprised.

"Thought of you? Oh yes, always! How could I help thinking of you?"

What I might have poured out in another second I am glad to say that I can never know. It would undoubtedly have been some idiotcy to be bitterly regretted by myself afterward; and, as I now know, not likely to have caused her any particular delight then, even if she had not laughed at it. But she suddenly stopped in her sentence, and caught me by the arm, and a carriage drove past us from behind. Two ladies were in it, and a gentleman whose iron-gray hair and purpling complexion I knew at a glance. I only saw the bonnets of the ladies. Lilla bowed to her uncle, and I saw her cheek redden.

"It's my uncle," she said; "and I know—I am sure—one of the ladies with him is Mdle.

Reichstein. I didn't even get a glimpse of her, did you?"

"No; I only saw bonnets."

"Oh, I wish I had seen her! I am sure it's she; I am so sorry! And he saw us. I don't care a bit; in fact, I am delighted, because now it will remind him of you; and I didn't like to speak too much about you, or too often, because—"

And Lilla really blushed for the second time that day.

But the blushing was useless now: the spell was broken; my sublime self-devotion vanished. Lilla's voice, and her evident first sensation of something like doubt or shame at being seen in my companionship, and her raptures about Mdle. Reichstein, were enough. How full of kindness for me her whole heart was I could not but see; and I loved her in one way for that and other things; but the glamour of the moment was gone, and I left her when our ways divided at Pall Mall a free man, still faithful to my one memory and one love.

Two or three days passed away before an evening and an event came which I can never forget. I had been in town all day, and came home rather tired just after the last rays of a stormy sunset had sunk below the horizon of the low-lying region where we lived. My room, as I entered it, was in dusk; but I could see as I came in a letter for me standing on the chimney-piece. I went over apathetically and took it in my hand; but the sight of the inscription sent a fierce shock through me, and my head throbbed with a wild pain, born of surprise and sudden emotion. I knew that writing well. I put the letter down for a moment, just that my heart might beat less wildly, and my nerves become steady. Then I opened it and read:

"EMANUEL,—I have seen you again, and you did not know it. I was near you. After so many years, it was strange. I am glad we did not meet to speak. I only write this word to wish you may be happy always. Nothing is left but—greeting, and farewell.

"CHRISTINA."

I put the letter down and leaned upon the chimney-piece. I was for a while incapable of thinking. I was literally stricken to the heart. We had been close to each other, and I had not seen her! If the foolery of our modern days could have truth behind it, and a living man could really, by help of some spiritualistic incantation, be reached by the voice and affected by the presence of some loved being from another world, he might feel somewhat as I felt then, but without my bitterness. No voice reaching out of the shadow of the world that lies outside nature could have affected me with a more agonizing sense of unavailable nearness and hopeless distance. Near to me—close to me—her very writing lying on my table—and no clew or trace by which a word of mine might reach her! If I could but see her once—but speak half a dozen words—but tell her of my

strong love! Was it not cruel thus to torture me with such a message? Why not leave me to my lonely struggle? I was comparatively happy; I was almost contented; I had not forgotten her, but she had become to me as the dead are, and I had no hope. Bitterly did I now recall my first knowledge of her departure, my first sense of her loss, my first agony of uncertainty and torment. Now all woke up again with keener pain, with a deeper sense of tantalized and thwarted love.

Perhaps she too, like myself, is unhappy, is struggling alone, and has sent out these few words for the poor sake of reaching a friendly ear by some means, as parting voyagers call a greeting to distant friends upon the fading shore, although no answer can reach them. Are we both, then, struggling unaided in this vast London? Has one city held us all these years, and I never knew it? Is she poor, like me, and hopeless? Or is she married and happy, and having seen me at last by chance, did she but look up for a moment and think of the boy whom years ago she loved, and, impelled by meaningless impulse, send him a word of greeting and farewell? Have I lost her utterly and forever, or will some other message, more distinct than this, reach me yet, and guide me to her?

This thought for a while lighted up a hope, a sickly, flickering hope, within me. Perhaps, as she lives, is near me, has seen me, has sent me a message, her mere words do not mean what she feels, and I shall hear from her soon again, and we shall meet. I was somewhat weak of late from over-exertion. I think I must have been weak indeed, in mind as well as in body, when such a hope could inspire me for a moment. Well I knew that even when Christina loved me most, she loved success yet more; and what temptation could my future offer to such a spirit? I looked from the window, and the drear evening gloom made the flat and swampy places around, the mouldering houses, the blighted trees, look grayer and ghostlier than ever. Heavy rain was now beginning to fall, and the sky was all cloud and gloom. Nothing on earth could look more dreary to me than the prospect out of doors, except, indeed, the personal prospect which my soul foreshadowed. Sad and heavy, like that mournful scene below—brightened by no ray of light, cheered by no pleasant sound—all dim, and misty, and gray. If I could find Christina, should I offer her a share of this one room, looking out on that swamp, and get her to canvass for pupils, who might learn music from her at sixpence a lesson, among the dirty children and the unfinished streets all round? I pictured her, as I saw so many women in the neighborhood, struggling for mere life, with children crying round her and cramping her very efforts to get them bread, that they might eat of it and live. Why, there is a peculiar expression graven on the faces of a certain class of women in London, which cuts the very heart

to look at. And why should I expect any better fortune for a woman doomed to be wife of mine? London garrets swarm with men infinitely better and more worthy of success than I, and yet on whom no gleam of fortune ever falls.

Once, it is true, I had more courage and more hope. But London struggle has something in it demoralizing. No contrast in life can be more chilling and crushing than that of ideal London with actual London in such a case as mine. To ideal London we look in our ardor as the youth does to the battle, which he pictures as all thrilling with the generous glory of strife, the rush of the exhilarating charge, the clangor of the bugle, the roar of the cannon, the cheers of the victor, the honor and the wreath, or the noble, soldier-like, dramatic death. Actual London is the slow, cold camping on the wet earth, the swamp, malaria, the ignoble hunger and thirst, the dull lying in the trenches, the mean physical exhaustion, the unrecognized, unrecorded disappearance. What has become of the poor, raw, boyish recruit who sank exhausted in the mud of the night-march, or was trampled to death in the retreat, or came back with a broken constitution from the hospital, to drag out a few obscure and miserable years at home? I seemed to myself to be like the most ignoble and the most unhappy of them. Should I wish Christina to share such fortunes—to become entangled in such a career?

Or if she were prosperous, could I beg of her prosperity, and be warmed meekly in the sun of her success?

This last idea was so hateful to me that I strode passionately up and down the room to banish it, and felt inclined to invoke curses on myself for the meanness which even allowed it to have an instant's possession of my mind.

Ah, no! She is lost, lost forever! Whether she lives in light or in gloom, she is lost alike to me! I could not brighten the gloom. I will never stoop to be illumined—a pitiful, poor, human planet—by the light. I take her farewell literally—and farewell!

A tap at the door broke in upon my lonely thoughts. The disturbance was grateful to me; any intruder would have been welcome at such a time. It was not an intruder, however, who sought to be admitted, but Lilla Lyndon. Her looks showed her to be brimful of some intelligence. She was dressed as if she had only just come in, and her cheeks and curls were sparkling with rain-drops.

"Do you know where I have been?" she began. "But you need not try to guess, for you never could succeed. I have been to see Mademoiselle Reichstein with my uncle."

"Indeed! Do you like her?"

"Yes, immensely. She is delightful, I think, and so good, and very handsome. You don't seem at all interested in her. Wait a bit. I have something to tell you which will interest you, cold-hearted philosopher as you are. But stop—are you not well?"

"Yes, Lilla, quite well."

"You don't look like it, then. I'll send mamma to talk to you presently. Perhaps I have something to tell you which will help you to get better."

"I am not ill, indeed, Lilla."

"Well, let me get on with my news. My uncle came with me; but after a while he left me with Mademoiselle Reichstein, and I remained for more than an hour, and she sang to me delightfully; and she was so kind and good, and seemed to take such an interest in me, you can't think; only I put it down in my own mind to the account of the interest she takes in my revered uncle, who, if he's not very young, at least has plenty of money. However, she took such an interest in me that, when we were alone, I came to the point which I had at heart all through—and I spoke to her about you. Ah! now you begin at last to think it worth while listening to what I say."

Yes, I must own that even while she spoke a strange boding thrill passed through me, and I held my breath in a kind of agony.

"I can tell you I spoke highly of you, and told her how fond mamma was of you, and I too. I do wonder what you would have thought if you only knew what I allowed her to think in order to persuade her to take an interest in you."

"What did you allow her to think?"

"I declare you are quite hoarse, Emanuel. You are in for a bad cold."

"No, no, Lilla; do pray go on."

"Well, I had rather you guessed at my pious fraud. I didn't exactly say the false word, but I am afraid I gave it out somehow. She asked me a question about you, and about my interest in you, and I allowed her to think—oh, there, I am quite ashamed of myself; and I suppose a girl better brought up than I would not have done such a thing for all the world. But I have not been brought up well, and I never could stick at trifles to serve a friend—and, in fact, Mr. Temple, I think I allowed Mademoiselle Reichstein to believe that you and I were engaged, and only waited to be married until you had made your way a little. There's the whole truth out; and all I can say in my own defense is, that if I had not as much esteem for you and confidence in you, Emanuel Temple, as if you were my own brother, I would never, never, bad as I am, have been guilty of any thing so unblushing and unwomanly. There now, how dreadfully miserable you look! I really don't see that you need be so utterly humiliated and ashamed—I dare say Mademoiselle Reichstein did not think any the worse of *you*, whatever she may have thought of me."

I was hardly conscious of any meaning in these latest words of hers. I was not thinking of humiliation, or of what she had said on my behalf. One thought, one conjecture, was swelling up within me so as to flood and drown every other feeling.

"I feel greatly obliged to you, Lilla, greatly obliged," was all I could say.

"And you look it too."

"But Mademoiselle Reichstein?"

"Well, Mademoiselle Reichstein was most kind and amiable. She sat quite silent and thoughtful for a while, perhaps considering how best she could lend a helping hand. It must be a far more difficult matter than I thought, for she put her hand over her eyes, and remained thinking quite a time. Then she kissed me, and wished me all happiness. I felt like a shame-faced and convicted liar. Yes, she wished happiness to *me*—to me, the most unhappy, discontented, lonely, hopeless creature under the sun!—and then she sat down and wrote a letter to Princeps—the great Princeps himself, the manager of the Italian Opera—and I saw that she tore up two or three copies before she was satisfied with the writing (I believe half these *prima donnas* can't spell); and then she read it to me. It was all about you, and making it a personal favor to help you—very strongly put, I can tell you. I offered to post it as I came along, in order to be quite sure that it went; for she said Princeps was not in London now, and it would be impossible for you to see him for some weeks; and she asked me—but this I really ought not to tell you."

"Tell me all, Lilla—all, all!"

"Good gracious, how hoarse you are! Well, she is so kind and thoughtful that she begged me not to tell you any thing about the whole affair. People don't always like, she said, to think that they are being helped along, and it would be better if you supposed that you were being sought out—for you will be sought out—for your own merit only. Was not that considerate and delicate? But I know you have no such nonsense about you, and I want you to know how kind she is, and so I have told you, though I promised I wouldn't—the second fib to-day on your account, Mr. Emanuel Temple. Oh, that reminds me that I must have let drop your full name somehow, for she seemed quite to know it."

Oh, God in heaven! I stood up and clenched my hands.

"And now I think that's all; except that she gave me her picture, and I think her so beautiful! Oh, how I do wish she would marry my uncle! Why, what is the matter with you?"

"Show me the picture, Lilla."

She sought in her pocket, then in the bosom of her dress. I stood trembling with excitement, keen pains again darting through my forehead, the square of light made by the window rising and falling before my eyes.

"Surely I can't have lost it? No, here it is. Is she not beautiful? Such a mass of hair, and all her own too."

I took the picture from her. It was one of the old-fashioned daguerreotypes, now as completely gone out of the world as Miss La Creevy's enameled miniatures. When I first seized it and gazed upon it the light so fell as to blot it out completely, and my impatient eyes only looked upon a blank space. Forcing down

my emotions, I brought it to the window, held it in the proper light, and then—

"Lilly, my dear; Lilly, my own," broke in, thank Heaven! the plaintive tones of Mrs. Lyndon.

"Yes, mamma; what's up?"

"My child, you mustn't stay in your wet things. Come down, dear; I want you."

"Oh, what does it matter! Yes, I am coming. Keep the picture for the present, Emanuel, and fall in love with it if you can. I would, I know, if I were a man. I'll send up for it presently."

Thank God she was gone! I could not have endured her presence much longer without betraying my feelings by a wild explosion. Yes; it was as I expected—the face in the daguerreotype was the face of Christina Braun. Her dream, then, had come true. She had done her part. She was successful.

Ah, God! I hardly needed to look at the poor little daguerreotype or to struggle against the growing dusk for a clear sight of that face. By some force of ineffable conviction, the moment Lilla came into the room and spoke of Mdlle. Reichstein, I guessed the truth of which I had never dreamed before. Often as she had talked to me of Mdlle. Reichstein, the notion had never before occurred to my mind that the successful *prima donna* could be my lost Christina. But the letter—the few lines I had myself received that night—brought her back in my mind as a living reality again, and I knew the whole truth before my eyes or ears had any evidence of it.

Yes, I am unable to account for it, but I knew it to be the fact that the moment Lilla entered the room and named the name of Mdlle. Reichstein, it came on me with the convincing force of a revelation that she and Christina Braun were one, and that I had lost Christina forever.

She was successful. Did I not know that she would be some time? And yet it came on me now with a surprise which was like agony. Like agony? Nay, it was agony; for it severed us more, far more, than death could do. She was lost, lost to me. The one hope which had lighted my lonely life so long had utterly gone out. When, years ago, I used to hold her to my heart and talk to her of her future success, I always spoke of it as conjoined with my own, as the crown of a common happiness. In how many hours of love and hope, in how many happy walks under the summer stars, in how many silent dreams, had we pictured that triumph for her and for me! We were to make our way together through life, to become successful and famous, and then to come back and amaze the little town, which we magniloquently declared did not know us. Or, if we did not succeed—for I at least had my moments of distrust and doubt—I always looked forward to our struggling and perhaps suffering together, still happy because together. Even our sudden and strange separation I had sometimes regarded as a glo-

rious self-sacrifice, to be crowned and rewarded some day. Many a night had I returned sick of heart and weary of foot to my London lodging, and, musing over the hours of happiness, love, and hope I had once enjoyed, been cheered and brightened by the thought that perhaps my struggles here were working in unseen co-operation with hers toward the same end. There was still at least a link of companionship, and a hope that it might draw us together one day. As my eyes were fixed upon the pale, far-off star of my hope, it was some consolation and joy to think that wherever she might be her eyes and her soul were turned toward it too.

And now, behold, one half at least of our most ardent prayer has been fulfilled. She has won all we dreamed of and hoped for. Why do I not rejoice? I was to have been the first to hail her triumph, and now I greet it with agony and shame; as if her success were my defeat and humiliation. And it is so. I feel that no poverty, no failure, no temporary isolation under the pressure of misfortune could raise such barriers between her and me as this fatal granting of one half our prayer. Poor people may become less poor, or they may grow familiar with poverty and learn to endure it, or they may conquer its pain by the strength of love and hope. But this revelation of her success has sounded the last of love and hope for me. Why, all these years that I have been picturing her heart as turning eternally toward mine, and panting for reunion, she has been simply making her way in the world! She has run over some of the most thrilling chords of human experience; she has won every height to which she aspired; while I have been removing from one town to another, my greatest triumph to exchange a garret for a small back-parlor. I feel crushed down by grief and shame. She must despise me. She *has* actually patronized me! The great singer has granted, at the humble petition of a poor girl, a letter of introduction, to help a struggling and obscure poor devil to an engagement in a chorus. I had imagined many a renewal of our former days, many a first greeting after our long separation, many a meeting under all conceivable circumstances of joy and of sorrow; but I had thought of nothing like *this*. I had forgotten to picture myself as a broken-down beggar petitioning for help; and her as a triumphant and splendid *prima donna* granting me the favor at the solicitude of a wealthy and elderly lover. Why, it seems but last week that she wrote those letters I keep in my trunk, full of such love, and tenderness, and admiration—admiration for me! and now I am her debtor for a letter of introduction, obtained through the importunity of Lilla Lyndon and the influence of her rich uncle, in order that, if I am well conducted, I may receive perhaps an engagement in the chorus of the Italian Opera! I wonder she did not send me a small present of money! But perhaps if I obtain a place as chorus-singer through

her influence, and conduct myself properly, and never appear to recognize her, she may assist me in some other way too. She may, for example, give Lilla the making of some of her fine stage-dresses, or even the place of her own dressing-room attendant; and if Lilla and I get married, the great *prima donna* may kindly become godmother to one of our children! Ah, but if the *prima donna* should marry Lilla's rich uncle, then indeed something better could doubtless be done for Lilla than to marry her to a wretch like me! In the bitterness of my heart it seemed as if my love for Christina had turned into hate.

I was only aroused from the depth of bitter thought into which I had plunged by my own voice—by the sound of a deep, involuntary, irrepressible groan, wrung from me by agony of love, disappointment, shame, hate. In the silent, darkling room the groan sounded hollow and ghostly, as in a vault of death. It aroused me as a dreamer is sometimes awakened by the sound of his own babble or laughter.

I started up with the resolve to do something. Yes, there was something I could and would do—I would see her face to face. I would go to her, speak to her, ask of her how she dared to insult me with her patronage. I meant no appeal to the love of the old days, no poor and pitiful plaint, no ghastly effort to recall the dead past from the grave. No; we are parted forever; and I accept my doom, and make no complaint. Only she shall know that I want no patronage, and will stoop to accept none. Let her spare me that. For the sake even of the old days which she has forgotten, for the sake of the love which I would not now have her renew if I could—no, by Heaven!—let her spare me that! Let me but see her, speak to her, vindicate to her face my pride and my independence; and perhaps—perhaps I then can better bear with life.

Filled with this thought, I went down stairs and tapped at the door of Mrs. Lyndon's room, endeavoring meanwhile to still the fierce beatings of my heart, and to keep some control over my voice and manner. Lilla's voice called to me to come in. I had hoped to find her mother there, thinking I could get on better in ordinary conversation if there were three of us at it, than in mere *tête-à-tête* with my quick and sharp-eyed Lilla. But I could hear Mrs. Lyndon at work at some cookery-business below in the kitchen, and Lilla was alone. Must I confess the truth? I almost hated the poor girl for her well-meant, kindly, luckless interference on my behalf.

When I entered, Lilla was apparently in a condition of great comfort and happiness. She was lying, or rather huddled up, on a little sofa, which was drawn over to the table, on which a lamp threw a soft and pleasant light, and she was reading a novel. Lilla loved novel-reading. She had a great shawl gathered cozily around her, covering her from neck to feet—indeed, I think her feet must have been

coiled up under her, sultana fashion, for greater comfort; for the night, though in summer, had turned a little chilly, and Lilla had been out in the rain on my behalf. In fact, the poor girl had probably taken off her wet dress, and had wrapped herself in a shawl as an easy substitute. I know she always liked to get the room to herself when she had a novel to read, for her mother was a dreadfully irritating person at such a time, full as she always was of anxious questions and perplexing recommendations. So Lilla was evidently very happy, and as she looked up at me with her beaming eyes, and her pretty head peeping above the great enveloping shawl, in which the whole of her figure was lost, she must have been very charming to any eyes but mine. In my bitter, diseased, distracted state of mind it irritated me to see her looking so cozy and pretty and happy. I felt much as an angry man feels when, striding moodily to his fire, he stumbles over the sleek, contented, purring cat that lies basking on the hearth-rug.

"Have you brought me my picture?" asked my happy Lilla.

There was an intense odor of savory frying below, which I grieve to think must have conducted a good deal to the happiness of this good girl's mind. Her harmless and comfortable little sensuousness was regaled and propitiated on the odor from below, like the good-will of the old gods on the steam of the fat sacrifice.

"Yes, I have brought it."

"Isn't it lovely?"

"Very."

"How chillingly you say that! Men have no taste; and I am sure it is all nonsense to say that *we* don't admire pretty women more than you do. I am quite in love with that face and hair; and you don't seem to care a straw about it."

"Well, I think, I believe I should like to keep it a little longer, just to study it, Lilla, and understand it a little, if you don't object, and will leave it to me only for to-night."

Had I been asking Lilla to elope with me, or to steal her uncle's purse for me, I could not have preferred the request in more awkward and stammering accents. My pretty one gathered herself into something like a more upright posture on the sofa, and looked at me with all the inquisitive, penetrating brightness of her eyes.

"Oh yes, surely. I am very glad you want to look at it a little more, for I should be so pleased if you came to admire it as I do. But I don't understand you to-night, somehow—you don't seem like yourself."

"All the better if I seem like somebody else—any body else, Lilla."

"Nonsense! Tell me one thing, and speak truly, and without any evasion or chaff—are you at all sick? Because, if you are, I really must set mamma at you; but if not—I mean, if there's any thing wrong that isn't sickness, or catching cold, or that sort of thing—mamma would be only a bore and a plague to you, and

you had better be let alone. Tell me frankly, do you wish to be let alone?"

"Indeed, Lilla, I am perfectly well."

"Then you want to be let alone?"

"I see you have been reading. What's the novel?"

"Oh, a charming thing—so beautiful and poetic; only it is so sad—*The Improvisatore*; do you know it? by Hans Christian Andersen, the Danish novelist. I have just been reading such a touching passage. The hero was in love with an actress, you know, a beautiful creature, and they got separated somehow—through a mistake entirely—and he never saw her for years and years after; and when at last he came to see her again (on the stage), for the first time since their separation, she was quite withered and old, and her beauty was all gone. It is such a touching chapter. All her youth was gone, and her good looks, and she was old."

"Even beautiful actresses, Lilla, must get old."

"But why were they separated? It is too sad; I don't like stories that are so sad."

"Yet you read it, and think it charming."

"Yes, I can't help being delighted with it. But it is too melancholy. I can't bear to think of their long, long separation, and of her being old and withered when at last they met. I suppose such things do happen?"

"I suppose they do. I think I have heard of such separations, or read of them, perhaps."

Again Lilla looked curiously at me, and she put down the book.

"Speaking of beautiful actresses, Lilla," I said, with a supreme effort to be light and careless, "does your beautiful friend, Mademoiselle Reichstein, live far from here; and did you walk home through all the rain?"

"Yes. It was rather a distance; but I didn't mind in the least."

"Did you tell me where it was? I quite forget."

"In Jermyn Street, just opposite an hotel—I don't know the number—a very nice place. Some elderly person lives with her—a companion, or friend, or something of the kind."

Mrs. Lyndon just then came up, and pressed me to stay with them and have supper; but I told them I had to go into town again. I had forgotten to see somebody with whom I had an appointment, and must try to find him now, late though it was.

I got out of the house somehow. It was now a streaming wet night, and I tramped long enough before I could find an omnibus going my way. When I got at last to the Haymarket it was half past ten o'clock, and I was very wet. An appropriate hour, a pleasant condition, in which to present myself as a visitor at the door of a lady's boudoir! I felt a grim and bitter satisfaction in the thought of my forlorn and wretched appearance. I almost wished that I were in rags, that I might be the more savagely in contrast with her condition—that I might stand in utter wretchedness before her,

and, fierce in my desolate independence, fling back her patronage and her written vows of love. I longed to stand before her and say, "Look at this ruined and hopeless wretch, this ragged beggar! This was your lover! There are your written vows of love for him, and thus he flings them back to you, with the offer of your queenly patronage. Pauper though he may be, you shall not dare to befriend him. Let the beggar die. He shall not, at least, be fed with the crumbs that fall from your table!"

I found the house without difficulty. A waiter standing at the door of Cox's Hotel told me at once where Mdle. Reichstein the singer lodged. The drawing-room windows were all dark. In my savage mood I felt bitterly disappointed at the prospect of not seeing her after all. I knocked at the door.

Mdle. Reichstein had gone, the servant told me.

Gone where?

She didn't quite know; somewhere abroad: to Paris, she thought. She went that evening, by the night-mail.

Could she inquire, and find out for me?

She went into the house, but came back to say she really could not get to know. Mdle. Reichstein had gone certainly to the Continent, with her maid and the other lady; to Paris first, probably, but the lady of the house thought she was very likely going somewhere farther away.

Would she return here soon?

Oh no, certainly not. Not before next season.

That was all. I could find out nothing else.

I turned away from the door with a sickening sense of disappointment and hopelessness. Ah, only the Power above could tell—I surely could not—how much of a secret, passionate longing to see her again, for any purpose, on any terms, was mingled with my fierce resolve to confront her, and to fling her back her agonizing proffer of service.

I turned into the glaring, chattering, hell-lighted Haymarket—a stricken, hopeless wretch. Despite the rain that still came down pretty heavily, this Babel of harlotry was all alive and aflame with its beastly gayety.

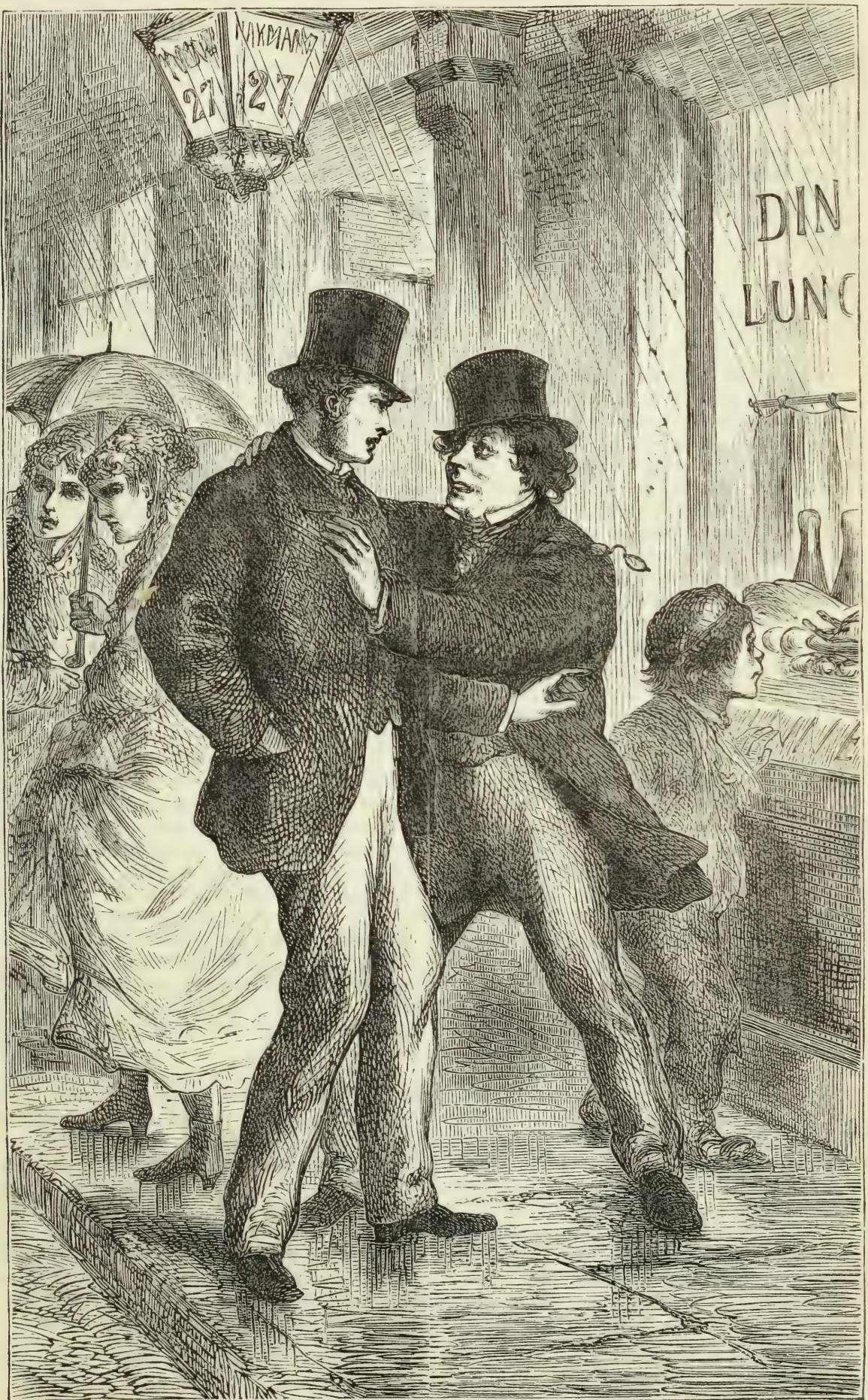
I strode my way along with head down and reckless demeanor, careless whom I jostled. Blindly I struck up against somebody, who first drew back and swore at me, and then, seizing me by my arm, exclaimed:

"My heroic preserver! would you overturn rudely the friend who longed to meet you? What! not know me? How bears himself *ce gros militaire*?"

Of course I knew him. It was my confounded friend of Dover.

"I told you we should meet again," he said. "I don't know that it's quite a fortunate thing for you; but we are all in the hands of the destinies. You see Heaven would bring us together."

"The devil rather, I should think," was my grumbled answer.



"I TOLD YOU WE SHOULD MEET AGAIN."

"Let it be the devil, dear young friend, if you have faith only in him. It cheers me to find that you believe even in the devil; youth is so unbelieving nowadays. But you are cynical to-night, which means, I dare say, that *she* is faithless or out of humor. Bear up, and let us be merry. Look here: you are wet, so am I; you are out of sorts, so am I. Let us spend a jovial hour together, and mingle our tears."

I could have welcomed just then the society of Satan. He not appearing, I suffered my other friend to put his arm in mine and lead me away.

CHAPTER XIII.

GOODBOY'S BROTHER.

I AWOKE next morning with a fierce headache, a deep sense of moral debasement, and a still deeper sense of savage satisfaction in my own degradation. I contemplated a sort of moral suicide. It seemed like an act of vengeance on her who had loved me and now cast me away, thus to crush and ruin the nature of the being to whom she once turned in love.

I am not fond of oral confessions or moral self-exposures, and therefore I hasten to say that my abasement—this my first abasement—would have been in the eyes of any ordinary Haymarket *habitué* a very small affair indeed. I drank too much that night—and for the first time—that was all. As the next day wore on, and I grew better accustomed to the quite new sense of shame, I frankly told Lilla Lyndon of my excess of the previous night, and she did not seem to think a great deal about the matter. I was, on the whole, rather disappointed that she took it so composedly. Moral suicide, after all, seemed a commonplace process.

Yet Lilla looked grave and frowned warningly at me when she saw me going out again about the same hour that night.

"Once and away," she observed, "mayn't be very bad; but take care, Emanuel, or we shall all be sorry."

I was going into the Haymarket, where I had pledged myself to meet my friend again. A queer sort of fascination drew me toward him; and some words he had let drop the previous night—words I now remembered but faintly—had keenly quickened my interest in him. When we parted I promised to meet him in the colonnade of the opera-house at nine o'clock; and at nine I was there. Very soon after he made his appearance, and I noted at once that the appearance he made was considerably changed. He was all new, from hat to boots, and his gloves were of dainty lavender.

"Surprised at the change, my dear young friend?" he observed, complacently. "Don't be ashamed to confess that you have been looking at me with eyes of wonder and admiration. I am not susceptible of offense; and the homage of the ingenuous can never displease the serene soul. I was very shabby-looking yester-

day, and now I am not so. I do not blush to confess that the change is not wholly owing to my own merit or industry."

"You told me you were a great hand at billiards, and indeed I saw some evidence of your skill last night."

"So you did. I think I rather astonished you and the others too. But it isn't that. You see me in the sunshine of a prosperity the source of which you could never guess. Indeed, it upsets the creed of half a lifetime with me. I should never have believed it, were I not a living proof of the fact. Listen, youth; and, if prematurely given over, as you doubtless are, to cynicism, learn now a new and refreshing lesson of life. I am a living evidence of a woman's gratitude."

"Glad to hear it."

"But you don't seem sufficiently startled. Did you ever find a woman true and grateful?"

"No, by God!"

"Aha, there you are with your bears! I thought as much. There was good earnest in that vow. Will you come with me to my lodgings? Yes, I *have* lodgings near at hand; that's part of the mystery. Come with me. I long to be a host once more, especially to one who, like myself, so evidently belongs to the brotherhood of poor devils."

We walked along Jermyn Street. When we passed the house where *she* so lately lived my eyes turned unconsciously toward it and fixed themselves on it. He, too, was looking that way; it was on the other side of the street. He noticed my gaze.

"How odd!" he observed; "you are looking at No. 15—I am looking at No. 15. It can't have the same story for you and for me. Did you catch a sight of some pretty Mary-Jane in smart cap and ribbons? Frivolous youth!"

Frivolous youth made no answer, and indeed remained silent until we had reached Bury Street, and gone some way down it.

My companion stopped at a door, took out a latch-key, opened the door with it, and waved to me with an air of gracious lordliness to enter.

"My lodgings!" he exclaimed; "second-floor front."

The second-floor front was a small, handsomely-furnished sitting-room, with bedroom *en suite*. My friend lighted a lamp, and motioned me to an arm-chair.

"I took these rooms at once to-day," he said, "on receiving the unexpected mark of gratitude of which I spoke to you. They are plain but commodious. The engravings on the wall are not remarkable as works of art. Let me see: 'The Happy Days of Charles the First'—simple inanity. Her gracious Majesty on horseback in military habit. Well, well, let us be always loyal, however the court-painter may try us. 'Phœbe'—a young woman sinnering over a fowl of some sort—dove, I presume—and apparently wearing only her chemise, which she has omitted to fasten round the neck: idiotcy!

No matter. There's a piano, you see, which is something. Do you love music?"

"Love it, no! No more, that is. Live by it."

"Live by it, and not love it! No, you can't!

Not even in this cursed day of quacks and shams and successful Jack Puddings can any man live by music who does not love it. I only wish the converse of the proposition held equally, and that every one who loved it could live by it. Were that so, some people might have been more virtuous and independent, perhaps, than they are. Now, my young friend, whose name I have not even yet the honor of knowing, but shall presently, perhaps, ask to be favored with—there is brandy, there is water, and yonder are cigars. I am going to sing a little, but smoke if you will; it can't put my pipe out."

He sat down to the piano, his queer little legs hardly touching the ground, and his long arms spreading over the instrument like the wings of some ungainly bird. One could hardly expect much sweet music from so ridiculous-looking a form, surmounted by a curly black wig; but he played with no common skill and with quite uncommon feeling and fervor. Presently he sang, in full, sweet, and solemn tones, the hymn, "Lord, remember David." Strangely pathetic, deep, and passionate sounded that mournful appeal as it issued from the lips of this singular and scoffing little creature. I own that it touched me as much as it puzzled me, so profound seemed the sincerity with which the prayer and the plaint went up in that tender, thrilling voice.

"Lord, remember David; teach him to know Thy ways!" Every word seemed to come from him with a pathetic, passionate earnestness, so deep that one could almost for the time imagine he heard the half-despairing utterance of some generous and noble nature crying out for strength to battle against temptation, and for light to see in the world's foul darkness. I dreaded the close of the hymn, so much did I shrink from the contrast of levity or profanity with which I felt sure he would instantly follow it. But I was mistaken. He sat silent a moment or two when he had finished, and then jumped up from the piano and walked up and down the room. After a while I could hear him repeating to himself some of the words of the prayer in a low tone, as if it refreshed him to dwell on them.

"Now then," he said at last, "you who live on music, but, I think you said, don't care a curse about it, give us a musical blasphemy—I mean, of course, a song from unenthusiastic lips. Come along; make no apologies or pretexts. I dare say I have heard a hundred better singers before now, so you need not stand on ceremony."

I sang something for him, accompanying myself. He stood behind me the while, and now and then uttered a sort of growl of satisfaction or grunt of discontent.

"Ah, I thought so," he observed when I had done; "yes, I felt sure I could not be mistaken. It was you, then, I heard at the Dover concert,

Mr. Emanuel Temple! Well, Temple, I've heard a good many worse singers than you, and a few better. I think you ought to get on, though I do fancy somehow that you want soul. But I should say, with training and cultivation, and the advice of qualified critics—like myself, for example—you ought to make your way, Temple. I advise you to stick to it, Temple. I decline to offer you the blessing of an old man, Temple; first, because I don't admit being old; and next, because I fear my blessing would be like that of the priest in the story, and worth considerably less than a farthing. But I have prophesied of singers before now, and prophesied correctly. I was hinting to you just now of that rare and strange thing, a woman's gratitude, and the romantic story is a story of a singer."

The glance I had seen him give at the windows which were lately Christina's, and the words he let fall immediately after, had aroused my curiosity. But I thought I had observed enough of his preverse and eccentric little nature to know that the more readily I displayed my curiosity the less inclined would he be to gratify it; so I affected an air of supreme cynicism, and coolly said:

"Then you expect me to believe in woman's gratitude? Thank you; but I really can't oblige you so far, and I have no faith in romantic stories."

"Nothing amuses me," he replied, "so much as the pert affectation of cynicism in brats of boys. You know very well, Temple, that if you left your real nature to itself, it would be rather credulous and soft than otherwise. Do you know now that you struck me from the first as a good-natured and simple sort of fellow—an honest young spooney, in fact; a lad that any smart girl might turn round her finger—a being doomed by nature to be married to a woman who will assume the wearing of the breeches as her natural right? That is quite my idea of you, Temple; give you my word, as a candid friend and admirer."

"Well, but without occupying ourselves in the discussion of my moral organization, what of your romantic story, and your grateful woman?"

"You want to hear it, evidently."

"Not very particularly; but if you insist—"

"Well, here it is. When I came to London the other day, and while yet casting about for the best way to torment my nearest relatives and raise some money, I devoted myself to *flâner* a little on the side of Regent Street, thinking of the old days, Temple, when I too was a club loungeur, and a man about town, and so on. I happened to glance into a photographer's, and there I saw a photograph of a singer, the singer of the season, the woman the two opera-houses have been squabbling about, you know."

"Yes. Reichstein."

"Reichstein, of course. In a moment I recognized her as an old friend, Temple."

"Of yours? She—Mdlle. Reichstein—an old friend of yours!"

"Why not? What are you glowering at? She's not an old friend of yours, I suppose; and even if she is, you needn't look daggers at me. Did I say an old friend of mine? Why, man, I discovered her, I invented her, I created her! I crossed the Channel with her years ago when she was a poor little thing going to Paris, and hoping to get on to Italy, and I took quite a paternal liking to her; quite paternal, Temple, I can assure you, and for the good reason that she wouldn't allow of any other sort of liking; and I introduced her in Paris to an Italian fellow whom I knew, a fellow who was mad on two things—Music and Italian Revolution; and he quite took her up, and I only saw her once after in Milan, where he was having her drilled for the Scala. That, too, is four or five years ago; and to tell you the honest truth, Temple, I never thought of the little thing from that day to the day when I saw her portrait here in this den of thieves."

"Did you go to see her?"

"Well, I did call; but she didn't happen to be in, and I was not very sorry perhaps, for, as you can testify, my gifted vocalist, I was not quite in splendid trim about that time. But I left a letter with a mild reminder of my early services and a warm congratulation upon her brilliant success, to which it was gracefully hinted that my artistic insight had not a little contributed. Then there came an oblique, pathetic intimation that Fortune had not perhaps been quite so favorable to myself; and in short I am afraid it was conveyed more or less vaguely that gratitude and sympathy might not unreasonably take the form of an early and liberal remittance."

I had hard work to keep down my rising disgust and contempt.

"And the remittance came?" I said, to say something, as I saw he was looking toward me, with his head on one side and his little beady black eyes twinkling inquiringly.

"Yes, the remittance came, and it was liberal; so liberal in fact that I have put off for the present opening the campaign I am prepared to undertake. So you perceive, Temple, that there are women who can be grateful; perhaps I should rather say that there are men so happily endowed as to be capable of exciting the sentiment of gratitude in woman's breast. Between ourselves, the service I rendered was not very great, for I had actually at the time a sort of general and roving commission from my friend the Italian revolutionary to look out for fine fresh voices wherever they could be picked up—he had a mania for establishing an artistic *parc aux cerfs* of young voices—only artistic and vocal, Temple, nothing more; he was a very Bayard or Scipio in that way; and I simply sent the girl to him, and thought no more about the matter. What of that? It only makes the gratitude more touching. It is a noble and a holy thing, you know, to call

up such a feeling; that sentiment in the woman's breast is cheaply bought by her at the money."

"In fact, you place her under a fresh obligation?"

"Well, as you put it so, yes."

"And found perhaps a claim hereafter for another remittance?"

"That is your sneer, I dare say. No, my scornful young friend, I think I shall be content with that much from that quarter. Let me tell you, however, to show how little I value your feeble-minded insinuation, that I am one of those who are rather proud to be relieved by the soft and generous hand of woman. I think history records that John duke of Marlborough, and other great men, acknowledged a similar sentiment, or at least acted on it. Nature is all symbolic, Temple; whence do we derive our earliest sustenance? From woman's generous bosom. Go to, then; the meaning of Nature's beautiful parable must be evident to all true and poetic hearts. Mine is essentially a poetic nature; yours I perceive is not; you look at the bare rude fact of my pocketing the young woman's money, and do not see the delightful illustration of Nature's noblest and oldest purpose which it symbolizes. What's the matter with you?"

"I have not been quite well lately; but—"

"Drink brandy, Temple; drink again."

"Do you know whether—whether this lady, Mdlle. Reichstein, is married?"

"Not I. How should I know; and what do I care? Very likely she is; they all get married, these people. The flag of matrimony is a very convenient emblem."

I got up to go away; his talk was hateful to me; and yet I clung to any feeble hope that I might extract some knowledge about her past life and her probable future.

"Do you know where she is gone?"

"Russia, I believe; but I am not certain. Somebody told me that some rich Londoner, a member of parliament and patron of the drama—I don't know him, but, as Charles Lamb said, 'd—him at a venture'—was always to be seen hanging after her, and making rather an idiot of himself."

"Yes, I have heard of that," I interposed, very incautiously; "and I know who it is—a Mr. Lyndon."

"What did you say?" exclaimed the little creature, leaping from the chair in which he sat, and standing upright before me. "What name did you give?"

"Lyndon—a Mr. Lyndon, a member of the House!"

"Earth and hell! Tommy Goodboy! Tommy Goodboy himself! Of all the hypocrites of this most hypocritical age, Tommy Goodboy is the greatest hypocrite. Among all the scoundrels in an age of scoundrelism, no scoundrel like Tommy Goodboy. Look at me, Temple! I am Goodboy's victim: Goodboy stands in my shoes; Goodboy wallows in my money! He is

the head of the family, the respectable citizen, the model man, the patron of every charity, the Mæcenæ of art; and I am the ruffian, the out-cast, the billiard-room hanger-on, the frightful example!"

An idea at last began to dawn upon me as to the identity of my queer friend. Were these, then, the two faces I had seen vaguely and tantalizingly shadowed in his? Lilla's face, and Mr. Lyndon's? Is this creature, this half-crazed sensualist, this selfish loafer, this wretch living on alms and extorted money, this combination of Hircius and Spungius, my poor, pretty, kindly Lilla's father?

He was now walking up and down the room, throwing his arms wildly about like a little madman. I went up to him as gently and kindly as I could.

"You, then," I said, "are the elder brother of Mr. Lyndon?"

"Who the devil else do you think I am? Do you suppose I am proud of being that cold-hearted, sneaking humbug's brother? Yes; I am his brother—the brother whom he cheated out of house and home, out of his father's favor, out of his inheritance, out of every thing that could make life worth having. Was I an idle, good-for-nothing scapegrace? Of course I was. But what was he? All that I did openly and recklessly, he did cunningly and underhand. How did he ruin me at last? By betraying to my father the one good thing I ever did in all my life. It's as true as light, Temple. My father cut me off without a rap because I had been d—d fool enough to marry a pretty girl instead of seducing her. Whatever misfortune may happen to you in life, Temple, never do a virtuous action. Be warned in time by me. When I die, or hang myself, if there can be any means be raised money enough to set up a tombstone over me, let my epitaph describe me as the man whom Respectability and Virtue outlawed and robbed, because he had once in his life—only just once—failed to behave like a scoundrel."

I was on the point of blurting out some hasty words which would have admitted my knowledge of Lyndon's wife and daughter. Fortunately, however, I restrained myself in time, and recollected how more than doubtful it was whether they would be the better for any indiscretion which put such a creature on their track. Poor, poor Lilla! with her good heart, her sweet kindly nature, her harmless vanities, and at least not unnatural hopes and aspirations, to think that this unfortunate and worthless wretch, whose chief or sole excuse seemed to be his half-crazed eccentricity, should be her father! I always fancied that the poor girl cherished in her secret heart some fond romantic hope that the lost mysterious father might one day reappear, redeemed, penitent, and splendid, to claim his daughter and lead her into the sphere which she thought her rightful place. I know that she always regarded her father as some brilliant aristocrat

who had stepped down from his high rank for love of her poor mother—some Egmont or Leicester to whom Mrs. Lyndon was the Clara or Amy Robsart; and he filled her imagination even in his fall rather as an archangel ruined than as any commonplace sinner. I know—she often hinted as much to me—that she secretly yearned for him, and waited for him to come some day and redeem her from poverty and meanness, and the society of petty cares and small intelligences; and to bring her to a sphere where there should be bright surroundings, and ease and luxury, and a life with many tints in it, and vivid conversation, and books worth reading, and men who could pay graceful homage and whom one could marry, and women well-dressed and vivacious and lovely. Often I had thought to myself, in my odd moods of whimsical melancholy, that Lilla's phantom father and my phantom Christina beguiled and befooled us both alike, and to as little purpose; and I wondered whether, if Lilla could know my story and my dreams as well as I knew and guessed hers, she would not look on me with the same kind of wondering pity wherewith I regarded her. And now, behold, another bond of companionship and union! Lilla had found for me my lost love: lo, I have found her lost father! See, Lilla, there he is—that broken-down, ridiculous reprobate yonder, that billiard-room loafer, that ruined, rattlepate wretch in the black wig, who is stamping up and down the room, blaspheming as he goes!

"Mr. Lyndon!"

"My dear young friend, a thousand pardons! You recall me to myself, and remind me that I am not playing the host to perfection. I *am*, I fear, a little egotistic sometimes; but what would you have of a man who has had to contend against the world and his wife—his own wife, Temple; not the world's, mind—for so many years? Adversity, Temple, is the parent of egotism. Pardon my distraction."

"I was not thinking of that; I was going to ask a question."

"Propound. I reserve to myself the right of not answering, should the answer tend to criminate me. In a moral point of view, Temple, it would not be easy for me to give any answer relating to my own personal history which would not tend a little that way. But go on, youth of the gloomy brow."

"Only this. What about your wife? You said you were married."

"Did I admit so much? My old weakness—too much confidence and candor. No matter. You ask me what about my wife? Give you my word, Temple, I don't know; I don't, really. I have been away so long, knocking about the plains of windy Troy, that I positively don't know where to find my Penelope now that I have come back."

"Should you like to?"

"Oh dear no—not in the least. I couldn't think of it; she's doubtless very happy, and I

should grieve to disturb her: or perhaps she is not very happy, and then the sight of her would disturb me. No, Temple, a man of refined taste shrinks from unidealizing—if you will allow me to use such a word—from unidealizing the poetic perfectness of married life by too much of vulgar intercourse with its prosy details.”

“Still, as she is your wife—”

“Just so; there it is, you see. If she were not, then it would be quite a different thing: but she is my wife, and I know it to my cost. I paid a heavy debt for the sweet privilege of calling her so, and I am not ardent for any more of her mild society. You look horrified, I perceive. Frankly, I don’t care.”

“She may be poor and lonely—”

“My good fellow, am not I poor and lonely? Could any one be poorer than I was the other day, and shall be soon again, no doubt? Am I not lonely, or worse than lonely, in having no companionship but that of a silly and moping young moralist like you? Do you think adding two poor people together produces wealth? Put together cipher and cipher, and see how much better off you are for the result. Besides, have I not told you I know nothing, absolutely nothing, of her whereabouts?”

“But suppose—”

“I don’t want to suppose: I decline to suppose. I tell you, Temple, I can’t live on pap; some men can, I believe; I can’t. Food for babes does not nourish me. I lived on it long enough, and you see the result. If there is any thing in life I utterly detest, it is puling, meek, mawkish goodness. I rage at it; it sets me mad. I long to tear and tatter it.”

“But your child—your daughter?”

“Did I tell you I had a daughter? Really, you find me in a strangely-confiding mood tonight. Well, I have a daughter; at least, I know I had, and I believe I still have. What then?”

“Only one might have thought—”

“Yes, one might, no doubt. One might have thought that the father’s heart would melt; that he would burst into sobs, and exclaim, in broken accents, ‘My angel chee-ild!’—that he would weep on the neck of the good person who had appealed to his paternal feelings, and become a respectable member of society. In the domestic melodrama, Temple, from which I perceive already your principal ideas of life are drawn—what’s the price of the gallery-seats in the Victoria?—that sort of thing does, I believe, familiarly occur. But this, Temple, is real life; and we are not on the stage of the Victoria. I make no doubt my daughter’s a very well-brought-up and proper young woman, who would look with horror on such a reprobate as I am; and I can not say that the voice of Nature shrieks very powerfully or plaintively in my ears. No, Temple, it won’t do.”

“Then have you really no care for any thing?”

“Yes!” he answered, in vehement and fierce tones—I had long been expecting an outburst

of passion—“for money and for freedom! For money to spend, and for freedom to spend it in! Give me these—and I *will* have them, wherever I get them—and I can enjoy every thing that life gives for enjoyment, from moonbeams and music up to absinthe and madness. But I will have money, and I will be free! I will, I will! I don’t care who or what comes between me and my way of life; I sweep it out of my road and go on. Don’t talk to me of nature and domestic affections, and drivel of that kind; I don’t want them—I’ve had enough of them to last my time. Hate is much more in my line than love. I came to London for the double purpose of screwing money out of my thrice-cursed brother, and disgracing myself and him at the same time; and I will do it too! I would have done it before now but that that fool of a woman sent me this money, which I mean to enjoy before I go to work. Pleasure first, business afterward with me. Go to the devil with your talk about my wife and my chee-ild! What is it to you? Are you sent as an emissary here from Tommy Goodboy? If you are, go back to him and tell him what my answer is: tell him I’ll make his respectability blush yet, if I can not make his heart of pumice-stone feel.”

“I never spoke a word to Mr. Lyndon in my life.”

“Then perhaps you are an emissary from my wife. If you are, go back and tell her the best thing she can do is to leave me to myself.”

“Listen to me, Mr. Lyndon, and don’t waste on me all these rhapsodies and ravings. Keep them for somebody on whom they might produce some desirable effect. I assure you they move me only to sincere pity and contempt. I never knew until twenty minutes ago who you were, and I never cared. I spoke to you on no one’s behalf, at no one’s suggestion. I spoke to you only because I thought it hardly possible you could be wholly degraded below the feelings of average manhood. I find I was mistaken. That is enough. I leave you, and only hope we may not meet any more.”

He threw himself into a chair, leaned back and burst into a peal of mellow laughter. If I know any thing of reality as distinguished from acting—and I ought—this was no affectation or sham, but genuine, honest, hearty, irrepressible laughter. He rolled about in his chair, and stamped his feet, and shook his shoulders like a pigmy Sam Johnson in a fit of unconquerable mirth.

I stood up, angry, and ashamed of being angry—thinking what a great deal I would give, if I had it, to feel myself at liberty to kick him; and all the time considering whether I could in any possible way serve poor Lilla’s interests by keeping on good terms with him.

“I protest, Temple,” he said at last, when he was able to speak from very laughing, “you do delight me. As good as a play? Man, you’re worth a whole season of broad comedy! To look at the expression of your face that time, to

watch your gesture, to hear the earnest eloquence of your language, was the finest treat any man with a rich sense of humor could possibly have. You are the most delightful of young men—"

"And you are the most scandalous of old reprobates."

"Coarse, Temple, coarse, and not half so fervent as your graver style. But I see you are waxing wroth at being laughed at. Well, I dare say no one likes being laughed at, and of course the more ridiculous he is the less he likes being treated as such, and I really don't want to offend you; so let us consider the subject as dropped. Take a little more brandy? No? What, you are not going? Positively offended! Well, of all the idiots it has ever been my fortune to meet you are the most conspicuous. Get out! Go to all the devils! Confound you, I am a gentleman, and not a Christy's Minstrel like you! Insult a gentleman! By Jove! what's the world coming to?"

All these concluding sentences were rattled at my ears as I was descending the stairs. Until I had fairly quitted the house I could hear him swearing and objurgating. Then, as I passed under the window, I found that he was having recourse to the piano to cool his wrath. I paused a moment out of curiosity. He was singing, to his own accompaniment, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

I hurried away. The words, the sweet, pathetic, devotional tones, sounded in my ears like hideous blasphemy.

I walked slowly home, my mind occupied with the uncomfortable discovery I had made, and much perplexed to know whether there was any thing I could or ought to say or do with regard to it. It clearly seemed that I had no right to inflict useless torture on Mrs. Lyndon or Lilla by telling them any thing about my knowledge of this wretched man. From what he had over and over again told me it was certain that he had come to London for the purpose of shaming his brother into supplying him with new funds, and it was evident that there was no extravagant escapade or exposure of which the little wretch would not be capable. On the whole, then, it seemed to me that the best thing I could do would be to see Mr. Lyndon at once, and put him on his guard. Mr. Lyndon too might, like a sensible man of the world, feel inclined to buy off his disreputable brother even for Lilla's sake—to settle on him some pension on condition of his living out of England or out of Europe; and, disagreeable as the task would be, I would willingly undertake the work of negotiation and arrangement in order to ward off vexation and shame from these two poor women, who had been so kind to me. Yes, that was the best thing to do, and there was no time to be lost, as Mr. Lyndon would be leaving town immediately. My mind was made up. Little as I cared to obtrude myself on Lilla's uncle, I determined to see him, in this cause, next day.

NOT ENOUGH MONEY.

IF there is one thing in this world worse than another, it is to be absolutely suffering for a little money—only five dollars, perhaps; to have no possible way of getting it; to be above either begging or borrowing—and yet the money you *must* have.

It was precisely such a strait that I found myself in the first winter I spent in New York. How I suffered in secret, lest the rich, stylish people whom I was visiting should discover the utter destitution of my *porte-monnaie*! what agonies of mind and body I endured while apparently the gayest of the gay, dancing at brilliant parties, or lolling back luxuriously in Mrs. Murray's elegant little *coupé*. It made my wretched situation all the harder to bear that I must keep it to myself, having only my own extravagance to blame. There were my family and friends fancying me in the lap of all luxury and enjoyment, when I was positively envying Mrs. Murray's old seamstress, who could openly sew and earn money when she needed it, while poor I—

We were not rich people ourselves at home, but we always got along comfortably enough, thanks to mother's good sense and judgment. After my father's death—I was a very little girl then—his affairs were discovered to be so terribly involved that mother found it necessary to change our whole style of living; so she took a smaller house, gave up the carriage, and retrenched in many ways. The dear, sweet mother! it must have been difficult for her, used all her life to riches; but not a hard line on her serene, loving face ever showed it. There were some things in which, if she could help it, she never would economize: the education of her children—there were three of us, Charlie, myself, and Delia, who was only a year younger than I—or any thing which could make our young lives really happy. But she often denied herself to compass both these things, and as we grew older we sometimes detected her in it, and fully appreciated her unselfishness. She took us into her counsels too, so that we felt something of the interest and satisfaction of partners in a concern, and when she told us frankly that we couldn't afford to have this or that now, because such and such bills were to be paid first, gave up with much greater cheerfulness than if we had felt it to be merely an arbitrary decision of hers.

When I had been out of school a year or so, Mrs. Murray, a very dear friend of mother's, who never came to Boston, where we lived, without passing at least a day or two with us, wrote a most pressing letter to mother, insisting that if she herself could not come to visit her, she must let one of the girls spend the three winter months with her.

Del was still at school, so that it was out of the question, mother said, that she should go; but I was at the very age both to enjoy it and to be improved by the elegant society in which

Mrs. Murray moved. So the invitation was accepted for me. Of course I was delighted, for I had never been in New York but once, when I had spent a week at the Fifth Avenue Hotel with my uncle Charles.

Such a time as there was getting me ready! Mother and Del and I worked, and sewed, and consulted with the dress-maker, and studied fashion-plates till I was half worn-out with it for my part; and Charlie, who was at Harvard in his Senior year, declared that "the house was nothing but a milliner's shop, and that it was disgusting to hear of clothes, clothes all the time!" You know how they all talk; men are so scorn about these things, always pretending to scorn love of dress in women, and then how they snub us if we look dowdy! At last I was ready, and mother, when my great Saratoga was all packed, gave me fifty dollars for spending-money, besides sufficient, as we thought, for my best hat, which I was to buy in New York.

"I think mother has been just as generous and good as she can be to give you so much, don't you?" said Del; "and I hope you'll have a good time with it, and don't be silly and buy me any thing out of it, for I won't take it if you do; but I want you to bring home something nice for mother, say that engraving of Dante and Beatrice."

So it was agreed upon between us that I was to get that, and I also privately determined to buy Del a pretty little writing-case, and perhaps a handsome set of Tennyson for Charlie; for I felt that in my fifty dollars I possessed the wealth of the Indies, having had such a capital outfit that I was sure I should need nothing for myself.

I was received with the warmest welcome by Mr. and Mrs. Murray, two of the most lovable people in the world, and without children of their own. They seemed to feel continually that they could not make enough of me, or do enough to make me happy. And very happy I was the first few weeks, till my money difficulties set in. They lived on Madison Avenue; and the house was not only very elegant, but luxuriously comfortable, home-like, and inviting throughout. We did not go out very often to large parties, for Mrs. Murray did not care much for them, though she sometimes took me, and I enjoyed them immensely, especially when the next morning I wrote about it to mother or Del. But there was always a great deal of company at the house, and invitations for all sorts of charming things, and concerts, and operas, and dinner-parties, and what not. So I enjoyed every-moment, till I began to find my funds getting alarmingly low. It was surprising how they had melted away! To begin with, my bonnet had cost me almost twice as much as I ought to have spent for it, and so had encroached on my capital; but both Mrs. Murray and the milliner had pronounced it "so becoming" the moment I tried it on that I couldn't resist. The shop-windows, too, were a great

temptation to me, full of such fascinating little things, "just what I needed," and hadn't mother told me to do what I liked with my fifty dollars? Mrs. Murray made me many beautiful presents, but then she had too much delicacy to give me always useful articles, so the beautiful bracelets at Christmas and jewel-box at New-Year's didn't help me out any.

One morning, when my visit was only half over, I awoke to the sad fact that I had just next to nothing left in my purse. It was plain that I must make up my mind to ask mother for another remittance. I did it with some compunctions, for I knew that this was an expensive winter to her, not only on my account, but on Charlie's. A rather sober letter came immediately in answer to mine, inclosing fifty dollars.

"I am very sorry not to send you more, Kate dear. I wish it were a hundred; but this is positively all I can let you have; so try and make it go as far as possible, and don't forget to put by in time enough for your journey home. Above all, remember that it is simply vulgar to spend more than you can afford, or to wish to appear rich when you are not."

The rest of the letter was bright and chatty, as her letters always were; but a note from Del next day said:

"Privately I suspect mother of having squeezed that fifty out of the new black silk she promised to get for herself this winter, for she remarked last night, in that careless way of hers which always conceals some generosity, you know, that she had decided to wait till spring before she got her silk, it was getting so late now to have it made up. Isn't that just like her! Now don't neglect to get that picture for her; if you do I shall be disappointed in you."

"Neglect mother's present! I should think not!" I said to myself as I winked away the tears, thinking of the sacrifices she was always making for us. "I will take Mrs. Murray with me, and we will select the softest and best one Goupil has, for mother is a judge of engravings." Well, so many things kept happening that we didn't get to Goupil's, and in the mean time, what with a new sash for my pink silk, which almost ruined me, for I couldn't match the shade except in a very expensive ribbon, and the hair-dresser, and the gloves, and the flowers for the great party Mrs. Murray gave for me the next week, there was such a hole made in my little fund that a cold shiver ran all over me when, the day after, I took an account of stock. So I put away at once in my writing-desk the money for my fare home, and the ten dollars for the Dante and Beatrice for mother, and determined that, come what would, I would hold on to *that*. Then I felt quite comfortable, as I was going home in three weeks, and with strict economy had surely enough to last me till then.

Alas! how little I dreamed of the misfortunes that were from this time in store for me!

The next afternoon, happy fool that I was! I went to a Philharmonic rehearsal with Mrs. Murray. The music was delicious, and "between times" I had charming snatches of conversation, not to say flirtation, with a fascina-

ting young lawyer, an acquaintance of Mrs. Murray's.

I may as well confess now that I always did enjoy myself wherever I met Mr. Cochrane, which was very often that winter. I'm not going to the trouble, however, of describing him, since it was not he that I married after all. I take a malicious pleasure in writing this, because I am sure that my sharp-witted readers pricked up their ears the moment I mentioned his name, certain that the inevitable "conquering hero" had now come upon the stage. Nothing of the sort, I can assure you. I married, two years after, a rather small, thin man, with sandy whiskers (Mr. Cochrane had a superb black mustache) and a decided tendency to baldness, whom I almost ignored that winter, notwithstanding Mrs. Murray's admiration and friendship for him.

How often since I have told him, laughing, of my only remark when Mrs. Murray first pointed him out to me at a large dinner-party! "There is the Mr. Smith you heard me speak of, Kate," said she, "the most charming and the most cultivated man I know."

"Dear me!" I answered, just glancing at him—"dear me! that very plain man with sandy whiskers!" and I never gave him another thought, little dreaming that he was "my fate," and that some day I should love him with all my heart!

As for Mr. Cochrane, it was the fashion for all the girls in society to rave about him that winter, and I was no exception. Hardly a letter did I write to Del but that I managed to bring in his name in girlish praise. Sometimes it was, "Oh, he is so elegant in his manners, Del! You ought to see him bow; he makes you feel as though you were a princess at least." Another time it was, "Mr. Cochrane does have such a way of saying charming things to one, and then he's such a delightful partner that it is too tame afterward dancing with any one else." And so on after the fashion of all girls, I suppose, for we are all pretty much alike at that age.

I had, as I said, a delightful time at the Philharmonic, and came home in the highest spirits, only to find that I had lost my purse! I had probably pulled it out with my handkerchief, or it might have been stolen. I never saw it again, at any rate. Instantly my spirits were down to freezing-point. It had only nine dollars in it; but seeing that I had only three dollars left, except the money I had put by, I felt at once that I was ruined, reduced to beggary almost. Oh, how wretched I was that night! and how I cried after I went to bed, and wished that I were at home, wished that I had never seen New York, or ever heard of it; almost wished that I had never been born! Of course I couldn't get mother's present now, unless I could make three dollars last me three weeks, which was plainly impossible; and yet how mean I should feel to go home without one thing for one of them; how selfish and ex-

travagant they would all think me; and yet I had meant to be neither! I was so homesick that I should have been glad to leave the next morning, only that I was ashamed to, not having any excuse for so suddenly shortening my visit. I came down to breakfast so hollow-eyed and pale that kind Mrs. Murray was worried, and petted and coddled me up all the morning, little dreaming of the real cause of my "dreadful headache." For days after that I remember that my one idea was *Money*, and how not to spend it. I denied myself of every thing, even hair-pins, and almost wept when I had to buy some postage-stamps.

The absurdity of my position fairly made me laugh in spite of myself one morning. I had been to a grand reception at a magnificent house on Fifth Avenue. As I swept in my stateliest manner—which I felt that the occasion demanded—down the broad steps, and fluttered, all in silk and lace, into Mrs. Murray's beautiful carriage, with its crimson satin linings and tall footman holding open the door for me, I heard two beggar-girls, who were gazing at me with open mouths, exclaim to each other softly, "Oh, Lor, mustn't it be nice to be so rich, and have lots of money to spend!" I couldn't help laughing as I leaned back on the cushions. It *was* nice to have such "lots of money to spend"—namely, two dollars and sixty-one cents exactly.

The next day a fashionable young lady, whom I knew a little and disliked very much, called and asked Mrs. Murray to take some tickets in a raffle, for the benefit of some soldier's widow, who was "so heart-broken and poor." (Said widow, I heard afterward, at once expended the money in the purchase of a bridal outfit, and was married in a fortnight.) Imagine the agony of mind I was thrown into when this stylish young woman turned to me with, "Now that Mrs. Murray has subscribed, I am sure *you* will like to take some tickets too."

It wrung my very heart-strings to take out my last, my precious two dollars, and give them to her, saying, as cheerfully as I could, "Yes, I will take one."

How I repented of my false shame, which had made me afraid to refuse, when she said, superciliously, "What! only one!" and with an air of indifference snapped her purse on the money! I might as well have given her nothing. For myself, I am afraid I have almost hated her ever since. After this there was nothing to be done but break into the ten dollars; and every body knows how a bill goes when you have once broken it.

The next evening we went to the Artists' Reception at the Academy of Design, and Mr. Cochrane accompanied us. It was very brilliant, the collection of pictures unusually fine, and the rooms thronged with "fair women and brave men"—at least I think it charitable to call them "brave," not knowing to the contrary. I wore my green silk—the loveliest shade by gas-light—with my malachites, and pretty white

opera-cloak, and had the pleasant consciousness of being perfectly well dressed. I was also on the arm of the handsomest, most fashionable man in the rooms; and I remember thinking, as we moved through the brilliant throng of people, now stopping to chat with friends, now gazing together at the beautiful pictures, or laughing at some horrid daub—there always are some daubs every year—how Del, if she could have seen me, would have thought me perfectly happy. And yet I wasn't, for I kept thinking all the time of the picture I couldn't get for mother. I was inwardly becoming every moment more low-spirited, when an incident occurred to change my thoughts. A lady in gray silk, with a quiet face and manner, passed us with an elegant-looking officer. Mr. Cochrane bowed, then, as soon as they were out of hearing, said to me:

"Should you have picked out that quiet-looking woman as having had a most exciting, romantic history, among all the handsome, brilliant women here, most of whose lives are commonplace?"

Then he went on and told me her story. How she had two lovers; one goes to the war, is reported killed, his successful rival is on the very eve of marrying her, when the first comes home, and literally dies at her feet of grief, leaving a will which makes her the possessor of an immense property. She goes to Europe in widow's weeds, having broken her engagement; frightful accident to the steamer; one of the passengers saves her life, and she finally marries him—the elegant-looking officer I had noticed.

Of course I've only given the merest outlines of the story, which was intensely interesting as Mr. Cochrane told it to me with all its details, knowing the parties so well. As he finished the idea suddenly came into my mind, Why not write the story out, of course altering and embellishing so that the heroine could not be recognized, and send it to some Magazine? Perhaps in this way I might get the money I was so much in want of. All my life I had been in demand with children of all sizes as a story-teller; and at school had not my compositions been praised and taken the prize? "I can do it, and I will do it," I said to myself.

My spirits rose wonderfully at the project. Mr. Cochrane must have been astonished at my sudden gayety, and probably attributing it to his own fascinations, became more devoted than ever, lowering his voice tenderly in uttering the merest nothings, and giving me such expressive glances with his handsome black eyes; and all the time I was inwardly debating whether my heroine should wear white with a rose in her hair, on the eve of the grand catastrophe, or blue velvet and pearls; and wondering how much I should get for my story if it were accepted.

Hurrying off my things, and leaving every thing round my room, contrary to my usually neat habits, as soon as I got home, I seized my

port-folio and began immediately to write. I was thoroughly excited and full of my subject, and wrote away with the greatest rapidity, oblivious of every thing, till I was suddenly brought to my senses by hearing the hall clock strike four! Then I discovered that I was cold, for the furnace fire had gone out, and that there was something ghostly and fearful in the stillness of the street and house, where all were sleeping but me. So I locked up my hastily scribbled sheets, and, wearied and shivering, got into bed. Fortune favored me the next day with an opportunity to write, for a sick friend in Brooklyn sent for Mrs. Murray to spend the day with her, so I was left alone, with many regrets on her part.

I wrote all day, actually begrudging the time for my lunch, and trusting that no visitors would come, did not even dress me, till glancing at my watch I found that it only wanted fifteen minutes to Mrs. Murray's return and dinner. And there I was in my morning-dress, hair frouzy, a great ink-spot on my finger, and my room littered up with papers, and she was sure to come to it the first thing! How I hated myself! calling myself "a slovenly blue-stock-ing," and vowing if I only succeeded this once that I'd never write again. I flew round, put my room in order, did my hair in haste, and was just fastening my dress when I heard Mr. and Mrs. Murray's voices in the hall. It didn't take a moment to complete my toilet, so, feeling like a hypocrite, I made my appearance calmly, looking as though I had been ready for hours. I couldn't, however, quite get the ink off my finger with all my scrubbing, though I suppose no one but myself would ever have noticed it.

But that evening I remember how my face flamed when Mrs. Murray, in talking with Mr. Cochrane, happened to express her contempt for "these silly, high-flown magazine stories."

"Yes," said Mr. Cochrane, "and my contempt is not only for the stories, but for the sentimental *bas-bleus* who sit with their dresses torn, and hair awry, writing of lords and ladies—things of which they know nothing. Of all things deliver me from a woman who writes!"

After this I was determined to keep my writing a secret, and so had to write as best I could, at odd moments, but mostly at night, when I was supposed to have gone to bed; and oh, how sick I became of it! However, I persevered in spite of all difficulties and interruptions till it was finished, and no one so much as dreamed of what I was doing. I then sent it to the Editor of a Magazine, with a note requesting an answer "as soon as possible." I gave a deep sigh of relief when it was fairly gone, and was more light-hearted than I had been for days. "In a week at farthest," I said to myself, "I shall have an answer from the Editor, with at least a twenty-dollar bill in it, perhaps a fifty—who knows?" I here went over in my mind what I felt were "the hits" in my production, and felt convinced that I should certainly get a fifty for

it. Then I shall buy, besides the engraving for mother, something nice for both Del and Charlie, and so go home with flying colors after all. And I thought how grand I should feel on actually seeing my story in print, and how astonished mother and Del would be when I told them about it. I was resolved never to tell another soul but them, having the fear of Mr. Cochrane before my eyes; and I fancied myself reading aloud to them the most exciting, harrowing parts, mother quietly wiping away the tears, Del leaning forward to listen, hardly breathing in her excitement, and for the future, I trusted, more respectful to me, her talented sister.

These were my day-dreams. Realities were not so pleasant, as far as money-matters were concerned. The ten dollars had dwindled, and were dwindling still. Such troubles as came upon me! My watch fell off the bureau, and had to be taken to Tiffany's—three dollars more gone; my best slippers suddenly burst out without warning; I tore my prettiest gloves; and I broke one of my sleeve-buttons.

"This is really growing fearful!" I said to myself, as I looked at my purse containing only two dollars. "However, to-morrow the week will be up, and no doubt I shall hear from my story. Then all will be well." To-morrow came, but no letter; the next day the same. The suspense was dreadful. The postman usually came about ten in the morning; then at four in the afternoon. How my heart beat when I heard his ring! How breathlessly I listened to the servant's step coming up stairs with the letters! How my heart sank when she passed my door without stopping, and went on to Mrs. Murray's. So the days went on. My face was really beginning to look pale and anxious. One morning, when with aching heart I had just paid out my last cent for a pair of gloves—I had privately cleaned and cleaned my old ones till they were no longer decent—I came home, and found, to my delight, a letter post-marked Philadelphia. With trembling hands I tore it open. I read as far as "your story is respectfully declined;" then threw myself on the bed in an agony of tears. "I can not stay another day!" I said to myself. "I must go home to-morrow. Oh, if mother were only here! If I could only tell her all about it!" And I buried my face in the pillow to stifle my sobs.

A knock at the door; a servant with Mr. Cochrane's card. "Say that I am sorry, but that I have a very bad headache, and can not see any one, Thomas." And I turned away my face as I spoke, so that he could not see my flushed cheeks and swollen eyes. Then I went back to bed and cried worse than ever, not only that I had no money, but because I had lost Mr. Cochrane's call. In a few minutes another knock from Thomas.

"An elderly gentleman in the parlor, Miss, as says he is sure you will see him."

I glanced at the card. "Uncle Charles from

St. Louis! Oh dear! *any* other time I should have been so glad to see him! Well, it's just my luck!" with a tremendous sigh. Then to Thomas, "Say that I'll be down presently."

Bathing my face and eyes, and putting on a stylish bow, and doing all I could to look gay, still I could not quite efface all signs of my tears. However, thanking my stars that the drawing-room was always dark, I rushed in with a great show of spirits—a little overdone, I suspect—and greeted my uncle with effusion. Dear old fellow!—he's an old bachelor of sixty at least—he is so fond of me, and so jolly and entertaining always, that I was soon laughing and chatting away with him, almost forgetful of my troubles, till he suddenly turned upon me with,

"Kate, what's the matter? You've got something on your mind, and you've been crying!"

"Nonsense, uncle. There's nothing the matter, only I've a headache, that's all," I answered, laughingly; "but the room is so dark you can't see plainly; you'd better put your spectacles on!"

It was the very last thing I really wanted him to do, of course; but, do you believe? he deliberately took them out and put them on, and eyed me sharply. "Is it a love affair, Kate dear?"

I blushed furiously—I always do blush when there's no sort of sense in it, and it's more than trying—and then the consciousness that I was doing so increased my confusion, as I exclaimed, vehemently, "No, indeed, nothing of the sort, I assure you!"

"Humph!" said my uncle, with emphasis, as he looked at my blushes.

However, as I volunteered no confession to his coaxing—"I should think you might tell me, Kate!"—but rattled off immediately into a description of all my gay doings during my visit, he said no more, though he evidently kept up a "desperate thinking," sure that he was on the right track now. All of which amused me much.

He had risen to go, and was just saying good-by, when he suddenly took something out of his pocket, exclaiming, "There! if I hadn't nearly forgotten it again! But your looks put it all out of my mind. I didn't send you any Christmas present this year, did I? Couldn't find a thing I thought you'd like, so I concluded I'd just send you twenty-five dollars, and let you suit yourself; and then, I'm ashamed to say, I forgot it, I was so busy; so here it is now, dear; better late than never, I hope." And he put a little roll into my hand.

"Oh, Uncle Charles! to do just what I like with?" I cried, my face instantly becoming radiant.

My uncle regarded me a moment, amazed at the sudden change of my expression; then said, decidedly,

"Kate, I'll wager any thing that all the trouble with you is that you're short of funds. Why in the name of goodness didn't you tell

me so at first? You little goose! Now say how much you want!" and, bless his generous heart, for he is not a rich man, his pocket-book was out in a moment.

"Not a cent more, Uncle Charles," I answered, squeezing his dear old hand gratefully, "not a cent, positively; this is all I want, but I am glad you didn't give it to me at Christmas, for I didn't need it then, and now I am rather hard up—dead broke, in fact." I was so near crying that I took to using slang to hide it, though there's nothing my uncle hates so much. "But you mustn't give me any more, for I won't take it."

"I can do as I please, I suppose; and besides, now I come to think of it, I remember that I meant to give you forty dollars any way; so take it, and don't ever be so silly again as to cry your eyes out for want of a little money, as long as I am on this earthly ball, and have a cent in my pocket!"

But the minute I began to thank him, and tell him that he was a dear old jewel of an uncle, and I wished that every girl in the land had one just like him, he was off, only stopping at the door to say, "By-the-way, what day are you going home?"

"Next Monday," I answered.

"Good! I am going to Boston myself that day; so you will go under my care, you know; that will give you a good chance to tell me all about that love affair;" and with a merry nod at me he was gone.

How gayly now I sprang up stairs, humming an air from "Martha," and with a heart as light as any bird. Mrs. Murray was to have a dinner-party that night, and I had been dreading it all day; now I dressed for it in the highest spirits.

"My dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Murray, when I came down into her room all ready, "you never looked so well in your life. I declare I'm proud of you. It must be that pink rose in your hair that becomes you so."

"No," thought I; "it's the greenbacks in my pocket;" but I didn't say it. A thousand dollars could not have made her so happy as Uncle Charles's present had made me.

The next day I went out and bought the Dante and Beatrice, and a beautiful little writing-case for Del, and a set of Tennyson for Charlie, besides some little things for myself that I was actually suffering for, and became so cheerful in consequence that Mrs. Murray, I could see, was quite puzzled at me.

"Do you know, Kate," said she, "that last week I was almost afraid you were homesick? But I am very glad that you have got all over it now, if you were."

The remaining few days flew by swiftly, for I threw myself into every thing with renewed zest, and though I was longing to see mother and Del, I resolved to banish from the minds of my New York friends all remembrance of my moping, and I am sure I succeeded.

The Murrays took leave of me with sweet,

loving words of regret that went to my very heart. Mr. Cochrane and Mr. Smith—I shall never cease to regret that it is his name—were both at the dépôt on Monday morning to see me off, much to my uncle's disgust, so he hurried me into the cars, hardly giving me time to so much as speak to them. Their farewells I have often thought were characteristic. Mr. Cochrane, with one of his elegant bows, took my hand in his—exquisitely gloved as usual—and pressing it just a little, said, in his low, musically tender voice—arranged by Nature for flirting—that "New York would be a desert to him when I was gone."

I had not learned then Robespierre's "*Qui ne sont rien, parle à merveille*," so I was not a little amazed when, in less than six weeks, Mrs. Murray wrote me of Mr. Cochrane's engagement to a widow "fat and forty," though not "fair," but worth a million or so.

Mr. Smith simply shook hands with me and said "Good-by;" but he had brought me a charming book to read, and gave me a little bouquet of flowers, whose fragrance refreshed me all the way.

It was a happy evening, that first evening at home after my three months' absence. Mother, Del, and I sat up till after midnight and talked and laughed over my various experiences, even my worries becoming funny in relating them. When I came to my story, however, sketching for them its outlines, and clearly showing, as I thought, the stupidity of an editor who could reject such a tale, mother only laughed, and said:

"After all, Kate, wouldn't it have been better to write about something you are better acquainted with than 'Love and Tragedy'—that was my title—"for instance," with a meaning look, "about an extravagant young lady who hadn't money enough?"

THE SECRETARY WITH A SECRET.

THE Right Honorable Stephen Pemberton was a prosperous and a successful man. He had started in life with that moral and intellectual capital which Disraeli characterizes as containing the grand elements of success—large brains and small affections. He had not come up from nothing, his father having been a respectable London solicitor; and, even if he had come up from nothing, he would never have boasted of it, as is the fashion of more vulgar men, who, when they succeed, are always telling people of the time when they entered London barefoot and with a capital of two-pence half-penny, or tramped Broadway with one red cent of pocket-money. Mr. Pemberton speculated in railways and succeeded; in banking companies and succeeded; in Parliament and succeeded. He was not a good speaker, and was rather proud of the fact that his was not oratory, but plain, clear, business statement. His voice was strong and distinct; his manner was imposing, substantially dogmatic, and re-

spectably pompous. He made himself a power in the House of Commons on financial questions, and he really had a clear, penetrating, commanding intellect for all financial questions, and such political subjects as are bound up with finance. He might almost have become Chancellor of the Exchequer, but he did not care to fly so high, and therefore took, just at the proper time, an office of less dignity and labor, which gave him, nevertheless, a seat in the cabinet and the title of Right Honorable. He was a tall man, still good-looking, with bloodless face, broad forehead, and gray whiskers. He was not more than fifty years old.

What could a man have in life more than this man had? A place in the Government of Great Britain, a house in Park Lane, an estate in Leicestershire, a shooting-lodge in the Highlands, and a very pretty wife. For, although fifty years old, he was but some three or four years married, and his wife was a charming woman of six-and-twenty, whose evening parties were among the most brilliant of the London season; a woman with a head for politics as well as a heart for affection; a small, shapely, dark-eyed, animated, fearless creature, whom to know was to admire, and whom, despite her husband's fifty years and gray hair, no one dared to do more than admire. Probably she did not love her husband with quite her whole heart and passion, but she was an affectionate wife, and she was almost entirely in his confidence. Almost entirely. Not quite, as yet.

Perhaps the one person in the world who was most in the confidence of this successful man was his particular private secretary. Not the private secretary who had a room next to his own in his ministerial office; a room with a desk, and a Turkey carpet, and fittings-up generally quite equal to those of his chief. No: Mr. Pemberton being as it were two men—the business man and the minister—required another secretary of a more practical and confidential character, who could be intrusted with the copying of documents and the knowledge of secrets utterly beneath the dignity, and, perhaps, beyond the discretion of the official private secretary, who was the nephew of a peer. The peculiar secretary, then, was only a poor and patient young man, who had managed somehow to cling around the successful speculator while he was merely a speculator, and had now come to be a sort of necessity to the member of Parliament and minister. He always sat in the room with his chief; he often sat in his chief's library of nights waiting for hours until his patron should happen to want him; but he seldom went near the House of Commons, where the swell secretary, nephew of a peer, did the duties. One of the things many people wondered at was why the Right Hon. Stephen Pemberton kept the poor secretary so constantly about him. The successful man smiled somewhat grimly once when a bold friend pressed him on the subject.

"He's one of the quickest, sharpest fellows

I ever knew," was Pemberton's answer. "He can write a capital letter, writes in several languages, can get up figures wonderfully, never falls asleep, never gets sick, although he looks so pale and weak, never talks unless one wants him to talk; and then he's not likely to eavesdrop or pick up any knowledge which does not concern him." And the successful fellow smiled again, grimly.

"No, poor fellow," said the questioner, a personage of a compassionate nature, stealing a pitying glance at the young man, who all this time sat at a small desk a little apart from that of his patron.

The young man had a face which would have been handsome but for a contracted, almost contorted expression around the eyes, and lips that spoke of habitual ill-health or frequent pain. He had keen dark eyes and sallow complexion, and a rich dark beard. He would have been tall but for his stooped shoulders, and he walked with a limp. Furthermore, you had only to look in his face in order to discover his grand recommendation in his patron's eyes—he was deaf. Quite deaf; no ear-trumpet could do much for him. His voice, when he spoke, had a strange and hollow sound—natural enough, no doubt, in the case of one whose ear could never guide and modulate his tones. But he seldom spoke. His patron gave him directions—six words written on a scrap of paper—and that was all he needed. A sentence told him as much as an oration or a volume would have told another. Doubtless the concentration of his unimpaired faculties into one direction gave him this surprising and invaluable quickness of perception and observation. He seemed wholly absorbed in his devotion to his patron, who, indeed, had been remarkably kind to him.

Mr. Pemberton's wife, though the kindest of beings, rather shrank from poor Louis Rodman. So the peculiar secretary was named. She seemed to draw back from him with a kind of fear—the sort of dread, perhaps, that some nervous people have of seeing any maimed or mutilated object.

"I pity him, my dear," she said to her husband, "and I try to like him; but I can't. There is something painful or sinister about his expression. I can not understand him. Why do you have him always in your room?"

"He is very useful, my love."

"Yes; but always in your room? Always? Do you never wish him away, just for a moment's relief?"

"Never." The successful man looked firmly, sadly at his eager, pleading, beautiful wife.

"How strange! I could not live, I think, if I had that poor creature so much with me."

"Perhaps I think I could not live if I had not that poor creature so much with me."

Mrs. Pemberton started. There was something quite unusual in the expression of her husband's face. She was going to ask some eager, anxious question; but he checked her

with a motion of his hand. Then he stood for a moment silent, and with a look upon his face as of one who makes up his mind for a painful revelation. He gave a sort of sigh or gasp, and then took his wife's hand in his. They were alone in the library, and it was night.

"Listen, Emily. Years ago—no matter how long—I did a great wrong. Not what is called a crime or a wrong in the eyes of the law; but I disliked a man, and he was in my power, and I used my power harshly—that was all. I might have spared him, and I did not. I never dreamed of the effect my harshness—I believe I thought it justice—might have. My word was given against him, and he was a ruined man. He went home, and—and (don't start, and don't take your hand away) he killed himself."

Emily Pemberton did start, and could hardly for the moment keep from drawing away her hand. It seemed as if the hand that held it was blood-stained.

Her husband went on:

"That unhappy man's wife was a creature, at her best, capable of the profoundest hate. She was a Basque woman by birth, and she wrote me a letter, calm with very hatred, in which she told me she had an only son, whom she would train up with the one idea of having revenge on me—of some day taking my life."

Emily shuddered.

"If he lives," this woman wrote, 'he shall kill you when you seem most successful. When you come to the height of your success and your happiness look out for *him*!'

"Oh, God in heaven!" Emily now clung close to her husband. He looked at her with something like love on his rigid face.

"This is a horrid story, my love, but it is nearly over. I heard years ago that the woman was dead, but that her son was alive. I don't know whether this was true or not. But I believe that, living or dying, she would do her best to keep her word; and, Emily, life's very dear to me now. Therefore, I never am alone. If there is any danger, whatever it is, I know of no better, no other precaution against it than to have always some one with me. Now I can't have the perpetual company of a detective, or indeed of any body who can *hear*. People come to me on business, and tell me things which could be talked of only to me. When this clever deaf lad came to my office looking for employment of any kind, it seemed quite a providential opportunity put in my way. I seized the idea at once. I found him wonderfully quick; no man in London has such a secretary, and he's grateful and faithful. Now you know why he sits all day in my room."

"Does *he* know—?"

"He does. He knows, at least, that he's never to take his eyes off any stranger who comes into my room, and that he's to be on the alert against possible movements of knife or revolver. And he *does* watch! People never would suspect how his eyes watch them."

"But this is sad and terrible."

"Real life, my dear, has always a good deal of the sad and terrible about it."

"Oh, how I wish you had not wronged that man!"

"Do you think I do not wish it? Do you think I have not deeply repented the wrong I did him, even though when I did it I had no idea of its reality, and nine out of every ten men around me would have told me I was doing right. I *have* repented of it deeply. Not because I was afraid. I never took the slightest precaution whatever against the danger until I grew to love life, Emily—when I came to love *you*."

The successful man had, after all, a heart.

Next day Mrs. Pemberton ordered her carriage, and drove down, anxious and disturbed, to her husband's office. She only wanted, she said, to see how he was getting on. His patient, silent scribe sat writing there as usual. The sunlight (there *are* windows in London which let in the sun) fell upon his stooped, contracted shoulders, his pale, painful face, his dark, melancholy eyes. Mrs. Pemberton no longer saw any thing sinister in him—only sadness. She felt almost inclined to kiss his pallid forehead, because she now regarded him as the faithful, watchful protector of her husband. She gave him—for the first time—her hand with a friendly smile, and she remembered long after, she always will remember, how strange a tremor went through his cold hand when it touched hers.

"Has he no relatives?" she asked of her husband.

"Oh yes, a brother he tells me, of whom he's very fond; I never saw him." Successful men do not often have time to think much of the brothers of faithful scribes and servants.

"Not like *him*, poor fellow, I hope—not deaf and stooped?"

"Oh no, I fancy not. I dare say not."

"We ought to be very kind to them," she said.

"Yes, certainly, so we ought," replied the successful man, who was evidently thinking of something more important.

Mrs. Pemberton was from that time very kind to the deaf scribe. She took the warmest womanly interest in him, and he soon got to be able to understand her every glance and motion. She inquired about his health, his comforts, his habits, his brother. He became quite animated and eager when he spoke of his brother, of whom he was evidently very proud. The brother did not live with Louis. He was a painter, and he lived out somewhere in the Highgate way, and wandered about a good deal. He was beginning to get on very well.

"He shall paint my portrait," was Mrs. Pemberton's declaration.

Unfortunately he did not paint portraits, only landscapes.

Then—she was revolving in her mind how she could gratify the brother she knew by showing some attention to the brother she did not

know—he must come and see her—he must come to some of her evening parties.

Poor deaf Louis, who never went into company, positively smiled with pleasure at the prospect of his brother's introduction into brilliant society.

At the next of Mrs. Pemberton's parties the hostess turned eagerly round when the name of Arthur Rodman was announced. What a noble, glorified edition of the bent, deaf brother he was! So like: as sleep is like death; as the swan was like the ugly duckling; as a warm summer sunrise is like the livid sunset of a sad winter day. The features were all alike; but what a difference! Straight, strong, symmetrical of form; bright and genial of expression; in full and splendid possession of all youthful graces and manly faculties, Arthur Rodman was a very type and pattern of the Belgravian, not Bohemian, artist. His voice was singularly sweet, fresh, and musical—how unlike the hollow, toneless sound that came from his poor brother's lips! He talked with perfect ease, and with great animation; and Mrs. Pemberton soon found he could talk about any thing. She was a petticoated politician; and she now met for the first time in her life an artist who knew all about politics and political men. A treasury secretary could hardly have known the subjects better.

Arthur became one of her especial favorites and protégés. He came often to her evening parties, and she openly and avowedly petted him and strove to make a lion of him. There was something almost reverential in the affectionate admiration with which he waited on her, talked to her, looked at her. No one, be it observed, spoke or hinted scandal. This was one of the pure, frank, fearless women of whom not even the most evil thinks evil; and, indeed, the young artist's manner told only of respectful devotion. And, after all, there are some people still living who can be kindly and sin not.

Meanwhile the health of poor Louis did not improve; and the doctor recommended that he should, as much as possible, avoid night-air. So his patron, who grew alarmed at the idea of any thing happening to him, and had little special need of his companionship while at home in Belgravia, hardly ever sent for him at night. All day Louis sat at his post, and watched and wrote as before. Emily saw him often, and was always affectionate and kindly to him. His brother, though evidently very fond of him, never came to see him, or to meet him, or to walk part of the way home with him by day. Of course he must have seen him often at night.

Mrs. Pemberton began to lose the first fresh painfulness of the impression made upon her by her husband's sad, strange revelation. Something in his manner told her he did not wish to have the grim subject revived; and she spoke no more of it, and tried to forget it. He personally took but little notice of the young artist. When the latter came in his way the cabinet minister was kind and friendly, in his own cold

and somewhat patronizing fashion; but, in general, the successful man was quite content to know that his wife was doing the civil thing toward his secretary's brother, and to leave her to do it. Success in political life, unless you have a capacity so commanding that it conquers its way at a stroke, requires a patient, unwearying attention, and leaves no room for the culture of the milder and gentler virtues which are not in themselves absolute necessities. So the artist and the great man did not often meet. The great man did, indeed, make it a point always to look in when his wife had an evening party, but he had almost invariably to hurry away and get back to the House of Commons in time for a division.

Arthur, the artist, had, with many other gifts, a wonderful capacity for amateur acting, and Mrs. Pemberton was especially fond of amateur acting. He soon became her stage-manager, so to speak, and her principal performer. Amateur acting, my readers need hardly be told, brings people a good deal together, and gives keen eyes many admirable opportunities for the study of character in one's fellow-actor. You have to rehearse together more than once; you too have to combine and plan and organize together; your mechanical and other resources, in private life, are always rather limited and hap-hazard in their nature, and a good deal of consultation and quick suggestion is required to make the most of them; and the result is, that the lady of the house where the amateur theatricals take place is morally compelled to give herself up a good deal to the society and the confidence of her leading assistant. Mrs. Pemberton saw in this way a great deal of Arthur, and thought she saw into his nature and heart. She was a woman of quick capacity and some genuine penetration, and this was what she saw, or thought she saw, in her new friend and protégé:

A strongly affectionate nature—a nature imbued with a deep love and reverence for woman—a filial nature, so to speak.

A supreme, indomitable will and self-control.

A profound sadness.

Finally, a burden of some sort, in the way of a secret. This she sometimes thought was only her womanly and romantic nonsense; for she was quite clever enough to stand out from herself and criticise herself, as if she were a strange spectator looking coolly on; and this is not a feat many women can perform. But no matter how she endeavored to put the impression away as a woman's nonsense, it came back again with full force, and she remained at last firm in the conviction that Arthur Rodman had some burden pressing on his mind and heart. Perhaps he was very poor, and was too proud to acknowledge it—or, perhaps—and for all her masculine love of politics she much favored this latter conjecture—he had been crossed in love.

Whatever might be his secret source of sorrow, it is certain that it made Emily Pemberton more kind and affectionate than ever to him.

"What is your performance to-night, Emily?" Mr. Pemberton asked his wife one morning at breakfast. A grand, long-studied, often-rehearsed feat of amateur theatricals was to come off that night.

"Oh, don't you know? After all our trouble—and I am sure I told you all about it."

"Well, my dear, I dare say you did, but I am ashamed to say I have forgotten it. What is it?"

"Why, *The Hunchback*, to be sure—Sheridan Knowles's *Hunchback*."

"*The Hunchback*. Yes, to be sure. Oh, yes."

"Don't you like it, dear?"

"Well, isn't it rather sentimental, and rubbisy, and all that?"

"For you solemn cabinet ministers, perhaps; but not for us weak people. We like all the stuff and stage-play and the fine sentiments and the broken hearts and all the rest of it. You positively must come and see us in it, if the Queen's Government never were to be carried on. You must see how magnificently Arthur Rodman plays Master Walter."

"Well, I'll contrive to run in some time."

Mr. Pemberton, when he spoke of contriving to run in, did really intend, if possible, to see the whole performance from beginning to end. Not that he cared a farthing about theatricals of any kind, but that he thought there was a tone of reproach in his wife's voice when she had to remind him of the name of the play she was taking so much trouble to get up, and he resolved that she should see how profound an interest he could take in her performance, and how warmly he could appreciate her favorite actor. But Fate and the Opposition were banded against him. Fate, however implacable and potent, never seems to get on well without earthly and commonplace allies. An attack was made on his own department of the administration, and he had to reply to it. The debate was not long as a debate; but it was nearly eleven o'clock before he could venture to leave the House, and when he got to his own drawing-room the play was nearly played out. Only two or three scenes remained; and, moreover, his head was so full of the debate, and his mind so fruitlessly and vexatiously occupied in thinking how much better he might have answered this or that argument in this or that way, that one of the scenes passed off without his noticing or knowing any thing that went on before his eyes.

What was it that presently caught his attention, held it, gradually absorbed it altogether, so that he forgot debate, Opposition, and the House of Commons? How came it that of all the admirers of Arthur Rodman's acting not one gazed on Master Walter, the *Hunchback*, with eyes of such spell-bound interest? Pemberton, as he watched the young man crossing the floor, looked as one might do who, in full possession of his waking and skeptical senses, is forced to the conviction that he sees a ghost. He breathed heavily, and his forehead grew

damp. He concentrated all his power of observation and attention on the figure and the movements of the amateur actor, and seemed as if he were trying to solve some wonderful, bewildering problem.

Perhaps he was merely surprised or puzzled by the extraordinary likeness which Arthur, imitating as he now so successfully did the shape and stoop and expression of a deformed man, bore to his brother the peculiar secretary, Louis Rodman.

During a burst of applause, and before the play was over, Mr. Pemberton contrived to escape from the room. He went into an adjoining room where there were refreshments laid out, and poured some wine and drank it eagerly. Then he passed his hand across his forehead and thought for a moment. Then he went down stairs, crush-hat in hand, and into the street. His own carriage stood there to take him back to the house, but he avoided it, and passed on until he met with a Hansom cab. He jumped in, and bade the cabman drive as fast as possible to an address which he gave him—the address of Louis Rodman, his deaf secretary.

It was a long way, and he had some trouble in knocking the people up. At last the woman who owned the house put her night-capped head out of the window. Pemberton said he must see Mr. Rodman at once, on most important business.

Mr. Rodman had gone out early in the evening; and she did not know whether he had come back or not. He had his latch-key.

Would she kindly try whether he had returned.

Yes. She disappeared, and after a few moments' absence, during which Pemberton walked uneasily and impatiently up and down, she came back to the window. Mr. Rodman had not returned. His bed was empty; the gas in his sitting-room was only half turned on, just as he left it.

The cabinet minister gave utterance to something that sounded like a groan. His wildest conjecture—his conjecture that at first looked like madness, was thus far confirmed.

Arthur Rodman had seen the cabinet minister leave the room, and had noted the expression in his face. Rodman played out his part, and bore the applauses and the congratulations which followed with a strange and haggard sort of composure.

"It's all over," he said to himself, with a sigh, as he sought the room where he was to put off his theatrical trappings. "It is done. The masquerade is over, and my one great purpose! I have nothing more to do here; and I will take leave of her once for all!"

Half an hour after Emily met him in the crowd, and came up full of congratulations. He looked very melancholy, and she drew him a little aside and asked the reason.

"Mrs. Pemberton," he said, in a low, calm

tone, "you are a woman of nerve and brain as well as heart. Don't look amazed—I am not breaking into compliment. I have something strange to tell you which will surprise you; but you know I would tell you nothing which you ought not to hear. Will you, as the last kindness I shall ever ask, let me speak to you alone—for a quarter of an hour—in the library?"

Emily was surprised, and even startled. But being neither a coquette nor a prude, and assuredly being in nowise a fool, she made no objection, and showed no alarm. She only said:

"Certainly, Mr. Rodman, with pleasure, if you wish it."

"Then, will you please let me go first, and come into the library in five minutes?"

She nodded her head in assent, and he disappeared. As soon as she could get away unobserved she left the room and reached the library. She paused a moment—only a moment—at the door with the handle of the lock in her hand. Then, jesting as it were with herself on her momentary weakness, she murmured, "Now for some grand midnight revelation!" turned the handle, and entered the library.

To her great surprise, however, she saw there not Arthur, but Louis Rodman. The patient, deaf scribe sat bowed over the table in the old attitude which she knew so well, with the light of a lamp shining on his sad, sickly, contracted features.

"Why, Louis! I never knew you were in the house. How long have you been here? Have you seen your brother?"

In her confusion she forgot that he could not hear. She repeated her question as to his brother with a few rapid signs.

The scribe looked up at her without making any sign in reply, or giving any indication that he even understood her meaning. A strange, wan half-smile flickered on his face, and lent a new attribute of painfulness to it. There was only one lamp burning in the library. All was in shadow and gloom except just the spot where the pale secretary sat, and the light, such as it was, seemed to be absorbed by his white face. The hour was late; the whole scene was ghostly. Emily's mind was somewhat disturbed by the singular and sudden request made by Arthur Rodman, and her nerves were quite dashed by the unexpected presence of the deaf brother. She stood for a while motionless, with her eyes fixed on the silent, pallid man whose sad, unchanging smile was fixed on her. Probably no woman was ever yet wholly above the influence of supernatural terror. "Are there, then, really ghosts?" was the thought that flashed across her brain. She could not repress a sickening sensation and a slight shiver.

From the drawing-room she heard a gust, if one may use such a word, of joyous music, which recalled her to reality. She advanced a step toward Louis, and again asked in signs, "Where is your brother?"

"Here, Mrs. Pemberton!"

She started, and gave a cry. For the bent, drooping figure stood up erect and manly, and it was Arthur Rodman she saw before her. One instant ago and the deaf brother sat there, stooped and sickly, with the old expression of pain on his pinched features. Now he was gone, and she stood face to face with the handsome, straight, and strong-limbed artist. Involuntarily she flung a hasty glance round the room, as a child might look for a play-fellow who has suddenly run to hide. Then she turned a gaze of bewilderment and something like fear on Arthur Rodman; and then, wrapping herself round once more in her natural dignity and courage, she looked calmly at him, and awaited explanation.

"Mrs. Pemberton, this has been a masquerade—and it is over. You need not fear. A great trouble and danger to you, at least to your house, ends with my long and painful performance. There are no brothers Rodman. I am the only son of my mother, and my name is not Rodman. I am your husband's enemy—his one great enemy—at least *I was* so; and I came into his service to destroy him."

"Treachery! oh, treachery! You, his enemy, sat beside him all these years—"

"I did. I have a sort of gift for acting, and I invented and played the weary part of a deaf, sickly man. My mother left me when she died one sole legacy and inheritance—the commission to work out her revenge. I was rather romantic or melodramatic in my ideas, and I had a notion that a man like your husband must have many base and guilty secrets to expose which would blast his name. I worked my way into his service as a deaf secretary, believing that thus I could learn all his secrets; and I meant first to expose and then to kill him. I played that weary part for years, and I learned his secrets."

"You learned nothing, Sir, to my husband's discredit. That *I* know."

"I learned nothing to his discredit. He is a rigid man, but he is a man of honor. I believe my mother—my poor, poor mother!—judged him far too harshly. That I feel bound to say—to *you*. For, Mrs. Pemberton, *you* have conquered me, and taught me humanity, and justice, and mercy, and—and—love. The first moment your hand was laid kindly on me I felt that some vein had opened in my heart, and that my revengeful purpose melted away. Then I came to know you, and to love your goodness. And even if your husband were all I ever thought him he would be safe from me—for you."

She could not speak, but she gave him her hand.

"And now, Emily Pemberton, good-by! I am going away. Your husband must find some more active secretary" (he smiled a faint smile), "for I must go—"

"But oh, Mr. Rodman! why leave us? My husband will be grateful—he will appreciate you—you shall be his friend and my friend. This

extraordinary story has so taken my breath and my mind away that I hardly know yet what I ought to say. But I am in earnest, and I understand my husband—and myself—when I ask you to stay with us."

He shook his head and said: "I can not stay—and you must not press me, or even ask me why. I had strength of mind enough to control every physical and moral sense for long years to do wrong. I hope I shall be strong enough now to do right."

She looked down at the floor, and a color came into her cheeks. Then looking quickly up she said: "You must go. Friendship could hardly be built on the ashes of an enmity so old and deep—"

He made a motion of his hand as if he would say, "Nay; that is not the reason;" but he checked himself, and his lips said nothing.

There was a moment's pause; then he took her hand, raised it to his lips, and said, "Good-by; God bless you!"

When she looked up he had left the room.

She threw herself into an arm-chair, and lay there silent and without motion. At last she roused herself, and went back to her guests. It seemed to her that she had been hours away. Her whole absence had been just half an hour.

The last of her company had gone before her husband returned. As she sat in her dressing-room she heard his step at length. He came in looking pale and haggard.

"Emily," he said, "I think I have made a strange discovery."

"Stephen, I *know* I have made a strange discovery."

He looked at her with some surprise, and went on:

"Louis Rodman and Arthur Rodman are one man."

She nodded assent.

"You knew it?"

"I learned it to-night."

"And he is my mortal enemy!"

"No, dearest"—and she broke down into tears at last—"he *was* your enemy, but he is so no more. He is gone; he is your friend now, and the one great trouble of your life is at last over."

The successful man heard the whole story out. He sighed when it was told—partly with a sense of relief from a pain that had long hung over him, but partly, too, because it taught him that there are influences and impulses in life which he had not learned to reverence or study, and which are greater than success.

HOMeward.

It is the time when birds are calling

Each to his mate, his sweet-heart mate,
When airs are sweet with blossoms falling,
And spring is waxing warm and late;
And care is grown a heavy thralling
That keeps me from my fair estate.

For in the old familiar places

Doth Nature list, for me doth list,
And in the wood's untrodden spaces
Are pathways where my feet are missed,
And little starry flower-faces
That watch for me to keep a tryst.

Sweet valleys that the sky stoops over

So tenderly, so tenderly,
And hill-sides where the whitening clover
Already tempts the roving bee,
My heart is still your faithful lover,
Remembering charms none else will sec.

The robin is my younger brother;

Blackbird and jay, sparrow and wren,
Each year to greet the dear old mother
Come all the children home again;
She calls to me, "I miss no other,
Ah, why so long in haunts of men?"

She knows my heart could never wrong her,

She calls me so, she draws me so;
I feel the old spells growing stronger,
Aside the heavy weight I throw.
I can not bide in exile longer,
Home to the meadows let me go!

Editor's Easy Chair.

A FEW years ago Mr. Charles Kingsley's novels were more generally read than they are ever likely to be again. His "Alton Locke," closely followed by "Yeast," which was the earliest written, made a great many people reflect once more upon the immense poverty and sorrow of England. That has, indeed, been the moral of much of the best modern fiction in that country, and it has found a tongue in the debates and the literature of the reform movement. The mysteries of London, which was the title of a novel by an author whose name was very familiar upon the light paper covers of a dozen years ago, are of a different and more pathetic kind than even Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds commemorated. They are suggested in that most terrible of all phrases, "the rich grow richer, and the poor poorer." In some of the northern parts of the island men have been supplanted by sheep; and so profound and appalling is the problem of poverty and crime in merrie England, that many a man turns a half-longing eye back upon the days which Froude describes, in his history of the good Henry VIII., as the truly Golden Age of England.

In one of the first papers of the new series of the "Uncommercial Traveler," Mr. Dickens describes a visit he recently made to one of the remote and forlorn districts of London, and his experience among the hovels. He tells, also, of a hospital for poor and sickly, chiefly starving, children, which has been established there, and is supported by a humane young physician and his wife. It is a very beautiful story; and the noiseless devotion of this pair to their holy work is so touching that it curiously tranquilizes the lively humor of the visitor. Nobody can read the sketch without a feeling of exquisite tenderness and a little higher respect for his own humanity. That modest youth will never be made a Viscount for his services to England. The inscrutable comedy of politics reserves that distinction for men like "Doctor" Henry Addington. English enthusiasm will never kindle over the name of this good Samaritan as over that of Nelson and Bronte. The young doctor and his wife, indeed, merely alleviate some of the suffering among the English people; but the man who can deal successfully with the pauperism of Great Britain will be quite as worthy of a tomb in St. Paul's as Wellington.

Mr. Dickens's sober report from the "river's bank in Ratcliffe" and Stepney is supplemented by that of a late coroner's inquest in London at the Isle of Dogs in the same east end of the city. The Isle of Dogs is a marshy region on the left bank of the Thames opposite Deptford and Greenwich. One tradition ascribes its name to a faithful dog who watched by his master "murdered" by a waterman. The faithful animal was forced by hunger, for even then in traditional times there was nothing to eat there, to swim the river to Greenwich. The dog was followed and the body found. One day swimming to Greenwich bridge the dog snarled at a waterman, and would not be driven away. The waterman confessed and was executed. There is another tradition that the princes who made Greenwich their country seat

kept their dogs opposite. But this story, as less romantic, had better be rejected. Forty years ago this spot was nearly uninhabited; but now it is occupied by chemical works, iron ship yards, and other factories.

Here, on the floor of an upper room in a house of six rooms, the bodies of a woman, thirty-four years old, and of her son, were found, dead of starvation. There was a pauper family in every room of the house. There is one in nearly every room of the district. The woman's husband was a laborer in the ship-yards, which were closed, and he had been breaking stone in the work-house yard, for which he was paid eightpence a day. This was the resource of the family. When his wife died the husband went mad, and was taken to the work-house. The asylum is full of madmen—made mad by famine.

"Friend Edwards" probably never went to the *Isle of Dogs*. Who is friend Edwards? Bearing in mind the marshy region of the chemical works and the closed ship-yards, and the work-house full of madmen, you will cast your eyes upon the highly-respectable firm of Overend, Gurney, and Company—the great banking-house, even the Quaker banking-house—and such is the force of drab clothes, broad-brimmed hats, and a formal vocabulary in recalling the early Friends, that it is hard not to believe every Quaker simple and honest. Six directors of this great banking-house have been recently bound over for trial for frauds amounting to fifteen millions of dollars. "Friend Edwards" is a worthy gentleman who is really Claude Duval when you get at him. He is one of the descendants of the heroes who, after stopping carriages and horsemen upon Shooter's Hill or Blackheath, and rifling pockets and purses, galloped away with a brisk "good-evening," but who were very apt at last to drive in an open coach to Tyburn with a huge nosegay in their button-hole, and so end. Fashions change. If Louis, the Great King, were now flourishing, it would not be in a tremendous periwig; but his hair would be cut, possibly "filed." So Claude Duval does not now take the road; he is to be found "on the street." He does not gallop off upon a mettlesome steed; he drives handsomely away in his coupé. *Tempora mutantur*, says the unfamiliar proverb.

"Friend Edwards" is Public Assignee in the Court of Bankruptcy, and his business is to receive the proceeds of the estates of bankrupts and distribute them among the creditors. For this duty he receives twenty thousand dollars a year. His financial knowledge and experience are very valuable, and the judicious house of Overend, Gurney, and Company employed him as counselor in regard to loans and other transactions, for which service they paid him twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Friend Edwards was also a director in companies, and a confidential adviser to individuals to whom Overend, Gurney, and Company made very disastrous loans. For these friendly offices he received some fifteen thousand dollars more. He was thus in possession of the great secrets of great houses, and when, says the writer of a letter to the *New York Times*, to which we owe these interesting details—

when, at the end of the first year of this valuable advice or valuable silence, Mr. Edmund Gurney handed the worthy Edwards his salary of five thousand pounds, for which he expressed his gratitude and his hope that the relation might still continue, "Friend Edwards," said the bland banker, "I don't see how we could do without thee." If Friend Edwards has never been to the *Isle of Dogs*, he may possibly go to the Dogs themselves very speedily.

It is the West End and the East End. It is the poverty and the crime which make the condition of England question so perplexed and gloomy. And while we are reflecting upon it the London *Saturday Review* says that London has fallen below every capital in Europe, except Athens and Madrid, in the security it provides for life, property, and order. Here, in New York, we all read in the newspapers that a wanton murderer is a late deputy-sheriff, and that the Sheriff is angry with the Judge for sentencing him to death, or at least for not winking at the neat plan which the Sheriff had arranged for the escape of his friend; and when men are gravely asking whether there is any remedy short of a Vigilance Committee, we read further that vigilance committees are all moonshine, for the peaceful citizens would find themselves at the wrong end of the rope. Young women sit at home in their chambers in this city reading heart-rending and romantic tales of the Italian banditti, of Fra Diavolo and Terracina, and at the same moment, a few streets away, Fra Diavolo, without his ribbons and pointed hat, is seizing more booty from a jeweler's window in a crowded street than all the banditti have taken in a year upon lonely Italian roads. There is no thief in the city so wretched that he is reduced to picking pockets. Even burglaries are troublesome in proportion to the probable results. Nothing will serve but a dash at a bank-counter or at some painful capitalist counting his bonds. Then Fra Diavolo musters his band, marches to the "primaries," elects his delegates, who meet in convention and nominate the Diavolo's own candidates for Mayor and Prosecuting Attorney and Judges; and then, presiding at the polls, Fra Diavolo takes care that his candidates are elected, and after hearing one of them shout in a great meeting that "New York is becoming the golden link in the chain of civilization that reaches from beyond the far Pacific to beyond the farther Atlantic," he applauds loudly, and falls to business again, conscious that so long as he can elect the law officers the banditti are secure.

Upon the whole it hardly seems that New York, although its Mayor informs us that "we despise the Government of Great Britain in nine-tenths of what it does," has any call to bite its thumb at London. The *Isle of Dogs* is a very tragical region; but the slums which every explorer of New York knows, the dens compared with which the dance-house in which the sensational prayer-meetings were held for a month is a clean chapel, remind the spectator that there is no depth of degradation as well as of poverty which may not be reached upon the shores of the East River as well as upon the banks of the Thames. It is not surprising, therefore, that many very sorrowful heads, and many very despairing heads, and many very resolute heads are shaken at this state of things. If only head-

shaking were a panacea, or even a remedy for any one evil, how much nearer the Millennium would be!

It was one of the despairing heads that shook portentously at the Easy Chair on a snowy winter morning, yet not altogether gloomily, but rather as if the death-warrant being signed, the gallows full in view, and the open coach positively galloping thither, it was the part of wisdom to cram the huge nosegay into the button-hole and to smile, since crying was useless. And this is certainly the most attractive form of despair. When a man has fully made up his mind that mankind are already gone to the *Isle of Dogs*, why bemoan what moaning can not help? The orators of the great party of Outs who, notwithstanding that New York is the golden link in the chain of civilization, etc., etc., insist to the same audience that the country is ruined and disgraced so long as the Outs are not in and the Ins out, do it so cheerfully and with such an air of Tildenesque serenity that their philosophy can not be enough admired, and they set a most worthy example to all the woeful wagers.

The head that shook at the Easy Chair said, after prolonged wagging: "Of course one who watches the signs of the times closely, like an Easy Chair, has already come to the inevitable conclusion?"

This was spoken interrogatively, and the Easy Chair assumed an air of profound attention.

"I mean," said the Waggoner, "that you have seen that we are all played out."

This assertion was followed by a most emphatic and significant shake.

"All played out?" asked the Easy Chair, doubtfully.

"I mean," continued the shaking head, "that we Yankees are run out, and the original Yankee nation has virtually come to an end. I am astonished that a Chair of intelligence and observation has never remarked what is so very evident."

The Easy Chair naturally felt very much mortified by its dullness, and penitentially smiled as if it craved forgiveness.

"Very well," said the Waggoner, as if graciously pardoning the offense, "do you know how many married women there are in the State of New York?"

This is the kind of question to which it is useless to attempt an answer. It presupposes your ignorance. It is a question defiantly brandished at you by consciously superior knowledge, for whoever does know these statistical details except those who have carefully crammed them for the purpose of crushing you? "You are familiar, of course, Sir," says your neighbor at table, "with the fact of the war in New Zealand. Are you aware of the number of the Maori population?" Certainly you are not, and your neighbor knows it. He merely uses you as a spring-board to facilitate the bound with which he skips into the air to perform his antics of knowledge. "Three hundred and twenty-four thousand two hundred and seventeen, and if an interesting anticipated event has taken place in the family of the chief, three hundred and twenty-four thousand two hundred and eighteen or nineteen, as the case may be," remarks your neighbor.

"Do you know how many married women

there are in the State of New York?" was the question asked by the good man who knew perfectly well.

Of course the abject ignorance of the Easy Chair could not be concealed, and it smiled the usual apologetic smile as if the treachery of its memory were really extraordinary. And the good friend immediately answered his own question.

"There are eight hundred thousand married women in the State of New York."

"Good gracious! are there indeed?" responded the Easy Chair, with the ardor of the young scholar who, upon being introduced to the alphabet, heard very listlessly and mechanically that A was A; but when the teacher continued, "and that is B," answered, warmly, "Why, is that B?" as if he recognized a familiar old friend under the most extraordinary disguise.

"Of these about two hundred thousand, or one-quarter, have no children; about one hundred and forty thousand have but one child, and about one hundred and sixty thousand have only two children; and it is only the Yankees or natives who have these small families. But it isn't New York only that is going under; there is New England, there is Massachusetts. Why, Massachusetts has about—how many inhabitants?"

"Well—about—I believe—"

"Exactly; about thirteen hundred thousand, of whom, as you know"—and the eye of the good friend had a forbearing expression as he said it—"about two hundred and fifty thousand are foreigners. There are about twenty thousand deaths and thirty-five thousand births annually in the State; but a ridiculously large proportion of the births are among the foreign citizens. The old stock is dying out. And what is coming in? And with them what kind of morals, what politics? The chief ambition of young men in this country now is to make a great fortune without working for it; and the sole desire of young women is to be married, to have plenty of money to spend, and no children to care for. Morals and the common human instinct have so deteriorated that the most odious practices are publicly denounced as too common to be disregarded, and a Bishop in a pastoral letter condemns an offense which should be impossible. The mad folly of wealth utterly ruins noble character. Our politics are a vast abyss of corruption. The orator of 'the golden link' declares that in the city in which he is one of the most prominent politicians no politician is honest. The public service is a mere job. The officers of the law and the judges are the creatures of the criminal classes. Their newspaper political organs openly sneer at 'moral ideas.' And look at Congress! What incredible forays upon the treasury! It is every where nothing but a mad lust of money. The national character is rotting as the original stock is disappearing."

The good friend stopped. The Easy Chair thought of the dead mother and son on the floor of the room in the Isle of Dogs, and of the mad husband and father in the work-house; of all the other starving and mad unfortunates; of the immense suffering, despair, brutality beneath the imposing spectacle of British opulence and power. But it reflected that England is imprisoned upon a small island, and has inherited all kinds

of trouble; and, as much as a Yankee Chair may, it made allowance for English wretchedness and sorrow and crime. As its thoughts came reluctantly homeward, what excuse could it make? Here are a vast continent and endless resources. Here is a spare population well grounded in morals, in education, in industry, in political habits. Here was but one perplexing tradition, which has disappeared in blood. Here was the calm opportunity to learn from every example; and, before the nation is a century old, here are the signs of fatal moral decay and of political decrepitude. In the newspapers, which are the histories of today, the faithful narrations of events at the City Hall, in the great city of the country, remind the reader of nothing so much as the palace scandals of the last and meanest days of the Roman decline. And if, indeed, that city were the country, if elsewhere there were not the moral intelligence and heroism which alone make a great nation possible, the party of the good friend who is sure that we have all virtually come to a dismal end would be larger than it is.

Meanwhile, although Fra Diavolo is supreme in the city, and Terracina was never so infested by murderous banditti as New York, the remedy lies in every man's making himself a Vigilance Committee. Let his individual frugality and economy fight the furious greed of money. Let his resolute refusal to connive at fraud in politics strengthen the refusal of his neighbors. Let his declaration for honesty and capacity in public office be what Luther's was when he nailed his challenge to the church door, or when, alone, he threw his inkstand at the Devil.

And if ever the Easy Chair has persuaded a woman to listen, let her understand that, whether she votes or not, she has an immense power in society—a power all the more dangerous because irresponsible. If only women would refuse to be treated as goddesses and slaves—if they would despise the costly vanities, the gilded indolence, the criminal extravagance, in which they are content and proud to be involved—if they would scorn the senseless rivalry of waste, and be brave enough to be intelligent, prudent, and frugal—if they resolutely declined to be deaf and dumb and blind as the necessary and natural consequences of their "dependence," and of their "inferiority of sex," and asserted the rights and fulfilled the duties of equally responsible moral beings with men—the starving mother with her child would rise from the floor in the Isle of Dogs, with a new life and an immortal hope; the mad husband would return with the clear eye of health; the desolate isle itself would begin to smile; "Friend Edwards" would feel his occupation going; and Fra Diavolo would gradually cease to make and execute the laws.

A LITTLE while ago the Easy Chair spoke of the superior merit of good copies of pictures to bad originals, and some time afterward it read that its reply to some learned pundit upon the subject of copies was very feeble. As a reply, indeed, it must have been one of the feeblest performances possible; for the Chair had never heard of the learned pundit's article, and had it only read it in time, might very probably, by saying nothing, have spared the critic the exasperation which feebleness always excites. But whatever the excellences of the article—and if

they were what they have usually been in that place, they are undeniable—the writer would hardly deny the general proposition that a good copy is better than a poor original. That is not to say, of course, that the best artists will not in their salad days do poor works. It was not speaking of that. It was treating of those who are no longer tyros, who are among our elder gods, and who will never do any thing better than they have done. And the Easy Chair must repeat that very many of them who can not possibly paint a good original picture can make, and have made, excellent copies.

Some of the artists have been lately holding meetings apparently for two purposes: to secure some kind of copyright protection, and to criticise sharply our friend T. T.'s friends, the Academicians. The artist and the author certainly stand together in this matter; and if the right of property of the author is to be respected it can not be denied to the artist. The one is as fully entitled as the other to the absolute control of his own work. Neither of them asks privilege, but they both demand equal protection with every body else. In other words, they ask for justice. Let us hope, therefore, that those who act and speak upon the subject will clearly state precisely the common position. A little while ago there was an evident desire of some of the painters to have a kind of prohibitory tariff of pictures. Old Gamboge, especially, was very earnest upon the subject. He evidently regarded this country as the natural æsthetic domain not only of American art but of American artists. He regarded the foreign pictures with the same feeling with which the faithful of a certain faith are supposed to regard pork. He considered that they were affected with a kind of æsthetic trichinia, and a faithful Sanitary Commission of the Beaux Arts would prevent their entrance and consumption at all hazards.

But when the question was asked whether his intention was that we should buy his pictures and Prussian Blue's, or have none at all, and whether he thought it would be judicious for a country—say England—to compel its citizens to read Mr. Tupper or the Tupperians, if only they chanced to be writing, or to forego poetry altogether, Mr. Gamboge looked puzzled and was silent. But he presently said:

"Don't you see how it is? Here are how many thousands of dollars spent every year in this very city for pictures? There are these confounded dealers who have a power of advertising and attraction with which nobody can compete, who fit up superb galleries and fill them with what they have found to be taking pictures, and by skillful machinery and helped by the prestige of every thing European, the fine foreign seduction, they establish a fashion in pictures, they make reputations for foreign artists, and what the dickens is a poor American dabster to do? Don't you see that it is a factitious and not a real reputation with which we contend? You know what puffery can do in this way, and we know that we won't be blown to the wall if we can help it."

But was this rejoinder of Gamboge correct? Have the picture-dealers made the fame of Jérôme, of Frère, of Meissonier, of Troyon, of Français, of Diaz, of Jules Duprè, and of the noted modern Belgians and Germans? Forget the picture-dealers and look at the artists in the light

of their domestic reputations, and have Gamboge and his friends a similar position in general estimation here? The real reason of Gamboge's feeling is this, that many of those who pay very large sums of money for pictures do not know one from another; that they have no love for them, no sincere taste, and only buy them as they buy fine books, because by doing so they gain a prestige of a pleasant kind very easily. Now then, says Gamboge in the secret interior of his soul, we might as well have that money as the *Parlez Vous*. Old Blinker or young Bat would like our pictures as well as any body's, if they only thought so; and if they couldn't get the others, they would think so. Is there any harm in making them think so by a gentle system that will cause it to be very difficult indeed to obtain the foreign works? Is American genius to languish and expire for a miserable set of picture-traders in league with European painters?

That unhappy American genius! What a struggle it has for life! What appeals are made in its name! How our pride is invoked, and our indignation, and our jealousy! But is it such a rickety bantling after all? Is it a flower so feebly delicate that it must be nursed under glass, and so exquisitely sensitive that even the breath of midsummer is a little chilly? Mr. Gamboge, am I to buy your picture because I like it, or because I can't get any other? Are you such a shivering, distrustful, faint-hearted hero that you insist your adversary shall come into the lists bound and blinded? Are you afraid to match your free arm against his as free? You wretched bravo! are you actually plotting to have an advantage? Caitiff! not upon such sullied and shameful brows shall the laurels of victory descend; upon no such coward leer shall the Queen of Love and Beauty smile!

My dear Gamboge, nobody wants pictures merely—good pictures are what we wish: and we who are not painters nor poets have a right to demand fair play for our choice of books and works of art. Not unfair play, you observe. The author and the artist have every where and always the same right to the control of their own property that any other proprietor has. To deny it is to strike at the power that produces the noblest and most permanent consolation of humanity; it is to rot the very tap-root of national life. What was the true glory of Greece, and in what is Greek influence immortal and pervasive in the highest modern civilization? Its art and its literature. And what if the policy of its government, or its public opinion, had disdained both, and had recognized all rights but those of the finest creative human genius? But, on the other hand, the cardinal condition of its development was freedom. Every man has the right to the best of every thing, if he can get it; and can any policy be more absurd than that which makes it artificially difficult to get the best? It is not necessary that American books and pictures should be bought; but if there are ever to be American books and pictures worth buying, it is essential that they have perfectly fair play.

THE Easy Chair is sorry for itself, and for all others who did not have the pleasure of hearing Mr. Bryant read his paper upon Halleck at the Historical Society. It was a tribute of friendship and admiration offered by a poet who has

fulfilled the promise of his youth to a poet who, perhaps, like so many clever men, *only* promised. Mr. Bryant's paper, as reported, was rather devoted to personal reminiscences and anecdotes than to an estimate of Halleck's genius or work in literature, and, indeed, he finished by reading a criticism upon his friend's poetry, which he said that he wrote thirty-five years ago, and which expressed the admiration that he still cherished for him.

There was some especial interest in the occasion apart from the subject and the speaker; for there has been a little acrimony of feeling shown in regard to some criticisms upon Halleck which appeared in the *Nation*. Soon after the death of the poet that paper published an article upon "Knickerbocker Literature," which was warmly resented by some censors as insolent and vulgar, and an insult to the memory of a sweet poet and blameless man. Indeed the acrimony of the rejoinders was remarkable; for, although the judgment of Halleck and of some of his local contemporaries, including Irving, was not flattering, the article was extremely clever and the opinions evidently not those of an unintelligent critic. The argument of the paper was, that when New York was a much smaller city, and, after the English Addisonian manner, was called by the bright young students of the *Spectator* and *Tatler* "the town," there was a coterie of clever and accomplished men, among whom were Halleck, Drake, Paulding, Robert Sands, and Irving himself, who wrote sparkling ephemeral essays and *vers de société* and stories, and who in the absence of cleverer competitors, and at a time when steam had not abolished the Atlantic Ocean, and the resolution was vigorous and universal that what was American should be maintained as superior against all comers, were held to be poets and novelists and the fathers of American literature.

Of course those who are any where in sight of their half century remember the days when Homer and Herodotus and Æschylus and Sophocles and Thucydides were the Greek gods; and Virgil, Horace, and Cicero the Latin; and Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton the English, and Irving, Halleck, Dana, Drake, Percival, Sprague, Cooper, and others were the American. The hearty admiration of them was proportioned to the vigor of patriotism. The present active generation of men declaimed Marco Bozzaris at school, and they read in the class-books and Readers pieces which are read no more. These names and that literature have all the endearing charm of earliest associations. They were the traditions of literature, although the authors were yet living; and as one by one departed, as the poets Scott and Campbell, and even Byron, began to dwindle across the sea, as Eastburn and Sands became extinct at home, and new names and different fames began to glimmer, all the more fondly were the few of the old divinities who continued to be known cherished and jealously defended. "I can not find poetry in Maud," said Willis, who was not exactly one of the fathers but one of the fathers' sons, "but I delight in Præd."

The death of Halleck touched founts of peculiar tenderness in the school-boys grown older who used to "speak" his ringing lines, and those who had been educated in that school; and therefore, when a writer with the cleverness of those traditional men themselves wrote of them as the

Croaker wrote of the Recorder, there was a sudden clang of the tocsin, a rush of knights and retainers, a brisk leaping to horse, and from all sides doughty warriors came pricking to the fray to strike a resounding blow upon the helmet of the ruthless invader of sacred tradition. To hear Halleck's claims to immortal renown defied, to hear the very father-singers themselves described as spirited youths who wrote imitatively, and classed as a kind of cockney authors of limited talent and local fame, who were bright chiefly by the absence of stronger light, seemed such an intolerable insult that nothing but the most summary revenge would satisfy justice. The writer of such aspersions was a "criticaster." His remarks were a "coarse and vulgar diatribe." No "fair-minded reader can fail to be disgusted with the cool air of superiority assumed by the writer," and with "his frequent petty flings and poisoned arrows of malignity." And again, "This pseudo-critic deserves a roasting, and would be a good subject for a critical flagellation." And once more, "Mr. Halleck is above our praise as much as his censor is below our respect." And finally, "What could induce any *litterateur* of average critical capacity, with the least respect for truth, with the slightest tincture of courtesy, with a particle of pride in him, as a man and an American, for one 'of the few' literary of American names that were not born to die, thus wantonly and churlishly to attack and depreciate the poetic character of one of our six foremost authors—Irving, Cooper, Hawthorne, and now Halleck, with the immortal, leaving only the eldest two of the true poets of America to complete the select band—we can not imagine."

The Easy Chair has probably a higher regard for the talent and poetry of Halleck than the writer who is so tremendously castigated; but it has also so profound a confidence in the steadiness of the equator that it has not the least impatience with those who speak of it disrespectfully. Mr. Halleck was a charming companion, a man of poetic sensitiveness and lyrical facility, of a pleasant humor and fancy, who has written some verses that have the true lyrical fervor; but must we seriously class him with the great poets or concede to him a remarkable genius under pain of being suspected of "some personal pique," or of "revenging some fancied slight or equivocal pleasantry?" Is it not indeed substantially true that he belonged to a literary region of which New York was the metropolis, that his muse had a local partiality, that there is a very decided imitative strain in much that he did, and that it is a curious injustice to his memory to insist upon calling him a great poet?

One pleasant morning, in Mr. Putnam's pleasant office in Park Place, Mr. Irving said to the Easy Chair with his twinkling smile, "The young fellows don't have half the chance that we had. We had it all our own way, with none to molest or make us afraid."

And the kind old gentleman assumed a humorous air of deprecation, as if begging pardon for his fame.

Mr. Irving was conscious, as every man is who reads the history of the time, that circumstances favored him and his contemporaries as few writers have ever been favored. Halleck, doubtless, knew the same thing. The unfortu-

nate and misguided writer, now in the prisoner's dock and presently to be removed for execution, is of the same opinion. Moreover, he thinks that Halleck's wit was often poor, and that even his better writing "impresses the reader as being the work of a somewhat elegant mind, stronger on the side of the understanding than on any other, and of no great power upon any side." Now, before turning another glance of scorn at the wretched offender at the bar, may the court please to listen. "Mr. Irving possesses but little invention.... His conception of beauty is not rich or exquisite. In sentiment he is commonplace, dilute, and superficial. Of earnest, deep feeling he can scarcely be said to have any thing at all. Intellectual force or moral sensibility contribute but little to his works."

If the court please, are not these remarks upon Mr. Irving "petty flings" and "poisoned arrows of malignity?" Do they not indicate "personal pique" or revenge for "some fancied slight?" Is not their author a "criticaster" who utters a "coarse and vulgar diatribe?" Are they not as offensive as any thing alleged against the hard-

ened reprobate before us, to whom the just punishment of his crime shall immediately be meted? Yet such charges were never made against their author, who was the late Horace Binney Wallace; and although in the same paper upon Irving he praises him very highly, as the culprit now present for sentence would probably do if he had been writing of Irving instead of Halleck, yet the spirit of his article is that of an independent critic, like that of this miserable offender, whose fate we humbly hope may be an awful warning to all who are addicted to the use of the critical pen.

And now as the High Sheriff removes the body of the criminal to be broken upon the wheel, and hanged, drawn, and quartered, one warning limb to be hung over the office of every Magazine in Knickerbocker land, will not the court charge the spectators of his melancholy fate to reflect whether we do not foster the development of a noble literature when we declare that an honest expression of intelligent literary judgment is an insult, an outrage, a poisoned arrow of malignity, and a fling?

Editor's Book Table.

HISTORY.

"IN the last forty years," says the Hon. Thomas Corwin, in a dispatch to the Secretary of State, dated June 22, 1861, "Mexico has passed through thirty-six different forms of government; has had seventy-three Presidents." That is to say, she has changed her government about once a year, her chief executive about once in six months. The history of such a nation is the history of confusion worse confounded. The tangled skein would tax beyond its limits the patience of any reader. It is not strange that most Americans abandon the task in despair and leave a subject which baffles comprehension in unilluminated darkness. Mr. Abbot* has wisely not attempted to tell the story of these annual revolutions. He has governed himself by a single aim, the desire to set clearly before the people of the United States the great issues which have underlaid these innumerable conflicts, and to interest the American Republic in the destinies of her nearest neighbor. For this purpose he has aimed less to weave into a single romantic story the tangled threads of a complicated era than to gather into a single volume materials which to most readers are simply inaccessible, and call to the stand witnesses whose testimony it is difficult if not impossible to impeach. In short, he is the attorney rather than the advocate of Mexico. He gathers the evidence and "makes up" the case. His book is not a plea for Mexico, but carefully collated evidence on her behalf. The translations from French and Spanish authors give the book especial value to the student of history; and the portraiture of Mexican society, and especially of the Mexican Church, while it will surprise many

readers, can be called in question by none. Important as are the relations which Mexico is likely to sustain to this country, important as is the Mexican problem, it has been too little understood by the American people, and Mr. Abbot's publication is a timely contribution, not only to the history of its past, but also to the solution of its probable future. While he writes as an historian he warmly advocates the view which we have unquestionable authority for stating will be espoused and maintained by the incoming administration. He earnestly opposes all schemes for the absorption of Mexico by the United States, and equally earnestly insists that cordial relations should be maintained between the struggling and as yet inorganic republic and its more favored neighbor.

THE history of pre-historic nations* sounds very like a bull; but here we have it in a work which will be regarded by scholars as a valuable contribution to a very dark subject; but by the people at large without enthusiasm, since most men are more interested in the condition of the race in the nineteenth century than in its probable condition in the early dawn of time. We can not but think that most of the speculations concerning the pre-historic nations rest on a slender foundation, and that most of the elaborate chronological disputes only demonstrate what might be assumed—the ignorance of the disputers. Nevertheless, the lost civilization of the past is an interesting subject of inquiry. While we prefer to live in a modern house we should not disdain the opportunity to visit Herculaneum and Pompeii; and while our enthusiasms are all

* Mexico and the United States; their Mutual Relations and Common Interests. With Portraits. By GORHAM D. ABBOT, LL.D. Putnam and Son. 1869.

* Pre-Historic Nations; or, Inquiries concerning some of the great Peoples and Civilizations of Antiquity, and their probable Relation to a still older Civilization of the Ethiopians or Cushites of Arabia. By JOHN BALDWIN, A.M. Harper and Brothers. 1869.

directed to the life of the present, we are thankful that there are scholars who are willing to devote their energies to digging down beneath the incrustations of the ages and exhuming the life of the past. To the American reader it will certainly be a matter of regret that Mr. Baldwin has made no endeavor to elucidate the early condition of America, or to explain the probable origin of her Aborigines, or the nature of that civilization whose mounds and monuments seem to have existed before the incursion of the present Indian tribes.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck are those of a poet. His life was that of a clerk. We are not surprised, therefore, to find in his *Life and Letters** the contributions of his pen far more important than those of his editor's. In truth, an experience more uneventful than that of his quiet life it would be difficult to imagine. He was born of Puritan parentage, July 8, 1790, in Guilford, Connecticut. The house that constituted so long his country home still stands, though converted now into a tavern. By his mother's side he traced back his pedigree to John Eliot, deservedly honored among all the most honored sons of New England. From his parents he inherited the simple tastes and the courtly manners which characterized the best portion of the old Puritan stock. He mingled but little in society, but society was never weary of entreating the favor of his presence. The melody of his numbers marked also his conversation, and the same wit which sparkled in "The Croakers" gave zest to all he said in common social intercourse. It was rarely the case that any eminent visitor came to New York that Fitz-Greene Halleck was not invited to meet him. Among the friends who accounted themselves honored by his acquaintance were Napoleon's brother Joseph, Lafayette, Miss Mitford, Miss Martineau, Mrs. Jamieson, Thackeray, the Keans, Macready, and the elder Booth. Though never a ladies' man, he always exercised a singular and irresistible fascination over the ladies. "A lady, who by birth and education had few if any superiors in the city, said: 'If I were on my way to church to be married, yes, even if I were walking up the aisle, and Halleck were to offer himself, I'd leave the man I promised to marry and take him!'" Yet, not unlike others of a similar character, he lived and died unmarried. The dignified and graceful urbanity which not only characterized all that he did, but which was a part of his very nature, was doubtless very influential in securing for him so great a regard from the female sex. "In passing with the poet through the streets of his native town in August, 1867, a friend, observing that he touched his hat or removed it entirely, in his gracious and graceful manner, to many persons, some of whom gave but a slight nod in return to his polite salutation, remarked: 'Mr. Halleck, your courtesy seems to be thrown away on those boors.' 'Yes, perhaps 'tis so,' he replied, 'but yet that's no reason why I should be a boor.'" His retiring disposition was perhaps intensified by a difficulty in hear-

ing, which we think Mr. Bryant in his address erroneously attributes to middle and later life. Sensitive and shrinking, he always concealed this deficiency, but it was the result of an accident occurring in his childhood. Two drunken militia-men, passing his father's door, thought to astonish the boy, then only two years old, as he was sitting on the door-step. For this purpose they discharged their guns close to his head. The concussion ruined the hearing in his left ear for life.

His boyhood was spent quietly in his father's home. It was unmarked by a single incident. He was little given to the athletic sports of his companions, but eagerly devoured whatever of poetry and romance he could lay his hands on. His evenings were spent in the kitchen with his books, whither he retired to escape the society of the parlor. His first poems were written by the light of its blazing fire and read to the housemaid, who shared his singular study with him. Some specimens of these verses Mr. Wilson has rescued from oblivion and preserved in his pages. They are in character such as many a youthful poet has written, whose budding promise has never blossomed. They are valuable chiefly as curious illustrations of the young fledgeling's attempted flights. They certainly give little indication of his future.

At twenty-one he went to New York city. There he spent the years of his manhood in the very unpoetic employment of keeping books, first for Jacob Barker, afterward for John Jacob Astor. The same scrupulous care which characterized his dress and manners rendered him invaluable in this post. He was an excellent accountant and penman. Very unlike a poet, he was alike prudent and economical in his own expenditures and methodical in his habits and in his management of his employers' business. In New York he spent forty of the best years of his life—the business hours in his counting-room, the evening with his books, or in the society of congenial friends. Literature was a passion, but never a profession. He studied the Portuguese in order that he might read the "Lusiad" in the original. "I remember," says Mr. Bryant, "hearing him say that he could think of no more fortunate lot in life than the possession of a well-stored library with ample leisure for reading." But he seems never to have endeavored even to add to his income by his pen. He never received any compensation for the poems he contributed to the *Evening Post*, *National Advocate*, and other journals and magazines during the twenty years which constituted the chief portion of his literary life. A proposition to become the editor of a magazine was at once rejected, and the announcement that he had accepted the offer was denied with some indignation. He seems to have been almost equally indifferent to fame. Up to the year 1839 his poems were published anonymously, with few, if any, exceptions. He sang as birds sing, not for a purpose, but because it was his nature to do so, and he could never bring himself to cage his muse and require her services at appointed times and for pecuniary reward. This quiet life was varied by a trip to Europe in 1822, and by several short journeys in his own country. At length the death of Astor, in 1848, and a bequest from the millionaire of an annuity of two hundred dollars per year, increased by the

* The *Life and Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck*. By JAMES GRANT WILSON. New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1869.

gift of ten thousand dollars in cash by his son, William B. Astor, enabled Mr. Halleck to retire from his clerkship to his native village, where he took up his residence, and where, in the same quiet that had characterized his metropolitan life, he spent the remainder of his days. He now had ample leisure for literary pursuits, but seems never to have availed himself of it. We believe his pen produced nothing after he left New York—nothing certainly of note.

Mr. Halleck's method of composition was peculiar. He had a marvelous verbal memory. He repeated entire poems without an error. This facility he employed in composition, repeating over and over to himself his verses, correcting words and adjusting the rhythm and numbers till his verse was perfect. Not till then did he commit it to paper, and when once it was written it rarely required an alteration. "I remember," says Mr. Bryant, describing this characteristic of his brother poet's method—"I remember that once in crossing Washington Park I saw Halleck before me, and quickened my pace to overtake him. As I drew near I heard him crooning to himself what seemed to be lines of verse, and as he threw back his hands in walking I perceived that they quivered with the feeling of the passage he was reciting. I instantly checked my pace and fell back, out of reverence for the mood of inspiration which seemed to be upon him, and fearful lest I should intercept the birth of a poem destined to be the delight of thousands of readers."

The *Life and Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck* constitute more than a biography. He was intimately associated with the leading spirits of his age. His letters carry us back to the time when the Battery was the Central Park and Beekman Street was the Fifth Avenue of the great metropolis. They are full of gossip, epigrammatic, sparkling. His recollections are to America and American literature what the reminiscences of Leigh Hunt are to his times. Mr. Wilson has made all out of his materials that could be made by personal friendship and literary enthusiasm for the subject of his memoir. He has produced a book eminently readable—full of biographical anecdotes of Halleck and his contemporaries—a monument to his friend more enduring than the statue which it is proposed to erect to his honor in Central Park. Let us hope that the poet's estimate of fame may prove to be false in his case. "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, may be said of fame, as well as of our frame; one is buried very soon after the other."

It is possible that some of our readers may have wandered a few months ago into Schaus's picture store on Broadway, and there observed a very beautiful and exquisitely delicate drawing entitled "The Rat-catcher and his Dogs." They could hardly fail to have been impressed by the fineness of the touch, even if they did not stop to read the very brief story of the artist who, deprived of the use of his hands, had executed this piece of workmanship with his mouth. That story Mr. Mills* has expanded into a little book of sixty-four pages, which is printed and issued

with a taste that of right belongs to such a topic. We call it a book of sixty-four pages, for the fifty-eight pages of "Notices of the Press," nearly one-half of the entire volume, are really no part of the book, and have no business between its covers. The story is a remarkable one in many points of view.

John Carter was a silk-weaver in England. His habits were dissolute, and his home was often neglected for convivial scenes or wild adventures with boon companions. In these he was always a recognized leader. One Saturday night, engaged with some others of a like character in robbing a neighboring rookery, he had ascended one of the tallest trees in search of birds, and with characteristic daring attempted in the darkness to cross on the branches from one tree to the other. He missed his hold, fell a distance of forty feet, and was taken up insensible. Medical examination showed a serious injury to the spinal column just below the neck. The trunk and limbs were completely paralyzed. Life seemed to remain alone in the head. The physicians had but little hope of retaining that. But, by one of those mysteries which seem to make life and death a matter more almost of chance than of skill, he did not die. For fourteen years he remained a helpless cripple, bound hand and foot, unable to move any thing but the muscles of his face and the upper part of his neck. The story of a woman in a Liverpool asylum, who had lost the use of her limbs and had learned to draw with her mouth, arrested his attention. He concentrated on this new endeavor the energies that had before been wasted for lack of useful employment. All difficulties vanished before his energy, which was nothing abated by his terrible accident. Lying on his back, his pencil between his teeth, his paper tacked to a board fastened just above him, but within his reach, he devoted his hours to recovering a knowledge of drawing he had acquired in his boyhood, and to executing in this new way some of the most remarkable specimens of pencil-work that any artist with the full use of all his powers ever produced. The Queen herself was glad to accept one of these specimens of what can not with strict accuracy be termed his handiwork. He copied alike from nature and from drawings, and with equal success; and, it is said, could enlarge or reduce with such accuracy that not even a magnifying glass could detect any differences in proportion or even the slightest errors in detail, although of course he was wholly dependent on his eye for measurement. He was equally successful in work with India ink; but this and water-color painting were subject to the drawback that an assistant must constantly tend him to take the brush from the mouth, wet, and replace it. The story of his life, very beautifully illustrated by fac-similes of several of his drawings, is well and simply told by our author, and affords not only a case of remarkable interest to the student of medicine (since there is probably no case recorded of more extensive paralysis), to the student of mental science (since the perfect possession of his faculties, accompanying a practical death of the body, goes far to disprove the recent materialistic theories of such writers as Sir Henry Maudsley), but of interest as well to every general reader as a remarkable testimony to what can be done by energy and patient perseverance in spite of discouragement, and to the devout

* The *Life of John Carter*. By JAMES FREDERICK MILLS. With illustrations. New York: Hurd and Houghton, 1868.

Christian as a singular illustration of the methods which God sometimes employs to bring wandering ones back to Him, in calm faith on whom John Carter lived and died. "It is," says an eloquent writer, "a hymn to poverty, a hymn to affliction and calamity. Riches and health and prosperity shut the doors of heaven and blind us to our best selves." The cross often opens the closed door—is the voice of the Master saying, Receive thy sight.

RELIGIOUS.

LITERARY partnerships are rarely very successful ventures. The book which is written by two minds lacks the unity of thought and feeling which is demanded for the highest measure of success. Conybeare and Howson's *Life and Epistles of St. Paul** is an exception to this rule. It has long been regarded, and rightly, by all Biblical students, as the authority on the subject of which it treats. It is a thesaurus of information on geographical and archaeological subjects connected with that portion of the New Testament which it undertakes to illustrate. For an understanding, not of particular passages, but of the general scope and teaching of him who, next to the divine founder of Christianity, has done more than any one to mould the religious thought of the world, it is better than any commentary, and is the student's necessary companion to the more strictly exegetical works of Alford, Wordsworth, Ellicott, and Lange. The particular method of its composition may have tended to give it its success. The Epistles were translated by Mr. Conybeare. In what is almost a paraphrase he succeeds in clearing away many of those obscurities of style and expression which, in the more literal rendering of the English version, make the writings of the great Apostle the most difficult portion of the New Testament to understand. Mr. Howson, adding the results of travel in the East to the results of a broad and generous scholarship, contributes a large proportion of the life of the Apostle and of the archaeological and geographical information which illuminates it. But the work has heretofore been confined to the libraries of scholars. Its notes assumed that the reader was familiar with the Greek Testament, and they frequently required for their comprehension a knowledge of the German. At the same time the size and price prevented it from having a popular sale. The publishers have therefore rendered a good service to the cause of Biblical knowledge in presenting to the American public this People's Edition, prepared by Mr. Howson himself, in which the notes are rendered in English, and the very concise foot-notes which accompany the new translation of the Epistles are based on the English, not on the Greek text. The whole is printed in a single compact volume, in good clear type, and is very respectably illustrated. The text is unaltered, with the exception of some slight verbal changes, and the reader has really, though in a cheaper and more comprehensible form, all that the original and more costly edition afforded him.

THE first account of preaching of which we have any history is given in the Book of Nehe-

miah, where we are told that at the time of the restoration Ezra the Scribe, accompanied by assistants, and occupying a pulpit erected for the purpose, "read in the book in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading." In Scotland this method of preaching still prevails. The people bring their Bibles, and follow the preacher as he reads and expounds. In our conception this exposition is by far the most attractive and profitable part of Mr. Spurgeon's service, who succeeds in a wonderful measure in giving the sense and practically applying it. And it is a good sign that many of the more popular divines in America are succeeding in redeeming the public reading of Scripture from a listless formality, and clothing it with a new life, by brief and pertinent comments. Dr. Lillie's *Lectures on the Epistles of Peter** are very fair, though not very remarkable, specimens of Biblical exposition. They are not sufficiently condensed to serve the scholar as a commentary, and not sufficiently practical to serve the people as devotional reading. But they are nevertheless useful both for the scholar and the general reader, and will be cordially welcomed by those who desire to see the sermon become once more, occasionally if not regularly, what it was in the days of Knox, of Luther, of Augustine, of the Apostles, and of Christ himself—an exposition of the Word of God.

PROFESSOR COWLES'S *Commentary on Isaiah* (D. Appleton and Co.), following one on the Minor Prophets by the same author, is less scholastic than Dr. Henderson's work on the same book, and is less voluminous than that of Dr. Barnes. Designed, as we are told, for both pastors and people, we think it will have its largest circulation among the latter, and that, though pastors may welcome it as an addition to their libraries, it will not take the place of their more erudite works upon the original text.

PRESIDENT DODGE'S *Evidences of Christianity* (Gould and Lincoln) is a useful and compact statement of those evidences which are generally accepted and taught in the schools. Indeed, he expressly avows it to be his aim "to present Christianity as accepted by the representatives of the Protestant faith." As an original contribution to the religious thought of the day it can not rank with the works of Dr. M'Cosh or Dr. Bushnell's "Nature and the Supernatural." As a reply to critical and skeptical objections it does not compare with Dr. Barnes's "Evidences of Christianity." As a compend of the evidences "as accepted by the representatives of the Protestant faith" it is superior to either.

SCIENCE.

THE title-page of *Ecce Cælum*† is the poorest page in the book. We took it up expecting to find one of the score of imitations which "Ecce Homo" has produced. We were agreeably disappointed to find that the author had imitated

* Lectures on the First and Second Epistles of Peter. By the Rev. JOHN LILLIE, D.D. With an Introduction by PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner and Co. 1869.

† *Ecce Cælum*, or Parish Astronomy. In Six Lectures. By a Connecticut Pastor. Boston: Nichols and Noyes. 1869.

* The Life and Epistles of St. Paul. By Rev. W. J. CONYBEARE, M.A., and Rev. J. S. HOWSON, D.D. With a Preliminary Dissertation by Rev. LEONARD BACON, D.D. Hartford, Connecticut: S. S. Scranton and Co.

only the name, and had really produced an original and a remarkable little treatise on Astronomy. We have seen nothing since the days of Dr. Chalmers's *Astronomical Discourses* equal in their kind to these six simple lectures. The theme is sublime. The style is generally worthy of the theme; occasionally perhaps a little overwrought, but the grandeur of the subject excuses something of the enthusiasm of the writer. By an imagination which is truly contagious he lifts us above the earth and causes us to wander for a time among the stars. The most abstruse truths he succeeds in translating into popular forms. Science is with him less a study than a poem, less a poem than a form of devotion. The writer who can convert the *Calculus* into a fairy story, as Dr. Burr has done, may fairly hope that no theme can thwart the solving power of his imagination. An enthusiast in science, he is also an earnest Christian at heart. He makes no attempt to reconcile science and religion, but writes as with a charming ignorance that any one had ever been so absurdly irrational as to imagine that they were ever at variance.

HALL'S *Alphabet of Geology* (Gould and Lincoln) is well entitled. It is so primary as to be truly alphabetic. But it is so bald in style, so barren of pictorial statement, so wholly lacking in the elements which characterize the work on astronomy we have mentioned above, so exclusively, in short, a compend of mere dry facts that we should despair of ever interesting the young, for whom it is especially written, in its pages. Despite Mr. Gradgrind's eulogy of "facts," children rarely understand and still more rarely heed "facts" that are not presented in pleasing forms, and, in some measure, through the medium of the imagination.

PROFESSOR GRAY'S *School and Field Book of Botany** is admirably adapted to serve as an introduction to the study of botany, whether theoretically by class instruction in schools, or practically and personally by individuals. There is a way of making this study a source of great recreation and amusement in a family, that is, by making it practical from the beginning. Let a mother, or an older brother or sister, no matter whether they have any knowledge of botany or not, go into the garden or field with the children—the field is better, as the flowers there have not been modified by cultivation—and select any flower of which the common name is known. They look out this common name in the index of this volume; there they learn the botanical name, and the page in the volume where its botanical characteristics are described, and its place in the general system of classification shown. Every technical term is explained in a copious glossary. The pupils in examining and analyzing the flower, in pressing and preserving specimens, not only of the flower but of the leaves, and also of all the parts of the flower, separately, and arranging them systematically and gumming them, thus arranged, upon a sheet, for preservation, inscribing in connection with them the names and characteristic specifica-

tions of the several parts, will acquire a very thorough knowledge of the plant in question, and probably at the same time a great desire to take a second specimen. They thus begin the study of botany, as it ought to be begun, by making themselves acquainted with the plants which grow around their own homes. The examination of each plant will bring up various points in respect to the structure and the physiology of plants, and the structure and functions of the several organs, which will awaken a curiosity that they will find abundant means of gratifying in this work. The arrangement of it is excellent for this purpose, as well as for class instruction in schools.

The system of classification which is mainly followed is that of Natural Orders, though the Linnæan system is given. The work embodies the latest discoveries in the science of vegetable physiology, and the character and reputation of the author make a work of the highest authority.

In China it is said the physician is engaged not to cure his patients, but to keep his employers from becoming sick. He is paid a yearly salary. Whenever one of the family sickens, and his services are required, the salary is stopped. Whenever the doctor is needed no longer the salary is resumed. The Chinaman shows by this arrangement a degree of shrewdness which does him very great credit. It is ordinarily in America, however, very difficult to get a physician who will tell you how to keep well. He accounts it his business to cure disease, not to prevent it; and measures his skill by the seriousness of the sickness which he succeeds in overcoming. We have very little faith in any books of the "every man his own doctor" order. It is a proverb in the law that "he who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client," which might safely be applied in the case of the other profession. But we welcome very cordially such a book as that of Dr. Bellows,* because we are glad to have a physician indicate that he thinks it worth his while to teach us how to prevent the sickness which physicians generally only attempt to cure. The recipes which Dr. Bellows prescribes will be commended by those of the homeopathic school, and sharply criticised by their opponents. We confess ourselves unable to agree with him in tracing all the ills to which flesh is heir to carbonaceous food. If one is too fat it is because he eats too much fine flour, butter, and sugar. If one is too lean it is because he eats too much fine flour, butter, and sugar. If one's teeth are bad it is because he eats too much fine flour, butter, and sugar. In short, fine flour, butter, and sugar seem to constitute the Doctor's conception of original sin; and we are inclined to think that in his opinion they entered in some mysterious way into the composition of the apple that Eve ate. We can hardly commend his treatise as an absolute and unquestioned authority, but it is full of valuable and useful practical suggestions.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WHOEVER visits London visits of course the Tower of London. He is, perhaps, surprised to

* Gray's *School and Field Book of Botany*; consisting of "First Lessons in Botany," and *Field, Forest, and Garden Botany*, bound in one volume. New York: Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman, and Co. 1869.

* *How not to be Sick*. By ALBERT J. BELLOWES, M.D. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1868.

find it not a tower at all, but a pile of buildings covering many acres, and now affording accommodations for a battalion of infantry, with plenty of room for their daily drill. Whoever has "done" the Tower with the other sights of the great city will not readily forget the ridiculous Warder in his theatrical costume, supposed by a vivid imagination to represent something antique because it has no possible resemblance to any thing modern; or the awe with which he looked on Bloody Tower and rehearsed the story of the murder of the two young princes by their cruel uncle; and the Traitor's Gate, through which so many noble men and true have entered the Tower, to find their only exit through the gate of death; and Beauchamp Tower, the most common place for the confinement of state prisoners, and the rude inscriptions carved by their knives on the cold, undraped, stone walls—inscriptions some of which tell in a few sentences the story of a sad, sad life. Neither will they readily forget the set speech of the Warder, who probably rehearses fifty times a day the same story, and who looks aghast at an American because he will interrupt the flow of words with interminable questions. And we are sure that they will agree with us that they came away but little wiser than they went, save as in future reading references in romance and in history received new significance from the memory of that visit. Mr. Dixon* undertakes to play the part of Warder to thousands of visitors who never will see the Tower of London except as they see it in his pages, and to carry again through its complicated rooms and turrets and passages those that have already traversed them. We need not tell those who are already familiar with his writings that he makes an admirable Warder. We have revisited this ancient pile in his companionship with pleasure. We can guarantee to any one who will read his pages with care that he shall know more of the Tower and its history than he would learn by any ordinary visit under the auspices of any of its ordinary guardians; and to those who have already traversed its circuit with the unseemly but unavoidable haste of a tourist, that this book will give them, by its carefully collated information, the pleasure of a second visit. The history of the Tower of London is the history of England. Whoever means to pay it a visit will find it worth his while to prepare for doing so by a perusal of these pages.

PROFESSOR DAY'S *Introduction to the Study of English Literature* occupies a field already

preoccupied, but possesses some characteristics which distinguish it from its predecessors.* The author's aim is less to afford, by arbitrary selections, specimens of the growth of the language, than to illustrate that growth by certain characteristic authors of different eras. He avoids the error of similar books which too often present mere paragraphs that can never truly represent a writer, any more than a square inch of a painting can be taken to illustrate truly the method of the artist. But in so doing he necessarily falls into the other error of representing an age by a single author. Thus Longfellow is the only representative of American literature; and from his works "Hiawatha" is selected—a poem which is, perhaps, the least characteristic of any thing that has issued from his pen. As a natural consequence he occupies an absurdly prominent position in the collection. Of a little over four hundred pages of selections nearly fifty are given to him, who thus represents something like one-ninth of the English literature of about five centuries. In truth, any attempt to indicate the growth of English literature within the compass of five hundred pages affords a volume which is necessarily only a compendium. But however unsatisfactory such a treatise may be to the real student of English literature it is a valuable *introduction*; one which no pupil can master without making great progress in a knowledge of our language and literature. The second part of Professor Day's work consists of a philosophical analysis of the elements and construction of language, and is a concise and interesting exhibition of the main features of orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody.

ALL those who appreciate genuine wit will receive with pleasure Messrs. Callaghan and Cockcroft's edition of the *Comic Blackstone*. The disquisitions of the famous jurist are most amusingly travestied, and the inconsistencies and eccentricities of the law are very humorously set forth in this volume, which proves to be entertaining reading not only for those who are learned in the law, but for all who have an appreciation of the humor of social affairs, and who can enjoy a running fire of wit on subjects which are usually sacred to dullness. No one who was accustomed to read *Punch* twenty years ago can have forgotten these papers; and they are presented now in a form in which, if we mistake not, they will be quite as popular with law-students as "Coke upon Lyttleton" or the "Year-Books."

* Her Majesty's Tower. By WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1869.

* Introduction to the Study of English Literature. By HENRY N. DAY. Charles Scribner and Co. 1869.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 26th of February. On the 10th the ceremony of formally counting the electoral vote for President and Vice-President took place, both Houses of Congress assembling for that purpose in the Hall of the Representatives, Mr. Wade, President of the Sen-

ate, occupying the chair. When Louisiana was called, objection was made to the reception of the vote on the ground that there had been in that State no valid election of electors. The Senate withdrew for consultation, and the House proceeded to vote upon the question of counting the vote of that State, and it was decided in the

affirmative by 137 to 63; the Senate decided the same way, and the vote was allowed, and given to Grant and Colfax. When Georgia was called Mr. Butler objected to the reception of the vote on the following grounds: (1.) 'The election was not held on the day prescribed by law; (2.) That on the day of the election the State had not been admitted to representation in Congress; (3.) That at the time the State had not fulfilled the requirements of the Reconstruction Act; (4.) That the "pretended election was not a free, just, and fair election, but the people were deprived of their just rights therein by force and fraud."

A concurrent resolution had been previously passed by both Houses providing that, "as the question whether the State of Georgia has become and is entitled to representation in the two Houses of Congress is now pending and undetermined," therefore in counting the electoral vote, if the counting or omitting to count any vote presented from Georgia should not essentially change the result, this should be presented as follows: "Were the votes presented as of the State of Georgia to be counted, the result would be — votes for President, etc.; if not counted, they would be — votes for President, etc., but in either case — is elected President of the United States, and in the same manner for Vice-President."

An acrimonious discussion arose upon the objection raised by Mr. Butler. The presiding officer was disposed to carry out the direction of the Houses in this matter. Mr. Butler insisted that this was a question of Constitutional law, and should be considered in both Houses. Mr. Wade directed the Senate to retire for this purpose, and the House decided, by 150 to 41, that the vote of Georgia should not be counted. The Senate, after consideration, decided that the objection of Mr. Butler was not in order; and the two Houses again coming together, the President of the Senate ordered that the vote should be announced as directed by the concurrent resolution. A scene of great tumult ensued. Mr. Butler appealed vehemently, declaring that the decision of the Senate should not overrule the resolution of the House. The Chairman refused to admit the appeal, and directed the tellers to go on with the count. The tumult now became so great that the Sergeant-at-Arms was ordered to arrest any member who should disobey the orders of the Convention. Finally, however, the result was officially announced by Mr. Wade, as follows:

"Including the State of Georgia, Grant and Colfax received 214 votes, and Seymour and Blair 80 votes, and excluding the State of Georgia, Grant and Colfax received 214 votes, and Seymour and Blair 71 votes. I do therefore declare that Ulysses S. Grant, of Illinois, having received a majority of the whole number of electoral votes, is duly elected President of the United States for four years, commencing on the 4th day of March, 1869; and that Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana, having received the majority of the whole number of electoral votes, is duly elected Vice-President of the United States for four years, commencing on the 4th day of March, 1869. The joint Convention having accomplished the business which brought it here, will now retire to the Senate Chamber."

The accidental omission of the words "the Senate," in the order to retire, created much laughter, and did much to restore the good feeling which had been greatly infringed upon. The

Senate having retired, Mr. Butler offered a resolution that "the House protest that the counting of the vote of Georgia, by order of the Vice-President *pro tem.*, was a gross act of oppression, and an invasion of the privileges of the House." This was ruled by the Speaker of the House, Mr. Colfax, who had taken the chair, to be a question of privilege. He then proceeded to sum up the state of the case; the conclusion being that the President of the Senate, in ordering the vote to be taken and announced as prescribed by the joint resolution, complied with the duty imposed upon him. Mr. Butler, amidst much confusion, continued to press his resolution; but before any action was taken upon it the House adjourned. Some further talk was had subsequently in regard to the matter; but it was at length suffered to rest, and the whole question was, by a vote of 130 to 55, laid upon the table.

On the 13th a joint committee, consisting of Senator Morton and Mr. Wilson, Republicans, and Mr. Pruyn, Democrat, appointed for that purpose, officially announced to the President and Vice-President elect the fact of their election. The proceedings were very quietly conducted, occupying only a few minutes, hardly a score of persons being present. Senator Morton, in presenting to General Grant the official notification of the election, said: "The great majority of your countrymen hail your election with delight; while even those who did not support you at the polls entertain for you the highest confidence and respect.....All cherish full faith in your ability and virtue, and entertain the highest hopes of your success, and that during your administration the work of reconstruction will be completed, and the wounds of civil war healed, and that our country will take a new departure in growth, progress, and prosperity."—General Grant's reply had evidently been carefully prepared beforehand, so as to indicate the general scope of the new Administration, and to put at rest various reports that had been widely circulated. He said:

"I can promise the Committee that it will be my endeavor to call around me as assistants such men only as I think will carry out the principles which you have said the country desires to see successful—economy, retrenchment, faithful collection of the revenue, and payment of the public debt. If I should fail in my first choice, I shall not at any time hesitate to make a second, or even a third trial, with the concurrence of the Senate, who have the confirming power, and should just as soon remove one of my own appointees as the appointee of my predecessor. It would make no difference. There is one matter that I might properly speak of here, and that is the selection of a Cabinet. I have always felt that it would be rather indelicate to announce or even to consult with the gentlemen whom I thought of inviting to positions in my Cabinet, before the official declaration of the result of the election was made, although I presumed that there was no doubt about what that declaration would be. But after consideration I have come to the conclusion that there is not a man in the country who could be invited to a place in the Cabinet without friends of some other gentleman making an effort to secure the position; not that there would be any objection to the party named, but that there would be others whom they had set their hearts upon having in the place. I can tell that from the great number of requests which come to me, in writing and otherwise, for this particular person or that one, from different sets and delegations. If announced in advance efforts would be made to change my determination, and therefore I have come to the conclusion not to announce who I am going to invite to seats in the Cabinet until I send in their names to the Senate for confirmation. If I say any thing to them about it, it will certainly not be more than two or three days previous

to sending in their names. I think it well to make a public declaration of this to the Committee, so that my intentions may be known."

After hearing this announcement, Mr. Pruyn, the Democratic member of the Committee, said: "In the great principles which you have marked out for the conduct of your administration you will have the political support of those with whom I am associated, ready to act with you."—The reply of Mr. Colfax to the notification of his election was brief. He said: "Please convey to the two Houses of Congress my acceptance of the office to which I have been elected by the people of the United States, and assure them that I shall endeavor to prove worthy of this mark of confidence by fidelity to principle and duty."—Subsequently, in more formally announcing to Congress his acceptance of the office of President, General Grant wrote:

"Please notify the two Houses of Congress of my acceptance of the important trust which you have just notified me: of my election as President of the United States; and say to them that it will be my endeavor that they and those who elected me shall have no cause to regret their action."

Mr. Colfax's formal reply was almost verbally the same as that given orally to the Committee.

CONGRESS.

Among the most important measures brought before Congress is a joint resolution for further amendments to the Constitution to be presented for ratification to the States. The essential clauses in this resolution as it passed the House, where it originated, is as follows:

ARTICLE —, Sec. 1.—The right of any citizen of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or any State, by reason of race or color or previous condition of slavery, of any citizen or class of citizens of the United States. Sec. 2.—The Congress shall have power to enforce by appropriate legislation the provisions of this article.

The resolution passed the House, January 30, by a vote of 150 to 42. Coming before the Senate, it underwent long and earnest debate, and was returned to the House, February 10, amended as follows:

ARTICLE 15. No discrimination shall be made in the United States among the citizens of the United States in the exercise of the elective franchise, or in the right to hold office, in any State, on account of race, color, nativity, property, education, or creed.

ARTICLE 16. The second clause of the first section of the second article of the Constitution of the United States shall be amended to read as follows:

"Each State shall appoint, by a vote of the people thereof qualified to vote for Representatives in Congress, a number of electors equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State shall be entitled in Congress; but no Senator or Representative, or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States, shall be appointed an elector, and Congress shall have power to prescribe the manner in which such electors shall be chosen by the people."

This amendment was adopted in the Senate by a vote of 40 to 16. The House refused to concur in this, and returned it with alterations, which the Senate would not accept. A Committee of Conference of the two Houses was appointed, who reported the resolutions as follows:

Be it resolved two-thirds of both Houses concurring, That the following Amendment to the Constitution of the United States be submitted to the Legislatures of the several States, and when ratified by three-fourths thereof it shall be a part of said Constitution:

ARTICLE 15. The right of the citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the

United States or any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

SECTION 2. The Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

This report was adopted in the House, February 25, by 143 to 43, and in the Senate, on the next day, by 39 to 12.—An important financial bill, entitled "A bill to strengthen the public credit, and relating to contracts for the payment of coin," was reported in the House by the Committee on Ways and Means. Its chief provisions are that (1.) "The faith of the United States is solemnly pledged to the payment in coin or its equivalent of all interest-bearing obligations of the United States, except in cases where the law authorizing the issue of any such obligation has expressly provided that the same may be paid in lawful money or other currency than gold and silver;" but it is provided that before any of these interest-bearing obligations not yet matured shall be paid, the United States notes, not bearing interest shall be made convertible into coin at the option of the holder; and (2.) Any contract made specially for payment in coin shall be legal, and may be enforced according to its terms. This bill passed the House, February 24, by a vote of 119 to 61.—A bill imposing additional duties upon the importation of copper was passed in both Houses, vetoed by the President, and passed over the veto.

Our Record closing some days before the end of the session, the result of several important measures which have been under discussion, some of which have been passed in one House, is undecided. Among these are the repeal of Tenure-of-Office Act; reconstruction of Mississippi; diminution of the army; the proposed treaties with Great Britain; and, most important of all, the pending financial projects. It seems probable that many of these will be laid over to the next Congress. We propose, at as early a day as possible, to give a resumé of the action of this session of Congress.

The remains of Booth, Harold, Atzerott, Mrs. Surratt, and others, executed for alleged complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln, which were buried in a storehouse at Washington, have been disinterred, by order of the President, and given to relatives for burial. The President has also pardoned Dr. Mudd, who has been imprisoned at the Dry Tortugas.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

From *Mexico* we have numerous reports of risings and insurrections in various quarters. The general purport of all accounts is that the country is in a state of complete anarchy, with no prospect of amelioration unless a protectorate is established by some foreign Power.

The war on the river *Plata* seems to be nearly at an end. The Paraguayans were driven from their last stronghold near the river, and Lopez, with the remnant of his forces, retreated to the mountains. The Brazilians took possession of Asuncion, the capital, which, however, they found utterly deserted.—A resumé of transactions here, from a Paraguayan point of view, is contained in a proclamation of Lopez, dated on the 28th of December. From this it appears that on the 21st the Brazilians were repulsed from the lines at Villeta; on the 27th they renewed the assault, and as Lopez says, "the lottery of arms

was contrary to us, more by chance than by his force. Our few dismounted cannon, placed upon mounds of earth, could make but a few shots, and the enemy succeeded in his attack.....We suffered a reverse, but our country's cause has not suffered, and its good sons are organizing at this moment to fight with greater stubbornness against the fast-exterminated enemy, whose great numbers stay upon the field of battle only for the completion of their destruction. Already he has little but cannon and horses left. The last days cost him 20,000 men."

Of the rising in *Cuba* we have only vague and contradictory reports. General Dulce, the Captain-General, issued a proclamation of amnesty to all who would give themselves up; this amnesty expired on the 21st of February, only a few persons having availed themselves of it. It is certain that the insurrection has not been suppressed, notwithstanding considerable reinforcements sent from Spain. It is said, on apparently good authority, that considerable aid, both in men and material, has been given to the insurgents from the United States.

EUROPE.

The war cloud which threatened, growing out of the Eastern question, has been for the time dispelled. The peace Conference put forth a protocol demanding that the Greek Government should cease from hostile movements against Turkey; and the Greek Government, against popular feeling, acceded to this demand.—In the mean time the Great Powers, especially France and Prussia, keep up their war preparations to the utmost, notwithstanding both profess to be actuated by peaceful motives.

From *Spain* there is nothing which can lead any one to venture to prognosticate, even for a month in advance, the probable course of events. Beyond brief telegraphic reports we have really nothing; and these in most cases are so evidently of a partisan character as to be practically of no value. Thus, under date of *Feb. 2*, we read: "It is probable that Marshal Prim, General Serrano, and Señor Rivero will constitute the proposed Directory; all those opposed to the Monarchy base their hopes on the Directory when once established.....The Cortes will probably make great reductions in the endowments of the clergy and in the expenditures of the army."—*Feb. 4*. "Bands of Carlists have made their appearance in Catalonia; they seek to produce a rising against the Provisional Government. Troops have been sent out to disperse them. The press of Madrid, fearing a civil war, urge the Government to take active measures, and the people to unite against the reactionary party."—*Feb. 7*. "The Provisional Government will present the Constituent Cortes the draft of a constitution prohibiting slavery all in the Spanish dominions. The Pope has forbidden the prelates recently elected to take seats in the Cortes. Prince Ferdinand has consented to be a candidate for the throne of Spain. Many rumors prevail about the proposed Directory; some assert that the members are to be elected for five years. The Carlists are very active, and there are indications that they are laboring to produce an insurrection, which may break out at any moment. Queen Isabella has issued another manifesto, denouncing the revolution in Spain, and

asserting her right to the throne."—The text of this manifesto appears in European papers of *Feb. 12*. The ex-Queen declares that the Cortes is illegally convoked, and has been elected by violent and criminal measures, and is about to be convoked in answer to the appeal of four ambitious men, who, by reducing the army and enlisting criminals in their cause, have, by means of terror, succeeded in substituting their cowardly and fatal tyranny for the constitution to which they had sworn fidelity. She declares all their acts null and void, and means to preserve intact all her rights.

And so on, day after day, run the reports. The Cortes, however, convened on the 11th of February. Marshal Serrano, the President of the Ministry, presided, and made a congratulatory speech. There were *vivas* for the Provisional Government, for General Prim, for a Republic, for a Monarchy, but finally they were drowned by a shout for the "sovereignty of the Cortes." At length, on the 18th the Cortes formally requested Serrano to take the head of the Government, and to organize a Cabinet. On the 23d Serrano officially announced the resignation of the late Provisional Government; whereupon a vote of thanks was passed to them, by a vote of 180 to 62, the few Republican members unanimously opposing it, and Serrano was formally intrusted with full executive powers for the time being, with authority to form a Ministry. Serrano in accepting the position given him made a temperate speech, advising the minority to pursue a policy of conciliation in view of the principles firmly held by a majority of the Cortes. For himself, he promised "loyalty, patriotism, and abnegation." General De Roda, who put down the rising in Malaga, was named as Captain-General of Cuba, to succeed General Dulce, whose brief administration seems to be looked upon as quite too lenient toward the insurgents.

In *Great Britain* the New Parliament was formally opened on the 16th of February. The royal speech was read by the Vice-Chancellor, the Queen not being present. It stated that the relations of Great Britain with all friendly Powers were on an excellent footing. The hostilities which had threatened to break out in the East had been prevented by the action of the Great Powers at the Conference in Paris. The estimates to be laid before the House of Commons would be framed on a basis of economy coupled with efficiency in the administration of the service. The continued suppression of the Act of Habeas Corpus in Ireland was regarded as no longer necessary. It was hoped that negotiations in progress would result in placing the relations with the United States upon a permanently friendly basis. The great question of the day, relating to the ecclesiastical arrangements of Ireland, must be considered by Parliament, and their final adjustment would make large demands upon the wisdom of both Houses. "I am persuaded," said the speech, "that careful regard will be had to the interests involved and to the welfare of religion, and that through the application of principles of equal justice to the question before the Parliament will secure the undivided feeling of the people of Ireland on the side of loyalty and law, efface the memory of past contentions, and cherish the sympathies of an affectionate people."

Editor's Drawer.

NEXT came fresh April, full of lustrous buds;
And wanton as a kid whose horn new buds;
Upon a bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floating through th' Argolic fluds:
His horns were gilded all with golden studs,
And garnished with garlands goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowers and freshest buds
Which th' earth brings forth; and wet he seem'd in
sight
With waves, through which he waded for his love's
delight.

SPENSER.

If it be good to be merry at all, it is especially good to be mirthful in this goodly month of April, the first day of which was by the Romans consecrated to Venus, the goddess of beauty, the mother of love, *the queen of laughter*, the mistress of the graces. In this cheery month the business of creation seems resumed. The vital spark rekindles in dormant existences; and all things "live, and move, and have their being." The earth again puts on her livery; the air breathes gently on our cheeks, and conducts to our ears the warblings of the birds and the odors of newborn herbs and flowers; the great eye of the world "sees and shines" with bright and gladdening glances; the waters teem with life; man himself feels the revivifying and all-pervading influence, and his

"—spirit holds communion sweet
With the brighter spirits of the sky."

NEARLY fifty years ago an April Number of *Blackwood's Magazine* opened with a poem on April, the first verse of which is also pat to the present Number:

"This being the first of April, we intend
To launch out on our theme without a fetter;
And, All-Fool's-Day to foolery being friend,
Really the more absurd we are the better.
The muse upon a Hunt-the-Gowk we'll send,
To roam the world at large; in short we'll let her
Tread where she lists the pastures of the season,
Smirk in her sleeve, and crack her thumbs at reason."

Shunning absurdity, it will be the delight of the Drawer in the future, as it has been in the past, to be the receptacle and recorder of the floating wit and humor of the country. Let the wags therefore continue to send on their little jocularities.

A CORRESPONDENT at La Crosse, Wisconsin, whose chief pleasure appears to be in reading the concluding pages of each Number of this periodical, mentions an incident that occurred at a lecture given in that locality on the naughty habit of gambling. The reverend lecturer said: "You take a hand of cards and commence playing; you bet 25 cents, the next man goes 50 cents better, the next 'sees' it and goes 50 cents better, and I 'raise' it to \$100." Before going further an old player, who had dropped in to hear what a preacher could say about "keerds," made the remark, in tones a little too audible: "By the Lord, old fellow, *you* must have had a 'flush!'"

AN artist correspondent sends the following reminiscence of one of the most gifted of American artists and inventors:

In reading over the very interesting report of the dinner given in honor of Professor Morse at Delmonico's, some of the reminiscences of the

chief guest of the evening recalled an incident in my own experience, which may perhaps amuse some of your readers, as it serves to illustrate the indifference and contempt with which the early labors of scientists and inventors are regarded by the world at large:

In the spring of 1841 I was searching for a studio in which to set up my easel. My "house-hunting" ended at the New York University, where I found what I wanted in one of the turrets of that stately edifice. When I had fixed my choice the janitor, who accompanied me in my examination of the rooms, threw open a door on the opposite side of the hall and invited me to enter. I found myself in what was evidently an artist's studio, but every object in it bore indubitable signs of unthrift and neglect. The statues, busts, and models of various kinds were covered with dust and cobwebs; dusty canvases were faced to the wall, and stumps of brushes and scraps of paper littered the floor. The only signs of industry consisted of a few masterly crayon drawings and little luscious studies of color pinned to the wall.

"You will have an artist for your neighbor," said the janitor, "though he is not here much of late; he seems to be getting rather *shiftless*; he is wasting his time over some silly invention, a machine by which he expects to send messages from one place to another. He is a very good painter, and might do well if he would only stick to his business; but, Lord!" he added, with a sneer of supreme contempt, "the idea of telling by a little streak of lightning what a body is saying at the other end of it! His friends think he is crazy on the subject, and are trying to dissuade him from it, but he persists in it until he is almost ruined."

Judge of my astonishment when he informed me that the "shiftless" individual, whose foolish waste of time so excited his commiseration, was none other than the President of the National Academy of Design—the most exalted position, in my youthful artistic fancy, it was possible for mortal to attain—S. F. B. Morse, since much better known as the inventor of the electric telegraph. But a little while after this his fame was flashing through the world, and the unbelievers who voted him insane were forced to confess that there was at least "method in his madness."

THE amorous young man of the West is fairly sketched in the following from an Iowa correspondent: A young Montana chap got on board of the sleeping car of our train, and said, "See here, Mr. Conductor, I want one of your best bunks for this young woman, and one for myself individually. One will do for us when we get to the Bluff—hey, Mariar?" (Here he gave a playful poke at "Mariar," to which she replied, "Now, John, quit!") "For, you see, we're going to git married at Mariar's uncle's. We might 'a bin married at Montanny, but we took a habit to wait till we got to the Bluffs, being Mariar's uncle is a minister, and they charge a goshfired price for hitchin' folks at Montanny." "Mariar" was assigned to one of the best "bunks." During a stoppage of a train at a station the voice of John was heard in pleading accents, unconscious that

the train had stopped, and that his tones could be heard throughout the car.

"Now, Mariar, you might give a feller jes one."

"John, you quit, or I'll git out right here, and hoof it back to Montanny in the snow-storm!"

"Only one little kiss, Mariar, and I hope to die if I don't."

"John—!"

Just at this time a gray-headed old party poked his head out of his berth, at the other end of the car, and cried out, "Mariar, for God's sake, *give* John one kiss, so that we can go to sleep sometime-to-night!"

John didn't ask for any more of that delicious little lip business during the evening; "Mariar" slept peacefully.

A NEW JERSEY correspondent mentions the existence of an eccentric old farmer in his neighborhood who has the reputation of being a "free-thinker," and consequently the subject of much solicitude to the village clergyman. Not long since he was taken sick, and, being quite old and feeble, his recovery was considered a matter of doubt, and the visit of the minister was desired by his family. After the usual friendly greetings were over the clergyman, to introduce the object of his visit, remarked: "Friend W——, you are now getting to be an old man, and have lived a careless life; would it not be well to take the present opportunity to make your peace with God?" "Lord bless your soul!" replied the feeble old man, "he and I hain't never had no fallin' out yet!"

THIS old gentleman's property adjoins a cemetery, and at one time a person who was looking at it with a view to purchase objected to it on this ground, and asked if its proximity did not cause him some annoyance. "No, indeed, my dear Sir," said he; "the folks in the graveyard are the peaceablest neighbors I've got!"

THE American soldier, whether Federate or Confederate, is commonly supposed to become a chivalric person, especially when sick and the probabilities adverse to recovery. But how about this? When a part of General Curtis's army, under General Steele, was at Reeves Station, Missouri, a private in the Thirty-third Illinois was attacked with fever. The surgeon gave him by mistake an overdose of valerian, and his pulse sunk so rapidly that all thought him to be dying. To keep him up they gave him whisky, and when this began to operate he gasped out to his captain, "My dear captain, I think I have made my peace with God. The chaplain has read the Bible and prayed with me, and I want you to tell mother that I die happy. There is only one thing I want. I have been a soldier several months, and have done nothing for the country. If you will be kind enough to bring out one of those 'yellow legs' [Confederates] in the guard-house, and let me shoot him, I can *die in peace*!"

THERE are persons in Illinois who have the proper reverence for places of public worship. One of this class having had the misfortune to be detained in Chicago over Sunday, slowly sauntered down Wabash Avenue in the morning, about the hour of morning service. Arriving at the Presbyterian church, and stopping a moment, the

organist commenced playing one of those lively compositions with which the "performance" of religious service is now generally commenced. Just then a gentleman passing into the church invited him to enter and take a seat. "Not exactly, Mister," replied our friend; "I ain't used to such doin's on Sunday; and, besides, I don't dance!"

CAN "the force of orthography further go" than in the following application to the Superintendent of the Eastern Division of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad for a humble but responsible position in that Company? We copy verbatim:

HARTLETON December 27, 1868.

Der sir i set down to in forme you that i Wod like to have a burth on the Carse at braking and i Wod Com eny time that you Wod Wont me sow let me Now if i can hav a burth. My Pos Toffice is Hartleton union co Pa

J. C. B—

Now that President Grant is fairly seated in the presidential saddle, and entertaining his political and personal friends with appropriate hospitality, we may as well tell the following anecdote, which shows, as well as any thing we have read of him, the humorous side of his character, and his uniform solicitude that the people of his command should be well fed. He knew the truth of the old maxim, "An army moves upon its belly." Grant, at the time we speak of, was a Brigadier, commanding an expedition in Arkansas:

Lieutenant Wickfield, of the Indiana Cavalry, commanded the advanced-guard of eight mounted men. Provisions were scarce on the march of 110 miles. On the third day Lieutenant Wickfield came up to a small farm-house, and, thinking there might be something to eat, accosted the inmates of the house, imperatively demanding the food; and, on being questioned, he said that he was General Grant. With loud professions of loyalty the inmates served up the best meal they could produce, and refused to accept payment; whereupon our lieutenant went on his way rejoicing. Presently General Grant came up to the same house, and asked if they would cook him some food. "No," was the answer; "General Grant and his staff have just been here, and eaten all in the house except one pumpkin-pie." Having inquired the name of the good lady who gave him his information, Grant induced her by half a dollar to promise to keep the pie till he should send for it. That evening a grand parade was ordered at half past six for orders to be read, and the troops were formed up, ten columns deep and a quarter of a mile long; officers were called to the front, and the following order was read by the Assistant Adjutant-General: "Lieutenant Wickfield, of the Indiana Cavalry, having on this day eaten every thing in Mrs. Selvidg's house, at the crossing of the Trenton and Pocahontas and Black River and Cape Girardeau roads, except one pumpkin-pie, is hereby ordered to return with an escort of one hundred cavalry and eat that pie also.—U. S. Grant, Brigadier-General, commanding." At seven o'clock, amidst the cheers of the army, the lieutenant and his hundred men filed out of camp, and in the course of the night duly returned, and with all due formality the pie was reported as eaten.

THE conversational part of the following is

perhaps a little strong for a juvenile; nevertheless, as it is vouched for by a Yankee school-ma'am, it may as well go into type:

Among her pupils was a boy of about four years, who did not speak very plainly. One day, while the others were at their studies, he got possession of a pin and string. He bent the pin in the form of a fish-hook, tied the string to it, and put on a small piece of cheese. He had seen a mouse come up through a hole in a corner of the hearth, and set himself to bob for it as though it had been a fish. He was observed, and asked what he was doing. "Fishing for a mouse," was the reply. As this was not allowed in school hours, he was ordered, as punishment, to continue bobbing. So the little fellow sat, as grave as a judge, bobbing away, until soon the mouse took a strong hold of the cheese, and the boy, giving a sudden pull, sprang into the middle of the room, and swinging the mouse around his head, astonished the whole school with the exclamation, "I thwar I've got him!"

A GENTLEMAN recently returned from a little pleasure trip in Kamchatka is courteous enough to send us the following note, showing that in the wildest and most uninhabitable parts of the globe *Harper's Magazine* and *Harper's Weekly* are popular with the natives. He says:

It is customary, I believe, among a certain class of authors to beg a favorable reception of badly-written articles by the most exaggerated praise of your "excellent and widely-circulated Magazine." I hope, however, that it will not be attributed to any such motive if I tell you, as a mere matter of curiosity, how wide your circulation really is. I have been engaged for the past three years in explorations for the Russian American Telegraph Company in Kamchatka and Northeastern Asia, and returned only last March, *viâ* Irkutsk and St. Petersburg, to America. My duties, of course, necessitated constant and extensive travel among the wild tribes of natives who inhabit the lonely steppes between Bering Strait and the Amoor River; and you can imagine the surprise with which I met every where copies of *Harper's Magazine* and *Weekly*. I knew that they were to be found in *almost* all parts of the habitable world, but their presence in localities which no white man had ever before visited was an almost inexplicable mystery. The walls of several native huts in Kamchatka were papered with Porte Crayon's sketches, and the proprietors evidently regarded them with pardonable pride, as incontestable evidences of their own æsthetical taste and superior cultivation. I even saw in one Kamchadal yurt on the Kamchatka River a portrait, cut from *Harper's Weekly*, of Major-General Dix, and as the limited means of the owner forbade the purchase of a saint to put in the corner, our distinguished General was elevated to that sacred position, and votive candles were burning before his stern, masculine features. I suppose the poor Kamchadal thought that as he was an *American* he *must* be a saint, or that if he were not he *ought* to be, and he reverently crossed himself and said his daily prayers before the canonized image of a Major-General in the United States Army! I learned subsequently in what way the publications of Harpers reached this neglected corner of the world. They were brought up from San Fran-

cisco every spring by the whalers who cruised in the Okhotsk Sea and the North Pacific, and were given by them to the natives on the sea-coast, who, attracted by the pictures, sought them eagerly, and circulated them in their winter wanderings throughout the interior. How far the pacific disposition, hospitality, and general good character of the Siberian natives is attributable to the refining and humanizing influences of *Harper's Magazine* I will not undertake to say, but that it circulates among the Tchucktchis and Koriaks regularly and extensively I know from personal observation. If the American Board of Foreign Missions would listen to the humble suggestions of a traveler among the heathen, I should propose that it buy a few thousand copies of *Harper's* and give them to the whalers for general distribution. It is generally conceded by philanthropists that education must precede conversion, and I know of no better medium of instruction than the said Magazine. If the explorer of our Western prairies, who has been robbed, scalped, and left for dead by Apaches, will live for a few weeks with the Tchucktchis of Northeastern Asia—a no less barbarous tribe—he will become convinced that *Harper's Magazine*, as a civilizing agent, is in no way inferior to a first-class missionary.

WE fear there was a little self-righteousness in that venerable old sinner who, being at seventy-five on his death-bed, was fervently exhorted to the duty of repentance. "Repent!" answered he, indignantly; "I don't see what I have to repent of. I don't know that I ever denied myself any thing!"

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S dislike for journalists is tolerably well understood, and those who surround him at court of course partake of his notions toward that style of person. We have, in one of the comic journals of Paris, a report of the conversation of two old conservatives, who attributed all the misfortunes in this world to the press:

"And what has become of the son of our friend X——?"

"Don't ask me: he has turned out badly."

"How is that? I thought he was intelligent and industrious. What has become of him?"

"He has become a journalist."

"A journalist!—and his father is such an honest man! It is incredible!"

MR. DILKE having asked a Western man his views on the Indian question, was answered: "Well, Sir, we can destroy them by the laws of war, or thin 'em out by whisky—but the thinning process is plaguy slow!"

As showing the little value paid to human life throughout the mining regions in California, he quotes this brief paragraph from a mountain journal: "The Indians begin to be troublesome again in Trinity County. *One man and a Chinaman* have been killed, and a lady crippled for life."

A CLEVER Englishman, Mr. Charles Wentworth Dilke, has recently written a book of travels entitled "Greater Britain," which has been republished by Harper and Brothers. It contains here and there a neat anecdote, new, and

worthy of reproduction in the Drawer. He mentions having been told by a Southern planter that the only change he could see in the condition of the negroes since they have been free, is that formerly the supervision of the overseer forced them occasionally to be clean; whereas now nothing on earth can make them wash. He says that, writing lately to his agent, he received an answer to which there was the following postscript: "You ain't sent no sope. You had better send sope; niggers is *certainly* needing sope."

THE story goes that California boys, when asked if they believe in a future state, reply: "Guess so; California!"

THE Rev. Dr. Hawes, of Hartford, was a preacher of great power, and sometimes made personal applications of his text that made some of the brethren wince. "Many of the male members of this church," he used to say, "are very good Christians here in Hartford, but what are you when you go to New York?" As in Hartford, so, to some extent, in Washington. When the census-taker of the District of Columbia was making his official round he came to the house of a wealthy member from New England. The door was opened by a black boy, to whom the white man began:

"What's your name?"

"Sambo, Sah, am my Christian name."

"Well, Sambo, is your *master* a Christian?"

To which Sambo's indignant answer was, "No, Sah! mass' member ob Congress, Sah!"

RATHER practical people those who manage the little details connected with public worship at the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church. Up to a certain time the seats of pew-holders are reserved without question. After that strangers are treated with all the courtesy that time and occasion will. Now and then a presumptuous ass appears, and attempts to "travel" on his dignity; as was the case not long since, when a tall, thin-visaged gentleman, white-cravatted, presented himself, and proceeded to march into the house.

"You can't go in there," said Mr. Palmer, the veteran usher.

"But I am a clergyman."

"We have no particular need of your services to-night, Sir."

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers," said the minister; "you may entertain angels unawares."

"Very true," said Mr. Palmer. "I have seated persons in this house for twelve years. I have seen all sorts of people. I am very certain if I should see an angel I should *know* him. You must bide your time and take your chance, Sir."

PROBABLY no more learned or upright Judge ever sat upon the bench of any court than the late Chief Justice Shaw of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. Choate practiced a good deal before him. The two were, in most respects—certainly in mental characteristics—the opposites of each other. There was always a degree of empiricism in Choate's pleas and general management of his cases, and this was extremely obnoxious to the practical mind of the Chief Justice, who did not hesitate to snub him occasion-

ally. On one occasion, while Choate was addressing a jury, and working up the evidence into a most fantastic shape that little agreed with the Chief Justice's notes, the latter arrested him in mid-career. "I can not permit you to go on in that line of argument, Mr. Choate; I find nothing in the evidence that warrants it."

Choate stopped and looked at the Chief Justice for a moment with an expression of countenance that brought a smile upon every face, and then, turning round to his assistant in the case, said, in a subdued tone, but loud enough to be heard by the bar, "The Chief Justice don't know much about law, but he is a *PERFECT* gentleman"—with his well-known emphasis upon *perfect*.

ANOTHER, of Webster. A certain ex-Judge and Mr. Webster were, at one time, on very intimate terms. At a particular time, during the changes of political relations contingent upon the breaking up of the Whig party, the Judge found it convenient, perhaps profitable, to court some other rising stars, in preference to the great constitutional luminary that had hitherto been the idol of his worship, and neglected to pay his devotions at the accustomed shrine. This was noticed by Mr. Webster, and, besides, some interested friends had advised him of the Judge's delinquency, while at the same time the Judge was warned by some of *his* friends that if he did not look out he would lose Mr. Webster's friendship altogether. This alarmed the Judge, and determined him, after a coolness of several months, to renew, if he could, his old relations. So, one morning, he went up to Mr. Webster's office in Boston, which was then on the corner of Court and Tremont streets. The latter happened to be alone, pacing the room backward and forward, with his hands behind him, in one of his gloomy moods.

The Judge opened the door part way, and, looking in, addressed the great man in his soft and musical tones, which had, moreover, something of pleading in them:

"Good-morning, Mr. Webster."

"Good-morning, Judge ——" (with acidity, and considerable emphasis, not of the pleasant kind—still pacing backward and forward, without looking at the Judge).

"A fine morning, Mr. Webster," continued the Judge, still holding the door by the knob.

"A *ver-r-y* fine mor-r-ning, Judge ——."

"Good-morning," replied the Judge, shortly, giving up the attempt and retiring slowly.

"GOOD-MOR-R-NING, Judge ——" (with increased emphasis), when the Judge closed the door.

WE were remarking to a witty friend of ours, learned in the law, upon the confusion of a certain General, whose name need not be mentioned, during one of the battles of the war, and said he couldn't have known whether he was standing upon his head or his heels.

"Yes," he replied, "he was in the situation of a man who had a trustee process served upon him—he was puzzled to know whether he had sued somebody, or somebody had sued him."

WE are indebted to a friend at Yankee Hill, California, for the following particulars of the

untoward circumstances that terminated the recent session of the Academy of Natural Sciences at Smith's Crossings, Tuolumne County, California. It is to be deplored that organizations undertaken in the highest interests of humanity should come to so abrupt a smash:

I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
I am not up to small deceit, or any sinful games;
And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislaus.

But first I would remark, that it is not a proper plan
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man,
And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,
To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on him.

Now nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same society,
Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,
From those same bones, an animal that was extremely rare;
And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the rules,
Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said his greatest fault
Was that he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault:
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass—at least to all intent;
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.

Then Abneir Dean of Angel's raised a point of order—when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor.
And the subsequent proceeding interested him no more.

Then, in less time than I write it, every member did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a paleozoic age,
And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin,
And the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games,
For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
And I've told in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislaus.

DURING the Atlanta campaign one of our Generals, being rather unwell, was fearful of a bilious attack, owing as he supposed to the too free use of coffee. The commissary procured him a cow, which yielded him a good-sized bowl of milk night and morning. Frank, his body-servant, and Ben, the cook, were responsible for the appearance of the milk on the table morning and evening. One evening, after a hard day's work, the General sat down to the table anticipating his usual refreshing repast of bread and milk, but upon tasting it thought it appeared to be diluted with water; and suspected surreptitious love had been made to part of the original, and

the quality of the remainder sacrificed to a delusory quantity.

"Frank," said he, "what is the matter with the milk?—it is half water."

"I dunno, General; I didn't put no water in it," said Frank.

"Some one did," said the General. "Ask Ben if he knows any thing about it."

In a few moments Frank returned, and, with a very grave face, said, "General, Ben says he didn't put any water in the *milk*, but he *watered the cow just before milking her!*"

SPEAKING of climate, we find in Ross Browne's last clever work, "The Apache Country," published by the Harpers, a sketch of the warm season of that region, which is in the best style of that humorous traveler:

The climate in winter is finer than that of Italy. It would scarcely be possible to suggest an improvement. I never experienced such exquisite Christmas weather as we enjoyed during our sojourn. Perhaps fastidious people might object to the temperature in summer, when the rays of the sun attain their maximum force, and the hot winds sweep in from the desert. It is said that a wicked soldier died here, and was consigned to the fiery regions below for his manifold sins; but unable to stand the rigors of the climate, sent back for his blankets. I have even heard complaint made that the thermometer failed to show the true heat, because the mercury dried up. Every thing dries: wagons dry, men dry, chickens dry; there is no juice left in any thing, living or dead, by the close of summer. Officers and soldiers are supposed to walk about creaking; mules, it is said, can only bray at midnight; and I have heard it hinted that the carcasses of cattle rattle inside their hides, and that snakes find a difficulty in bending their bodies, and horned-frogs die of apoplexy. Chickens hatched at this season, as old Fort Yumers say, come out of the shell ready cooked; bacon is eaten with a spoon; and butter must stand an hour in the sun before the flies become dry enough for use. The Indians sit in the river with fresh mud on their heads, and by dint of constant dipping and sprinkling manage to keep from roasting, though they usually come up parboiled. Strangers coming suddenly upon a group squatted in water up to their necks, with their mud-covered heads glistening in the sun, frequently mistake them for seals. Their usual mode of traveling down the river is astride of a log, their heads only being visible. It is enough to make a man stare with amazement to see a group of mud balls floating on the current of a hot day, laughing and talking to each other as if it were the finest fun in the world. I have never tried this mode of locomotion; have an idea it must be delightful in such a glowing summer climate.

THE recent contest at Albany for the United States Senatorship caused the gathering at that capital of so numerous an assemblage of politicians that bed and board became matters of solicitude, and prices "ruled high." But Albany figures are cast in the shade by those demanded by keepers of public and private citizens during the recent Senatorial contest at Carson City, Nevada, where the rates charged for lodgings were, according to the *Virginia Enterprise*: "For a bed

in a house, barn, blacksmith's-shop, or hay-yard (none to be had—all having been engaged shortly before election), horse blanket in old sugar hogshead per night, \$10; crockery-crate, with straw, \$7 50; without straw, \$5 75; for cellar-door, \$4; for roosting on a smooth pole, \$3 50; pole, common, rough, \$3; plaza fence, \$2 50; walking up and down the Warm Spring road, if cloudy, \$1 50; if clear, \$1 25; roosting places in pine-trees *back of Camp Nye*, 6 bits."

IN a late Western paper, under the heading, "Situations Wanted," appeared the following, which in a fair degree shows the versatility as well as the retiring character of the American printer:

WANTED—Situation by a Practical Printer, who is competent to take charge of any department in a printing and publishing house. Would accept a professorship in any of the academies. Has no objection to teach ornamental painting and penmanship, geometry, trigonometry, and many other sciences. Is particularly qualified to act as pastor of a small evangelical church, or as local preacher. Would have no objection to form a small but select class of young ladies, to instruct them in the higher branches. To a dentist or chiropodist he would be invaluable; or he would cheerfully accept a position as bass or tenor singer in a choir.

THE local editor of a very far West journal having attended a ball on the frontier, has felt moved, after the manner of the Jenkins of the metropolitan press, to furnish a report of some of the dresses worn by the more eminent persons present. Thus:

Miss A. was everlastingly scrumptious, in an underskirt of red calico, flounced with blue *mousline*, surmounted by an over-skirt of linsey looped in the rear *en saddlebag*, with yellow bows. Waist *à la anarugem*, *bosome de bustee*. Hair in a chignon resembling half a cabbage. Extraordinarily *hefty*.

Mrs. B. wore a short skirt of home-made flannel, displaying in a very beatific manner her No. 11 moccasins. *Corsage de Shogonosh*, ornamented with soldier buttons. Hair *en fricasee*: perfume of cinnamon drops. Excessively highfalutin.

Madame C., a noted half-breed belle, attracted an all-fired sight of comment by appearing in a hoop skirt, ornamented with fox tails arranged *en circum-bendibus*. Waist of yellow flannel slashed with stripes of buffalo hide. She carried a large sunflower, and danced with great *lucensse*. Terrifically magnolious.

Hon-ki-do-ri, chief of the Dirty Paws, was the lion of the evening. He wore a blanket *de Mackinaw*, with breeches *de bouk-skine*, terminating in shoe packs. Rooster feathers in his hair. His whole *ensemble* was very *antagonistique*.

Nit-che-check-shirt, a distinguished representative of a neighboring friendly tribe, fairly divided the honors of the evening with the first-named chieftain. He wore his coat cut *à la wammouse*, hair plaited, blanket classically slung, breeches *de tomihague*. Redolent with *perfumerie de Chippewa*.

Mich'l M' Mackarel, Esq., a festive importation from the "Ould Dart," was gorgeously resplendent in a red shirt and shillalah.

IN narrative the points always to be kept in view are clearness and succinctness. These requirements seem, to a certain extent, to have been acted upon by a respectable old lady in Connecticut, who, in a revival there, was struck with conviction, became a convert, and was proposed for membership of the church. A meeting was held for examination of the candidates. The venerable examiner said: "Well, my dear sister Rogers, please relate your experience." Whereupon the good woman thus spoke: "Well, I don't know what to say, as I told my husband, Mr. Rogers, before I came here; but I believe I

have experienced a change, as I told my husband, Mr. Rogers, after I came home from meeting, when I became convinced that I was the most sinful creature in the world, as I told my husband, Mr. Rogers; and, says he, I think so too. I told Mr. Rogers, my husband, I was going to lead a different life; was going to trim my lamp, and have it burning again the bridegroom come. Then Mr. Rogers, my husband, said he didn't see what I wanted of another, but he didn't make no objection. Then I told Mr. Rogers, my husband, that I would join the church, and prepare myself for the place where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched; and my husband, Mr. Rogers, told me *I'd better!*"

As a specimen of military dialogue how does this strike the reader? A soldier was going off the field *too* hastily, when the provost guard cried,

"Halt!"

"Can't."

"Wounded?"

"No."

"Sick?"

"No."

"What's the matter?"

"I'm *scared*, and want to go to the rear to—*rally!*"

THAT the schoolmaster when he next is "abroad" should visit a certain locality in "Bennsylvania" is, we think, conclusively proved by the following copy of a letter lately received by an agent from a school trustee:

MR. ACHENT,—Blase Scent our pooks sou sune you cane. We bay de frade. We scent sewende fife Thaler.

FRANZ HOMSMAN.

Fepruare 3 1869.

THE authorities of Council Bluffs, Iowa, are taking praiseworthy steps for the destruction of the gophers that infest that section of country. They offer twelve and a half cents for each one "kilt," provided that "the *tails decapitated* and presented for redemption." That ought to bring them.

A WISCONSIN correspondent desires to perpetuate the smartness of a local preacher in his neighborhood, who is as sharp and shrewd at a bargain as he is prompt to attend to the spiritual requirements of those in affliction. He was recently called to attend a funeral, and on returning home remarked, with no small satisfaction, that he had "improved the time by making fifteen dollars in a word trade while the mourners were viewing the corpse."

FROM the same source this specimen of high commercial integrity. A merchant of that region being unable to live as comfortably as he desired and at the same time pay his debts, failed several times in business, and made assignments of his property. Not long since this merchant-prince died. Among those who had cause to remember him was Mr. B——, who, meeting one of his neighbors, was informed that Uncle C—— was called, was dead—had *paid* the debt of nature.

"Is that so?" replied B——; "why in thunder didn't he make an assignment?"

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CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.



COLUMBUS IN HIS STUDIO.

ABOUT four hundred and twenty-five years ago a little boy might have been seen playing about the wharves of Genoa. His name was Cristoforo Colombo, which he afterward, according to the custom of the time, Latinized as Christopher Columbus, and still later wrote it in Spanish, Colon. His father was a poor man, a wool-comber, industrious and virtuous, who labored hard for the support of his family. Nothing of interest marked the early youth of Christopher. He was born probably in 1435. The shipping with which the harbor of Genoa was ever alive excited his imagination, and created in him a passion for the wild adventures of the sea, and at fourteen years of age he became a sailor-boy.

The Atlantic Ocean was then a region unexplored. The Mediterranean Sea was almost the only scene of nautical enterprise. A few bold navigators had crept cautiously along the shores of Africa on voyages of discovery; but appalled by the imaginary terrors of a vast and shoreless ocean, even the most intrepid feared to venture far from the land.

It was a rude period of the world. A piratical warfare raged so generally that the merchant and the corsair were often the same. Every mariner was of necessity a bold warrior. Wherever he went, and at every hour, he was liable to meet a desperate foe. His guns were consequently always loaded, and pikes and cutlasses were ever at hand. Through this rough tutelage Christopher grew to manhood. He was in many bloody conflicts, and through them all manifested the same serene spirit and unflinching courage which embellished his subsequent life.

At one time he was engaged in a desperate conflict with four Venetian galleys. The vessel in which Columbus fought was engaged with a huge galley, which it had grappled. Hand-grenades and fiery missiles of every kind were thrown from one to the other till both vessels were enveloped in flames. Bound together by grappling-irons, they could not be separated. Columbus, pursued by the fire, leaped with an oar into the sea, and swimming six miles, attained the coast of Portugal.

In the course of such wanderings and perils we at length find Christopher Columbus at Lisbon, the capital of Portugal. He was then a tall, serious, dignified man, about thirty-five years of age. The intense earnestness of soul with which nature had endowed him made him almost of necessity a man of religious emotions. Such souls, imaginative, reflective, yearning for something higher and holier than time can give, are compelled to find the home of their thoughts with Deity, Infinity, Eternity. Columbus was thus a religious man, a devout man, and in Christianity alone could he find the solution of the profound and awful mystery of this our earthly being.

He was, at the time of which we now speak, residing in the city of Lisbon, and he had married a lady of congenial character, but without fortune. By the construction of maps and charts, then in great demand for the extended commerce of Portugal, he obtained an ample competence and no little celebrity. His profession led him carefully to study all that was then known of geography, and every intelligent mariner who returned from a distant cruise was put under contribution by Columbus for more accurate information respecting the land and the sea.

But a small portion of our globe had then been visited. As Columbus sat at his table constructing his charts he became profoundly excited in contemplating those vast regions of which nothing was known. His pencil rapidly sketched the shores of the Mediterranean, the coast of Africa from Cape Blanco to Cape de Verd. He then dotted down the Canary, the Madeira, and the Cape de Verd islands. Then, pushing out three hundred leagues into the Atlantic, he sketched the Azores. Here his maritime knowledge terminated. Pencil in hand he paused, and pondered, and grew excited. What is there beyond these islands? Is the earth a level plain? Where, then, does it end? Is it a globe? How large, then, is it? If it take the sun so many hours to pass from the eastern to the western end of the Mediterranean, how large a space could it traverse in twenty-four hours, from noon till noon? His whole soul became engrossed in the exciting study. By day and by night it was ever in his mind. Rumors were continually reaching his ears of islands which had been dimly discerned in the western horizon. Excited mariners had transformed the gorgeous clouds of sunset into fairy-lands with towering mountains and wide-spreading savannas.

There was a general interest at that time in new discoveries. The boldest adventurers were frequently in the studio of Columbus, to obtain charts, and to communicate intelligence of the realms which they had visited, or which they had in imagination seen looming up in the distant horizon of the sea. The deep and silent enthusiasm of Columbus was thus roused to intensity, steadfast and abiding, of which only the most noble natures are susceptible. De-

voting himself incessantly to these studies, he came to the full conviction that the earth was round, and that it was about as large as it has since been proved to be. He consequently inferred that, by sailing directly west, one would sooner or later come to the eastern shore of Asia. The great island of Japan was then dimly known. Columbus judged that Japan was about in the situation of Florida, and that the continent of Asia extended over the whole expanse of the Pacific Ocean and the American continent. The conviction in his own mind amounted to certainty, that by sailing west he would reach the shores of Asia. He expected to reach those shores about where the present line of the American continent is found. But he also expected to find in the vast Atlantic between, many islands of surpassing wealth and grandeur and beauty.

We have said that Columbus was a devout man. Religious enthusiasm influenced him above all other considerations. "These realms," said he, "are peopled by immortal beings, for whom Christ has died. It is my mission to search them out, and to carry to them the gospel of salvation. Wealth will also flow in from this discovery. With this wealth we can raise armies and rescue the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem from the hands of the infidels."

Columbus was quite unable to think of fitting out an expedition himself. It was not to be supposed that private individuals could be induced to run the necessary risk. His only hope was in governmental favor. A sovereign state by the discovery would obtain great renown. Such a state could also confer upon him titles and dignities which would invest him with the authority necessary for the accomplishment of his ulterior plans.

He consequently applied to the Portuguese Government, and succeeded in obtaining an audience with King John II. The King listened with interest to his statements. But when Columbus demanded as a reward that he should be appointed Viceroy over the realms he might discover, and that he should receive one-tenth of the profits of the expedition, the King declined embarking in the enterprise. He was, however, so much impressed by the statements of Columbus that he assembled a council of the most scientific men in Lisbon to consider the matter. The majority of the council pronounced the views of Columbus visionary.

The King then condescended to a measure exceedingly ignoble. We can hardly speak of it in terms of denunciation too severe. He was unwilling to expose himself to ridicule by embarking in a foolish enterprise, and yet the statements of Columbus were so plausible, and had produced so deep an impression upon his own mind, that he decided secretly to fit out an expedition of his own. Columbus had furnished to the council a detailed plan of the voyage, with a chart of the route he intended to pursue. The King of Portugal, availing himself of this information, fitted out a vessel



COLUMBUS AT THE DOOR OF THE CONVENT.

with all necessary supplies and sent it ostensibly on a voyage to the Cape de Verd Islands. The captain of the vessel, however, received secret instructions, upon his arrival at the islands, to push out boldly into the Atlantic and pursue the route marked out by Columbus. The captain obeyed orders. After a few days' sail to the westward he encountered a fearful storm. His light caravel was tossed like a cork upon the majestic waves of the Atlantic. The sailors became terrified, and turning from the tempest which headed them, they put back to the Cape de Verd Islands, and thence to Lisbon, apologizing for their cowardice by exaggerated statements of peril, and by ridiculing the plan of Columbus.

This dishonorable act roused the indignation of Columbus. His wife being dead, he resolved no longer to remain in a land whose Court could be guilty of such perfidy. Disappointed and deeply wounded, yet with purpose unshaken, this heroic man took his only child, Diego, and returned to his native city, Genoa. This was the home of his boyhood. And Columbus was destined here to find the truth of the adage, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and his own house." He applied to the Genoese Government to aid him in his undertaking; but his application was contemptuously rejected, he not being able even to obtain a hearing.

He was now in a state of deep poverty. But the one idea still filled his mind. Some friends took an interest in his cause, but friends who could afford him but slender assistance. He thought of applying to the King of England, and also of carrying his proposal to Venice. At length he decided to try his fortune in Spain.

Castile and Aragon had been united by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, and these two distinguished sovereigns were combining their energies to drive the Moors from the Peninsula. Columbus, with his son Diego, embarked for Spain, and landed at the little sea-port of Palos, near the mouth of the river Tinto. Ferdinand and Isabella were at this time at Cordova, about a hundred miles distant, involved in the most important warlike movements, surrounded with the glitter and the din of arms, and all the warlike chivalry of Spain. It was indeed an unpropitious hour to seek their aid in an enterprise so novel and so hazardous.

Columbus, pale, thin, melancholy, with coarse and threadbare garments, having no luggage to encumber him, took Diego by the hand, and set out to traverse the weary leagues to Cordova. Having walked about a mile and a half they came to the gate of a convent. Diego was hungry and thirsty. The father knocked at the gate, and asked of the porter a slice of bread and a cup of water for his child.

The Prior of the convent chanced at that moment to pass, and, struck with the dignified air and intellectual features of the stranger, entered into conversation with him. The Prior, an intelligent man, was impressed by the earnest character of Columbus and the grandeur of his views. He detained him as a guest, and sent for a scientific physician in the neighborhood to meet him.

Columbus had by chance fallen in with congenial spirits. In the quiet cloisters of La Rabida these three men, with mutual enthusiasm, studied the enterprise of the discovery of a new world. The noble Prior, a man of influence in the Court as well as in the Church,

detained Columbus and his son for some time with generous hospitality. He took charge of the education of the bright and attractive child, and gave the father a letter of introduction to the Confessor of the Queen.

Cheered by this unexpected good fortune, Columbus again set out for Cordova. The Court presented the aspect of a military camp. All the chivalry of Spain was there congregated in battle-array. Bands of music filled the air with martial strains. Plumes and banners were gleaming in the sunlight, and squadrons of horse and vast masses of artillery crowded the streets of the city and encamped around the walls.

Columbus, undismayed by the aspect of affairs, presented his letter to the Confessor, Fernando Talavera. But Talavera was a cold, calculating man, unsusceptible of generous impulses. He was entirely engrossed in the affairs of the campaign, and after listening with silent civility to the statements of Columbus, with chilling politeness he dismissed him. He deemed it an intrusion to present so chimerical a project to the Sovereigns when oppressed with the weighty cares of war. The courtiers, contrasting the magnificent plans of Columbus with his threadbare aspect and his poverty, made themselves merry at his expense.

Columbus found no encouragement at Cordova. Soon both of the Sovereigns advanced with their armies into the province of Granada, where the Moors had their last foothold, and through the summer the war was prosecuted with uninterrupted vigor. In the fall they returned to Cordova, exulting over their victories; and after a few days of public rejoicings, with all the noisy accompaniments of military pomp, they repaired to Salamanca, nearly three hundred miles distant, to pass the winter. Columbus remained all this time at Cordova, unable to approach the Court, and gaining a frugal living by designing maps and charts.

He had, however, produced a deep impression upon the minds of many thinking men in Cordova by the dignity of his demeanor, the elevation of his views, and by the remarkable conversational eloquence with which he advocated them. A wealthy and intelligent gentleman became so much interested in Columbus that he received him to his house as a guest, and introduced him to the Grand Cardinal, who had more influence than any other man in the councils of the Sovereigns. The Cardinal listened with profound attention to Columbus, and deeming his project worthy of state consideration, secured for him the long wished for audience with the King.

This interview was to the enthusiastic adventurer an hour of intense yet solemn exaltation. Deeming himself the Heaven-chosen instrument for the most important of earthly enterprises, even the splendors of royalty could not dazzle him.

The King, shrewd, sagacious, and ambitious, was excited by the idea of discoveries and ac-

quisitions which would place Spain in the foreground of all the nations. With characteristic caution he declined forming any judgment himself, but appointed a council of the most learned astronomers and cosmographers of the kingdom to hold an interview with Columbus, carefully to examine his plan, and report their opinion.

The conference was held in a large hall in the old convent of St. Stephens, at Salamanca. The assembly, convened by royal missives, was imposing in numbers and in dignity. Exalted functionaries of the Church, professors in the universities, and statesmen of high rank, presented an array which must have overawed any plain man of ordinary capacity. Columbus, a simple mariner, with unaffected majesty of demeanor and of utterance, and with every fibre of his soul vibrating in the intensity of his zeal, presented himself before his examiners, sanguine of success.

But he soon found, to his extreme chagrin, that learned men may be full of prejudice and bigotry. His statements were assailed with citations from the prophets and the Psalms, and with extracts from the religious writings of the Catholic fathers. The declaration that the earth was round was declared to be absurd.

"What!" exclaimed several of these sages of the fifteenth century, "can any one be so foolish as to believe that the world is round, and that there are people upon the side opposite to ours, who walk with their heels upward and their heads hanging down, like flies clinging to the ceiling! That there is a part of the world where the trees grow with their branches hanging downward, and where it rains, hails, and snows upward!"

But the doctrine of Columbus was stigmatized not only as absurd, but also as heretical, since to maintain that there were inhabitants in those distant lands would be an impeachment of the Bible, as it was deemed impossible that any descendants of Adam could have wandered so far. Others, in the pride of philosophy, with great complacency urged the philosophical objection that, admitting the world to be round, should a ship ever succeed in reaching the other side it could never return, since no conceivable strength of wind could force a ship up the mountainous rotundity of the globe.

Columbus, far in advance of his age, gave the same answer which is now given to theological objections to the revelations of science. The inspired writers were not publishing scientific treatises, but were addressing the popular mind, and their allusions to nature referred merely to its obvious aspects. To the self-conceited philosophers he replied in arguments which, though unanswerable, were not to them convincing.

The reasoning of Columbus produced, however, a profound impression upon some minds in that assembly. Diego de Deza, a divine of lofty character, who afterward became Archbishop of Seville, warmly espoused his cause.



COLUMBUS BEFORE THE COMMISSIONERS.

The majority, however, were decidedly hostile to his views; and the declaration that any land could be found by sailing west from Europe was declared by them to be philosophically false and religiously heretical. And this was but about four hundred years ago!

Columbus was bitterly disappointed, but not discouraged. The conference had made his scheme widely known. The attention of all the learned in the realm, and of all the dignitaries about the Court, was called to the subject. And though Columbus was insulted with lampoons and jests, still individuals of exalted worth in increasing numbers supported and consoled him.

Columbus had been received as an *attaché* to the Court during the months in which, with many interruptions, this all-important question was under discussion. It was a period of the wildest warfare against the Moors of Granada, and the Court, in the whirlwind of the strife, was incessantly moving from place to place. There were but few moments of repose when Columbus could get any ear to listen to his story. During the summer of 1487 the King and Queen were encamped before Malaga, conducting its memorable siege. Silken pavilions, decorated with all the appliances of beauty and luxury, crowning an eminence which commanded a view of the beleaguered city and of the assailing hosts, accommodated the Court. A vast semicircular array of tents, sweeping around the city from shore to shore on each side, afforded encampments for the chivalrous nobility of Spain. The whole encircled space was filled with all the glittering magnificence of war. It was an agitated sea of plumes and banners and gleaming helmets, while the vigor of the assault, the roar of the battle, the sallies of the

foe, and the sweep of assailing and retreating squadrons presented the most exciting and engrossing scene which can occur on earth.

And here was Columbus, moving from tent to tent, regardless of the turmoil of war, urging his claim wherever he could find a listening ear.

In September, Malaga having surrendered, the Court returned to Cordova, and then for eighteen months it was constantly on the move, still surrounded by the din of arms. Columbus followed the Court, vainly watching for an opportunity to gain another hearing. In the spring of 1489 he succeeded in obtaining from the King an order for another conference of learned men, to be assembled at Seville. But suddenly a new campaign was opened, and the council was postponed, as all the energies of the Government were engrossed in the siege of Baza. Another year of tumultuous war passed away, and then came months of festivity and triumph over another victory. Columbus, during many of these weary months, lingered at Cordova, though still supported at the expense of the Court.

The King and Queen were now making preparations on the grandest scale for the siege of Granada. Columbus, conscious that when the campaign was once fairly opened no thought could be turned to him, with renewed importunity pressed his suit. At length he obtained the reply that the cares and expenses of royalty were so great that the subject could receive no more attention until the conclusion of the war. The blow fell heavily upon Columbus; but with an indomitable spirit he made no surrender to despair. Resolute, yet saddened, he now looked around for his next resource.

There were at this time in Spain many feudal nobles, rich and powerful. From their own im-

pregnable castles they led strong armies of retainers into the field. The Duke of Medina Sidonia furnished for the siege of Malaga an army of cavaliers, a hundred vessels, and large sums of money. He was a man of heroic character, and ambitious of princely enterprise. Columbus turned to him. At first the Duke listened eagerly to his suggestions, but closed the interview by contemptuously declaring the scheme nothing but the dream of an Italian visionary.

To another noble duke Columbus applied, but with similar results. He now resolved to try his fortune at the Court of France. Before setting out for Paris he returned to the convent of La Rabida, at Palos, to take leave of his son, Diego, who was still there. Again he approached the gates of the hospitable convent. His purse was empty, and his threadbare clothes were covered with the dust of travel. Seven years of incessant toil and disappointment had passed since he first asked for a cup of water at that gate. Care and sorrow had whitened his locks, and plowed deep furrows in his cheeks. The worthy Prior received him with sympathy and affection. Upon learning that Columbus was about to direct his footsteps to Paris, he was alarmed at the thought that Spain would thus lose the glory of so great a discovery. He immediately sent for the physician of whom we have before spoken, and for other influential friends, to hold a consultation. Among the rest came Martin Alonzo Pinzon, the illustrious head of a family which had obtained wealth and renown through maritime adventures. Pinzon could appreciate the views of Columbus. He warmly espoused his cause, and freely pledged his purse to aid him in the further prosecution of his suit at Court.

The Prior had been formerly Confessor to Isabella. He immediately wrote to the Queen, in the most earnest terms, urging that Spain might not lose so grand an opportunity. An old sailor mounted a mule and carried the letter to Isabella, who was about one hundred and fifty miles distant, at Santa Fé, conducting the siege of Granada. The Queen returned an encouraging reply, requesting the Prior to come and see her. This response excited intense joy in the hearts of the little coterie at the convent, and the worthy Prior, though it was midnight, saddled his mule and departed from the courtyard to urge the claims of Columbus upon Isabella. It was a glorious mission, and the good old Catholic ecclesiastic was worthy of it.

The Queen had a warm heart as well as a strong mind. Her affections came to the aid of her intellect, and she listened sympathizingly to the plea of her revered Confessor. She had never heard the cause thus plead before. She had never been thus personally and directly appealed to. She was the independent Sovereign of Castile. Her husband was King of Aragon. She immediately took Columbus under her care, requested him to come to Santa Fé, and with woman's thoughtful kindness sent him a sum of money that he might purchase a

mule and provide himself with raiment suitable for his appearance at Court.

Great was the joy which these glad tidings infused to the world-weary heart of Columbus. The long, dark, dismal night seemed passing away, and a glorious morning was dawning. Columbus was speedily mounted upon his mule, and was trotting joyfully along over the hills and valleys of Andalusia to the city of Granada. He arrived there just in time to see the Moorish banner torn down and the flag of Spain unfurled upon the towers of the Alhambra. The Moorish power was forever crushed, and Spain was disenthralled. It was the most exultant hour in Spanish history.

In the midst of these rejoicings Columbus was introduced to the cabinet of the Queen. With unaffected majesty he presented himself before her, feeling by no means that he was a needy adventurer imploring alms, but that he was a Heaven-sent ambassador, with a world in his gift, which he would bequeath to Spain, if Spain were worthy of the legacy.

"I wish," said he, "for a few ships and a few sailors to traverse between two and three thousand miles of the ocean, thus to point out a new and short route to India, and to reveal new nations majestic in wealth and power. I ask only in return that I may be appointed Viceroy over the realms I discover, and one-tenth of all the profits which may accrue."

The courtiers of the Queen were astonished at what they deemed such audacious demands. They urged upon Isabella that it would be insulting to the nobility of Spain that an obscure sailor, merely the captain of a successful maritime expedition, should demand wealth and honors which would place him next in rank to the crown.

Isabella, influenced by these representations, offered him terms more moderate, yet honorable; but Columbus refused to make any abatement whatever in his requisitions. He would not go forth the discoverer of a world as merely the hireling of any prince.

Sadly yet resolutely he saddled his mule and rode out from the streets of Santa Fé, to return to his friends in Palos, thence to go and offer his services to the King of France. But "blessings brighten as they take their flight." The Queen was troubled by the departure of Columbus. The character of the man had produced a profound impression upon her mind. She was bewildered in contemplating the magnitude of the loss to her crown and to her fame should the scheme of Columbus prove a reality. Ferdinand came into the cabinet. She expressed her anxiety to him. He replied:

"The royal finances are absolutely drained by the war. We have no money in the treasury for such an enterprise."

The enthusiastic response burst from the lips of the Queen: "I will undertake the enterprise for my own crown of Castile, and I will pledge my own private jewels to raise the necessary funds."

The thing was settled. Columbus was triumphant. And yet how little at that moment was he conscious of his victory! He was then on his mule four miles from Santa Fé, toiling through the sands, returning in the deepest disappointment to his friends at Palos. A courier overtook him just as he was entering a gloomy defile among the mountains. For a moment Columbus hesitated whether to return. The disappointments of eighteen years had led him to distrust the encouragements of courts. Assured, however, by the courier, his sanguine temperament again rose buoyantly, and turning his mule he spurred back to Santa Fé. The Queen received him with great kindness, and immediately assented to all the demands he had made. He was appointed Admiral and Viceroy of all the lands he should discover, and was to receive one-tenth of all the profits which might accrue. He was also to contribute, through his friend Pinzon, one-eighth of the expenses of the first expedition, for which he was to receive one-eighth of the profits.

The matter being thus all settled, Columbus again set out for Palos, probably the happiest man in the world. A royal decree was issued for the town of Palos to furnish two small vessels, suitably victualed and manned for the voyage.

Columbus succeeded in obtaining three small vessels, two furnished by the Government, and one by Martin Alonzo Pinzon. Two of these vessels were small, built up high and decked over at the bows and stern, but without any deck in the centre. One, larger, was entirely decked. The whole company in the three vessels consisted of one hundred and twenty persons. It was impossible to obtain sufficient volunteers to man the vessels, and many of the seamen were impressed for the voyage by the authority of the Government.

As the sun was rising over the waves of the Mediterranean on the 3d of August, 1492, the little squadron unfurled its sails for the world-renowned voyage. Anthems were sung, prayers were offered, and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was partaken of by both officers and crew before the anchor was raised. No huzzas resounded from the groups upon the shore. No acclamations were heard from the ships. Tears, lamentations, and dismal forebodings oppressed nearly all hearts.

Columbus steered first for the Canary Islands. A strong wind drove them rapidly along, and as the hills of Spain sank beneath the horizon the terror of the seamen increased. There were many indications of mutiny. On the third day out one of the vessels was disabled by the unshipping of the rudder, which was supposed to have been intentionally done by those on board. The rudder, however, was soon so restored that the crippled vessel could keep up with the others by their shortening sail. At the close of a week they arrived at the Canaries, about one thousand miles from the port of Palos. Here they were detained three weeks in

obtaining a new vessel for the one which was disabled, which was found in other respects unfit for service, and in making sundry repairs.

On the 6th of September Columbus again spread his sails. He was now fairly embarked upon his voyage. The Canaries were on the frontiers of the known world. All beyond was unexplored. A calm kept the vessels rolling upon the billows of the ocean for three days within sight of these islands. But on the 9th the wind sprang up, and in a few hours the mountains of Ferro disappeared beneath the horizon. It was the Sabbath, serene, sunny, and beautiful. But on board the vessels it was a day of lamentation.

As we have mentioned, many of the sailors were forced to embark. As they took their last view of land they uttered murmurs deep and loud, which reached the ears of the Admiral. He did every thing in his power to inspire them with his own enthusiasm, but in vain. By threats and by promises he succeeded, however, in maintaining his authority. Perceiving that every league of distance intervening between them and their homes would but increase their terror, he resorted to the artifice of keeping two records of their daily progress, the one correct for himself, the other for the public eye, in which he made their advance much less than it really was.

Day after day passed on, while the intrepid navigator urged his ships through the billows toward the long wished for goal. Every object was watched with the keenest scrutiny. A weed upon the ocean, a bird, the color of the sea and of the sky, the form of the clouds, the character of the rain, the variation of the wind—every thing was examined with the closest attention. The lead was often thrown, but no bottom could be found.

By the first of October they had sailed two thousand three hundred miles, nearly due west. But according to the reckoning shown to the crew they had sailed only seventeen hundred miles. The weather was delightfully mild and serene. They had fallen in with the trade-winds, which, blowing incessantly from the same direction, bore them prosperously on their way. But this phenomenon added still more to the alarm of the seamen, for they thought it would be impossible for them ever to return.

At one time the murmurs of the crew became so intense that they even contemplated open mutiny, and a plan was formed to throw Columbus overboard. Still the Admiral, by combined firmness and gentleness, held them in subjection. Another anxious week passed away. To inspirit the seamen a reward had been offered of about a hundred and twenty-five dollars to the one who should first discover land. But there had been so many false alarms that Columbus announced that whoever should give the startling cry of land, and it not prove to be true, should thenceforth forfeit all claim to the reward. The massive clouds were often piled up in the western heavens in forms so strikingly

resembling mountains and valleys as to deceive the most practiced eye.

The murmurs of the crew at length became so loud that the situation of Columbus was all but desperate. He was compelled to assume the attitude of defiance, and to declare that no consideration should tempt him to abandon the enterprise upon which he had entered, and which he was sure perseverance would conduct to a successful termination.

The next morning they met with several indications of their vicinity to land. Fresh seaweed floated by them. A branch of a shrub, with leaves and berries upon it, was picked up, and a small piece of wood curiously carved was also found drifting upon the water. The sailors, like children, easily elated and depressed, were now all exultation. Their fears were dispelled, their murmurs forgotten, and with perfect subjection they yielded themselves to the dominion of their commander. From the commencement of the voyage every evening religious services had been observed on board the vessel of the Admiral. The vesper hymn floated solemnly over the wide waste of waters, and the voice of prayer ascended to God.

The evening after witnessing these indications of land Columbus, at the hour of vespers, stood upon the poop of his vessel, with the mariners assembled around him, and in an impressive address pointed out to them the goodness of their heavenly Father in bearing them thus far on their way, and set strongly before them the evidences that their great achievement was now upon the eve of accomplishment. He told them he thought it probable that before the sun should rise they would make the land. He urged them to keep a vigilant look-out, and promised to the one who should first make the discovery a velvet doublet in addition to the purse of gold. It is very remarkable that Columbus should find the land almost exactly where he from the beginning expected to have found it. His only error was in supposing that Asia extended its unbroken surface to where the line of the American continent is found.

Sixty-seven days had now passed since the highlands of Spain had disappeared from their view. It was the eleventh of October, 1492. The evening was brilliant. The fresh breeze was balmy and invigorating. Intense excitement pervaded every bosom. Not an eye was closed in either of the ships that night. As the sun went down, and the short twilight disappeared, and the stars came out in the ebon sky, Columbus took his station upon the poop of his vessel, and with anxious glance ranged the horizon.

About ten o'clock he was startled by the gleaming of a torch far in the distance. For a moment it burned with a clear flame, then disappeared. Was it a meteor? Was it an optical illusion, or was it a light from the land? Suddenly the light again burned forth distinct and indisputable. Columbus, intensely agitated, called to some companions and pointed it out

to them. They also saw it gleaming like a fitful star for an instant, when it again disappeared, and was seen no more.

The darkness of a moonless night again brooded over the solitary ships, and nothing was heard but the moan of the wind and the sweep of the waves. Rapidly these frail barks rose and fell over the billows as the hours of the night wore on, while the prow of every vessel was crowded with the crew, each one hoping to be the first to catch a glimpse of the shore.

The *Pinta*, being the best sailer of the three, was in the advance. At two o'clock in the morning a seaman, from its mast-head, discerned the obscure but indisputable outline of the land. He shouted "Land! land! land!" Every voice echoed the cry. In a few moments more all eyes beheld the mountains, dark and sombre, but clearly defined, and not two miles distant from them. They immediately took in sail and laid to, while the report of a heavy booming over the waves conveyed the transporting tidings to the two ships in the rear.

It is vain to attempt to imagine the feelings of Columbus during the hours in which he impatiently awaited the dawn of the morning. He was about fifty-six years of age. The energies of nearly his whole life, while struggling against ridicule, contempt, and the most terrible disappointments, had been devoted to the attainment of this one object. And now was he to find barrenness, solitude, and desolation—a gloomy wilderness, silent and unpeopled; or was he to find powerful nations, with a new civilization, and all the embellishments of wealth, splendor, and power?

At length the morning dawned, in brilliance which Paradise could hardly have rivaled. It was a morning of the tropics. The air, breathing from the spicy shore, made even existence a luxury. A beautiful island was spread out before their eyes, green and luxuriant, with every variety of tropical vegetation. Weary with gazing for so many weeks only upon the wild waste of waters, the scene was as enchanting as a fairy dream. They thought that they had really arrived at the realms of primal innocence and blessedness.

The boats were lowered and manned. The banner of Spain, emblazoned with the cross, floated from every prow. Columbus, richly attired in a scarlet dress, entered his boat, and the little squadron was rowed toward the shore. As they drew near the scene grew more beautiful. The picturesque dwellings of the natives were scattered about among the groves. Trees of gigantic growth and of dense foliage embellished the hill-sides and the vales. Flowers of marvelous beauty bloomed abundantly. Fruits of every variety of form and color hung temptingly from the boughs; and this Eden was peopled with the sons of Adam and of Eve, moving freely, entirely naked, in the apparent purity and innocence of man's unfallen nature.



THE LANDING.

Columbus leaped upon the shore, and falling upon his knees, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, gave thanks to God. The excitement of his spirit was contagious, and pervaded the whole band. They gathered around their illustrious leader in this his hour of triumph. Many wept. Many implored his forgiveness for their murmurings and rebellion. Columbus, unmindful of all the past, found the woes of a lifetime obliterated by the rapture of a moment. With imposing ceremony the banner of Spain was planted upon the soil. The name of San Salvador was given to the island. The oath of allegiance to Columbus, as Admiral and Viceroy of all these new realms, was now administered to the whole company of the ships. This event, one of the most memorable recorded in the history of the world, occurred on the morning of the 12th of October, 1492.

During these ceremonies the natives gathered timidly around, gazing with amazement at the strange beings who had thus suddenly landed upon their shores. Their complexion, their long and flowing beards, their helmets and cuirasses of glittering steel, their polished armor and their silken banners, struck them with admiration. They had dim conceptions of a celestial world, and doubted not that the strangers were visitors from the skies. The ships, whose sails had been so gracefully folded before them, they deemed birds, who had borne the visitants on gigantic wing from their aerial home. The lofty stature of Columbus, his commanding air, his gorgeous dress of scarlet, and the deference which all paid to his authority, particularly arrested their attention.

The amazement and admiration were mu-

tual. It was indeed a novel scene upon which the Spaniards gazed. The clime, in its genial yet not sultry warmth, was perfect. The landscape, novel in all its aspects; the birds, of every variety of plumage and of note; the trees, the fruits, the flowers, different from aught they had ever before seen or conceived; and, above all, the groups of men and women who surrounded them, of clear, golden complexion, and whose limbs were rounded into symmetry which rivaled the statues of Venus and Adonis: all this impressed the Spaniards with as much wonder and admiration as they themselves excited in the bosoms of the islanders.

Columbus, supposing, as we have mentioned, that he was upon the confines of India, called the inhabitants *Indians*. The natives were gentle, confiding, and affectionate. Revering their supposed celestial visitants, they lavished upon them all kindness of smiles and hospitality. The Spaniards passed the whole day wandering beneath the charming groves and eating the luscious fruits of San Salvador. The natives led them to their houses and to their favorite haunts, and the voyagers passed a day of excitement and bliss such as is rarely enjoyed on earth. The sun had gone down, the short twilight of the tropics had faded away, and the stars were again beaming in the sky ere they entered the boats to return to their ships.

Columbus, who was one of the most kind-hearted and benignant of men, had smiled upon the natives as a loving father smiles upon his children. He had completely won their confidence and their hearts by the trinkets—to them more estimable than gold or pearls—which he freely distributed among them. A glass bead,

a glittering, tinkling hawk's bell, a sharp-pointed nail, was to them a treasure of value quite inestimable. No language can express the delight with which these beautiful maidens, apparently perfectly modest in the dress which nature gives, would hang around their neck or the waist a few hawk's bells, and then dance with delight as they listened to the tinkling music. Blissful indeed did the sun rise and set upon San Salvador. But alas! Since then how sad in all those islands has passed the tragedy of life! The landing of the Europeans upon those shores proved to the artless natives a calamity of awful magnitude.

As the sun rose the next morning the shore and the sea were covered with the natives, some running to and fro upon the beach with joyful exclamations, others paddling canoes, and others swimming around the ships, almost with the agility of fishes. But the novelty was already gone, and civilized man began immediately to inquire for the only object of his ceaseless worship, *gold*. The seamen wished for gold to enrich themselves, that they might return with the wealth and the dignity of princes to their native land. Columbus wished for gold to enrich the sovereigns of Spain, to magnify the grandeur of his achievement, and to aid him in his majestic plans of regaining the Holy Sepulchre and of Christianizing the world.

He immediately embarked in the boats to explore the island. The day was as yesterday, full of enjoyment, as beneath sunny skies and upon a mirrored ocean they glided along by headlands and vales and entered the mouths of winding, forest-shaded rivulets. Occasionally they landed and walked through villages, where thousands greeted them with smiles. They sauntered through groves where nature seemed to have lavished her most luxurious embellishments.

Finding the island to be comparatively of small extent, and as there were many other islands rearing their mountain summits in the distant horizon, Columbus in the evening again weighed anchor and set sail. Seven of the natives willingly accompanied him; Columbus wished to teach them the Spanish language and to have them serve as interpreters. Seeing in the south, some fifteen miles distant, apparently a large island, he turned his prow toward it. They reached the land early the next morning. Here the same scenes were renewed which had transpired at San Salvador. The natives were the same simple, naked, gentle people, equally compliant, affectionate, and unsuspecting, and equally destitute of gold.

As there was nothing here to induce delay, Columbus turned to an island which he saw in the southwest, having first given to the island he was leaving the name it still retains of Conception. He soon passed over the few intervening leagues, and before the dusk dropped anchor in waters of such crystalline transparency that every pebble could be discerned at a depth of more than forty feet. An In-

dian, whom they had picked up in a canoe by the way, was sent on shore laden with presents, to prepare the natives for their landing the next morning.

In the earliest sunrise they rowed to the shore, where they witnessed but the same scene of peace, simplicity, and beauty with which they had now become familiar. They spent a few hours upon the island, charmed with the artlessness of the natives, with the neatness and picturesque beauty of their pavilions of reeds and palm leaves, and especially admiring the taste with which the natives selected for their dwellings situations of the most romantic beauty. Still, however, disappointed in finding no gold, Columbus in the evening again spread his sails, and leaving this island, to which he gave the name of Ferdinand, but which is now called Exuma, he continued his cruise toward the southeast.

They soon reached another island still larger, to which Columbus gave the name of Isabella, but which is now known as Yuma. This was by far the most beautiful island they had yet visited. Columbus was quite entranced with the scenes of loveliness ever opening before him. Indeed, it was a spectacle to exhilarate even the most phlegmatic temperament.

"I know not," says the enthusiastic Admiral in his journal to the King, "where first to go, nor are my eyes ever weary with gazing on the beautiful verdure. Here are large lakes, and the groves about them are marvelous, and every thing is green, and the herbage is as in April in Andalusia. The singing of the birds is such that it seems as if one could never be willing to depart hence. There are flocks of parrots which obscure the sun, and other birds, large and small, of so many kinds and so different from ours that it is wonderful. There are also trees of a thousand species, each having its particular fruit. As I approached this cape there came off a fragrance so good and soft that it was the sweetest thing in the world."

Still Columbus and his men were disappointed. They had found apparently a fairy realm of contentment, abundance, and peace, but no gold. Gradually the Admiral began to create a language of intercourse between himself and the natives. They informed him of an island, many leagues to the southwest, of great magnitude, abounding in gold and pearls and spices, where merchant ships came and went, and where powerful nations dwelt. All this Columbus, whose imagination was excited by hope, understood their signs to signify. This island the natives called Cuba, a beautiful name, which this gem of the ocean fortunately still retains.

Columbus concluded that this island must be Japan, which he had expected to find near that spot, and that a ten days' sail toward the west would bring him to the coast of India. Thus elated with hope, every sail was spread as the little squadron was pressed along by a favorable breeze toward the island of Cuba.

Passing several small and beautiful islands

on the way, at which he did not deign to touch, after a three days' sail the mountains of the Queen of the Antilles hove in sight. It was on the morning of the 28th of October. The magnitude of the island, the grandeur of its mountains, the wide sweep of its valleys, the stately forests, and the rivers calm and deep, with banks of enchanting beauty, impressed every beholder with the highest feelings of wonder and admiration.

Anchoring at the mouth of a river, Columbus with a small party took the boats to explore the stream. The inhabitants, having observed the approach of the strange phenomenon of the ships, had fled affrighted from the shore. As the voyagers ascended the river vistas of beauty were ever opening before them. The banks were covered with trees and shrubs, whose branches were filled with birds of great brilliance of plumage. Parrots, humming-birds, flamingoes of gorgeous colors, abounded in the groves. Columbus was quite entranced.

"Cuba!" he exclaimed. "It is the most beautiful island that eyes ever beheld. One could live there forever."

He approached several villages, but the terrified inhabitants had fled to the mountains. The houses were more substantial than any others of the natives he had yet seen. There were many indications that the inhabitants had attained a higher civilization than those upon the smaller islands. Returning to his ship he again spread his sails, and followed along the coast, hoping to approach some large Oriental city. But cape stretched beyond cape, and headlands melted away beyond headlands, and nothing met his eye but the luxuriance and the beauty of a fairy creation thronged with an artless and a happy people. The weather was mild, and the most delightful serenity pervaded these peaceful scenes.

After coasting along the shores for three days he came to the conclusion that this could not be the island of Japan, but must be the main land of India. Approaching a populous region he sent his boats ashore, and after much difficulty succeeded in obtaining some intercourse with the natives. Misinterpreting their signs he understood that at the distance of four days' journey into the interior they would find a great city and a powerful king. This confirmed Columbus in his conviction that he was upon the continent of Asia. He dispatched two envoys under native guides to penetrate the interior in search of the fabulous metropolis. The envoys bore presents and a very grandiloquent letter to the monarch, who was supposed to be enthroned in palaces of splendor.

While the deputation was absent Columbus employed the time in repairing his ships and in making an excursion into the surrounding country. In his boats he ascended one of the rivers for many leagues. The weather was beautiful. Morning after morning the sun rose in cloudless splendor. As he glided along over the stream, beneath the luxuriance of the tropics, meeting

every where friendly greetings, feasting upon new and delicious fruits, seeing nothing but beauty, hearing nothing but melody, it is not strange that he should have felt that he had indeed entered a fairy realm.

In the journal which he carefully kept for the Sovereigns of Spain he is continually giving utterance to exclamations of delight. During this short tour up one of the beautiful streams of Cuba he met with a bulbous root about as large as an apple, which the natives used as food, after roasting it in the ashes. The natives called it *batatas*. It has since become an indispensable article of food throughout the whole civilized world. Though Columbus attached no importance whatever to this discovery of the *potato*, it has proved of more value to the human family than if he had discovered a mountain of solid gold.

The envoys soon returned. The great Oriental metropolis which they had sought consisted of a pleasant village of fifty wigwams. The envoys were, however, received with the greatest hospitality. One who had been selected for this important mission was a very learned man, familiar with the Hebrew, the Chaldaic, and the Arabic. He was selected for the mission in consequence of his acquaintance with these languages. He tried all his learned tongues in vain upon the Cuban chieftain. As he was returning from his fruitless expedition he saw the natives with dried leaves of a peculiar plant in their hands, which they rolled up into small tubes about as long as one's finger. Lighting one end they put the other end into their mouths, and drawing in the smoke puffed it out again. This little roll of dried leaf they called a *tobacco*. This was the origin of the cigar.

Columbus decided to follow along the coast toward the southeast, hoping to find some spot where he could establish commercial relations with the natives. A few natives, males and females, willingly accompanied him. He wished to take them to Spain that they might be instructed in Christianity, so that upon their return they could be instrumental in the conversion of these heathen nations. Coasting along the shore he soon reached the southeastern extremity of Cuba, which he supposed to be a cape jutting far out into the sea. Far away through the transparent air he discerned the blue outlines of mountains. Eagerly he directed his course in that direction.

Columbus sailed from the southeast extremity of the island of Cuba, in the direction of the land which dimly appeared far away in the southeast, a favoring breeze driving his vessels rapidly through the waters. As they drew nearer the mountains soared into majestic altitude, and the wide-sweeping plains indicated an island of extraordinary extent and beauty. Columns of smoke ascending through the foliage gave evidence that the island was populous.

It was on the evening of the 6th of December when Columbus entered a spacious and



ERECTING THE CROSS.

beautiful harbor, on the western extremity of this island. The natives, seeing the approach of the ships, fled in terror to the woods. For six days Columbus skirted the shore, occasionally penetrating the rivers with his boats, without being able to obtain any intercourse with the inhabitants. He frequently landed with parties of the crew and entered their villages, but ever found them empty, the natives having escaped to the forest.

On the 12th of December he landed in a pleasant harbor, at a point which he called *La Navidad*—"The Nativity." Here he took formal possession of the island in the name of the Sovereigns of Spain, and with many imposing ceremonies erected the cross. As the sailors were rambling about they fell upon a party of the islanders, who fled like deer. The sailors pursued, and seeing a beautiful young girl perfectly naked and graceful as a fawn, who was unable to keep pace with the more athletic runners, they succeeded in capturing her. They brought their fascinating prize triumphantly to the ships. Columbus received her with the utmost kindness, and loaded her with presents, particularly with the little tinkling hawk's bells, which had for the natives an indescribable charm. She found sympathizing friends in the native women who were on board, and in an hour was so perfectly at home and so happy that she was quite indisposed to leave the ship to return to the shore.

This beautiful Indian maiden wore a ring of gold, not through the ears, but more conspicuously suspended from the nose. The sight of the precious metal greatly excited the adventurers, for it proved that there was gold in the country. By the aid of this maiden they soon became ac-

quainted with the inhabitants. They were living in the same state of blissful simplicity with those upon the island of Cuba. The natives called the island Hayti. Columbus named it Hispaniola. The French and English have since called it St. Domingo. The island is still burdened with its triple appellation.

If we are to credit the narratives of Columbus and his companions, the inhabitants were living in truly an enviable state, free from the wants, the diseases, and the crushing cares of civilized life. They had no party politics, no religious feuds. They needed no clothing, enjoying a genial climate of perpetual summer. They were neat in their persons and in their dwellings, graceful in form, and attractive in complexion and in features. Their rivers were alive with fishes. Fruit of delicious flavor hung from almost every bough. Their food was thus always ready, and life was to them apparently but a long, pleasant summer's day.

It would appear from the united and emphatic testimony of the voyagers that there was no other known portion of the globe at that time where there was so little wickedness, so little sorrow, or where more true happiness was to be found. Many of the sailors were so delighted with the warm-hearted friendliness of the natives, with the climate, with the enchanting scenery, the fruits, the bird-songs, that they could not endure the idea of returning again to the anxieties of life in old Spain. They entreated Columbus to allow them to settle upon the island. It so happened that just at this time one of the vessels was wrecked upon the coast. One of the other barks, the *Pinta*, had parted company with the little squadron, the captain having mutinously separated

from the Admiral in pursuit of adventures in his own name.

Columbus was now left with but one vessel, which was exposed to innumerable perils in navigating unknown seas. Should that vessel be wrecked they could never return to Spain, and the knowledge of their discovery would be lost to the world. Under these circumstances Columbus decided that it was his first duty to retrace his steps to Europe as speedily as possible, to announce the success of his enterprise, and that he might then return with a more efficient fleet to prosecute further discoveries.

The wrecked caravel was broken up, the guns were taken to the shore, and a fortress was constructed as the nucleus of a colony. A tribe of natives resided in the immediate vicinity of the fortress. They manifested the utmost kindness and sympathy, and rendered efficient aid in rearing the bastions and the buttresses which were to prove in the end the destruction of their race. The chieftain of this artless people, Guacanagari, wept in unaffected grief in contemplating the calamity which had befallen Columbus. He ordered all the effects from the wreck to be placed near his own dwelling, guarded them with the utmost care, and had buildings reared to protect them from the weather. Treasures of inconceivable value in the eyes of the natives were strewed around, hawk's bells, glittering beads, knives, gaudy ribbons, and yet there was not the least attempt made to pilfer. Though the natives aided in transporting these valuables from the wreck to the shore, not an article was found missing. What was the basis of this honesty? The solution of this problem will puzzle both the philosopher and the Christian.

"So loving," writes Columbus, "so tractable, so peaceable are these people, that I declare to your Majesties that there is not in this world a better nation or a better land. They love their neighbors as themselves. Their discourse is ever sweet and gentle, and accompanied with a smile. And though it is true that they are naked, yet their manners are decorous and praiseworthy."

While here considerable quantities of gold were brought in dust and in small lumps, any amount of which, almost, which the natives possessed they would gladly exchange for a hawk's bell. The eagerness of the Spaniards for gold induced the natives more earnestly to engage in its search, and they gave very glowing accounts of mountains of gold in the interior, and of rivers whose sands were but the glittering dust of this precious metal.

The gentle and amiable cacique, Guacanagari, seeing that Columbus was much depressed by the loss of his vessel, manifested true refinement of sympathy in his attempts to cheer him and to divert his melancholy. He invited Columbus to dine with him, and prepared a very sumptuous entertainment, according to the custom of the natives, of fish, fruits, and roots.

After the collation the polite chieftain con-

ducted his guests to a grove, whose overarching foliage shaded a smooth and verdant lawn. Here Guacanagari had collected a thousand natives to amuse the care-worn Admiral with an exhibition of their games and dances.

Columbus, then, to impress the natives with an idea of his power, ordered a military display of the Spaniards. As they wheeled to and fro in their martial manœuvres, their steel armor and their polished swords glittering in the rays of the sun, the Haytiens gazed upon the spectacle in speechless admiration. But when one of the cannon was discharged, and they saw the flash and heard the peal, and perceived the path of the invisible bolt through the forest, crushing and rending the trees, they fell to the ground in dismay.

In a few days the fortress was completed, the guns mounted, and the ammunition stored safely away. Columbus deemed the discipline of a garrison necessary to keep the Spaniards under subjection, rather than as any protection against the natives. Having given the men very minute directions respecting their conduct during his absence, on the 4th of January, 1493, he spread his sails for his return to Spain.

The hour of parting was one of much emotion. Those who were to be left behind found their hearts failing them. Should the one single shattered bark which bore Columbus and his band founder beneath the storms of the ocean there would be buried with it all knowledge of the discovery of the New World, and the colony at The Nativity would be left to its fate.

By a singular chance, when Columbus had advanced on his way along the coast but about fifty miles he met the *Pinta*, which had so shamefully abandoned him. He, however, deemed it prudent to overlook the crime, and to appear satisfied with the lame apologies offered by the captain. After a short delay to prepare the *Pinta* for the long voyage the two vessels again spread their sails for Spain.

The voyage was extremely tempestuous. The vessels were soon separated by darkness and the gale. Columbus, with intense anxiety, buffeted the waves, which often threatened to overwhelm him. A calm, bold man, he entirely forgot his own life in his solicitude that the important discovery which he had made should not be lost to Europe. After thirty-eight days of almost uninterrupted and terrific storms he reached the Azores. Here they encountered humiliating indications of the vices of civilized life.

The King of Portugal, apprehensive that Columbus might make some important discovery which would redound to the glory of Spain, had sent orders to all his colonies that Columbus, should he make his appearance, should be arrested and held as a prisoner. Consummate treachery was employed to ensnare the Admiral at the Azores; but by his vigilance he escaped, and again spread his sails.

A week of pleasant weather and of favoring



THE RETURN VOYAGE.

winds brought his storm-shattered vessel within about three hundred miles of Cape St. Vincent. Suddenly another fearful tempest arose, and for ten days they were at the mercy of the waves, almost in hourly peril of being engulfed. During the gloomy hours of this voyage, when it was often extremely doubtful whether Columbus would ever see Spain again, he wrote an account of his discovery upon parchment, wrapped it in a waxed cloth impervious to water, and inclosing the whole in a water-tight empty barrel, set it adrift. A copy similarly prepared was also kept on the poop of the ship, so that should the vessel sink the barrel might float away, and thus, by some fortunate chance, the knowledge of the great discovery might be preserved.

On the morning of the 4th of March Columbus found himself at the mouth of the Tagus. A tempest still swept the ocean, and his vessel was in such a leaky condition that he was compelled, at every hazard, to run into this Portuguese river. He dropped anchor about ten miles below Lisbon, and immediately sent a message to the King and Queen informing them of his arrival, of the success of his expedition, and asking permission to go up to Lisbon to repair his sinking vessel.

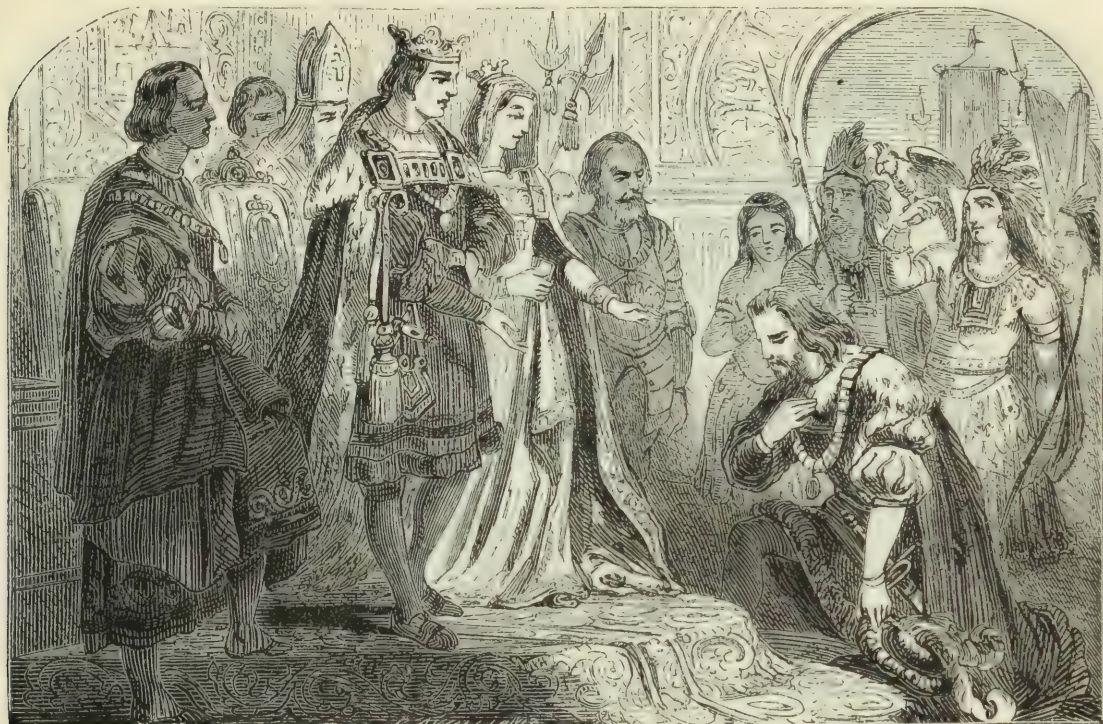
No tongue can tell, no imagination can conceive the excitement which these tidings communicated. The King and Queen had almost contemptuously dismissed Columbus as a hair-brained adventurer. And now he had returned in perfect triumph, with a new world, teeming with inexhaustible wealth and resources, to present to a rival nation. The chagrin of the Portuguese Court was unutterable.

Should a balloon return to the vicinity of New York from an excursion to the planet Jupiter,

bringing back several of the inhabitants and many of the treasures of that distant world, it could hardly create more excitement in the city than was then created in Lisbon by the return of Columbus to the mouth of the Tagus. The whole city was in commotion. Every thing that would float was brought into requisition to sail down the river to the ship. The road was thronged with vehicles filled with multitudes impelled by intensest curiosity. Columbus, who had not forgotten the days of anguish when he was a rejected and despised adventurer at the Court of Lisbon, must have enjoyed his triumph. But he was not a man for ostentatious exultation.

The King, who was at Valparaiso, about thirty miles from Lisbon, immediately dispatched a messenger inviting Columbus to his Court. The Admiral was treated with great external deference, but encountered many annoyances. The Portuguese Court endeavored to get from him all the information which could be obtained, that an expedition might be stealthily fitted out to take possession of the newly discovered lands. The assassination of the heroic Admiral was seriously deliberated.

At length Columbus again spread his tattered sails, and on the 15th of March, just seventy-one days from the time he left "The Nativity," at Hayti, he entered the harbor of Palos, having been absent not quite seven months and a half. The appearance of the storm-battered vessel sailing up the harbor was the first tidings the inhabitants had received of the adventurers. One ship only was seen returning. Two had disappeared. It was an hour of great suspense, for there was hardly a family in Palos who had not some friend or relative who had joined the expedition. As soon as the tidings reached



COLUMBUS BEFORE FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

the shore of the success of the enterprise the joy was indescribable. A scene of universal exultation ensued. Like a mighty billow the tidings surged over Spain, accompanied with bonfires, huzzas, pealing bells, and roaring cannon. We have no space to record these scenes of national rejoicing. The King was at Barcelona, at the further extremity of the Peninsula.

The Sovereigns immediately wrote to Columbus, in reply to the dispatch which he had sent to them, requesting him to repair to the Court. Columbus probably could not regret that this involved the necessity of a triumphal route of seven hundred miles through the very heart of Spain. It was a delightful season of the year, and the jubilant welcome which Columbus met every mile of the way from Seville to Barcelona the world has probably never seen paralleled.

The Indians were conspicuously exhibited, decorated with gold and brilliant plumes from tropical birds. All the most showy products of the new world were presented to admiring eyes. A very imposing cavalcade surrounded the Admiral, who sat on horseback, attracting by his majestic form, his pale and pensive features, and his gray locks, universal admiration. Thus he entered Barcelona, and received the most cordial greeting from Ferdinand and Isabella.

Great distinction ever excites great envy. Enemies to Columbus, bitter and unrelenting, sprung up around him. He was an Italian—a foreigner. The Spanish nobles were not well pleased at his elevation, and were very restive when under any circumstances they were compelled to yield to his authority. It was during his sojourn at Barcelona that the incident occurred which gave rise to the universally known anecdote of the egg. The Grand Cardinal of Spain had invited Columbus to dine with him.

An envious guest impudently inquired of Columbus if he thought that there was no man in Spain capable of discovering the Indies if he had not made the discovery. Columbus, without replying to the question, took an egg from the table, and asked if there was any one who could make it stand upon one end. They all tried, but in vain. Columbus then, by a slight blow, crushed the end of the egg and left it standing before them, thus teaching that it is easy to do a thing after some one has shown how.

We must briefly narrate the subsequent career of this illustrious man. It is but a melancholy recital of toils, disappointments, and sorrows. A new fleet was speedily equipped of seventeen vessels, large and small, laden with all such trinkets and merchandise as could be valuable for trade with the Indians. Horses, cows, pigs, sheep, and poultry, with many seeds, were taken to stock the islands. None of these animals were found in the new world. Twelve missionaries were taken to convert the natives. Twelve hundred adventurers crowded on board the fleet, and many more were anxious to go, but they could not be received.

The fleet sailed from Cadiz in the midst of universal rejoicing, on the 25th of September, 1493. After a prosperous voyage of thirty-eight days, in the early dawn of the morning of the 2d of November, the lofty mountains of an unknown yet majestic island hove in sight. It was the morning of the Sabbath. The crews of all the vessels were assembled upon their decks, and prayers and anthems of thanksgiving floated over the peaceful solitudes of the ocean. Columbus, as the island was discovered on the Sabbath, gave it the name of Dominica. He was now in the beautiful cluster called the Antilles. During the day he passed six



COLUMBUS AND THE EGG.

of these gems of the ocean, appearing on those smooth waters beneath the bright sun of the tropics like fairy islands in a fairy sea.

As he cruised along he gave to the more important islands he met the names of Marigalante, Guadaloupe, St. Juan Bautista, since called Porto Rico. On these islands he found a fierce and warlike race, who were the terror of the more peaceful inhabitants of the other islands. The evidence seemed indubitable that they were cannibals, devouring the victims of war. It now became manifest that the new world was by no means an Eden of primal innocence, but that it was inhabited by the fallen race of Adam, who groaned beneath the burden of life.

On the 27th of November Columbus anchored in the harbor of La Navidad. He expected to find a happy colony, and that by trading with the Indians they would have obtained by this time a ton of gold for him to transfer immediately to his ships. Instead of this, to his great disappointment, he found but desolation and ruin. The Spaniards had quarreled and fought among themselves. They had abandoned the fortress that they might live among the natives, where they soon excited intense disgust and hatred by their brutal licentiousness and their haughty disregard of all the feelings of the Indians. A fierce tribe from the interior fell upon them as they were scattered about, and every man perished. The natives, also, who were friendly to Columbus were overwhelmed by the assault of the fierce tribe, and nothing remained of the colony but desolation and mouldering bones.

The sanguine adventurers who had accompanied Columbus, lured by the account he had given of this golden realm, were bitterly dis-

appointed. Sickness broke out. Murmurs loud and deep rose on every side. Columbus was denounced as a deceiver, and hardly an individual could be found to lend him any cordial co-operation. Many of the haughty young nobles of Spain had accompanied him. They openly insulted the Admiral, refusing obedience to his commands. Columbus was not sufficiently strong to enforce authority.

Harassed and perplexed in every conceivable way, he organized an expedition to explore the interior for gold, and commenced the establishment of another colonial city, which he called Isabella. Twelve of the ships were sent back to Spain to obtain supplies. Columbus was mortified that he could send so little gold. He, however, wrote a letter to Ferdinand and Isabella full of brilliant anticipations. His sanguine temperament ever inclined him to hope. Crushed by care and anxiety, he was prostrated upon a sick-bed, which he could not leave for several weeks. During his sickness his mind retained all its vigor, and he gave his commands as usual. His enemies, taking advantage of his apparently helpless condition, formed a conspiracy to seize the five remaining ships and return to Spain, where they would defend themselves for this mutinous act by a combined assault upon the character of Columbus. With great energy and sagacity the Admiral frustrated this plan. In the endeavor in some degree to divert the general discontent, he arranged an expedition, of which he himself took the command, to explore the coast of Cuba. The vessels were soon ready, and some degree of enthusiasm animated the crews as they weighed their anchors and spread their sails.

After following along the southern coast



THE COLONY DESTROYED.

some sixty or seventy miles, meeting with many pleasing incidents of the same general character which we have previously related, he turned to the south, and had sailed but a few leagues when the blue mountains of another majestic island seemed to emerge from the sea. This was his first sight of Jamaica. Fortunately the island has retained its original name. The natives, a bold and warlike race, opposed the landing. The Spaniards, with cross-bows and a blood-hound, put them all to flight. This was probably the first time that this animal, of execrable notoriety, was employed in such services.

But Columbus could find here no gold. He returned to Cuba, and sailed along its southern coast many days, and for so many leagues as to satisfy every one on board the ships that Cuba could not be an island, but that it was the main land. After continuing his tour for nearly five months, and having discovered many new islands, Columbus returned to his colony at Isabella. Here he again found that the arrogance and oppression of those he had left behind had so exasperated the natives that a coalition was formed of all the tribes for the extermination of the Spaniards. The wildest adventures of Indian warfare now ensued, a faithful narrative of which would fill volumes.

The flame of war swept over doomed Hayti, and the island at length being entirely subjugated, the wretched inhabitants were enslaved. But the victors were compelled to drink deeply of the cup of misery which they had mingled. The most envenomed complaints were preferred against Columbus before the Spanish Sovereigns. A commission was sent out to investigate his conduct. These commissioners treated the Admiral with such contumely and insult that his

situation became absolutely unendurable, and on the 10th of March, 1496, he again set sail for Spain to seek the redress of his wrongs. After a long and stormy passage of three months he landed at Cadiz.

Ferdinand and Isabella received him with kindness. But all the plans and wishes of Columbus were thwarted by a series of incessant and mortifying annoyances. He found his popularity greatly on the wane. Many of the nobles, indulging in unworthy jealousy of him as a foreigner, did every thing in their power to embarrass his movements. More than two years passed away before Columbus could obtain another squadron. But on the 30th of May, 1498, he again sailed on his third voyage with six vessels.

Pursuing a more southerly course, the first land he made was a large island on the coast of South America, which he named La Trinidad, "*The Trinity*," from three lofty peaks united at their bases, which first hove in sight.

He also coasted for many leagues along the shore of South America, supposing it to be an island. The natives he found almost white, and frank, bold, and friendly. At length, turning his prow toward the north, he made sail for Hayti, where he arrived the 30th of August.

Though his mind remained vigorous as ever, his physical system was shattered by care, toil, and suffering. Beautiful Hayti, which he had originally found so populous, peaceful, and happy, was now war-scathed and desolate. The Spaniards had converted a blooming Eden into a howling wilderness. Sickness and famine brooded over the island, and the conquered and the conquerors were alike wretched. The colony was in a state of anarchy, and the Span-



COLUMBUS IN CHAINS.

iards were intensely exasperated against each other. Columbus met with nothing but trouble. He was emaciate, haggard, and almost blind. Conscious that with his broken constitution he could not long sustain such cares and toils, he decided to seek for a successor in the government, and to return to Spain.

The complaints in the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella against Columbus were now so loud and bitter that another commission was sent out to Hayti, with authority to supersede him in command should he be found guilty. An officer of the royal household named Bobadilla was intrusted with this important commission. This official, who proved to be totally unfit for the delicate duty intrusted to him, immediately upon his arrival assumed the supreme command, and the venerable Admiral, to his utter amazement, was summoned to appear as a criminal before him. Bobadilla, whose name should be handed down to infamy, had the brutality to seize Columbus, aged and infirm as he was, and to put his helpless victim in chains. Columbus, too proud to make unavailing remonstrances, in dignified silence submitted to his fate. The iron had entered his soul.

The renowned discoverer, worthy of the gratitude of the world, was plunged into a prison until a ship could be got ready to transport him across the ocean. He was then taken from his prison, shackled like the vilest culprit, and, surrounded by the jeers of an infamous rabble, was placed on board the vessel and sent to Spain. The commander of the ship, moved with grief and indignation in view of such indignities heaped upon so noble a man, wished, during the voyage, to strike off his chains.

"No!" exclaimed Columbus; "their Majesties commanded me, by letter, to submit to

whatever Bobadilla should order in their name. By their authority he has put these chains upon me. I will wear them till they shall order them to be taken off. And I will preserve them ever afterward as relics and memorials of the rewards of my services."

It is affecting to record that Columbus ever kept these shackles suspended in his room, and requested that they might be deposited at his side in the grave.

The arrival of Columbus at Cadiz in chains excited amazement, which was followed by universal indignation. The whole current of popular sentiment, in all its resistless strength, suddenly turned in his favor. The King and Queen were influenced by the general sentiment. They ordered his chains to be stricken off, directed that he should be treated with every consideration, and invited him to repair immediately to Court, sending him a purse of about eight thousand dollars to defray his expenses. As he entered the presence of Ferdinand and Isabella, and was greeted by them with the utmost sympathy and affection, the great heart of this majestic man was overcome, and, falling upon his knees, he wept, sobbing like a child.

Columbus was now far advanced in years. Still, being fully restored to the royal favor, he made preparations for a fourth voyage. Early in May, 1502, he being then about sixty-six years of age, he again embarked, with four small vessels and a crew of one hundred and fifty men, for an enterprise no less than the circumnavigation of the globe. The largest of these vessels did not exceed seventy tons, and the smallest was of but fifty. Riding safely through many severe tempests, he passed the islands of the Caribbean Sea, and touched the continent at Yucatan. Sailing by a prominent



THE ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.

headland, which he named Cape Gracios a Dios, he cruised southerly along the coast for many leagues, hoping to find a passage through the Isthmus. Not succeeding, he attempted to establish a colony at the mouth of a river called Belem; but the natives were aroused by the licentiousness and the oppression of his men, and the whole country was soon in arms against the Spaniards. The natives attacked the colony most fiercely, and drove the inhabitants from the country. This voyage was also but a series of bitter disappointments. "My people," he writes, "are dismayed and downhearted, almost all my anchors are lost, and my vessels are bored by worms as full of holes as a honeycomb." One of his ships was left a wreck upon the Isthmus. The other ships, being in a sinking condition, he was compelled to run ashore upon the island of Jamaica. He converted the wrecks into a fortress to protect himself from the natives.

The situation of Columbus was now as deplorable as can well be imagined. He was, as it were, imprisoned in his two wrecked vessels, which he had drawn side by side and fortified. He was confined to his bed by severe sickness, and was suffering excruciating pangs from the gout. The natives were manifesting hostility. He was on a distant and unfrequented island one hundred and twenty miles from Hayti, with apparently no possible means of sending intelligence of his condition. The position of affairs was so alarming that a bold mariner undertook the desperate enterprise of crossing the ocean in a canoe to Hayti. He left the shore, and his fragile boat soon disappeared in the boundless expanse of the ocean. Month after month lingered away, and there were no signs of relief. Columbus, tortured with bodily pain, was con-

finied to his berth. His men, despairing of ever again seeing their homes, broke away from all restraints, bade defiance to the authority of the Admiral, and in armed bands ranged the island, visiting upon the poor natives every species of lawless violence.

The natives, exasperated beyond endurance, secretly united in a plan for the destruction of the Spaniards. Columbus, helpless upon his bed of weakness and pain, saw indications of the rising storm. But in this dark hour the firmness of his character shone forth with renewed lustre.

By his knowledge of astronomy he ascertained that a total eclipse of the moon was to occur in a few days. He summoned the principal caciques, informed them that the deity he worshiped was in the skies, that this deity was offended with the Indians for their unfriendly feelings, and for withholding supplies, and that in token of the fearful punishment which awaited them they would soon see the moon fade away. Some scoffed, some were frightened, and all felt secret solicitude.

The night came, brilliant in tropical splendor. The moon rose effulgent over the waves. All eyes were fixed upon it. Soon some dark destruction seemed to be consuming it. The beautiful luminary was rapidly wasting away. The terror of the natives became intense; and when at last the whole moon had disappeared, and portentous gloom shrouded the face of nature, the natives actually shrieked in their dismay. They ran to and fro, and implored Columbus to intercede in their behalf. Columbus said that he would retire and commune with the deity. When the eclipse was about to cease he informed them that God would pardon them upon condition that they would ful-



THE RESCUE.

fill their promises and furnish supplies. The shadow passed away, and the moon, with apparently renovated brilliance, shone forth in the serene sky. The natives were completely vanquished. They regarded Columbus with unspeakable awe, and were henceforth ready to do his bidding.

In this imprisonment, with but little hope of ever being rescued, Columbus, with a few men who were still faithful to him, remained in the wrecked and shattered ships for twelve long and dismal months. Day after day they scanned the horizon till their straining eyes ached, but no sail appeared. There was hardly a possibility that the frail canoe could have reached its destined port; and as the months lingered away, bringing no relief, despair, to which the seamen had long since resigned themselves, began to settle gloomily over the mind even of Columbus. In one of those dismal hours he wrote in the following strain in his journal:

"Hitherto I have wept for *others*; but now have pity upon *me*, oh Heaven, and weep for me, oh earth! In my temporal concerns without a farthing to offer for a mass, cast away here in the Indies, surrounded by cruel and hostile savages, isolated, infirm, expecting each day will be my last! Weep for me whoever has charity, truth, and justice!"

At length, after a year had passed away, two vessels were seen approaching the island. Despair was succeeded by a delirious joy. The mutineers, weary of license and crime, hastened from their dispersion and implored the forgiveness of the kind-hearted Admiral. He pardoned the wretches, and all who had survived the dissipation and the hardships of the year were transferred to Hayti.

Here an appalling spectacle of oppression and

of wretchedness met the eye of Columbus. New rulers were in command. The offscouring of Spain had flocked as adventurers to the doomed island. The natives, who had received Columbus with almost celestial kindness, were converted into slaves, and were driven by the lash to the fields and the mines. If, in irrepressible yearnings for liberty, they attempted to escape and fled to the mountains, their brutal taskmasters with guns and blood-hounds pursued them, and hunted them down as if they were beasts of prey. Las Casas describes these outrages in terms which flood the eye of every humane reader with grief and indignation. Many of the natives in despair killed themselves; and mothers destroyed their own children to save them from the doom of slavery. In less than twelve years, under these atrocities, several hundred thousands of the natives had perished, and before one short half-century had passed the whole native population had sunk in misery into the grave.

Columbus was by nature eminently a humane man. These awful calamities, which he had been instrumental in bringing upon the island, lacerated his soul. His whole life had been a sublime tragedy, hardly enlivened by a single gleam of joy. Again he embarked for Spain. Disasters seemed to pursue him every step of his way. Storm after storm beat fiercely upon his crazy bark. When he arrived he was so exhausted by pain and mental suffering that he could not sit upon a horse. He was removed to Seville, where he hoped to find a little repose. But poverty now stared him in the face. Isabella was dead. Ferdinand was heartless. In a letter to his son he sadly writes:

"I live by borrowing. Little have I profited by twenty years of service with such toils and

perils, since at present I do not own a roof in Spain. If I desire to eat or sleep I have no resort but an inn, and, for the most times, have not wherewithal to pay my bill."

But still the fire of heroic enterprise glowed in the veins of this indomitable man. While helpless upon his bed at Seville, and having already passed his threescore years and ten, with undying enthusiasm he was still planning new and gigantic enterprises, when death came to him with that summons which all must heed.

It was the 20th of May, 1506. With pious resignation he surrendered himself to the king of terrors. He was perfectly willing to depart "beyond the cares of this rough and weary world." Uttering devoutly the words "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit," he breathed his last. His remains were deposited in the convent of St. Francisco at Seville. Thirty years afterward they were removed to

San Domingo, on the island of Hayti. Upon the cession of this island to the French in 1795 the remains of Columbus were transferred with great pomp, by the Spanish authorities, to the cathedral of Havana in Cuba.

In this brief sketch of the career of Columbus, a career more full of wonderful adventure than that of almost any other man, we have, of course, been under the necessity of omitting many occurrences of great interest. The intelligent reader who would become acquainted with the immediate results of the conquest of the New World, with the nature of the colonial governments which were established, with the system of slavery introduced, with the awful drama of the extirpation of the native inhabitants, and the gradual introduction of new races, will find this whole subject philosophically and admirably treated in the work upon the *Spanish Conquest*, by ARTHUR HELPS.

MAGDALEN.

If any woman of us all,
If any woman of the street,
Before the Lord should pause and fall,
And with her long hair wipe his feet—

He whom with yearning hearts we love,
And fain would see with human eyes
Around our living pathway move,
And underneath our daily skies—

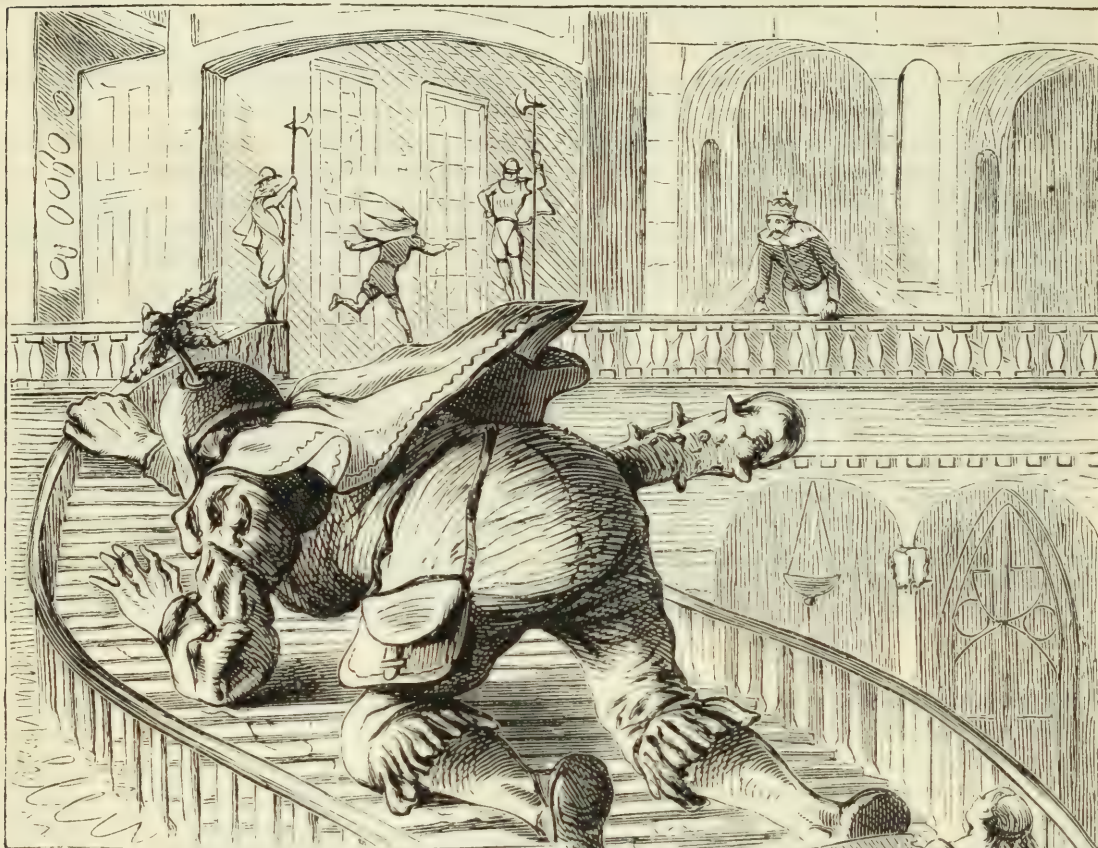
The Maker of the heavens and earth,
The Lord of life, the Lord of death,
In whom the universe had birth,
But breathing of our breath one breath—

If any woman of the street
Should kneel, and with the lifted mesh
Of her long tresses wipe his feet,
And with her kisses kiss their flesh—

How round that woman would we throng,
How willingly would clasp her hands
Fresh from that touch divine, and long
To gather up the twice-blest strands!

How eagerly with her would change
Our idle innocence, nor heed
Her shameful memories and strange,
Could we but also claim that deed!

GLASS-BLOWING FOR LITTLE FOLKS.



THE FALL OF THE GIANT.

IF the Pink Page had not forgotten to fasten the edge of the carpet the Giant would not have tripped; and if the Giant had not tripped I suppose the glass-ware would not have been broken. But the Giant not only tripped, but fell headlong, and came to the floor with such a thump that he broke every window in the King's palace. Not only that! His stupid head burst open the door of the King's glass-closet, and his monstrous feet flew out against the parlor-maid, coming up stairs with a tray, and knocked her down stairs again. So there was smashed in the King's palace all the window-panes; all the tumblers; all the lamp-chimneys; all the bottles.

"Why not send out and buy more?"

My dear young friends, that was more easily said than done, for precisely four reasons:

Nobody had window-panes for sale; because one day a circus and menagerie combined passed the palace just as the King was sitting down to breakfast. The King dropped his napkin and rushed to the window, but it stuck fast and refused to open. Consequently the King did not see the elephant, and flying into a rage he ordered every one who had any connection with the making of windows to be hung; which was done before the King had finished his third cup of coffee.

There was no one to make or sell tumblers; for one day the court physicians had said to his Majesty, who drank too much wine,



"Your Majesty must drink only one small tumbler of claret at dinner."

"One small tumbler!" roared the King; and not daring to send away his doctors, he banished instead every one who dealt in tumblers.

All bottle-makers had been packed off for similar reasons, after his Majesty had been ordered to take cod-liver oil.

And nobody dared mention the word lamp-chimney, for his Majesty had beheaded all the lamp-chimney makers, to teach his servants not to break so many in the kitchen.

So you see here was a more serious business than you could have supposed.

When the King heard the news he flew into a violent rage. Now when the King was in a passion he was sure to be very polite. The more furious his anger the more ceremonious he grew. So when he said to the Giant,

"My dear Hotontimorenos, pray come in;

you know I am always charmed to see you," the Giant began to shake in his monstrous shoes.

"Your Majesty," he said, humbly, "I am very sorry for breaking the glass-ware."

"My dear Hotontimorenos," answered the King, "don't mention it. It is not worth talking about. You will make me as many more window-panes, tumblers, and so on within the next week, and that will be the end of it."

"But—but—I don't know *how*," stammered Hotontimorenos, much frightened.

"My lord Hotontimorenos is too accomplished a gentleman," answered the King, politely, "not to know every thing. But if you really do not know you will discover the method, of course."

"But I have no—no wit, please your Majesty," replied Hotontimorenos, trembling. "I am a clumsy fellow."

"My dear Hotontimorenos, it would grieve me to the heart to think that," said the King; "for if you fail I shall be obliged at the end of the week to cut your head off."

Hotontimorenos fell on his knees.

"My dear fellow, not another word!" said the King, graciously. "If I *must* cut off your head I must, as an example to the rest of my court. But I assure you it will be most painful to my feelings."

"Your Majesty won't feel it half as much as I shall," blubbered the Giant, wiping his eyes on the sleeve of his embroidered jacket.

Now the Giant's next-door neighbor was a poor Wise Man, who, as Hotontimorenos came sulkily home, was laughing in his own door at

the tricks of a little dog. For some reason the sight filled the Giant with rage, and striding up to him, Hotontimorenos said, fiercely,

"If you don't find out how to make them in five days I will have your head, before the King gets mine."

"How to make what?" asked the Wise Man, in astonishment.

"Window-panes—tumblers—bottles—lamp-chimneys!" answered Hotontimorenos, savagely.

"But of what are they made?" cried the Wise Man, still more bewildered.

"How should I know? I am a Lord of the Court, and a follower of the King," replied Hotontimorenos, haughtily. "It is for *you* to learn such things."

Just here came a messenger from the King.

"My lord Hotontimorenos, his Majesty sends his compliments, and reminds you that the whole palace is shivering in the draughts. The Queen has crick in the neck, the Prince has toothache, and all the ladies are grumbling, and have blue noses! So you will please to be quick about the window-panes."

Before Hotontimorenos could reply came a second courier.

"His Majesty," said number two, "is suffering with *ague*! So is the Dame of the Powder Closet, and twenty of the Pink Pages; and nobody can take any medicine, for there are no bottles."

"His Majesty," shouted a third courier, close behind the second, "desires that you will set about the tumblers at once, as the Bishop of Biscuits is coming to dine to-morrow."

"His Majesty," cried a fourth messenger, "is in the dark. So is all the palace. Not a lamp can be lighted in it. The cooks are waiting for light to cook the supper. The babies are squalling for lights to go to bed. The Queen can't see to put up her curl-papers for the Bishop of Biscuits. The ladies are afraid of ghosts; and every body will be obliged to you for the lamp-chimneys as soon as possible."

"You hear," roared Hotontimorenos, seizing the Wise Man by the throat. "Window-panes—tumblers—lamp-chimneys—bottles!" accompanying each word by a shake. "If you don't have them all by to-morrow morning I will dash your brains out."

Then he turned on his heel, and ordered his cooks to roast him an ox for supper, that while he lived he might live, as became a giant twenty feet high. But the Wise Man shut his door and sat down in his chimney-corner, not to blubber, as the Giant had done, but to think.

It was a huge chimney, large enough to have roasted the Giant's ox; but there smouldered on its hearth only one little half-dead Coal, for the Wise Man, as I have said, was very poor. There was something, however, peculiar about this Coal, for it seemed to watch the Wise Man, as he sat there with his head on his hand, like



THE WISE MAN AND THE GIANT.



THE WISE MAN AT HOME.

a wide-open eye; and when the Wise Man said aloud in despair, "How can I make these things when I have nothing in the house but a barrel of sand!" it actually winked; and when the Wise Man started, it winked again.

"Eh! What did you do that for?" asked the Wise Man.

"To see how near you came to it," snapped the Coal.

"Came to what?"

"Making your glass. Glass is made from sand and—"

"Soap," guessed the Wise Man.

"No, not soap."

"Soda," guessed the Wise Man, remembering something that he had read.

"Yes. But what are you about there? Don't you see I am going out? Build me up."

The Wise Man ran for chips, but there were no chips; so he split up his three-legged stool.

"That is not half enough," crackled the Fire, blazing and sputtering. "Build me higher."

The Wise Man broke up his table and bedstead, and threw the bits on the flame.

"More!" roared the Fire. "Build me higher, or you will never do what you wish."

The Wise Man looked all about him. There was nothing except the outer door of his crazy old dwelling. With a dozen blows he broke down the door and flung it on the hearth. The flame leaped up broad and red, filling the chimney with a shower of sparks, and looking toward the ceiling the Wise Man saw the fire-light, not dancing there but coming down in hundreds and hundreds of bright, twinkling feet, crowding one behind the other.

Hotontimorenos was troubled that night with bad dreams. Now he was a bottle full of nauseous medicine, and the King *would* tilt him up by the heels; and now he was a window-pane, and every moment in danger of being broken. Consequently he woke up trembling and in an ill humor; but remembering the Wise Man, he determined to go and dash his brains out without further ceremony. He walked along with monstrous strides, muttering to himself and fumbling with the club in his belt, and met the Wise Man in the door.



THE WISE MAN'S HOME CHANGED.



BLOWING GLASS.

"Walk in! walk in!" said the Wise Man, rubbing his hands. "We are coming on finely, my lord Hotontimorenos."

"Bless my soul!" cried Hotontimorenos, staring. And no wonder; for, to begin with, you could never have known the Wise Man's house. If it had been a gutta-percha house, pulled out to twice its size, and with the roof drawn up into a monstrous chimney, it could not have been more altered; and where had been the Wise Man's bedstead and stool were wooden benches, with long iron arms, small cast iron tables, tubs, and pails of water; and around the room a row of ovens heated to a dull redness, as though the Wise Man had suddenly turned baker. In the middle was a huge blast-furnace, like a monstrous bee-hive of brick, with four great round mouths; and in those mouths something that whirled and glowed as though you were boiling yellow flames. And going about among the ovens and tables, without looking to the right or left, as many men

as if the Wise Man had been the father of a hundred children or so, and they had all suddenly grown up and come home together. And you may see just such men and such work in many an American factory; but these, as you and I know, were the Dwellers in Fire, who had come to help the Wise Man.

"Why—why! what—is all this?" stammered Hotontimorenos.

"Hush!" said the Wise Man. "Now we shall see something curious."

Every moment the workmen went to and from the furnace with long iron rods. And one, near Hotontimorenos, dipping his rod in one of its open mouths, brought out something that stuck fast to its lower end; but that looked like a lump of red fire. The rod was hollow, for our workman blew through till his cheeks swelled out like a trumpeter's, and the fiery lump grew longer, and stretched out like India rubber. He twisted and twirled it about, and blew again with all his breath through the rod, and the lump puffed out round and large, as your breath swells out a thin India rubber ball, so that it looked as if he was blowing a red-hot soap-bubble.

"What is he going to make?" asked Hotontimorenos, a little afraid.

"Please to step out of the way," answered the Wise Man, impatiently.

Behind the Giant was a little wooden trough, to which ran the workman, minding Hotontimorenos's twenty feet of gold embroidery no more than if he had been a fly; turning and pressing the bubble on the edge of the trough, and cooling the rod with water. And then in front of

the great furnace somebody had dug a square pit like a cellar, covering it with boards with wide spaces between, as you saw in the floor of your father's house before it was finished. Running across these to the fire the man toasted this wonderful lump, which was red-hot like a coal, and stretched and puffed out like India rubber; and then Hotontimorenos stepped back, he hardly knew why; and backward and forward it began to swing—the long iron rod and the fiery ball—as though the workman were a clock and it the pendulum. Backward and forward, from the oven, down between the boards, out again on the other side, almost to the lower button of Hotontimorenos's waistcoat; and it was no longer a bubble, but a monstrous red-hot pear. And then it was no longer a pear, but long and round, like what we call a cylinder. And if you don't understand that, make the two edges of a stiff sheet of pasteboard meet together, and stand it on end, and you will have a cylinder. Only this cylinder, as the strong workman swung it on his iron rod, was closed at top and bottom, and was as long as your six-year-old sister, and larger around than her body; and though at either end it was still red-hot, the sides glittered and looked like— What do you suppose? Hotontimorenos guessed it.

"It's glass!" shouted Hotontimorenos.

"Exactly!" said the Wise Man, fairly on his tip-toes with delight.

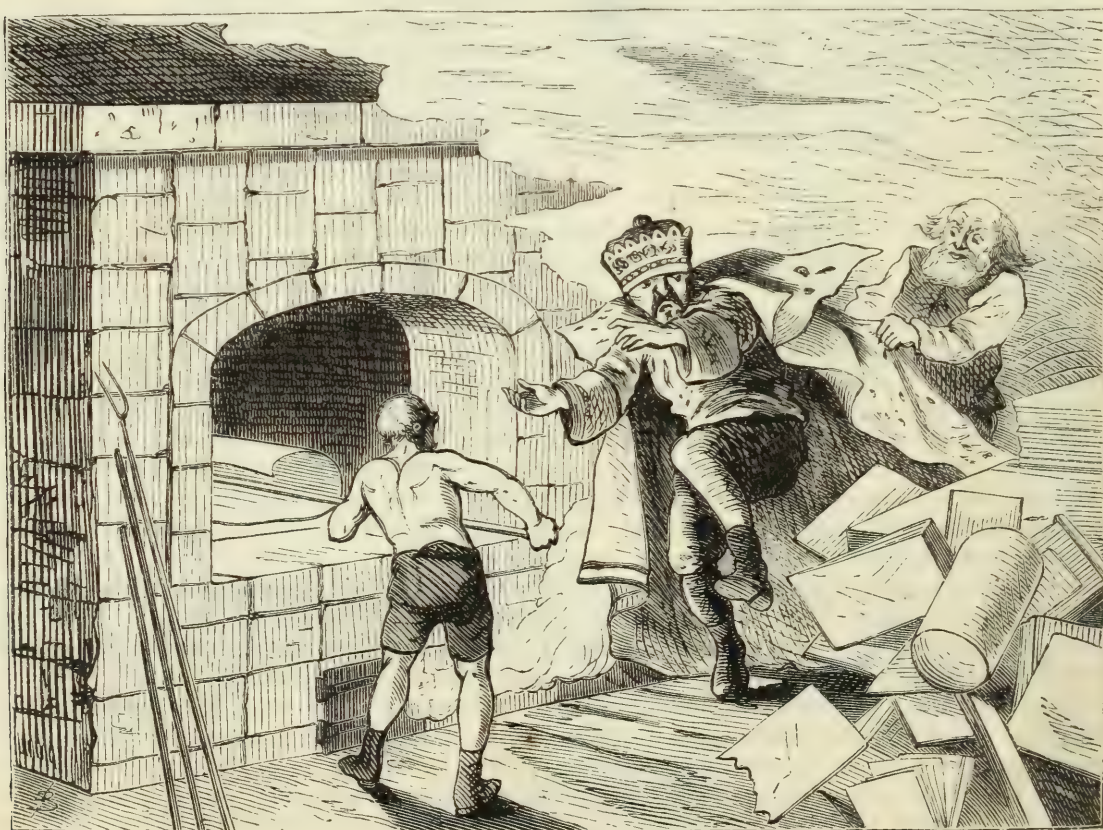
The tall workman drew up the rod. He held the lower end of the cylinder to the fire, and then he blew through the rod. When he had done that he stopped the end through which he had just blown with his thumb. The lower

end of the cylinder, in the terrible heat, began to stretch and spread out, and so grew thinner and weaker. The particles of air blown into the cylinder, being heated, grew larger too, struggled to get out, and burst open the lower end of the cylinder, because it was the weakest—which was just what was wanted.

The workman laid the glass cylinder on a table, and striking the rod gently loosened it from the glass. He brought out on his rod a bit of red-hot glass from the furnace, and pulling it out with a pair of iron pincers like a gutta-percha string, laid it evenly around the closed end of the cylinder.

"What is *that* for?" asked Hotontimorenos, much surprised.

With his pincers the man took away the red-hot circle, and under it the Giant saw a line burned in the glass. He struck the closed end of the circle lightly outside of the burned line, and it fell off, leaving the cylinder open; because glass is made up of atoms or little particles holding tightly together by what is called attraction of cohesion; just as you and your little friends might stand in a circle and hold each other tight by the hands. But the particles under the red-hot line were so violently heated that they grew suddenly larger and pulled apart, as if you and your friends should only hold each other by the tips of your fingers. Then, you know, if any one came suddenly and pushed or startled you, how easily he could break your circle. So when the red-hot circle was taken away, the cold, striking on the heated particles, made each particle suddenly draw itself together; and with that they quite lost their



IT'S WINDOW GLASS!

hold on each other and around the heated line. The man could break away the glass as evenly as if it had been cut off. I tell you this because in this way glass can be broken off smoothly in any direction that you like. But the Wise Man did not have time to explain it to Hotontimorenos, for just at that moment the King popped his head in at the door.

His Majesty, like Hotontimorenos, had passed a bad night. First, he was cold. Next, he was afraid in the dark; and rising early he determined to have off Hotontimorenos's head without further ceremony; but when he came to the Giant's house the Giant was not at home, and following him to the Wise Man's house his Majesty was struck dumb with astonishment, as Hotontimorenos had been.

"What is all this?" exclaimed the King, staring wildly at the fires, and the furnace, and the tall workmen, and the table covered with glass cylinders.

"Window-glass, your Majesty," answered the Wise Man, proudly.

"Window-glass! Likely story!" said the King. "Window-glass is flat. How can you make a flat sheet out of these brittle rolls of glass?"

"Walk this way, your Majesty, and you will see our men sawing through and through these cylinders with a red-hot iron bar to cut them open on one side," answered the Wise Man. "Here they are, your Majesty, and you see they are cut as straight as possible. And now, if your Majesty will step a little further, you will see these rolls opened into flat sheets of glass, out of which can be made as many panes as are needed for the windows in your Majesty's palace. This way, your Majesty."

"Yes, yes," answered the King.

But, to tell the truth, he was a little flurried. He was afraid of the grimy workmen, shouting and waving what looked to him like fire. Tyrants are always afraid, you know; and his crown was too large, and would tumble over his nose, and in trying to settle his crown he swept down a pile of glass with his sleeve, and was so startled by the crash that he nearly fell headlong into the oven, where a workman was watching a cylinder about to open.

"Your Majesty sees," said the Wise Man, taking no notice of the King's furious looks, "how the glass is growing soft and sticky in this great heat, like a sheet of jujube paste. And now you see it is so soft that it can no longer hold together in its round form, but is opening; and now see, your Majesty, it falls quite open and lies out flat on the hot stone, while the workman smoothes out the wrinkles and creases with his wooden roller. Your Majesty sees also that this wide stone on which the glass lies in the oven is one of four which are joined together and swung around on a pivot. The workman cries out 'Hola!' and they swing the stone and its sheet of glass around to a little railroad running from the oven to the open air. Watch him now. Here you

see is a little car having four shelves of zinc. He will lift the sheet of glass on that metal pitchfork to one of the zinc shelves; and, as all the shelves are now full, we shall send the car down the railroad track, the glass sheets cooling on the way; while here, you see, is a fresh stone waiting for a fresh cylinder to be pushed upon it from that round throat in the back of the oven."

Bang—boom—whiz—crash!

"Oh! ow! murder!" roared the King. "What's that?"

"Nothing, your Majesty," answered the Wise Man, nearly choked in trying not to laugh. "Only the rattling of the shelves of the car as it rolls on the track. Here is the cutting-room, your Majesty, and the cutting-table, with the inches marked on it. How large shall your Majesty's windows be?—thirty-six inches wide? This man, with his rule and pencil, will rule out the panes on this sheet of glass as you might rule a sheet of note-paper; only there is a diamond in his pencil, and as he marks his line he has cut it also through the glass. Here is a pane, your Majesty, of the size you desired."

"Hum!" said the King, beginning to look gracious; for here were no pitchforks or balls of fire to frighten him. "And who found all this out?"

Hotontimorenos, whom nobody had noticed, thought that here was his time.

"It is only a little invention of my own, your Majesty," he said, loftily, not supposing that the Wise Man would dare to contradict him.



MY LITTLE INVENTION.

"Only a little invention of *yours*!" cried the Wise Man, turning sharply on him. "Why, man, glass beads are found in the wrappers of mummies three thousand years old; and there are pictures of glass-blowers made in the days when the Jews lived in Egypt. An invention of *yours*, my lord Hotontimorenos! There is a country called the United States, which has not the honor and glory of being governed by your Majesty, in which are glass-factories to which this is but a toy. In Lenox, Massachusetts, they cast plate-glass. The melted glass is poured from the pots upon a huge cast iron table, provided with a metal ledge which keeps the glass from running over and regulates the depth of the plate; and on this ledge moves a copper roller, pushing before it the excess of glass, in which you may see all the colors of the rainbow; after which—"

"Yes, yes," said the King, impatiently; "but what were you saying of this country of the United States?"

"That there is a glass-factory in a city called Newark, in the State of New Jersey, where glass is bent in shape for bow-windows, and where is made the most beautiful enameled glass; not to mention many other glass-works, all larger than this; or a country called England, where—"

"The United States!" interrupted the King, sticking to his first idea. "Where there are so many factories there must be money. I will send an army there to-morrow."

"But, your Majesty, the United States is a vast country, with more than thirty millions of inhabitants," answered the Wise Man, aghast.

"Why didn't you say so, then?" snapped the King, flying into a rage. "And what has all this to do with tumblers and lamp-chimneys, I should like to know? Window-panes are very well; but something more is needed, I assure you."

"If your Majesty will come this way you will see that something else is being done," returned the Wise Man. "But that my lord Hotontimorenos invented glass-making is simply absurd. All the world has known for thousands of years that glass is made from sand and soda. For flint-glass you must have pure quartz sand, and also red-lead. For plate-glass you need pure materials and considerable quantities of soda. We are using sand purified with lime and potash. A mixture of iron gives a dark green color. Black bottles are made from river sand, rock-salt, and carbonate of lime. But whatever are your materials, you mix them well with broken glass, and heat the pots to a white heat. We make our pots from clay brought from Germany, another country which has the misfortune not to be governed by your Majesty. We try the boiling glass mixture from time to time, skimming off the scum, which we call sand-gall; and when the glass is properly melted we let it cool from forty to forty-eight hours. And there is all the process, that all the world has known for hundreds of years;

and in this way the glass becomes as you see it here, where the men are blowing your Majesty's lamp-chimneys and tumblers."

"Tumblers!" echoed the King, eagerly. But, alas! one should never visit glass-factories in crowns and robes trimmed with ermine; and if I have any young princes among my readers, I hope they will remember the warning. For the King tripped in his ermine robe, and pitching forward, his crown, which, as you know, was too large, fell off and was crushed under the feet of a workman on his way to the furnace.

"Fellow!" roared the King. But the workman paid no sort of attention. He dipped a bit of red-hot glass from the pot in the furnace on the end of his iron rod. He blew through the rod and puffed out the glass. He waved it about, and it stretched out longer. He rolled and turned and pressed and shaped it on the bed of a little cast iron table—the bed not lying flat, as in common tables, but slanting downward. He pinched and nipped the glass at top with a pair of iron pincers. He drew out the pulp with his pincers, and with one nip cut off the other end. He toasted the lower end at the fire, and it grew larger; drew it out, measured it with compasses, struck on his rod, and the pulp fell into a box of sand a lamp-chimney. A boy handed him a second rod, with the red-hot glass already a little blown, and he twirled and blew and shaped and pinched and clipped it; toasted and measured and threw it off, precisely as before; twenty other men all working about him in precisely the same way, never hesitating for an instant, and all faster than I can tell you about it, as if they had been so many iron men working by steam.

The Wise Man rubbed his hands together for delight.

"We are coming on finely, your Majesty."

"Don't know about that," answered the King, sulkily. "I shall charge you for my crown. It was double gilt. Lamp-chimneys may be all very well, but I see no tumblers."

The Wise Man pointed just before the King.

"Why, that is a pump on a platform," said the King.

"But only wait a little," answered the Wise Man, laughing softly.

On the platform stood an iron box with long handles, into which a workman dropped melted glass, while another cut the glass with a pair of scissors. The inside of this box was shaped and marked like a tumbler. The workman lifted the pump-handle, and there came down, not water, but an iron knob, in the midst of the red-hot glass, pressing the glass, which was as soft and sticky as soft molasses candy, against the tumbler-shaped sides of the box. The man seized the box by the handles, and turning it upside down, there dropped out a red-hot tumbler. A boy was waiting with a rod, which he pressed softly on the bottom of the tumbler, to which it stuck fast as he carried it to the fire to be toasted. By the furnace, on a wooden bench with iron arms, sat a man, who polished the tumblers

as they came from the fire with a bit of wood dipped in water, rubbing it over the tumbler's edge as he held it on the rod across the arms of his seat, and striking the tumblers from the rod into a box of sand.

"But I see no bottles!" said the King, determined to find fault with something.

"Bottles! why, here they are, your Majesty," said the Wise Man, cheerily. "These iron boxes are shaped within like the bottles that we wish to make; and they are in two parts, fastened together by hinges, so that they can be shut by the foot. Your Majesty sees this man blowing this bit of red-hot glass. He drops it into this box, and shuts it with his foot. He blows into the box, forcing the hot soft glass against its sides; and here is the boy ready to cut the neck of the bottle free from the glass still on the end of the rod. The man turns to blow another bottle; but the boy, still holding the bottle-neck in his shears, draws it softly forth from the mould. By the fire a man holds a bottle-case of zinc, into which the bottle just blown is dropped, you see, and held to the fire, that its neck may be softened by the heat; and here, your Majesty, is a man with wooden shears to polish and smooth the rim as the edge of the tumblers was smoothed. Finally, here, your Majesty, is our tempering-oven, where our glass-ware is brought from the boxes of sand on metal pitchforks, and laid out in rows to be hardened in the dull heat of this oven for the next twelve hours."

"Yes—but—" answered the King, "this, after all, is only common glass, and the Queen is very particular about her table-ware."

"Your Majesty," answered the Wise Man, "we are blowing this glass simply that your Majesty need not suffer with cold, darkness, and thirst. We are making flint-glass also; but it is a slower process, as we make it in closed pots, with only an opening in the side of the neck, lest it should be discolored by smoke. We have workmen here who will blow you a tumbler without help of a mould, and will cut you off the top of a wine-glass while he flourishes it on the end of his rod. And we have others who will cut you out these beautiful patterns on bottles and tumblers only, by holding them on the edge of these wheels, which are turned by steam. See, your Majesty! the smooth edge of

this wheel is made of a stone which we brought from Scotland last night, fed with water which drops on it from above. Here is a tumbler, your Majesty. There is only a line drawn around the middle, and a few dots here and there on the tumbler; but as the man presses it on the edge of the wheel, now here, now there, your Majesty sees this beautiful vine is cut in the glass! and—"

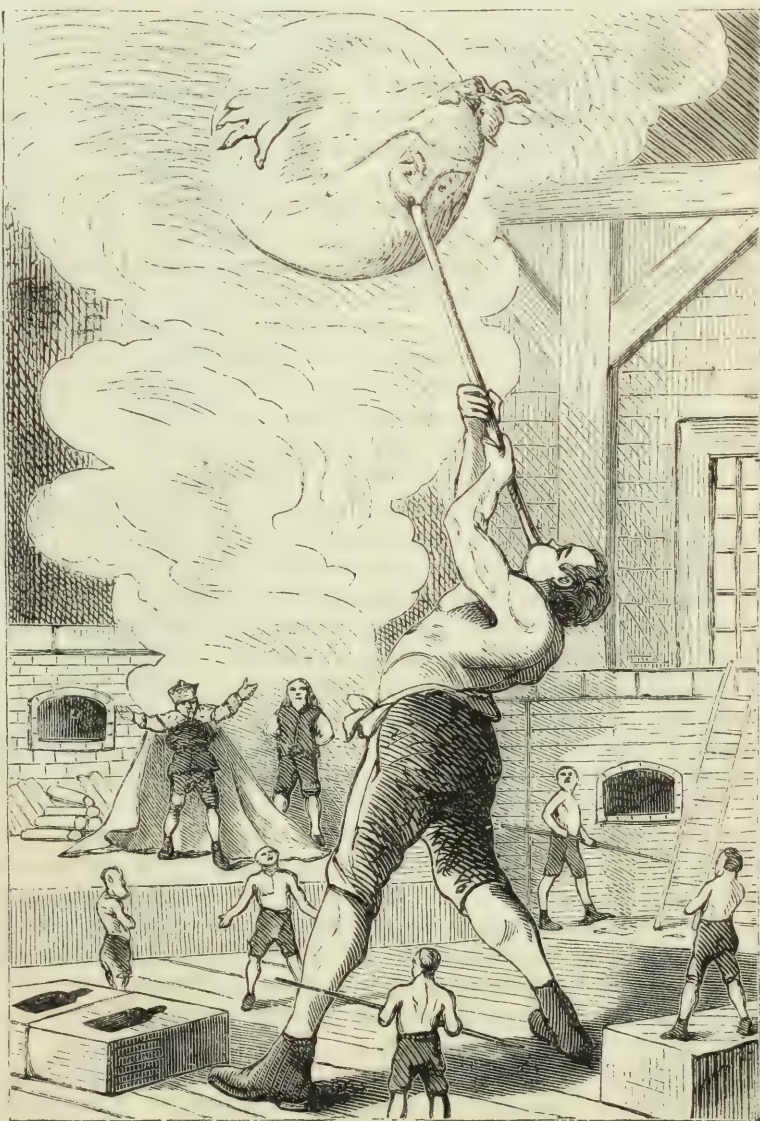
"Yes, yes!" interrupted the King. "All very fine! But where is Hotontimorenos?"

The Wise Man looked astonished, and no doubt would have opened his eyes wider yet could he have known of what the King was thinking. For his Majesty was not delighted with the window-panes and the bottles and tumblers. On the contrary, he only said to himself that here was a man who knew not only all these wonderful things, but strange countries of which he had never heard, and that one day this Wise Man might take a fancy to his throne. So, stepping to the door, he said to the Giant:

"Hotontimorenos! pitch him in."

"Who, your Majesty?" asked the Giant.

"The Wise Man," answered his Majesty. "He has been guilty of high treason. He knows more than the King. Throw him into



BLOWING UP THE GIANT.

his own furnace. We have glass enough without him."

"Very good, your Majesty," answered the Giant, pulling up his waistband. But in the doorway he met a workman as monstrous as himself.

"What are you doing here?" asked the workman, and fastened the end of his rod on the Giant's nose.

Oh! then the Giant roared; but roaring was of no use. Up he went in the air, for all his twenty feet of length. The workman blew with all his might, and the Giant drew up and rounded into a great glass bubble. The workman dropped him into a bottle-mould and blew again, and the Giant came out a bottle. And it is decreed that he shall always be full of the nastiest medicine, and that he shall always be horribly afraid of being broken.

Just as this was completed the King, hearing the uproar, came running in.

"What is this?" cried his Majesty. "Oh! oh! ow!" for, as quickly as before, the monstrous workman had him also by the nose, and blew him and swung him and moulded him and

toasted him, and he came out a little fat pitcher; and he, also, will always be afraid of being broken, and so sorry that people will wipe him out dry and never leave him a drop for himself.

As for the Wise Man, he blows glass for all the kingdom, and grows richer every day.



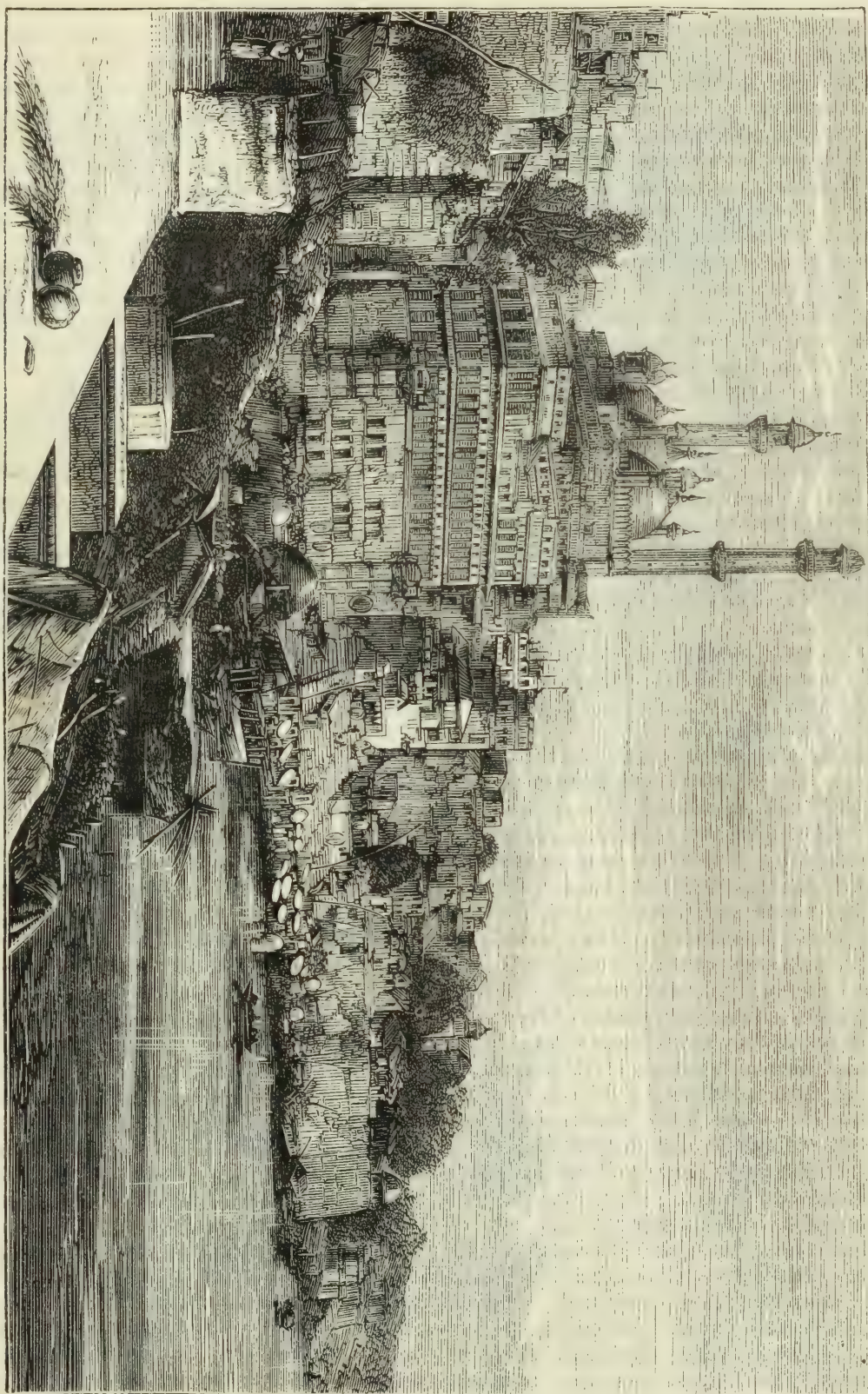
THE WISE MAN'S WORK.

THE SACRED CITY OF THE HINDUS.

THE peculiar interest which antiquity imparts to cities and monuments is not due to age alone, to the lapse of time merely, by which these objects become remote, so as to be seen through the long vista of many intervening generations, but to the unfamiliarity with which age invests all things, separating them from us by abysses which sometimes neither the memory nor the records of men can span or illuminate. They become thus hieroglyphic symbols of a life which in some sense belongs to us, because it is human; but we can only imperfectly read the signs, and though our sympathy is courted, our intelligence is defied. The challenge to our powers of analysis, thus sent, as from a distant star whose light is thrown like a gauntlet at our feet ages after its own dissolution, sharpens curiosity and augments our interest. The very darkness which gathers about the path of the antiquarian lends the romance of wonder and adventure to his most tedious investigations. He is the leader and representative of the telescopic intelligence of his era striving to resolve into constellations the nebulous milky-way of pre-historic times; and even his partial success crowns him with brighter honors than are awarded to triumphant geologists and astronomers.

Antiquity discloses to us a life which is our own and yet not our own, just as old earth-fossils establish a similarity of types at the same time that they indicate forms and proportions with which we are unacquainted. It is the same life, but revolves in a separate orbit and about a different centre. It is not only different because we view it in perspective, but be-

cause also it presents diversities as remarkable as those which separate our flowers and forests and animals from the vegetable and animal monstrosities of pre-Adamite existence. In some respects it is to our modern life like the representations of art, "*similia in alia materia*," like a sculptured bass-relief, or like a drama. The mask and buskin and other paraphernalia of the Grecian stage did not more effectually remove the actor into a sphere separate from that of the spectator (so isolated, indeed, that within this charmed circle the descent of the gods from above, or the ascent of furies from the underworld, never taxed the imagination of the Athenian audience to give to these apparitions the semblance of reality) than do the differences of outward circumstance, of temperament, of mental constitution—in fine, of all the conditions which regulate thought and action, separate from us the men and women of the ancient world. Not more unfamiliar to Homer or to his audience appeared the heroes that warred about Troy, or even those ancient ladies of whom Ulysses caught a passing glimpse in the dark recesses of Hades, than do Homer and his contemporaries appear to us. The removal by death of a single generation of men shuts against the following one the gates of a world more alien than it is credited to be, or than the record of it which survives ever perfectly indicates. The Puritan is already a stranger, how much more the ancient Scythian, or Egyptian, or Hindu, who are not only removed from us by a succession of generations, but also by alienation of race and climate—who inhabited regions which even to the cultivated Greeks and Romans



THE MINARETS, FROM THE GANGES.

were enshrouded in the obscurity of fable. So that Herodotus, returned from his Egyptian tour, seemed like a visitant from another planet to the Athenians. So that in the more modern Augustan era the traveler to these dusky outskirts of the world appeared to launch out upon a phantom-haunted desert:

*"Sive per syrtis iter æstuosas
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes."*

Still, notwithstanding this vast interval of separation, we are bound to those remote times by a sympathetic, unifying force which is stronger than that of gravitation. This sympathy is an original instinct in man—it is the grand Race-Passion. It is the centripetal force of human life, bringing about a reconciliation between its present and its past—it is the genius of reflection lifting the Isis veil in order to interpret that which is by that which has been. It is the secret source of the awe that inspires

us when we behold the pyramids and the face of Memnon. It afforded the basis of the most sacred oath known to the ancients. It was the ground of that fear which the Greeks personified in Nemesis.

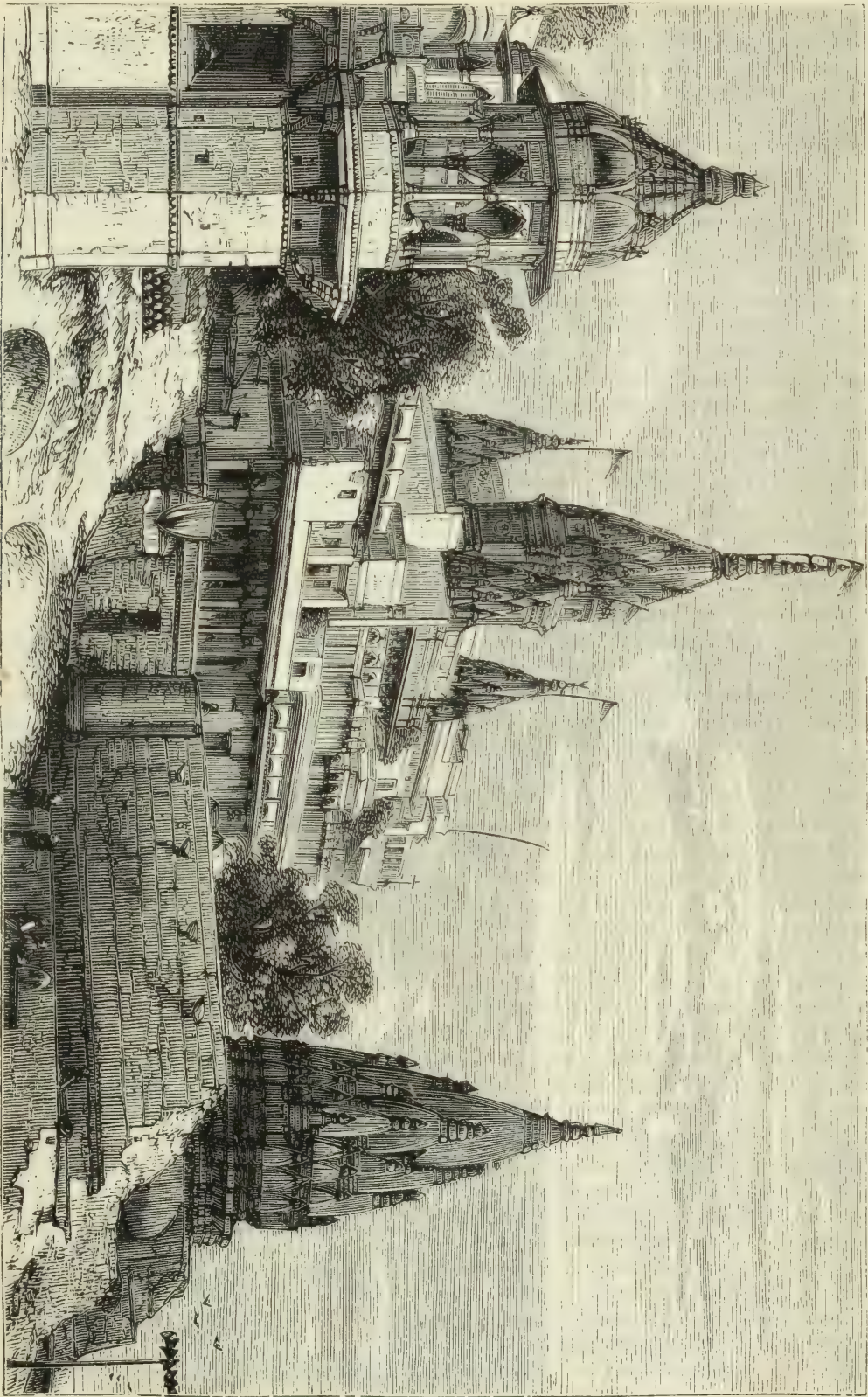
But the zeal of the historian and the archæologist—a zeal born of this Race-Passion—is often baffled, and is never perfectly satisfied with the results of its search. The startling events of remote history have left behind them sometimes no trace at all, and often only faint signs which are scarcely intelligible. The invasion of the Shepherd Kings—in itself, doubtless, an occurrence of great and lasting moment—left but a dent upon the soil of Egypt. Nomadic invasions in Asia that, age after age, overturned empires have left no more palpable record than the flight of comets through space upon the regions they have traversed. The most ancient monuments known to the antiquarian—signs, perhaps, of conquests that shook the world, or of religious emotions which swayed millions of the human race—stare us stolidly in the face; they can not tell their story. More recent memorials, having still hovering about them the fragrance of the meanings which they embody, are confused, the symbols of one age being blended with, or, as in a palimpsest, written over those of another.

Thus it is with Benares—the Sacred City of the Hindus—a city so ancient that its origin is only mythically recorded. As the religious centre of Hinduism, of Buddhism, and then of Hinduism again, and for a long period as a secondary centre of Islamism, it has influenced the faith of more than half of the world's population. But numerous conflicts have almost entirely obliterated its earliest monuments; and what has not been thus obliterated has become inextricably confused on account of the appropriation by one conquering faith of the religious temples of that which preceded. Hindu writers have done little to relieve the difficulties of the archæologist; "they have shown a singular neglect of chronology, and an utter distaste for noting and recording historical facts in a simple and consecutive manner. This is the more remarkable when it is remembered that many of them have been accustomed to close thought, and have prided themselves on their intellectual acumen, that they have originated numerous systems of philosophy, and made great pretensions to logical accuracy; and that the habit of the nation generally, for thousands of years, has been to reverence the past, and to reflect upon and observe, with punctilious nicety, its religious ceremonies and social usages..... They possess no single record, among the ten thousand separate manuscript works of which their ancient literature is said to be composed, on the historical correctness of which one can place much reliance. Legendary stories are so intermingled with real events, and the web of the one is so intimately inwoven with the woof of the other, and the two form so homogeneous a whole, that the finest microscopic intel-

lects of Europe, after patient and long-continued examination, have been well-nigh baffled in the attempt to discover which is fiction and which is fact. A few threads of truth have rewarded their pains, and perhaps a few others may occasionally be drawn forth; but that the gaudy-colored fabric of Hindu history, manufactured by themselves, will ever be satisfactorily separated into its two component parts is as hopeless as to expect that the waters of the Jumna will ever cease to mingle with the waters of the Ganges.....The result is, that this city of Benares, whose antiquity is very great, is robbed of much of the glory which is justly her due."*

The study of Indian antiquities is very recent. "Only within the last few years," says Mr. Sherring, "so far as I am aware, have any inquiries been made in a regular manner after old buildings in Benares. James Prinsep, the great Indian archæologist, was a resident in the city for about ten years; but it does not appear that he made any important discoveries in it.....Major Kittoe, the late Government archæologist, and the architect of the Government College—a beautiful Gothic structure in the suburbs of the city—although interesting himself in the excavations of Sárnáth, some three miles north of Benares, did not, so far as is known, examine the city itself. Indeed, so inattentive was he to its claims to antiquity that he removed many cart-loads of heavy stones, some of which were curiously carved, from Bakarigá Kund, on the confines of the city, and not more than a mile from the college which he was erecting, without reflecting that they might possibly be relics of ancient buildings formerly situated on that site. As a fact, they were originally connected with a series of Buddhist edifices covering perhaps as much space as those structures the foundations and remains of which are found at Sárnáth. A third archæologist, Mr. Thomas, late Judge of Benares, and a distinguished numismatist, trod in the same footsteps, only taking interest in the coins discovered in the city and in the Sárnáth explorations. As instances of ruthless spoliation, I may here remark that, in the erection of one of the bridges over the river Barna, forty-eight statues and other sculptured stones were removed from Sárnáth and thrown into the river, to serve as a breakwater to the piers; and that, in the erection of the second bridge, the iron one, from fifty to sixty cart-loads of stones from the Sárnáth buildings were employed. But this Vandalism hardly equals that of Babu Jagat Sinh, who, in the last century, carted away an entire *tope*, or sacred tower, from the same vast store-house, with which he built Jagat Ganj, a ward or district in the suburbs of the city." Much of the existing city has been built in comparatively modern times, and, with the exception of an occasional bit of

* The quotations given in this paper, unless referred to other authority, are from Mr. Sherring's work, "The Sacred City of the Hindus," recently published in London.



RAJA OF AHMETY'S TEMPLE.

old frieze or cornice, or a broken bass-relief or statue, inserted into recent walls, deposited over drains, or lying neglected by the side of the road, there is nothing of an ancient character visible in a large section of it; but in the northern quarter of the city there exist a large number of isolated specimens of architectural remains of various stages of antiquity. Not only are there in this quarter separate buildings, or parts of buildings, of an early style of Hindu

architecture, but also sculptured stones of many kinds distributed among the walls and foundations of modern houses, and in such profusion that there can be no doubt as to the existence of an older city upon this site. Some of the capitals, pillars, bases, architraves, and mouldings are most severely simple in their type, indicating great antiquity, while others are crowded with ornamentation.

"It is worthy of notice," says Mr. Sherring,

"as illustrating the nature of Mohammedan rule in India, that nearly all the buildings in Benares, of acknowledged antiquity, have been appropriated by the Mussulmans; being used as mosques, mausoleums, dargâhs, and so forth; and also that a large portion of the separate pillars, architraves, and various other ancient remains, which, as before remarked, are so plentifully found in one part of the city, now contribute to the support and adornment of their edifices. Not content with destroying temples and mutilating idols with all the zeal of fanatics, they fixed their greedy eyes on whatever object was suited to their own purposes, and, without scruple or any of the tenderness shown by the present rulers, seized upon it for themselves. And thus it has come to pass that every solid and durable structure, and every ancient stone of value, being esteemed by them as their peculiar property, has, with very few exceptions, passed into their hands. We believe it was the boast of Alâuddin that he had destroyed one thousand temples in Benares alone. How many more were razed to the ground, or transformed into mosques through the iconoclastic fervor of Aurungzeb, there is no means of knowing; but it is not too much to say that he was unsurpassed in this feature of religious fanaticism by any of his predecessors. If there is one circumstance respecting the Mohammedan period which Hindus remember better than another it is the insulting pride of the Mussulmans, the outrages which they perpetrated upon their religious convictions, and the extensive spoliation of their temples and shrines..... When we endeavor to ascertain what the Mohammedans have left to the Hindus of their ancient buildings in Benares, we are startled at the result of our investigations. Although the city is bestrewn with temples in every direction, in some places very thickly, yet it would be difficult, I believe, to find twenty temples in all Benares of the age of Aurungzeb, or from 1658 to 1707. The same unequal proportion of old temples as compared with new is visible throughout the whole of Northern India. Moreover, the diminutive size of nearly all the temples that exist is another powerful testimony to the stringency of the Mohammedan rule. It seems clear that, for the most part, the emperors forbade the Hindus to build spacious temples, and suffered them to erect only small structures, of the size of cages, for their idols, and these of no pretensions to beauty. The consequence is, that the Hindus of the present day, blindly following the example of their predecessors of two centuries ago, commonly build their religious edifices of the same dwarfish size as formerly; but, instead of plain, ugly buildings, they are often of elegant construction. Some of them, indeed, are so delicately carved externally, are so crowded with bass-reliefs and minute sculpturing, are so lavishly ornamented that the eye of the beholder becomes satiated and wearied. In regard to size there is a marked difference between the temples of Northern

and Southern India; the latter being frequently of gigantic dimensions. Yet, in respect of symmetry and beauty, the difference is immensely in favor of the Northern fanes."

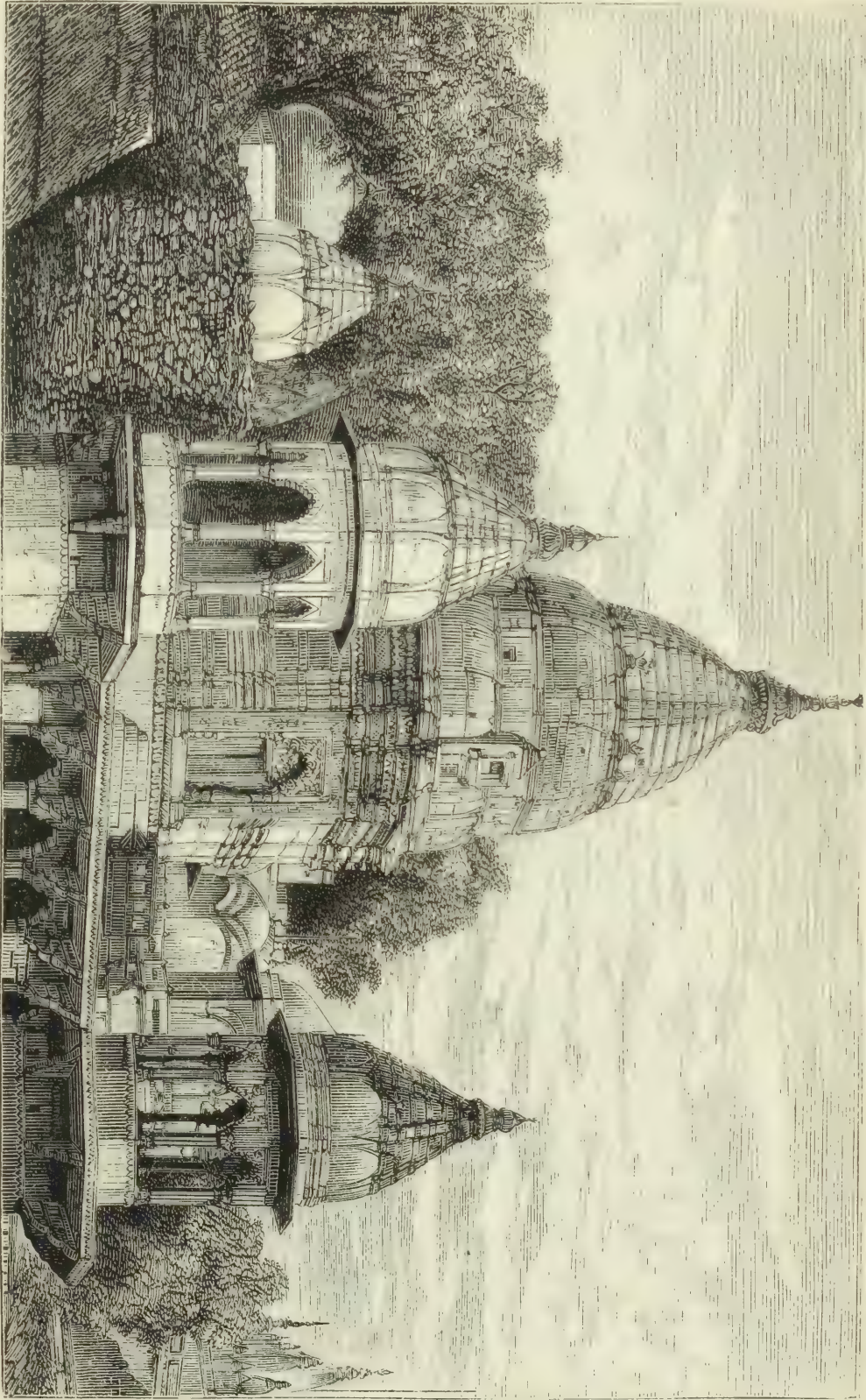
The purpose of Mr. Sherring's work is to give a representation of Benares as she was and as she is; of "her early condition—her connection with ancient Buddhism, her architectural remains, her famous temples, holy wells and tanks, and numerous ghâts or stairs leading down to the Ganges—the legends concerning them—the peculiar customs at the temples—the ceremonies of the idolator—the modes of worship—the religious festivals, and other topics, illustrative of the character which Benares maintains as the sacred city of India." This subject is the more interesting in that Benares, which has held for 2500 years a foremost place in the history of India, is likely to retain this position in the new era of enlightenment which, under the auspices of Christianity, has already dawned upon that land.

Benares, now the capital of a division of the Bengal Presidency, is situated on the left bank of the Ganges, 390 miles northwest from Calcutta, but probably more than twice that distance if measured by the tortuous course of the river. It stretches for several miles along the edge of the Ganges, from which ascend numerous ghâts or flights of stone steps. The streets are narrow; and the buildings, principally of stone, are very lofty, and are built to inclose a circular space; they often contain 200 inhabitants each. The entire population is estimated at from 200,000 to 500,000; the exact number it is scarcely possible to determine owing to the immense fluctuating population, but it is probably about 400,000, of whom one-tenth are Mohammedans. Benares is properly the only Hindu city in India. The wealthy residents live in detached houses, surrounded by walls with open courts; the poorer live in mud huts, of which there are about 16,000.

Mr. C. W. Dilke, in his recently published work, "Greater Britain," gives the following graphic description of the city as it now appears:

"In the comparative cool of the early morning I sallied out on a stroll through the outskirts of Benares. Thousands of women were stepping gracefully along the crowded roads, bearing on their heads the water-jars, while at every few paces there was a well, at which hundreds were waiting along with the bheesties their turn for lowering their bright gleaming copper cups to the well water to fill their skins or vases. All were keeping up a continual chatter, women with women, men with men; all the tongues were running ceaselessly. It is astonishing to see the indignation that a trifling mishap creates—such gesticulation, such shouting and loud talk, you would think that murder at least was in question. The world can not show the Hindu's equal as a babblers; the women talk while they grind corn, the men while they smoke their water pipes; your true Hindu is never quiet; when not talking he is playing on his tom-tom.

"The Doorgha Khond, the famed temple of the Sacred Monkeys, I found thronged with worshipers and garlanded in every part with roses; it overhangs one of the best holy tanks in India, but has not much beauty or grandeur, and is chiefly remarkable for the



TEMPLE AT MANIKARNIKA GHAT.

swarms of huge, fat-paunched, yellow-bearded, holy monkeys, whose outposts hold one quarter of the city, and whose main body forms a living roof to the temple. A singular contrast to the Doorgha Khond was the Queen's College for native students, built in a mixture of Tudor and Hindu architecture. The view from the roof is noticeable, depending as it does for its beauty on the mingling of the rich green of the timber with the gay colors of the painted native huts. Over the trees are seen the minarets at the river-side, and an unwonted life was given to the view by the smoke and flames that were rising from two burning huts in widely separated districts of the native town.

"When the sun had declined sufficiently to admit of another excursion I started from my bungalow, and, passing through the elephant-corral, went down with a guide to the ghâts, the observatory of Jai Singh, and the Golden Temple. From the minarets of the Mosque of Aurungzeb I had a lovely sunset view of the ghâts, the city, and the Ganges; but the real sight of Benares, after all, lies in a walk through the tortuous passages that do duty for streets. No carriages can pass them, they are so narrow. You walk preceded by your guide, who warns the people, that they may stand aside and not be defiled by your touch, for that is the real secret of the apparent respect paid to you

in Benares; but the sacred cows are so numerous and so obstinate that you can not avoid sometimes jostling them. The scene in the passages is the most Indian in India. The gaudy dresses of the Hindu princes spending a week in purification at the holy place, the frescoed fronts of the shops and houses, the deafening beating of the tom-toms, and, above all, the smoke and sickening smell from the 'burning gháts' that meet you, mingled with a sweeter smell of burning spices, as you work your way through the vast crowds of pilgrims who are pouring up from the river's bank, all alike are strange to the English traveler, and fill his mind with that indescribable awe which every where accompanies the sight of scenes and ceremonies that we do not understand. When once you are on the Ganges bank itself the scene is wilder still; a river-front of some three miles, faced with lofty gháts or flights of river stairs, over which rise, pile above pile, in sublime confusion, lofty palaces with oriel windows hanging over the sacred stream; observatories with giant sun-dials, gilt domes (*golden*, the story runs), and silver minarets. On the gháts, rows of fires, each with a smouldering body; on the river, boat-loads of pilgrims and fakeers, praying while they float; under the houses, lines of prostrate bodies—those of the sick—brought to the sacred Ganges—or, say our Government spies, to be murdered by suffocation with sacred mud, while prowling about are the wolf-like fanatics who feed on putrid flesh. The whole is lit by a sickly sun fitfully glaring through the smoke, while the Ganges stream is half obscured by the river fog and reek of the hot earth.

"The lofty pavilions that crown the river-front are ornamented with paintings of every beast that walks and bird that flies, with monsters, too—pink and green and spotted—with griffins, dragons, and elephant-headed gods embracing dancing-girls. Here and there are representations of red-coated soldiers—English it would seem, for they have white faces, but so, the Maories say, have the New Zealand fairies, who are certainly not British. The Benares taste for painting leads to the decoration with pink and yellow spots of the very cows. The tiger is the commonest of all the figures on the walls; indeed, the explanation that the representations are allegorical, or that the gods are pictured in tiger shape, has not removed from my mind the belief that the tiger has been worshiped in India at some early date. All Easterns are inclined to worship the beasts that eat them; the Javanese light floating sacrifices to their river crocodiles; the Scindees at Kurrachee venerate the sacred mugger, or man-eating alligator; the hill tribes pray to snakes; indeed, to a new-comer, all Indian religion has the air of devil-worship, or worship of the destructive principle in some shape; the gods are drawn as grinning fiends, they are propitiated by infernal music, they are often worshiped with obscene and hideous rites. There is even something cruel in the monotonous roar of the great tom-toms; the sound seems to connect itself with widow-burning, with child-murder, with Juggernaut processions. Since the earliest known times the tom-tom has been used to drown the cries of tortured fanatics; its booming is bound up with the thousand barbarisms of false religion. If the scene on the Benares gháts is full of horror, we must not forget that Hinduism is a creed of fear and horror, not of love."

The description of Benares toward the close of the last century, given by Macaulay in his essay on Warren Hastings,* is for the most

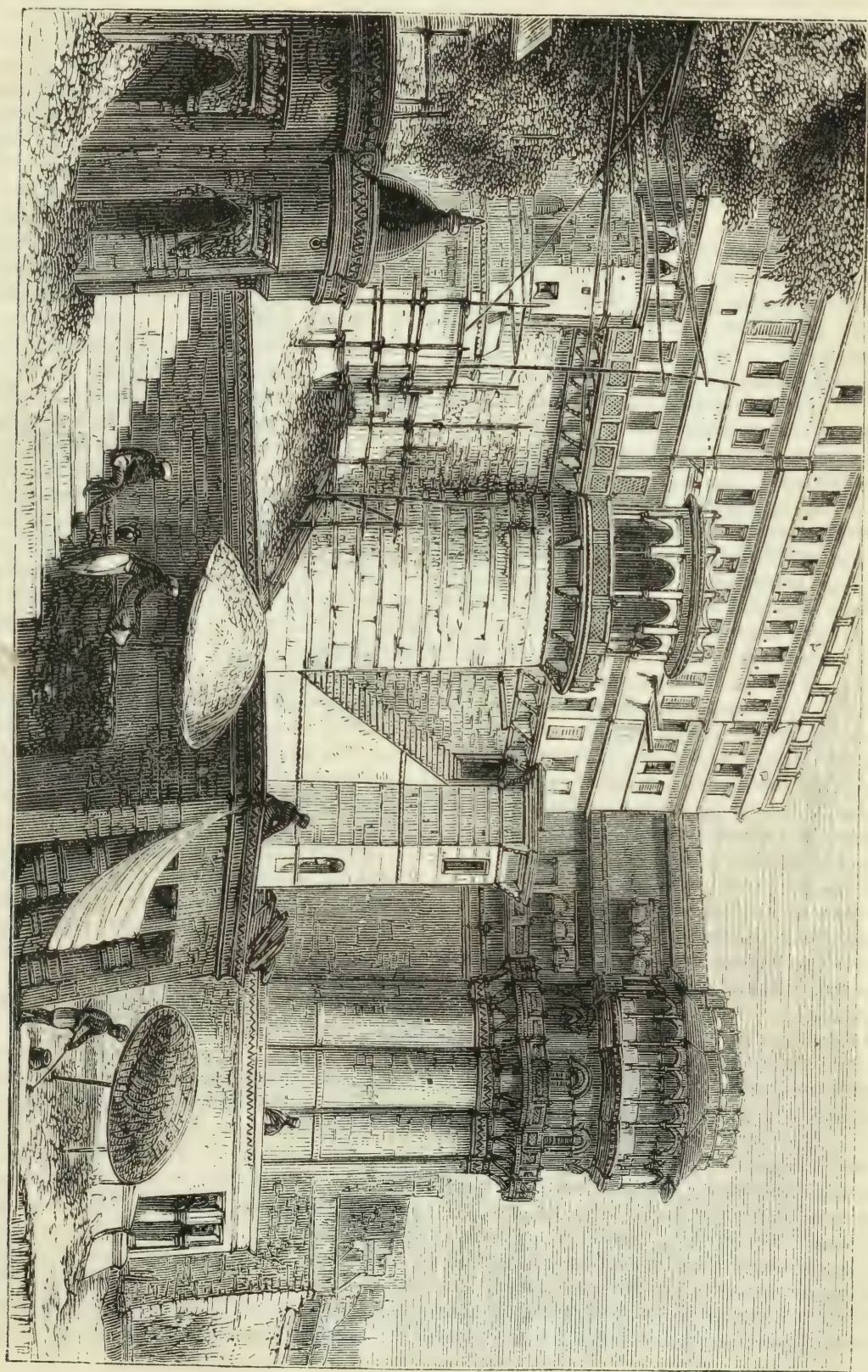
part applicable to her present state. He speaks of her as "a city which in wealth, population, dignity, and sanctity, was among the foremost of Asia. It was commonly believed that half a million of human beings was crowded into that labyrinth of lofty alleys, rich with shrines, and minarets, and balconies, and carved oriels, to which the sacred apes clung by hundreds. The traveler could scarcely make his way through the press of holy mendicants, and not less holy bulls. The broad and stately flights of steps which descended from these swarming haunts to the bathing-places along the Ganges, were worn every day by the footsteps of an innumerable multitude of worshipers. The schools and temples drew crowds of pious Hindus from every province where the Brahminical faith was known. Hundreds of devotees came thither every month to die; for it was believed that a peculiarly happy fate awaited the man who should pass from the sacred city into the sacred river. Nor was superstition the only motive which allured strangers to that great metropolis. Commerce had as many pilgrims as religion. All along the shores of the venerable stream lay great fleets of vessels laden with rich merchandise. From the looms of Benares went forth the most delicate silks that adorned the balls of St. James's and of Versailles; and in the bazars the muslins of Bengal and the sabres of Oude were mingled with the jewels of Golconda and the shawls of Cashmere."

The early history of Benares is involved in obscurity. Indisputably, it is a city of great antiquity. Before Mecca was it existed; perhaps before Jerusalem or the Egyptian Philæ; its origin may even date from the time when the Aryan race first spread itself over Northern India; certainly the beginnings of its history stretch far back into the clouds and mists of the Vedic pre-historic periods. It is regarded by all Hindus as coeval with the birth of Hinduism. Allusions to Benares are exceedingly abundant in ancient Sanskrit literature. "By reason of some subtle and mysterious charm it has linked itself with the religious sympathies of the Hindus through every century of its existence. For the sanctity of its inhabitants, of its temples and reservoirs, of its wells and streams, of the very soil that is trodden, of the very air that is breathed, and of every thing in it and around it, Benares has been famed for thousands of years. The Hindu ever beholds the city in one peculiar aspect—as a place of spotless holiness and heavenly beauty, where the spiritual eye may be delighted and the heart may be purified; and his imagination has been kept fervid, from generation to generation, by

* The district of Benares was ceded to the East India Company in 1775 by the King of Oude. The next year the district was granted to the rajah Cheit Singh of Benares, subject to the payment of an annual tribute to the Company. The violation of this agreement by Mr. Hastings formed one of the charges against him in the case of his impeachment by the House of Commons. This violation of agreement led to an insurrection at Benares, resulting in the downfall of the rajah and the destruction of his family. When Cheit

Singh rebelled he was residing in a strong fort built upon the banks of the Ganges, above the Sivála Ghát. Warren Hastings was, at the time, living in the garden house of Mánodás, situated in the Ausárganj Mahalla, nearly three miles off on the western side of the city. The rajah managed to escape from his fortress through one of the windows on the river side.

LAKA OF NAGPORE'S GHAT.



the continued presentation of this glowing picture.....Twenty-five centuries ago, at the least, it was famous. When Babylon was struggling with Nineveh for supremacy, when Tyre was planting her colonies, when Athens was growing in strength, before Rome had become known, or Greece had contended with Persia, or Cyrus had added lustre to the Persian monarchy, or Nebuchadnezzar had captured Jerusalem, and the inhabitants of Judæa had been carried into

captivity, she had already risen to greatness, if not to glory. Nay, she may have heard of the fame of Solomon, and have sent her ivory, her apes, and her peacocks to adorn his palaces; while partly with her gold he may have overlaid the Temple of the Lord.....While many cities and nations have fallen into decay and perished her sun has never gone down; on the contrary, for long ages past it has shone with almost meridian splendor. Her illustrious name

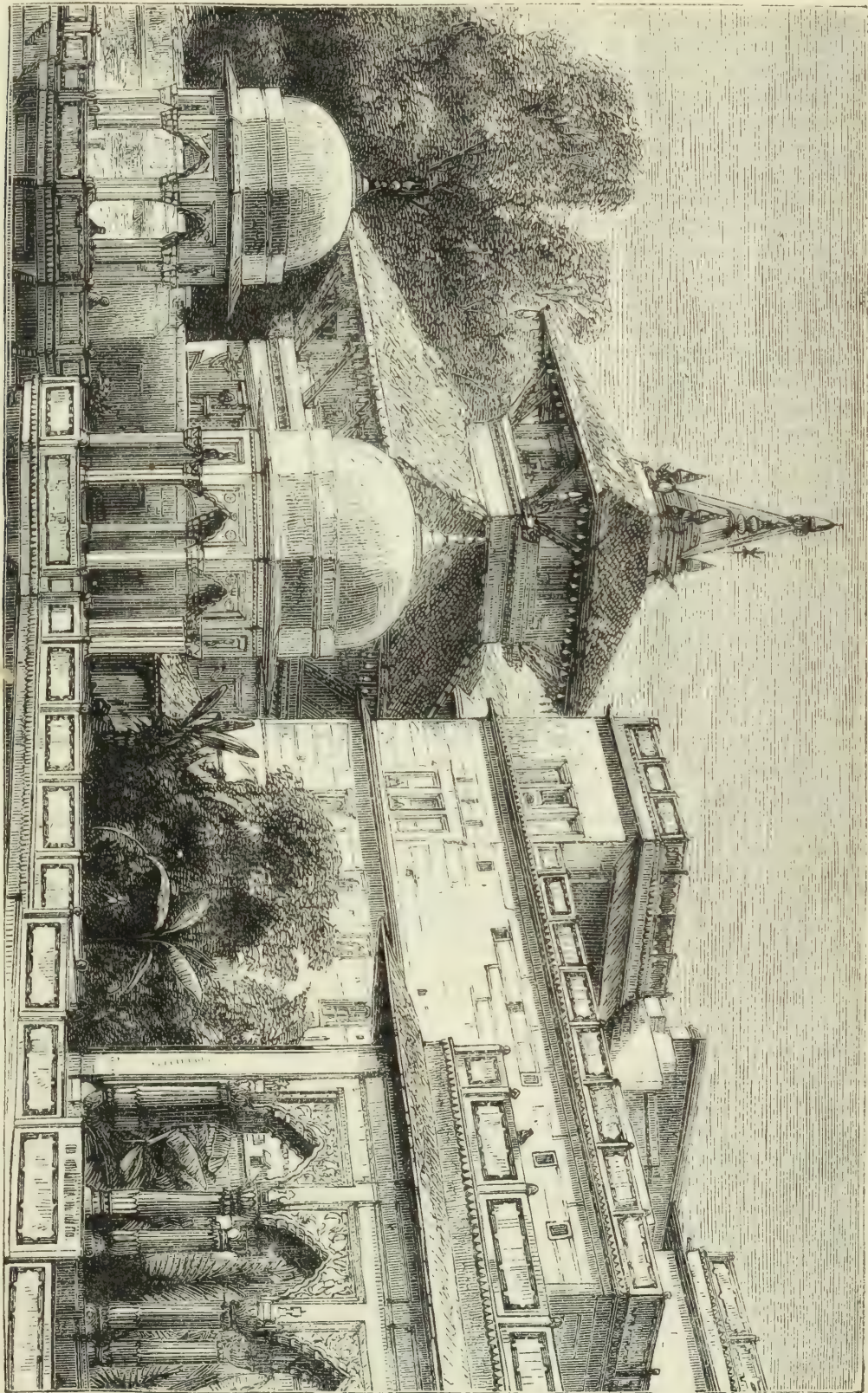
has descended from generation to generation, and has ever been a household word venerated and beloved by the vast Hindu family. Notwithstanding her destruction by fire, applied by the brand of Krishna, which may or may not be true, and the manifestations in her physical aspects of repeated changes, shiftings of site, and resuscitations, yet, as a city, no sign of feebleness, no symptom of impending dissolution, so far as I am aware, is apparent in any of the numberless references to her in native records. As a queen, she has ever received the willing homage of her subjects scattered over all India; as a lover, she has secured their affection and regard."

Hiouen Thsang, the celebrated Chinese traveler, who, as a Buddhist pilgrim, visited India in the seventh century (A.D.), gives a description of the district of Benares at that date. "The villages," he says, "lie near together, and contain a numerous population. Families of great wealth, whose houses are filled with rare and precious things, are to be seen. The people are gentle and polished, and esteem highly those who are devoted to a studious life. The greater portion of them believe in the heretical doctrines (of Hinduism), and few have respect for the Law (religion) of Buddha. The climate is temperate, grain is in abundance, the fruit trees are luxuriant, and the earth is covered with tufted vegetation. There are thirty (Buddhist) monasteries, containing about 3000 monks.....There are a hundred temples of the (Hindu) gods, and about 10,000 heretics.....Some cut off their hair; others preserve a tuft upon the crown of the head, go naked, and are destitute of any kind of clothing. Some besmear their bodies with ashes, and practice zealously severe austerities, in order to obtain release from life and death (that is, from transmigration)."

As Benares is the religious centre of a faith which to-day sways one hundred and eighty millions of the Hindu population, it is natural that priestly influence should there be predominant. "Every where in India, and not merely in this city in particular, the Brahman is a character, a study. No one, not even a foreigner newly arrived in the country, can make a mistake in regard to him. Light in complexion in comparison with the rest of the people, frequently tall in stature, with the marks of a clear, penetrating intelligence depicted plainly, and sometimes in a striking manner, upon his countenance, erect, proud, self-conscious, he walks along with the air of a man unlike any I have ever seen, in which self-sufficiency, and the conviction of inherent purity and sanctity are combined. He needs not the *upavita*, or sacred Brahmanical cord, thrown over the right shoulder, or even the streaks, in honor of his favorite deity, painted upon his forehead, to point him out. In his very gait and step you trace his claim to his superiority; and did we but know the thoughts dwelling in his mind we should possess the real secret of his majestic

demeanor. With the idea constantly before his inner self that he is himself a god, and deserves divine honors—which is not a mere freak of a deluded imagination on his part, but is acknowledged by all Hindus, some of whom, as he pursues his way, will stop him, and then offer to him the adoration due only to the Almighty, which he receives complacently as his right—how is it possible he should comport himself otherwise than as though the earth were hardly worthy of his tread, and the crowd about him were, in his presence, a vile, unclean, and abominable race? Though mingling with the vulgar herd, he takes care to avoid contact with them, lest he should contract some ceremonial impurity. He is most particular on this point. Should a low-caste man by mistake, or from the pressure of the throng, approach too near to him, he cries out sharply and decisively, though not angrily; and in case the brazen vessel in his hand, filled with water from the Ganges, which he is taking to drink or for sacrifice, be touched by such a person, he immediately throws the water away, and scours the vessel thoroughly before using it again. When he prepares his food—for he cooks it himself—should a man of inferior caste, by inadvertence or from any cause, happen to touch it, the whole is considered as spoiled, and is thrown away. Indeed, so rigidly observant of the rules of their order are some of the Brahmans, that even should the shadow of such a man, or of a Christian, fall upon their food while being cooked, it is altogether rejected. This mysterious notion of divinity, permeating the entire life of the Brahman, originates not only in the minds of the people, but also in his own mind, a marvelous idea of his spiritual authority and power.In Benares there are not fewer than from twenty to twenty-five thousand Brahmans. They have control over the temples, the sacred wells, streams, and reservoirs, and other holy places about the city. They superintend the worship of the people, and give directions respecting the numberless ceremonies which are performed. Every sacred spot has some peculiarity connected with it; and it is of great moment that no punctilio should be omitted. They receive the offerings, the alms, the public dinners, and the good things which devout Hindus are ever ready to bestow. Some of them—not a few in number—are termed 'Sons of the Ganges,' and are chiefly found on the banks of that stream, aiding the devotions of the numerous worshipers daily resorting thither.

"Devotees and pilgrims, separated or in crowds, are seen entering or departing from the city constantly throughout the year, especially on occasions of great festivals. They come from all parts of India. Many carry with them the sacred water of the Ganges in small bottles hermetically sealed, placed in baskets hanging from the extremity of poles, which they bear upon their shoulders. The poor deluded sensualist, whose life has been passed in abominable courses, or the covetous *Mahajan*, or na-



THE NEPALESE TEMPLE.

tive banker, who has made himself rich by a long course of grinding extortion, or the fanatical devotee, more simple than a babe, yet sometimes guilty of the foulest crimes, still comes, as of old, from the remotest corners of India, as the sands of life are slowly ebbing away; and fearful lest the last golden grains should escape before his journey is ended, makes desperate efforts to hold on his course, till at length, arriving at the sacred city and touching its hal-

lowed soil, his anxious spirit becomes suddenly calm, a strange sense of relief comes over him, and he is at once cheered and comforted with the treacherous lie that his sins are forgiven and his soul is saved.

"In Benares, therefore, Hinduism may be said to dwell at home, in the bosom of its best friends and admirers, courted by princes and wealthy natives, and aided and sustained by innumerable resources and appliances of a mate-

rial character, which give symbolical significance to its existence and authority. Her thousands of temples, her myriads of idols, her swarms of pilgrims, her hosts of daily worshipers, together with the pomp and circumstance and multifarious representations of idolatry in their vast aggregate, cause the Hindu religion to be visible to the eye, in this city, in a manner and degree unknown elsewhere. Were a stranger, visiting Benares, to wander about among its shrines and sacred places, and to take note merely of the manifold signs and manifestations of Hinduism which he would find there, and then to quit the city without inquiring further—without turning his attention to those silent and unobtrusive, yet potent, influences which are undermining it in every direction, and are in operation throughout all classes of native society, even in this capital and fortress of idolatry—he would imagine that the city was wholly devoted to the practice and ceremonies of heathenism; that no ray of light had penetrated its midnight darkness; and that it was an impracticable and impossible task to attempt its enlightenment and reformation.”

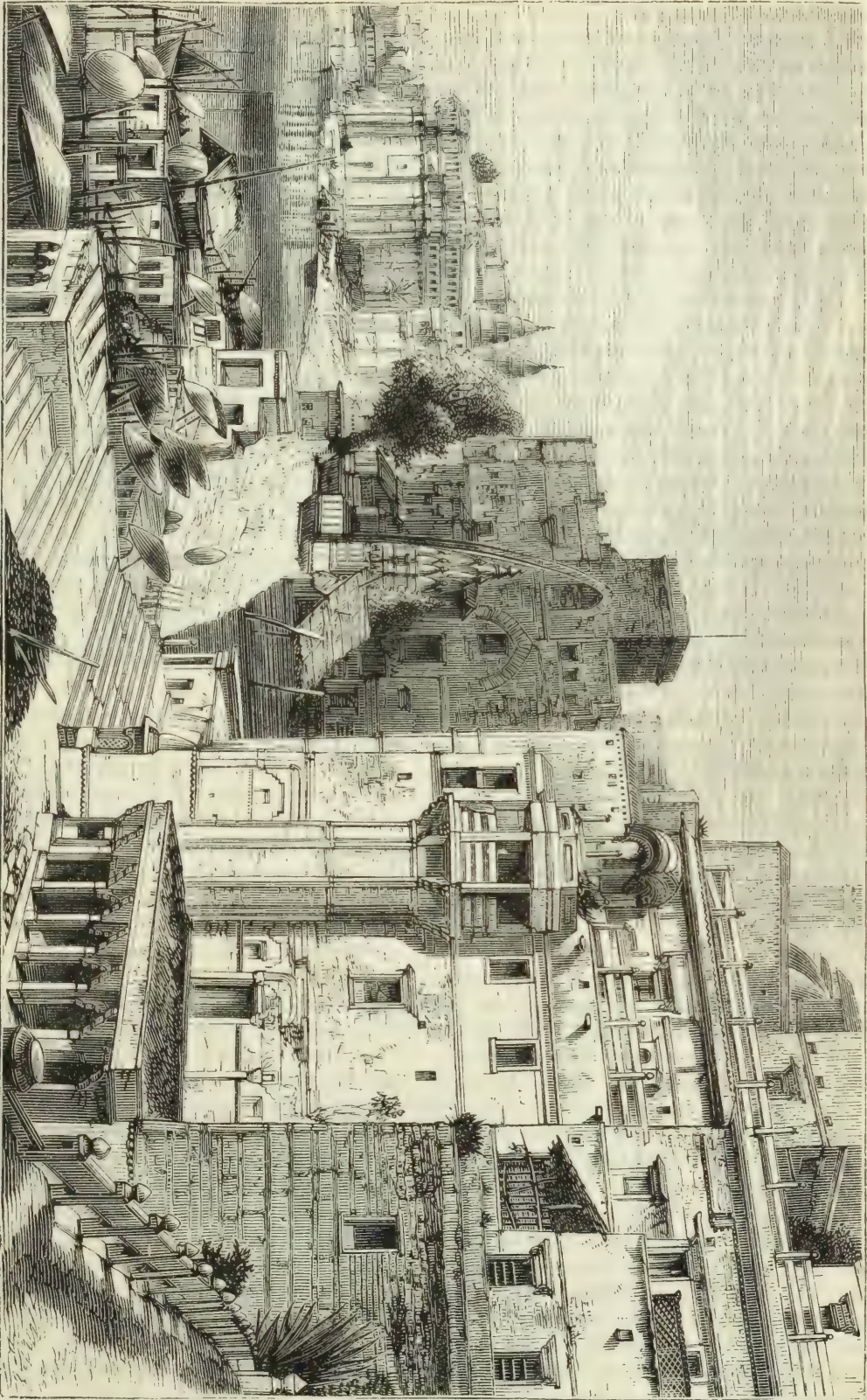
The greater portion of Mr. Sherring's work is devoted to the architectural remains in Benares, and it is to these that the illustrations given in connection with this paper relate. Notwithstanding the great antiquity of Indian civilization there has been found no architectural specimen the date of which carries us back beyond the third century before Christ. The pillars of Asoka, which belong to this period, are the earliest sculptured remains yet found. “Of these,” says Mr. Fergusson, “one is at Delhi; having been erected by Feroze Shah in his palace, as a monument of his victory over the Hindus. Three more are standing near the river Gunduck in Tirhoot; and one has been placed on a pedestal in the fort of Allahabad. A fragment of another was discovered near Delhi, a part of a seventh was used as a roller on the Benares road by a Company's engineer officer.” Mr. Sherring hazards the opinion that not one of the cave-temples—so interesting to antiquarians and to all lovers of the curious—was excavated earlier than the first century before Christ. But those primitive specimens of architecture are not of a rude character; they must have had their predecessors. “Is it at all likely,” asks Mr. Sherring, “that the Aryan race existed in India for between one and two thousand years, that they conquered a large portion of the country, that they attained to greatness and glory, and made wonderful progress in civilization, equaling, if not surpassing, their contemporaries in other parts of Asia, and yet that during all this time they were satisfied with only transitory symbols of greatness, and never conceived the idea of leaving behind them durable monuments of their power which should hand down their name to many generations? They must have heard of the vast structures erected in Egypt, and of the splendid palaces, and stairs, and pillars, and

other edifices with which the Assyrian monarchs adorned their cities.”

The most celebrated of the sacred wells in Benares is that of Manikarniká. It is the first resort of the pilgrims, and its fetid water is regarded as a healing balm. There is no sin so heinous that it can not here be instantly effaced. A series of stone steps on each of the four sides of the well leads down to the water. Upon the stairs, in a niche on the north side, is a figure of Vishnu; and, at the mouth of the well, on the west side, is a row of sixteen diminutive altars, on which the pilgrims present offerings to their ancestors. The water of the well is very shallow, being not more than two or three feet in depth. It is insufferably foul, and the effluvia from it impregnates the air for some distance around. The worshiper, descending into the water, laves his head and body in the vile liquid, and, at the same time, utters certain phrases appointed for the ceremony. Directly in front of Manikarniká, and between it and the Ganges, is the temple of Tárakeswar, or “the Lord Táraka.” When a Hindu dies, and this god is propitiated, he breathes into his ear, they say, a charm or *mantra* of such efficacy that it delivers him from the misery of the future, and secures for him happiness and joy. The idol is in a kind of cistern, which is kept filled with water offered in sacrifice; and, consequently, the deity is invisible. In the rainy season the swollen river flows beyond this temple, which, for several months, stands immersed in the stream. Its foundations are thereby undermined, and the blocks of stone of which it is composed incline to separate from one another. The upper part of the tower has been entirely removed, in order to lessen the weight resting upon the base of the building. The ghát leading to the Ganges at this point is the most sacred of all the gháts in Benares; it is also the intermediate point, so that, were the city divided into two portions at this place, they would be nearly equal in extent. In this neighborhood there is likewise an imposing temple, erected a few years since by the Raja of Ahmety. Near Manikarniká Ghát are Sindhia Ghát and the Raja of Nagpore's Ghát, the former of which is remarkable not only for the massiveness of its masonry but also for the circumstance that the entire structure has sunk several feet into the earth since its erection, and is still gradually and slowly sinking.

The older temples are objects of the greatest veneration, while those recently erected, however magnificent, are shunned by the thirty-six castes. Every one of these old temples has some legend connected with its origin. Some of them are decorated with paintings. In the porch of the Trilochan temple is a remarkable painting representing the punishment of sinners in hell. In the foreground is the River of Death, through which persons are seen endeavoring to make their way to the other side. Some are left alone to buffet with the waves in their own strength; while others, who when

RAM GHAT.



living in this world, supported Brahmins, are helped across by the sacred cow, who swims before and drags them along by her tail, which they grasp most tenaciously. The punishments represented are various. In one place a conscience-stricken sinner, who has recently emerged from the stream, is seen strongly resisting the executioner who is dragging him away by the leg. In another is an enormous vessel full of clarified butter, into which the wicked are ruth-

lessly plunged. Here and there executioners are standing armed with prodigious clubs, with which they cruelly belabor their helpless victims. One conspicuous object in this picture is a pillar of red-hot iron, on the top of which lies a writhing and agonizing mass of humanity. This punishment is exclusively reserved for adulterers.

Ascending a series of stairs leading from the Panchanga Ghat, we approach the lofty mosque

of Aurungzeb. "The edifice itself is above the bank of the river, but its foundations sink deep into the ground; and their enormous stone breast-works extend far down the bank. Indeed, it is said that the foundations of the mosque are as deep as the building is high. Although more than a century and a half has elapsed since this structure was reared, yet it appears as solid and strong as on the day of its completion. The massive pile is on the very edge of a steep bank or cliff; yet not a stone of it has been loosened. There is a high wall, next to the street running by the western side of the mosque, which is continued round to the northeast corner. A door in the northern wall opens the way into the inclosure in full front of the mosque; the latter being situated on its southern side. From the eastern side commences the long flight of stone stairs descending to the river. The inclosure is not sufficiently spacious to give the observer an ample view of the minarets; but, nevertheless, it is extensive enough to enable him to gain a satisfactory idea of their symmetry and elegance. The mosque itself exhibits nothing striking, and, indeed, can hardly be called beautiful. It is plain and commonplace; and, were it not for the minarets rising above, it would not be accounted a noticeable object in Benares. The minarets themselves have a delicate gracefulness about them which it is impossible to portray in words; and my photographic representation [see page 751] fails to convey the exactness and exquisiteness of the reality. I do not remember their exact height; but it is not less than one hundred and fifty feet, reckoning from the floor of the mosque. When it is remembered that the bank of the river on which this edifice stands is nearly the same number of feet above the bed of the stream, it will at once be perceived that the minarets occupy a very prominent position in a panoramic view of the city. Although many of the buildings of Benares, especially those in the neighborhood of the ghâts, are of a great height, yet they are all overtopped by the minarets, the clear forms of which, pointing upward to the sky, may be discerned at the distance of many miles from the city. They were originally some fifty feet higher than they now are, and were cut down to their present height in consequence of exhibiting signs of weakness and insecurity." This mosque, although so frequently visited by Europeans, and regarded by them as one of the chief sights of Benares, is almost entirely abandoned by the Mohammedans.

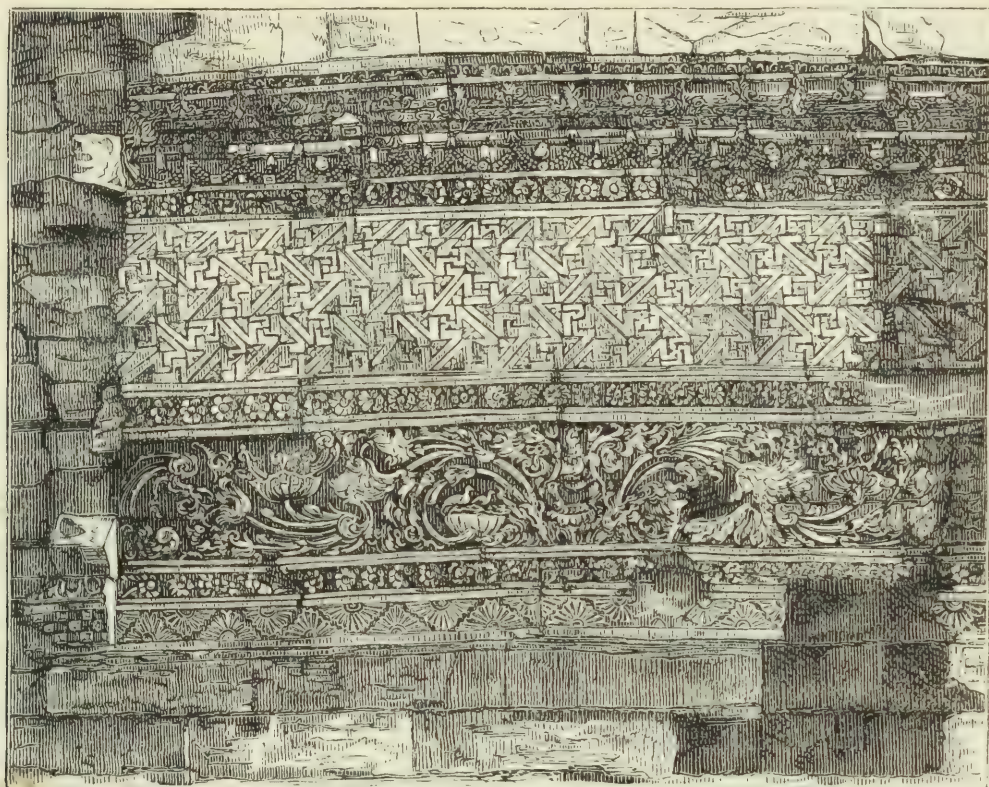
The Nepalese Temple, rising from the banks of the Ganges, not far from Mân-Mandil Ghât, is a strikingly picturesque edifice, and arrests the attention of all visitors. In its external appearance it is altogether unlike the shrines erected by the Hindus for the practice of their religion.

"To the north of Sankatâ Ghât is Râm Ghât, on the steps of which is a temple, or, more properly, a room, filled with the most grotesque col-

lection of deities to be found in Benares. The images are dressed in bright-colored garments interwoven with tinsel, and are of various shapes and forms. Some present a hideous appearance, having large eyes and mouths, and being destitute of hands and feet. The whole collection looks like a doll-shop of a very vulgar description. It is difficult to understand how persons in their senses can pay divine homage to such frightful objects; yet, on conversing with the priests, they boldly defended the adoration of them, and perceived, or pretended to perceive, neither the absurdity nor the degradation of such a proceeding."

The ruins of Sárnâth consist of two towers, about half a mile apart, and of the walls and foundations of buildings which have been recently exhumed. The great tower represented in our illustration is one of the most important of Buddhist monuments. It is a solid round tower, 93 feet in diameter at the base, and 110 feet in height above the surrounding ruins. The lower part of the tower, to the height of 40 feet, is built of stone from the Chunar quarries; each stone being secured to its neighbor by iron clamps.

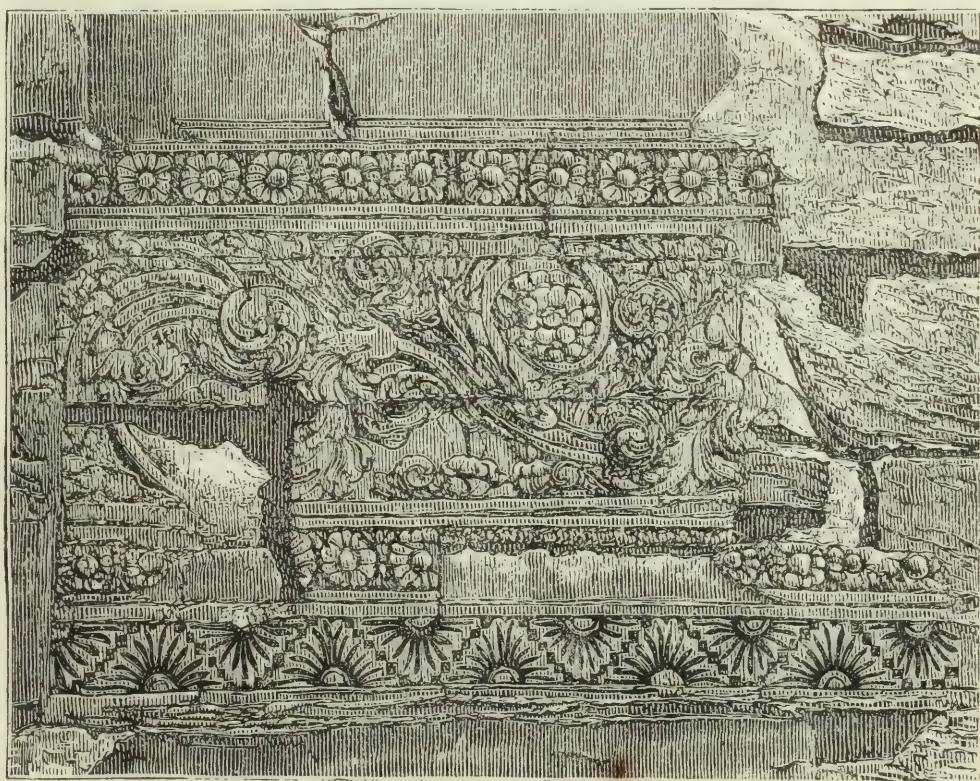
"The lower part of the monument," says Major-General Cunningham, "has eight projecting faces, each 21 feet 6 inches in width, with intervals of 15 feet between them. In each of the faces, at a height of 24 feet above the ground, there is a semicircular headed niche, 5½ feet in width, and the same in height. In each of the niches there is a pedestal, 1 foot in height, and slightly hollowed on the top, to receive the base of a statue; but the statues themselves have long disappeared, and I did not find the fragment of one, in my excavation at the base of the monument. There can be little doubt, however, that all the eight statues represented Buddha, the Preacher, in the usual form, with his hands raised before his breast, and the thumb and forefinger of the right hand placed on the little finger of the left hand, for the purpose of enforcing his argument. Judging by the dimensions of the niches, the statues must have been of life-size. Around the niches, seven of the faces are more or less richly decorated with a profusion of flowering foliage. The carving on some of the faces has been completed; but, on others, it is little more than half finished, while the south face is altogether plain. On the western face the same ornamentation of flowering foliage is continued below the niche; and in the midst of it there is a small plain tablet, which can only have been intended for a very short inscription, such, perhaps, as the name of the building. A triple band of ornament, nearly nine feet in depth below the niches, encircles all the rest of the building, both faces and recesses. The middle band, which is the broadest, is formed entirely of various geometrical figures, the main lines being deeply cut, and the intervening spaces being filled with various ornaments. On some of the faces, where the spaces between the deeply-cut lines of the



CARVING ON THE BUDDHIST TOWER, SARNATH.—NO. I.

ruling figures are left plain, I infer that the work is unfinished. The upper band of ornamentation, which is the narrowest, is, generally, a scroll of the lotus plant, with leaves and buds only; while the lower band, which is also a lotus scroll, contains the full-blown flowers as well as the buds. The lotus flower is represented full to the front, on all the sides except the

south-southwest, where it is shown in a side view, with the *Chakva* or Brahmani goose seated upon it. This, indeed, is the only side on which any animal representations are given; which is the more remarkable, as it is one of the recesses, and not one of the projecting faces. In the middle of the ornament there is a human figure seated on a lotus flower, and



CARVING ON THE BUDDHIST TOWER, SARNATH.—NO. II.

holding two branches of the lotus in his hands. On each side of him there are three lotus flowers, of which the four nearer ones support pairs of Brahmani geese; while the two farther ones carry only single birds. Over the nearest pair of geese, on the right hand of the figure, there is a frog. The attitudes of the birds are all good; and even that of the human figure is easy, although formal. The lotus scroll, with its flowing lines of graceful stalk, mingled with tender buds and full-blown flowers and delicate leaves, is very rich and very beautiful. Below the ornamental borders there are three plain projecting bands.

"Near the top of the northwest face there are four projecting stones, placed like steps—that is, they are not immediately over each other; and above them there is a fifth stone, which is pierced with a round hole for the reception of a post, or, more probably, of a flag-staff. The lowest of these stones can only be reached by a ladder; but ladders must have been always available, if, as I suppose, it was customary, on stated occasions, to fix flags and streamers on various parts of the building, in the same manner as is now done in the Buddhist countries of Burmah and Ladâk.

"I removed the ruined brick pinnacle, and began sinking a shaft or well, about five feet in diameter. At a depth of ten and a half feet I found an inscribed slab, twenty-eight inches and three-quarters long, thirteen inches broad, and four inches and three-quarters thick, which is now in the Museum of the Bengal Asiatic Society. The inscription consists of the usual Buddhist formula or profession of faith, beginning with the words, '*Ye Dharmmâ hetu prabhavâ*,' etc., of which translations have been given by Mill, Hodgson, Wilson, and Burnouf. The following is Hodgson's translation, which has received the approval of Burnouf: 'Of all things proceeding from cause, their causes hath the *Tathâgata* (Buddha) explained. The great Sramana (Buddha) hath likewise explained the causes of the cessation of existence.' The letters of this inscription, which are all beautifully cut, appear to me to be of a somewhat earlier date than the Tibetan alphabet, which is known to have been obtained from India in the middle of the seventh century. I would, therefore, assign the inscription, and, consequently, the completion of the monument, to the sixth century."

The Buddhist temple at Bakariya Kund has been appropriated by the Mohammedans, who have capped it with a dome, and now use it as a mausoleum. Although so many ages have elapsed since this temple was erected, and although it has been exposed alternately to the ruthlessness of Hindu and of Mohammedan fanaticism, yet with such singular skill have its proportions been designed, and its blocks of stone been joined together—though without cement of any kind—that, at the present moment, in spite of its aspect of hoary antiquity, it seems almost, if not quite, as durable as on the day on which it was finished; and it is unquestionable

that, if it be not barbarously damaged by Vandalish hands, it will continue to stand for centuries to come.

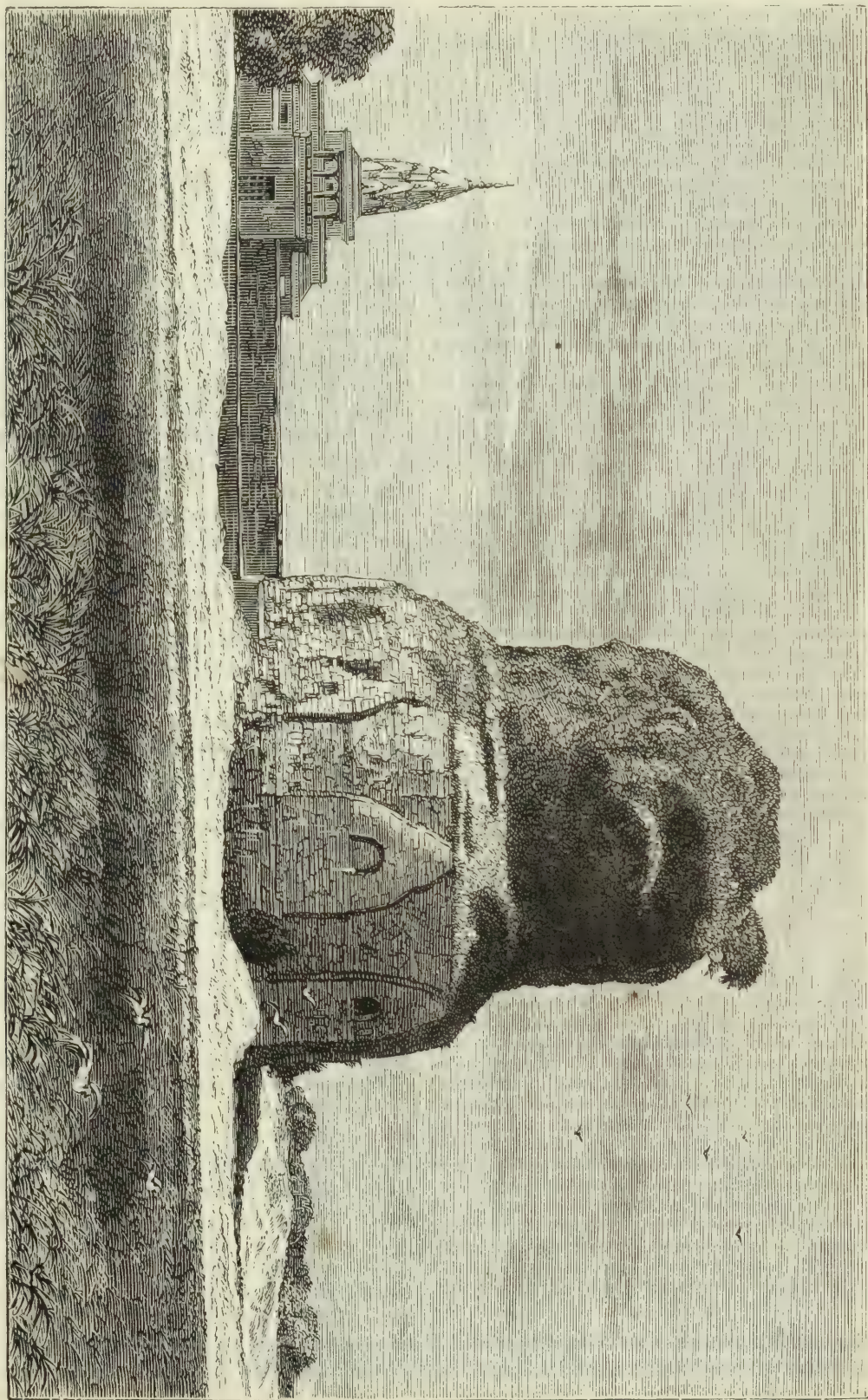
A work has recently been published in London entitled "*Tree and Serpent Worship, or Illustrations of Mythology and Art in India in the First and Fourth Centuries After Christ.*" The matter of this work—the basis, that is, from which it was constructed—consists of the sculptures of the Buddhist *topes* found at Sanchi and Amravati. The London *Athenæum* for January 30, 1869, contains the following interesting history of these marbles:

"For many years past there lay unnoticed in the stables of Fife House a mass of old Indian marbles, which had been brought over from Madras, hardly any one knew either when or why. They were broken and uncomely; and if any man had the wit to push inquiries as to what they were and whence they came, he was told they were fragments of an Indian temple of which scarcely any body in London had ever heard the name. If the inquirer went yet further, he might—or might not—have learned that these broken stones had been found, a good many years ago, lying on the wharf at Madras, exposed to the wind and rain, and that after much writing of letters they had been shipped for England, where they had been tumbled out on the yard of Fife House. To ask how they came to be lying on the wharf at Madras was like going back to the Deluge; yet when curiosity pushed its way backward, these stones were traced to Mr. Walter Elliot, who, when acting as Commissioner at Guntoor twenty-four years ago, had employed his leisure in grubbing among the green slopes and mounds on the River Kistna, after the fashion then being set by Botta and Layard on the Tigris. Elliot had met with much success in his labors, having unearthed a city and recovered an ancient temple, the details of which were of exceeding richness and importance. Nay, he had actually forwarded his wealth of examples to Madras, in the hope of their reaching London, and making his name immortal. But, alas, for human hopes! Elliot was no writer. He could not tell his story in a way to arrest the public eye. Amravati was not a Biblical city; and, unlike the Tigris, the River Kistna had a foreign sound. The temple which he had found was called a *tope*, the name and office of which were alike unfamiliar to the English mind. The temple was Buddhistic, and as Gotama Buddha is not mentioned in the Scriptures, the stones of which his temple had been built in Amravati could not serve to illustrate the form and site of Solomon's temple in Jerusalem. Hence they lay on the wharf at Madras, exposed to wind and rain for a dozen years, until some one happily found that these heaps of stone were in the way, and thought that, as they had cost a bag of money for cartage, they might as well be sent to the India Museum in London. Hence they were shipped from Madras, and brought to London, where, on arrival, they had the fortune to be stored away in the stables of Fife House with so much secrecy that not one soul beyond the clerks and officers of the Museum had any knowledge of their existence.

"Yet all these years there lay in these waste places of our power, among these broken fragments of stone, as much curious and important history as any thing found by our explorers on the Tigris and the Euphrates!

"When Mr. Cole was laying out plans for our share in the French Exhibition, he proposed to Mr. Fergusson, as the chief authority on Indian architecture, that some casts and models of old Indian temples should be prepared under that gentleman's eye. Mr. Fergusson, who fell in with the suggestion, set to work, meaning at first to confine the display mainly to photographic studies of Brahminical and Buddhistic works, backed by four or five casts from the curious and beautiful marbles which had long been shown in the old Indian Museum in Leadenhall Street. These

GREAT BUDDHIST TOWER AT SARNAH, NEAR BENARES.



marbles, we need not say, had been greatly admired, and no one will be surprised to hear that good judges thought them so fine as to warrant an artist in going to India to see their fellows. Well, Mr. Fergusson went down to Fife House, for a quiet study of their comparative merits, with a view to casting those which would best convey a notion of the whole. He had turned them round and round, made plans and drawings, and in the end had selected four examples for the caster, when, to his great amazement, the clerk mentioned, 'just promiscuously,' that there were heaps of such things in the coach-house in the yard! Yes, there they were—shafts, friezes, figures; a world of

artistic fragments; some of rare beauty, all of singular interest—lying in a shed, exposed to slush and snow.

"Of course, the Indian authorities awoke to a sudden sense of their treasure the moment their eyes were drawn to the stable-yard. Dr. Watson and Mr. Griggs, with laudable celerity, came to the rescue. The pieces of stone were now picked up and set in order. The separate slabs were copied. Soon these gentlemen began to find that they had something more in hand than a mass of stones. The pieces fitted to each other. It was possible to build them up; and as the pile grew higher, it took a wondrous and comely shape. In fact,

the old Buddhistic tope, under these skillful hands, came back, as it were, to life.

"Many of our readers will remember the specimens of these Indian marbles which were shown in the French Exhibition, along with the rare and costly collection of photographs of Indian buildings. It is doubtful whether England sent to that gathering of the world's best any other series which so strongly engaged the interest of Continental scholars.

"But this recovery of an ancient Buddhistic temple is far from being all that we have gained from Mr. Cole's happy thought. The recovery is that of an original record; and we have not only got possession of this record, but of its secret. The tope is a religious edifice, and the stones of which it is built are covered with figures—figures of men, animals, trees, and reptiles. They are especially covered with trees and reptiles; that is to say, with figures which appear to be symbols of trees and reptiles.

"The fact is not quite new, but it has not heretofore been shown so clearly and completely as in these remains. Buddha was an idol-breaker. He denounced images and symbols; he prohibited his followers from representing God by any visible shape. His religion was one of contemplation and abstraction; and in his saintly eyes, a sign or image of the uncreated and ineffable God was a profanity not to be endured. Yet here, in very early temples, we find the House of God profaned by types and images of what Gotama Buddha himself would certainly have denounced as devil-worship. In fact, these slabs in Fife House cast a flood of light upon the dark history of Asiatic religions, which are not only curious as regards the past, but important in connection with the future. Men are governed through their religious feelings; and the first step toward a knowledge of these feelings is a perfect study of their religious rites.

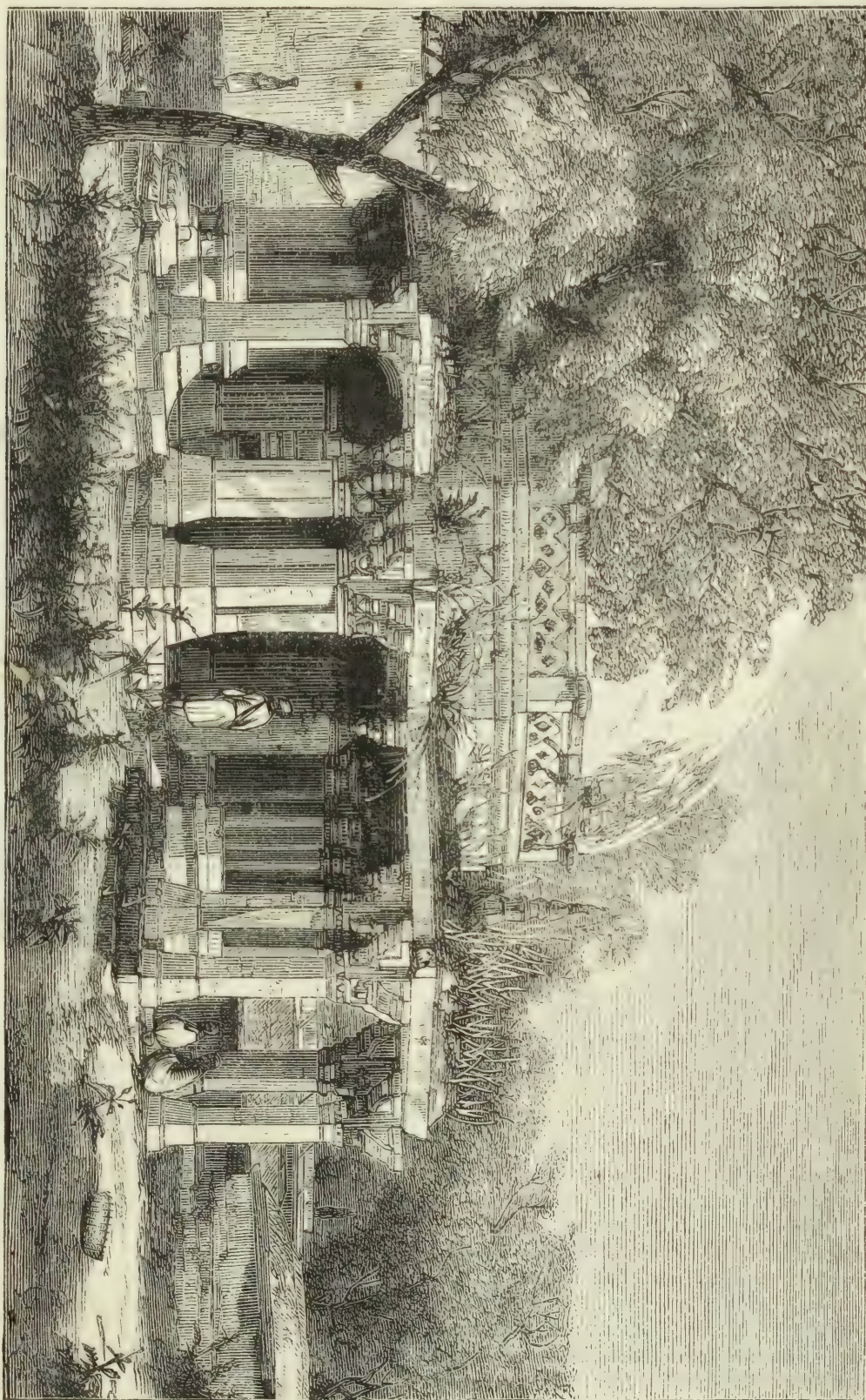
"In our opinion, Sir Stafford Northcote acted wisely and economically in ordering these monuments to be photographed and published under the care of so good an antiquary as Mr. Fergusson, whose production and description of the plates leaves hardly any thing to be desired.

"When it was resolved to issue copies of the Amravati marbles Mr. Fergusson wisely suggested the addition of some specimens of the yet more ancient tope of Sanchi, of which there happened to be a capital series of drawings, made by Colonel Maisy, of the Bengal Army, in the India Museum. The tope of Sanchi dates from the first century of our era, that of Amravati from the fourth. This additional proposal was accepted by Sir Stafford, and the consequence is, that we have an excellent account, with specimens, of Buddhistic architecture in India nearly coeval with the Temple of Herod, and with the earliest Christian edifices in Byzantium. All these things are good in their several ways; but the history of architectural art is of less importance than the history of religious ideas; and it is for the evidence which they present of the early intermingling of pure Buddhistic ritual with the ancient worship of the land—in its two most antique forms of tree-worship and serpent-worship—that these pictures of Sanchi and Amravati will be most welcome to serious students of our human history."

It was at Benares that the founder of Buddhism, S'ákya Muni, commenced his ministry. There is a remarkable parallel between Buddhism and Christianity as to the outward circumstances attending their origin, as to the systems which they respectively displaced, and even as to the character of the revolutions which they effected. Benares was the Hindu Jerusalem—the centre of a system of faith which had degenerated from its original purity. The Vedas, dating, possibly, as far back as the time of Moses, and containing many true and sublime conceptions of God, without any trace of the peculiarities of Brahmanism—nay, de-

claring positively that "there is no distinction of castes"—had been abandoned. The Vedic gods had given place to grosser divinities; the people were burdened with priestcraft, and were overwhelmed with false dogmas, loose morality, and a confusion of religious thoughts. In the sixth century before the Christian era S'ákya Muni appeared upon the scene. He was the prince of a royal house. He became an ascetic, living, as it were, in the wilderness, and after five years spent in solitary meditation, went up to Benares, prepared to meet the doctors of the old system, and to establish a new creed of which himself was the centre. At Isapatana he delivered his inaugural discourse. The people heard him gladly. His apostles went forth from the sacred city to announce to the world the appearance of the Supreme Buddha. This was the beginning of that missionary enterprise through which not only India but Ceylon also, the Chinese Empire, Japan, Burmah, Nepal, and Thibet, with their four or five hundred millions of people, were converted to the new doctrine. Mohammed with the sword could not compel so many adherents to his creed as this profound philosopher, this calm disputant; and the morality which he enforced was the purest the world ever saw, apart from that found in the sacred Scriptures. Like Christianity, Buddhism found its permanent home outside of the land of its birth. Although it continues to be the paramount religion of most of the countries to which it was carried by the agency of its missionaries, yet, with the exception of Nepal, where it maintains a struggling existence, it has long been expelled from India. Its extinction occurred in the eleventh or twelfth century, A.D. The Hinduism which has taken its place is far more gross than that of the pre-Buddhist era.

The idolatry of the masses of the Hindu population is extravagant and repulsive. The number of idols worshiped exceeds the number of the population twice told. "Indeed, the love of idolatry is so deep-seated and intense in the breast of the Hindu, that it is a common thing for both men and women to amuse themselves, with a pious intent, with manufacturing little gods from mud or clay, and after paying divine honors to them, and that too with the same profound reverence which they display in their devotions before the well-known deities of the temples, to throw them away.....The Hindu, it should always be remembered, is, in his own fashion, a religious man of very great earnestness; but his religion takes the form of idolatry. Idolatry enters into all the associations and concerns of his life. He can take no step without it. He carries his offerings publicly in the streets, on his way to the temple in the morning, and receives upon his forehead, from the officiating priest, the peculiar mark of his god, as the symbol of the worship he has paid him, which he wears all the day long. As he walks about, you may hear him muttering the names and sounding the praises of his



ANCIENT BUDDHIST TEMPLE AT BAKARIYA KUND.

gods. In greeting a friend, he accosts him in the name of a deity. In a letter on business, or on any other matter, the first word he invariably writes is the name of a god. Should he propose an engagement of importance, he first inquires the pleasure of the idol, and a lucky day for observing it. At his birth, his horoscope is cast; when he is ill, the gods must be propitiated; when he is bereaved, the idol must be remembered; at his death, his funeral rites

are performed in the name of one or more deities."

The problem of Christian missions in India is a very perplexing one. There are said to be 140,000 native Christians in that country. More than 33,000 boys and 8000 girls receive a Christian education at mission schools. Suttee, infanticide, self-tortures, and immolations at idol-festivals have been done away. Upward of 3,000,000 Hindus and over 90,000

Mohammedans attend Government schools, and are thus brought under the influence of European ideas. It is by these indirect means rather than by the direct preaching of the Gospel that any victory has been gained over Hinduism by Christianity.

Judged merely by external appearances, Hinduism was never so flourishing as it is now. In Northern India the native merchants have filled Benares and other cities with new and costly shrines; the number of temples and idols has prodigiously increased. The revival of prosperity under the English rule has added something of external strength to the ancient idolatry. But this attempt to continue in existence what can not endure by its inherent vitality is spasmodic, and a token of weakness rather than of real strength. Gradually the entire system is being undermined; even Brahmans are beginning to reject what they have hitherto cherished. In the new era thus promised Benares will continue to be in the future what she has been in the past—the religious centre of India.

A SIN OF OMISSION.

WHEN Oliver Ferris met Miss Thornivale at Winnipiseogee some summers ago he wondered why it was that, having seen her for several previous winter seasons in society, it had never occurred to him to admire her, or entertain any emotion whatever concerning her. This first struck him as he observed her stepping into a carriage bound for Red Hill; he had been invited to join the party, and had indolently declined; he had seen Red Hill till he was tired of the sight, of cloud-spell and water-scape; but suddenly, as he looked at Miss Thornivale, a mist seemed to strip off from before his vision, and made it appear the veriest waste of time to exist out of her presence for the remainder of the day.

"Allan," said he, to a very blonde young man, who was arranging affairs and had chosen his own seat beside Miss Thornivale—"Allan, is there room for one? I've reconsidered."

"If there isn't we'll enlarge our boundaries rather than leave you out in the cold. There, you're not crowded, Miss Thornivale?"

And then the driver whipped up his horses, and Miss Thornivale looked across Allan's blonde mustache and asked Mr. Ferris had he ever seen Red Hill? It was her first season upon the lake and among the mountains, and she had never enjoyed any thing so heartily.

"Except the last fashion-plate," interpolated Allan, looking down upon her with an indulgent smile in his great aqua-marine eyes, which Ferris couldn't help admitting were handsome enough to drive man or woman mad.

"Oh, Mr. Allan," she replied; "you know that I soar above the weaknesses of the vulgar herd, ignore fashion-plates, and design my own bonnets."

"Every Woman her own Bonnet-Maker, or

Millinery Made Easy," said Ferris. "I should like to see you exercise your vocation, Miss Thornivale."

"You think that seeing is believing? Very well. I want an apprentice. I am going to make a bonnet for a little friend of mine this week, and you shall assist."

"Which means, You shall thread the needles and hold the silk," suggested Allan. "That is as far as I've been initiated."

"Then you, too, have assisted at the awful rite?"

"Come, Messrs. Allan and Ferris," cried one of the damsels in the further seat, "this is not appropriate conversation for the occasion. If you don't conduct yourselves seriously the hills will come down upon you with a thunder-storm."

"Don't mention a storm," said Miss Thornivale.

"But imagine Red Hill in one, all crowned with forked lightnings and swathed in purple thunder-clouds and resonant with voices of the upper air."

"Mr. Allan, I believe you would enjoy Purgatory."

"Which is to say that, like the monk Basle, I should make a Heaven of Hell? Thank you, Miss Thornivale; but I don't see how it could be, unless I took you with me."

"I might consent to go if you would insure me against thunder-storms."

"You would find a strong odor of brimstone, I fear," laughed Ferris, "which might prove too suggestive for comfort. But truly, Miss Thornivale, you do not dislike a thunder-storm? I think there is nothing finer than that passage in Browning descriptive of being struck by lightning:

"Where you heard thunder and I saw flame,
Another heard God call his name!"

"Oh, Mr. Ferris, you make me shudder. *Dislike* is a weak word for the sensation. It blights the summer for me; I lose control of my nerves. Why, you would never know me!"

"I should be exceedingly sorry at that result. I sincerely hope that thunder-storms will keep their distance, if the effects are going to be so disagreeable."

"There, you are laughing at me; I won't make you any more confidences. Mr. Allan, is *that* Red Hill?"

"*That*, fair pilgrim, is the shrine toward which our footsteps tend. What a majesty there is about these hills, as if they were indeed the heirs of time."

"Illustrative of the saying, as old as the hills," said Ferris.

"Mr. Ferris, I'm afraid that you don't appreciate the beauties of nature."

"Ah, Miss Thornivale, there are some beauties that carry you captive, willy-nilly. I think I fully appreciate such."

And he let his glance meet hers and linger there, wishing all the while that he were possessed of Allan's shining orbs, where one could

plainly see love sleeping in the crystal depths, and anon rising to dazzle the beholder. If he could only dazzle Miss Thornivale somewhat, if he could embarrass her gaze, cause her lids to droop beneath his too earnest air, that were something—a pledge of future triumphs. But Miss Thornivale, who understood every thing that was said to her, allowed herself to regard him an instant, with that indifference which is so tantalizing, which promises so little, but is sometimes the prelude to so much; and then her glance wandered among the hills with their heavy shadows and cloud-caps. She was thinking, perhaps, of those weary winter *soirées* to which her aunt had carried her night after night, when the day's toil was already heavy upon her, in order that she might in time secure a suitable *parti*, who would overlook her want of dower in consideration of her hazel eyes and docile temper. She was recalling those weary, hungry nights when she had played wall-flower to perfection, and had yawned behind her fan, and wished with all her girlish heart that some one would take pity upon her and ask her to join the quadrille, so she too might swing on this indolent pulse of music, and laugh and grow gay and careless with the rest. And turning over these things in a sensitive mind, she remembered that Mr. Ferris had been one of those who tossed her a civil word or two and then forgot her—till just this minute.

"Oh, dinna ye mind, young man," said she,
'When the red wine ye were spillin',
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan.'"

The old song rose to her lips instinctively.

"Apropos," whispered Allan, while the driver called to his horses, "you must confess that it would be a charming name—Barbara Allan; why not wear it, Miss Thornivale?"

This assuredly was not in her mind. She had known for some time that Allan was ready to fall at her feet; but she did not care to see him there. She was not one to whom such things were a triumph. She remembered once to have read that there is a moment of extreme susceptibility in the lives of most young girls, when the first lover that presents himself is believed to be the ideal realized; but in the mean time, if the lover delays, if he fails to recognize the golden moment, allows it to pass, it passes forever; the young heart suspects its impulses, and henceforth loves only *à la raison*. And she fancied herself already to have arrived at that adamant period. There was no need to answer Mr. Allan, such speeches being everyday affairs; and, moreover, Mr. Ferris had taken up the clew and was apostrophizing Scottish ballads with enthusiasm.

Mr. Ferris possessed a brilliant talent when he chose to exert himself, and on this particular occasion he did choose so to do; he illustrated his enthusiasm with snatches of Border melodies, sung with fine voice and feeling, and heightened as to effect by a face that expressed more than either air or words.

"Jove!" said Allan, aside, "if you would listen like that I would serenade you every night of my life."

"But I wouldn't, you know. I like to sleep o' nights."

Allan fetched a sigh from some remote region at this sally. "You're not in the least bit romantic, Miss Thornivale."

"I'm afraid not," she returned, laughing. "I'm sorry to disappoint you, but that quality was left out of my composition. It is a long way to Red Hill, don't you think so?"

"Are you tired, Miss Thornivale?" asked Ferris.

"Not at all; but when there is a prospect before one impatience is natural. Besides, there's luncheon, you know."

"No, indeed, I didn't. I did not know what the gods had provided for me. I was going away to-day, and missed the boat. That is what I call destiny."

"Then are you a fatalist, Mr. Ferris?"

"To a certain extent—after the event. It's patent that I was fated to go to Red Hill with you to-day. I wish Fate would always be so indulgent."

And Mr. Ferris honored Miss Thornivale with another of his supreme glances, which few women had failed to understand, which this woman recognized and unconsciously welcomed, although she drooped ever so little beneath its light and warmth.

So the day that promised little, in one aspect, redeemed itself a thousandfold. Red Hill was in all its glory. Years after, when Barbara Thornivale—before she had dropped the Thornivale—looked backward, it loomed upon her horizon like some Mount of Transfiguration. The very odors that blew across their path that day, the birds that thrilled the air, the clouds that flecked the heavens, the heavy shadows of the hill-sides, all rose up before her mental vision, glorified by the sheen of two brown eyes, which gilded the landscape and brimmed the lake with beauties not of their own. Not that she submitted to the spell at once; it was only after many weeks that she awoke in chains, to realize that this first drive had furnished the first link—the fatal starting-point, which none recognizes at the beginning, which every body accuses after the event.

It rained on the following day, a warm, continuous rain, that lashed the pane and clattered on the veranda and blurred all the outlines of the hills.

"How provoking!" said Belle Brewer; "here's a whole day out of our pleasuring."

"I don't see that," objected Mr. Ferris. "I am just as happy to-day as yesterday. Eh, Miss Thornivale?"

"The deuce you are!" said Allan, under his breath and bending over Barbara's chair. "But you are going to be gammoned, Mr. Ferris."

"I can endure it, so long as the victor is Miss Thornivale."

"Even to be gammoned by Barbara has its

charms," said Belle, lounging away to the piano.

Allan followed too, directly. Music hath power to soothe the savage mind, it is said; and Allan's mind was in a sort of *barbarous* state that needed enlightenment of some kind. So he permitted himself to accompany Miss Brewer's weak soprano with his deep tones, which Barbara had once likened to the music of surf on the beach, liquid and soul-stirring. He could have wished to reach her soul now and drift it out of present anchorage, if it might be. Therefore he turned page after page, till Miss Brewer began to believe in her own attractions, and consider the sensation she would produce in her world should she return to the city in the rôle of the future Mrs. Thorold Allan.

But Allan was thinking of far different things. He remembered once to have drawn Barbara to his side by that powerful voice of his; he had seen her unable to resist its persuasive accents; for a whole hour she had turned a deaf ear to all else, and had hung helplessly upon his tones, swayed by his breath, wrought upon by his will. In that hour he had begun to live—to live in the most opulent sense of the word—to feel the high tides of love drown out all selfishness. He had hardly counted that they might strand him at length. And so he sung on, as the sirens sing, confident, but humbly confident. He was just in the sweetest of *Adelaide*, where the "nightingales keep fluting," when he chanced to turn his head and take in the sweep of the room. There was not a soul present but Miss Brewer and himself!

"I believe I've sung myself hoarse," he said then, closing the music-book and accompanying the action with one of his deep sighs. "It's a divine song, but—"

He did not say "but there's no one to listen," as he just escaped saying; but he looked down into Miss Brewer's eyes without at all seeing them, seeing only Barbara's; and consequently his own wore a look reproachful and tender, which was very hard to understand, but very sweet to this young lady to receive. She answered him with a little sigh of her own.

"You are tired out, too, with the effort, Miss Brewer; allow me to prescribe a siesta," he said. "I've found it perfect magic for over-taxed vocality."

He wasn't thinking about her needs much, he merely wished to be at liberty to think of Barbara; and after Miss Brewer had tripped up stairs, Allan followed in search of his hat, meaning to take a turn in the bowling-alley, in order, legitimately, to give vent to his feelings. But just there, in the upper hall, he blundered upon Barbara and Ferris.

"Oh, why did you leave off?" she asked, looking up brightly from her netting. "I was enjoying it so much!"

"Yes, you seem to be," he returned, smiling significantly.

"Oh, but it was delicious where the '*Nachtigallen flöten*,'" she sang in answer; "it came

up here like the echo of a nightingale, and the rain played the saddest interlude. I was angry when you broke off so abruptly."

"I am gratified to be able to excite a passion in you," he murmured.

"I should like to see you angry, Miss Thornivale," said Ferris.

"I don't believe you would like the effect, Mr. Ferris."

"I should like to see the fire leap into your eyes and consume your smile," he continued.

"Oh, Mr. Ferris, you are trying to *make me* angry, I believe." Then to Allan: "We came out here because the light, what there is of it, is stronger here than down there—at least Mr. Ferris thought so; and he is sketching my profile, you see, and wants all the light which this great open door admits."

"An unfortunate day for such an enterprise, Ferris. Why didn't you wait for the sun?"

"Because this is not a sun-picture. And I have found it wise, my friend, never to let your opportunity slip, even though it is convoyed by rainy weather."

"What a Solomon!" laughed Barbara. "Where now?" as Allan moved off.

If Barbara showed the least bit of a flirt, it was only from sheer compassion, which would not allow her to wound another's feelings, or cause him to imagine himself *de trop*; though, to tell the truth, she had really been enjoying the sweet heart-throbs of *Adelaide*, the drip of rain on the balcony, above all the *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Ferris, more than she would have been able to realize except for Allan's interruption; therefore it was the acme of good-nature for her to invite him to continue the interruption; and the poor fellow wasn't a bit too wise to throw up the idea of bowling, and to take a stool at the feet of his love. And, sitting there, he did his best to vanquish his rival, whose pencil was busily stealing the semblance of Barbara's sweet features—to outflank him and steal away her heart. He was as gay and erratic as spring weather, coruscating with wit and repartee, and withal watchful and critical, if so be his case had any favorable features, if she inclined to him one atom less than before Ferris illuminated the scene.

But he might as well have watched a blade of grass to see it grow. Miss Thornivale knew how to keep her feelings in reserve without dissembling. In fact, there was nothing to dissemble about. She had found Mr. Ferris fascinating, like the pages of a romance, from which it is difficult to withdraw one's self; she had found him attentive to her every thought, which was much more delightful than any page of any printed romance whatsoever; but she had said to herself that presently there would be an invoice of visitors from the mountains and the cities, and all this would cease; and there would be only Allan to see that she did not stand too long in the dew, to show her the finest points in the landscape; only Allan, by whom she suffered herself to be amused, so long

as he left love out of the entertainment—a subject which she was not prepared to discuss with him just then.

"Miss Thornivale has so long been a feature of your social landscape, so to speak, I wonder you have not attempted her before," said Mr. Allan, rather ambiguously.

"Dear me," cried Barbara; "I should think I belonged to inanimate nature!"

"The mountain air," said Ferris, "inspires one to great performances—intoxicates, in fact, like *hasheesh*."

"Are you certain it's the air, Ferris?"

"I don't know; I only offer that as a theory. I haven't staid to define the motive power. There"—throwing down his pencil—"it's too dark to see."

"I thought inspiration didn't need sight—worked by faith; eh, Barbara?"

"I'm afraid I never was inspired. But now that I'm not necessary here I'll go look up Belle."

"Don't run away with that idea," laughed Ferris. "You can't picture our needs in the case."

"But Ferris can," interpolated Allan.

Then coming to her side as Allan strolled away, and touching her work, Mr. Ferris asked:

"And what is this you've been weaving all day? I wish every stitch was a letter, and the whole spelled out the theme of your thoughts of this afternoon—this *pleasant* afternoon, in spite of the rain."

"It couldn't spell out half of them. It's a silk purse, and when it is done you shall have it, if you will, and decipher all its lore. I promise it will take you a lifetime."

"A lifetime well spent. Like the alchemists, I shall be looking for gold—"

"A very appropriate place: I hope you will find it."

"Don't interrupt me. I was going to say something fine about finding something better than gold. And will you really give it to me? It will be better than the purse of Fortunatus. It's a segment of a rainbow—the bow of promise, Miss Thornivale."

"I shall expect a sonnet upon it after that." And then she wound up her balls of silk and disappeared.

A matter of business called Mr. Allan away the following week, greatly to his chagrin. Mr. Ferris, Barbara, and Belle bore him company down to the boat. He told Barbara to take good care of herself during his absence, and Ferris agreed to relieve his mind on that score, while Belle Brewer volunteered to see that there was no mischief brewed, and to keep a diary of the important occurrences for his private delectation. Allan smiled grimly at her threat, foreseeing that the important events would not be likely to come under her notice, or to be such as she would consider striking. So the steamer's bell rung, the wheel made a revolution, and he felt himself already leagues away from Barbara, as he watched them turn away and move

lingeringly in the direction of the bowling-alley. I am afraid that he *was* remote from Barbara's thoughts at that moment: the wheels of fortune had made a mighty revolution, and distanced all his hopes.

They spent a delightfully tiresome hour among the balls and pins, while Mr. Ferris kept the scores and made the ten-strikes, and Belle and Barbara made the blunders.

"Mr. Ferris spins his ball as if it were down," said Barbara, ruefully.

"It's *down* now, you will acknowledge, and good luck to it!" as he sent it unerringly along the plane, like fate itself. "These are a little different from those pretty balls you were playing with the other day, Miss Thornivale."

"Not quite so easy to manage."

"And not so entangling. Ah, Miss Brewer, was it nobly done to move so? How men fall before you!"

"Don't laugh; I'm not a Hercules nor a Theseus."

"No, you're an Ariadne to-day—'Bobby Shafts's gone to sea!'"

"Now, Mr. Ferris!"

"The little Brewer's in the doldrums," aside to Barbara; "can't send her ball straight."

"I seem to be afflicted with the same incapacity."

"From the same cause, perhaps," with troubled, questioning eyes.

"Perhaps so—there's no effect without a cause."

"I would go away myself if it would affect you, if you would be miserable about it."

"Of course I should. We need you to keep the score."

"If that's the case, I sha'n't go till I'm of more importance to you. Ah, Miss Brewer, a spare? That's odd, indeed."

"There's no such a thing as pleasing you," said Barbara. "You might *spare* us, sometimes."

"Isn't there? Have you ever tried pleasing me?"

"Certainly not; I only try to please myself."

"And no one else?"

"Why should I try to please any one else?"

"Why should you, indeed? Why should the rose try to be sweet, when she is sweet without the effort?"

"It seems to me that we are a great way off the track."

"I beg pardons, it's only your ball that's off the track."

"Well, it's hard to keep this ball rolling, I'm sure. Aren't we most through, Mr. Ferris? I'm worn out with hope deferred."

"Shall I order a palanquin to carry you up to the house?"

"Yes, you may; and four natives wearing scarlet turbans with gold fringes and camel's-hair draperies."

"Will not one slave answer you? One with the devotion of ten? A slave without the name, Miss Thornivale?"

"If you think him stalwart enough," she answered, laughing. "See, my last ball has done execution!"

"Which brings you out a head of Miss Brewer."

"What an execrable pun, Mr. Ferris! Did you mean it?"

"I mean all that I say to you, Miss Thornivale; don't give me the benefit of the doubt."

At this stage there were fresh arrivals from the house, eager for bowling distinction, and Belle, never weary of well-doing, re-entered the lists, while Barbara and Ferris strolled up together along the terraced walk, stopping to rest in each leaf-shaded arbor, and looking out upon the beautiful lake, where children waded in the shallows and lovers took their idle pleasure upon its bosom, while gushes of laughter, shout, and song, and the delicious cadence of the oar, floated on the air, attenuated in sound and mellowed into perfect accord.

It was astonishing how soon Barbara forgot her fatigue under the genial influences of the day, the situation, and the society of Mr. Ferris. It did not astonish that gentleman, however; it was the effect he had intended to produce, for which his powers were exerted; he was an artist in the affair, and he took credit to himself proportionate. The warm hours melted into each other, and the day waned, and the near hills stood out like cameos and blackened the sky of gold, and still they sat on the veranda together, or walked abroad, or watched the new arrivals from the steamer or the mountains, and drank in each other's words and tones, and grew half intoxicated with the fatal draught, and all unconscious of its strength.

But that night, when Mr. Ferris awoke from a dream of Barbara, a fearful dream—when he awoke with the cold sweat beading his brow—he turned on his pillow and asked himself a serious question, "Where were they drifting together? And was it wise?" and then he dropped into dreams again, and "smiling put the question by." But sober daylight, that sharpens the outlines of things and reveals the powder-patches of fancy, confronted him with the question yet again, and gave him a sensation of uneasiness as he watched Barbara's white hands delaying over the purse she had promised him, as though they loved the task; the eyes that were raised to his in blind faith and comfort, the smile that blossomed into being at his whispered nothings. Sometimes he was urged to fly the dangerous neighborhood, and again he silenced importunate Prudence with the rebuke that there were things coequal with herself; that sacrifice was good for the soul; that love was a necessity of existence much more than purple and fine linen and the best society. He did not calculate upon the fact that temperament is stronger than spasmodic effort. Affairs were pretty much at a stand-still now, he persuaded himself—for though he sat and sketched with Barbara daily, though he brought the flower which she wore in her hair, though

every night at parting he held her hand for the merest instant longer than the occasion demanded, still he argued that he was doing nothing rashly; that he was only delivering himself to bondage while leaving her free; that so, when the summer had fled, she might choose a worthier lover, and he could go his way again with this one sweet secret flame to lighten and enrich a dreary after-life. Because one must eat the bread of bitterness to-morrow, shall the wine of life pass by untasted to-day? Mr. Ferris was not the man to suffer this omission.

I do not mean to say that he had absolutely decided to make love to Barbara all summer, and bid her good-by with the roses and other dear things belonging thereto. He did nothing with premeditation, and there was his only excuse. And besides, he was at present in that dreamy middle state, where one does not see quite distinctly enough for an impartial understanding of the case; where one is a little purblind, and where one mistakes fancies for facts and facts for fancies; where the chaos of flirtation has not yet completely organized into mutual regard, and one feels scarcely responsible for a great many words and deeds. Moreover, he was not certain either of the reality of his own feelings or of Barbara's, so that it appeared hardly worth while to run away from a shadow, especially when the shadow had a pleasing effect. So he staid.

It is true that on one particular occasion he went so far as to take passage for Wolfsboro'; but then he went no further, and returned the next day to find Miss Thornivale on the balcony looking over the last number of *Punch*. She was quite alone, and he moved quickly to her side, and bent back her head between two gentle hands. The eyes that met his were full of tears.

"Crying over *Punch*?" he asked, throwing himself upon a cushion at her feet, which Belle had left an hour before to see the coaches from the mountains disgorge.

"The moods are akin," she answered. "You know we sometimes laugh till the tears come."

"I know," he answered, regarding her curiously; but he did not say that he understood the nature of tears, had studied their chemistry, and could distinguish one of the first water from a counterfeit. He was rather elated with this discovery. Those few wasted tears, it must be confessed, seemed to obliterate, for the time, many of his selfish scruples.

"Aren't you going to say how glad you are to see me?" he asked, after a pause.

"I am surprised."

"A fine evasion! You are surprised, and perhaps disappointed."

"Perhaps I am. Don't you wish I would confess?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I had no one to dance with. Belle and I walked in dreary solitude, with only Aunt Brewer to make it proper; we attempted a row on the lake, and finished by describing a circle, growing dizzy and succumb-

ing to fate. So we staid in the house after that, and devoured French *bonbons* and novels, and wished for a turn in the tide. Are you satisfied?"

"I don't see that you needed *me* particularly; any other would have answered—Mr. Allan, for instance."

"I suppose so," she returned, mischievously; "it was only for the sake of convenience."

"I have half a mind to go back."

"Very well; there are some *bonbons* left, and a chapter or two of the most heart-rending romance. And then we go home after August."

"Do you? What will happen then?"

"Oh, school again, I suppose," wearily; "but how do I know I'm not a gipsy-queen?"

"Do you want to be certain? There's a handful of Indians encamped round the bend of the hill; shall we take horse and consult the oracle? There's sure to be a fortune-teller among them."

"Oh, will you take us? I never have had my fortune told. It will be such fun—"

"I will take *you*. Shall we go to-morrow?"

"If Aunt Brewer and the weather permit. And now, pray, tell me why you left us so suddenly to our own devices? Yesterday was the longest day."

"Was it? That is refreshing; and, the *bonbons* aside, I am gratified to learn that I have capacities which *bonbons* can't equal. I left you, Barbara, because"—rising and pacing the balcony, and returning again to her side—"because *I was a fool!*"

And then he sat down again and told her how dismal it had seemed at Wolfsboro', without any friendly face to give him welcome; how he had longed like a child for the morning and—well, she might guess who. And when he had said all this and a great deal more the gong sounded for tea, and they went in among the commonplace people and the lights; and Barbara felt as if translated into another sphere, and moved about like one in a dim, delicious dream. They danced that evening in the long parlor. Barbara was no longer a wall-flower; she seemed to tread on air, and certainly walked among the clouds. The blushes burned upon her cheeks, her wide eyes had forgotten their tears—the revel had begun, and she never once thought of the end that might one day arrive; that sad, unhappy end, when the lights are out, the flowers faded, the place a haunted silence. And yet she had no right to her blushes, to her happy-heartedness; he had not said the words that would make life a holiday, something held him back. He had said it a hundred times, if eyes could speak; but some last particle of worldly prudence held back the frank confession. That very day he had opened a volume of Keats at this prophetic passage:

"Love in a cottage, with water and a crust,
Is—Love forgive us—water, ashes, dust!"

When Barbara had become a part of his everyday life, when they had turned to reali-

ties perforce, and had left romance a little behind, should he never regret? Should he never regret his bachelor ways, the club, the consideration of careful dowagers? Would Barbara take the place of all he should lose in winning her? If marriage brought cares and sorrows should he love her on and on? Was it not greater kindness to love and leave her now, than to woo her only to neglect? If these thoughts floated in essence, but unshapen, through his brain, was it not rather an affair of temperament than of will? Of a temperament that demanded the luxuries of life, and yet paused to haggle over this supremest luxury? In short, was he ready just yet to devote himself to one woman, when the world of women was so fair? You will say that this was not true love that stirred his emotions; but a dozen lighter loves had blossomed and died. When was he to know the absolute? What form would it wear? What heights would it attain? Or was his soul too narrow for the experience? Was the passion too exacting, or he himself too weak of purpose? And yet he went on enjoying the moment at its utmost, bringing the blush to her cheek, the sparkle to her eye, neither committing himself nor involving her, he strove to believe, but because it was all so pleasant still repeating the pretty experiments and blinding himself to the results.

And one day Allan returned. He wore an anxious face and carried a heavy heart. But Barbara met him with a frank heartiness that was simply discouraging in itself. In the hour of happiness she appeared unaware that any life failed of its sweetest satisfaction; and yet had you inquired the cause of her joy, she would have found it hard to answer: something too intangible to weigh, too ethereal to measure—a hand-clasp to-day, a smile of yesterday.

They visited the Indian encampment as prospected, Allan following with Belle in sheer desperation. The beaded squaw who presided over the future of mankind for a consideration had little to say either to Ferris or Allan, foreseeing, perhaps, their want of faith; but she took Belle into her lively confidence, and predicted great changes in that damsel's career; while to Barbara she gravely said:

"You will be happy by-and-by—"

"But I am happy already, sister," laughed Barbara.

"Oh yes; a little smoke, my child—all smoke."

"But there is no smoke without fire," objected Belle.

"But the fire smoulders and warms nobody—warms nobody."

"What does she mean?" said Barbara, thoughtfully, when they had withdrawn.

"She means to earn her living by ambiguities," said Ferris.

"I don't understand—"

"She didn't intend you should; it would ruin her trade. Don't put any faith in her mumblings, Barbara. Here's Belle as pleased

as a parrot, because of lady's maid and footman mysteriously introduced into her service. I didn't suppose the old hag understood human nature so well. I wonder if she gave Belle an incantation to insure their appearance—

"'Rat, or bat, or striped cat,
Turn to youth with laced hat?'"

"Oh, I don't mind her at all, only she—"

"Disturbed your dream," said Allan.

"Were you dreaming, Barbara? And what was it about?"

"I don't think it would need a soothsayer to tell," said Belle, who was herself a little piqued at Allan's absent air.

She had counted a great deal upon his return; she had calculated that the mutual attraction of Barbara and Ferris would naturally throw Allan in her way for sympathy and comfort, and she had resolved to console him after a fashion of her own. To be balked in an intention so charitable was hardly likely to improve the temper of a saint.

They drove home with the sun setting behind the hills, and great shadows of giant shapes thrown across their path, while the birds shook out a wild strophe to the falling day, and the wind freshened with a remembrance of mountain haunts and bubbling springs. Ferris threw his cloak about Barbara's shoulders and walked his horse: was it not wise to catch the aroma of the flying hours that would never repeat themselves by so much as an echo? So they sang together till the hills answered in antiphon, and all the sleepy water-courses swelled the chorus; or he told her a legend of the king's daughter who hid herself in the recesses of a mountain to avoid a hated marriage, but a wicked enchanter meeting her there, changed her into the torrent that leaped down the mountain-side in a white fury of despair, that raved and shrieked among the purple crags and wooded peaks, and tore itself into ragged shreds, and wreathed itself in rainbows, and tossed its spray in the face of the adventurer, till the huntsmen called it the Mad Torrent; how for miles away you might hear the sound modulated by distance to a dolorous minor tone—an accent full of sorrows; and when the frosts came and petrified all its tumbling trouble, and bound its wild strength, one could still detect it murmuring under the icy fetters, sobbing to itself in a frozen whisper, moaning and complaining in a passion of sighs; and the goatherds would say, "The Mad Torrent dreams over her woe, and struggles in her dream." But on the first spring night, when the air was full of earth damps and the forgotten fragrance of violets, they would awake from sleep with a chilly horror of impending avalanche, and listen to the Mad Torrent calling with a hundred tearful voices for deliverance from its torment. For the legend ran, that when the true lover of the king's daughter set out with staff and scrip to find his sweet-heart, he came at last to a foaming cataract that fell in the image of a lady

veiled and weeping, and being overcome with thirst, he stooped to drink of it, and the cruel enchanter stepped behind and pushed him in, and the cataract washed him down in spite of itself, rending the air with terrible cries, and throwing out a dozen powerless arms; but he was never seen again. The Mad Torrent had reason in its madness.

"I suppose," said Barbara, at this point, "it is meant to symbolize the losing one's self in another—the abnegation of self in the lover."

"But you remember it was none of his abnegation; he was stooping to satisfy a momentary thirst, and the enchanter gave him immortality in a push."

"Well, the enchanter is Love, the resistless impulse."

"Is love a resistless impulse?"

"It was in this case, if you will allow the impersonation," laughing; "I like *my* fancy about the legend best."

"But yours is *only* fancy, while my theory is after nature. I wonder if all events are not decided by the 'push' of circumstances? If sins of omission count as sins?"

"Oh, I'm sure they must. Doesn't the Prayer-Book say, 'We have done those things which we ought not to have done, and we have left undone those things which we ought to have done?' It places sins of omission and commission on an equality."

"But you really don't think, Barbara, that if I neglect to feed the hungry I am as vile as he who defrauds the poor?"

"Perhaps not in purpose, but the result is the same; it amounts to that in the end."

"But the effect upon my character is different. You must allow that."

"In degree, but not in quality. They are both a species of fraud. Yours is the selfishness of the heedless, his of the avaricious. But what is the use of discussing the question? You, at least, are not the one to fail the hungry."

"I don't know, Barbara; perhaps in my own hunger I may overlook another's. But see, there's the hotel."

"What a nice drive it has been! We must have taken a longer route home. How the lights flash in the windows of the hotel! It looks like a fire-brand at this distance."

"They are dancing. Do you hear how the music quivers along the air? If one could see it, what outlines do you think it would assume?"

"The serpentine; and it would be transparent, like crystal; or perhaps opalescent, just veiling all possible hues without hiding them, as the Eastern women veil their faces to enhance the splendors of their eyes."

"'Love, if thy lashes be so dark,
How dark those hidden orbs must be!'"

quoted Ferris.

"But what shape do you fancy one's words would take to the sight?"

"I'm afraid that the words of some would take the shape of hoofs and horns. Going

down Broadway of a fine day, did it ever strike you what a tide of thoughts were ebbing and flowing there; and whether or no the sight would be pleasanter if you could behold the thoughts themselves, and not the thinkers?"

"No; do you suppose it would be possible to know each other by the thoughts?"

"Perhaps; if we knew something of each other's lives. If you had passed, for instance, I should say, here's a thought of Barbara's, and here is another. I know them by their sweetness; and so following the clew, I should at last find you yourself. I fancy it would be a beautiful guide."

"But you don't know all my thoughts, Sir; don't flatter yourself."

Belle and Mrs. Brewer came forward to meet them, with exclamations and condolences.

"At what a snail's pace you must have come!" said Belle; "why, Mr. Allan and I, we came like the wind. Aren't you tired to death?"

"No indeed; I shouldn't know I had been out but for the pleasure."

And then she met the assuring smile of Mr. Ferris, and went singing up to her room with a heart as light as love could make it. What a beautiful world it was, now that she had ceased to be a wall-flower! When she had completed her toilet she stepped out upon the balcony to look at the sky and feel the cool breeze upon her flushed cheek; she was standing there for an instant, adjusting her bracelets, when some one whom the shadows had hidden from her came slowly to her side.

"I have been waiting for you, Barbara," said Allan, and his voice was husky with emotion. "I have been waiting to ask if you love *him*—if he has stolen my birth-right?"

"If I love him, Thorold," she repeated—"if I love—"

"If you love dancing, come with me," interrupted Mr. Ferris, appearing in the doorway.

And Barbara, thankful for the release, accepted his proffered arm, and swept down among the dancers, and flashed through waltz and gallop, and forgot all about the affair till, just as they were separating for the night, Mr. Ferris asked:

"Was it any thing tender, Barbara, that Romeo and Juliet scene which I interrupted? Was *il mal à propos*?"

"No indeed," she answered, coloring deeply; "I was glad you came."

And after that he kissed the tips of her fingers, and went away and cursed himself for a spooney idiot who didn't know his own mind, though confessing that he should probably continue such to the end of the chapter.

And so time sped; if they sailed to-day it was because they drove yesterday, and to-morrow they would climb the mountains. They were all together one sunset on the balcony—Mr. Allan, Ferris, and Mrs. Brewer, Belle and Barbara. They had been discussing the philosophy of events, and Ferris had adopted the views of Buckle, "that human beings necessarily acted by the impulse of outward circum-

stances upon their mental or bodily condition;" while Allan controverted the theory, and maintained that they acted rather from the impulse of some quality inherent in themselves, unaffected by outward circumstances. The discussion languished at length, and there had been silence among them for a little space, while they looked out upon the lake and at the little clouds that veered above and floated with the wind.

"You didn't know that I was lost overboard yesterday," said Mr. Ferris, breaking the quiet.

"It's nothing but my spirit, Barbara,
Now speaking unto thee."

Belle gave a scream as if she had seen a ghost, while Mrs. Brewer said, in her matter-of-fact way,

"But you were rescued, Mr. Ferris? How did it happen? and why did we not hear of it before?"

"It happened in this wise," he continued, turning his eyes on Barbara: "Yesterday Mr. Allan and I were out on the lake alone, you may remember—that is, neither of you ladies were with us, or the wind might have proved less unkind. But you know that the lake country is subject to sudden flaws; the wind draws down between the hills like water in a siphon, and comes upon you unheralded. So while we sailed along, gazing at our shadows below without a suspicion of danger, the flaw pounced upon us like a 'painted Pawnee' lying in ambush, and I sprung to the halcyards, and lost my balance, and—here I am!"

"Have we a hero among us?" mocked Belle.

"We have indeed, and Mr. Allan is the man," said Ferris; "without him, I should be

'Nothing but a spirit, Barbara,
Now speaking unto thee.'

And it was at the risk of his life—*his life!* Think of that! It is no trifling matter, my friends, to risk a life. I have never tried it, and I don't believe I ever shall; it's a sort of thing that doesn't come easy to me. I am of a cautious temperament—too cautious, perhaps. *Greater love than this hath no man!* How shall I reward him? Can you tell me, Barbara?"

"Virtue is its own reward," said Mrs. Brewer. "Mr. Allan—" But Allan had slipped away.

"Can you tell me, Barbara?" repeated Mr. Ferris. Her eyes looked out straight before her, large and glittering.

"He is very good; he is very noble. I do not know. I can not help you." The words came in a loud whisper.

"Then I must help myself. I must reward him in my own way."

And here the dusk shut down upon them, and the band broke into one of the Strauss waltzes; and the man who might have been a disembodied spirit but for Thorold Allan delivered himself to its ecstasies, and went swinging down the room with Barbara, promising himself that it should be the last—the very last time.

"This is the last," he said, as they paused breathlessly, and the music swept on without them. "When I dance with you again you will be no longer Barbara Thornivale, I hope."

Oh, Mr. Oliver Ferris! you have found a heroic path out of your dilemma, but what right have you to be generous before being just? She raised a glance to his, questioning and tremulous, that knocked loudly at his heart and shook his purpose for the nonce. Strange thoughts multiplied in his soul; strange words rose to his lips. What if they should slip the leash? What if this were his soul's need, his soul's opportunity? But be it what it might, he allowed it to pass, and Barbara sank into her seat and watched the dancers in a reverie of love and belief. Once after, in pacing the long veranda, Mr. Ferris lingered to look in upon the scene, and his gaze was caught and fixed by the picture of this quiet girl, rosy amidst her visions, with eyes that searched the future and found it fair.

"Good-night," he called to her, when she was half-way up the staircase. "Good-night, Miss Thornivale, and good-by. I'm off to-morrow before you are out of your dreams."

"Good-night, Mr. Ferris, and a pleasant trip for you," she returned. She thought he referred to the excursion of a day which he and Allan had proposed taking together—a sort of up-hill walking-match, about which there had been much vaunting and jesting.

Barbara slept late the next morning, as though drugged with pleasure; and when at length she came down like a white cloud in her fluted cambric robe she met Allan on the veranda.

"You have not gone, then?" she said in passing.

"No, I have not gone," in some surprise, and looking after her as one looks at a flower growing out of reach.

She wandered into the drawing-room, where Belle was languidly turning over the music.

"Isn't it too bad?" queried that impulsive creature. "Mr. Ferris has gone. How shall we get on without him?"

For an instant the room reeled before Barbara's eyes and grew blank; she felt as if an earthquake had rent the solid foundations. She was fast forgetting where she was, what had happened, what was to follow; her senses were failing, but something came to her aid. *She must not surrender.* It was a sharp agony that followed, like that experienced by those afflicted with a certain vital disease, which lasts but a breathing space, since flesh and blood could not endure a second longer. Nobody had observed her. She was quite herself now, and she answered without any undue hesitation, as it would appear, with perfect truth and composure:

"Has he really gone? I'm sure I don't know, Belle—the best we can, I suppose."

And after that the day's pleasure went on; people arrived and departed; the sun shone; little clouds blew across the sky; the hills

frowned down upon them like impending thunder-clouds; and the earth turned on its axis as if nothing had occurred. Barbara never doubted after that first moment but he had gone forever; she gave him up at once, then and there, without reservations, never hoping to see his face again, to hear his words. Another girl might have looked for his return, might have hung upon the chance; but *she* never did. Another might have given herself over to melancholy and bitterness; but she forbore. There was that in her which was stronger than pain, which wrestled with it, which wearied but never gave up the strife. But all the same she hated the long, sickly, yellow summer days, with blue vapors curling about the hills—the haunted silence of the late season; and, more than all, the warm, panting rains that dripped from the eaves and pattered on the balcony, and stirred her with strange intonings of her grief. And Allan—poor, obtuse fellow!—never dreamed but all had gone well with her, never met the hopeless sorrow of her eyes. Knowing her to be beloved, believing her happy, he was at infinite pains to refer to Mr. Ferris—to his pleasant traits, his profound opinions, his original ways; to quote him at odd times; to say, "If Mr. Ferris were only here we would go there, or do this; but without him we are all becalmed." And Barbara never waived the subject, nor winced under the ordeal; not even when Mrs. Brewer, glancing over a daily paper, called to her:

"Did you see this, Barbara dear? Here's Mr. Ferris, passenger in the *Meteor* for South America. Did you know about it, Barbara?"

"I did not know about it," Barbara replied, speaking slowly and pricking her finger with her needle. "He has often spoken of visiting South America, but I never heard him mention any particular time for the journey."

And then there flashed across her memory, like the coruscations of a Southern night, the hours he had spent with her, describing the gorgeous scenery of the Amazon and the cañons of the Andes; how his imagination had taken fire with the subject, and he had painted it all with warmth and delight, as if they were one day to explore that fairy-land together. And yet she must go on with her life all the same, as if no eclipse had interfered, as if she had not heard the thunders of fate rebuking her, nor seen its sharp lightnings divide her heavens. And she did go on with it all the same to outward appearance; she took it up where it had seemed to lose vitality and impetus, ingrafting it with fresh hopes and happinesses, till you would have sworn they were outgrowths of the parent stock, and not the fruits of patience and long-suffering. But this was hardly begun up there among the everlasting hills; *there* it was always pain to follow the same ways, the same pleasures as before; but she suffered it and gave no sign. The mountains themselves showed no braver front to storms than she to adversity.

Once, in their later picnicking, they came across the broken flask that had furnished forth a portion of some earlier lunch, when they sat, as now, among fern and sweet-brier, with a mountain for back-ground. Allan picked up the fragment now, and filled it with wild flowers to ornament the feast; it reminded Barbara of the skull that garnished the Roman *feſta*, and it made her shudder with an unexplained dread.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Brewer, regarding it; "that is the very bottle Barbara cut her hand upon, and Mr. Ferris bound it up like any surgeon. Don't you remember?"

"Only he was ten times as long about it, mamma," pouted Belle; and Barbara felt the wound throb afresh, and by some chance movement overthrew the offender, so that it splintered into a thousand atoms, and tossed its nosegay into the little beck that bawled from rock to rock, from steep to steep, a yard away.

And so, when August had ripened the summer, when Barbara had stepped her foot upon the steamer, and watched the last peak vanish, the last blue outline dissolve in distance that marvelous picture, the procession of the hills, standing like sentinels through the ages, wrapped in mists and sheathed in sunshine, shift and fade and disappear, she felt that just so the joys of her youth fell away, and left the prospect tame and wearying; and she thanked her stars for the dingy little school-room to which she was going, for the boisterous children who waited for her, for hard work, and no space in which to indulge sad fancies.

And so the summer had done with Miss Barbara Thornivale; and, gazing with Belle across the lake while the wind blew fresh in her face, what wonder if the old ballad rose again to her lips:

"'Oh, dinna ye mind, young man,' said she,
'When the red wine ye were spillin',
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan!'"

It was five years since Mr. Ferris lost his heart at Winnipiseogee. Fortune had favored him in most things during that time. He was no longer a man of moderate means, to whom marriage might deny many gentlemanly luxuries; he could marry now when he pleased, without counting the cost, without sacrificing a single comfort. He had been thinking of this of late, and of Barbara too; wishing he had once had the grace to tell Barbara his secret, and to take the consequences. They might not have been so trying as he imagined; affairs might have prospered as well; and then, had it been otherwise, they should at least have loved and suffered together—for he was arriving at that age when one feels the lack of love, when one needs its stimulus, when it has become of much more significance than bank-stock and selfish ease. Truth to say, he had missed Barbara in every pleasure of his life; under whatever clime, amidst whatever beauties of nature or art chance had brought him, "a dim, sweet

vision" fled ever before, and vexed him with its loveliness and tantalized him with its remoteness. He was, moreover, full of reproaches for himself. He had not counted upon love being so long-lived, upon its lending a color to his thoughts, upon its haunting him like an injured ghost. He had fancied it a weakness that would pass, but it had followed and clung to him—how, then, had it fared with Barbara? A woman with only the shallow excitements of a woman's life to disenchant her? Because he had once held love in his hands to take or leave he could not disabuse himself of the idea that the choice was still open to him.

It was in this state of mind that he found himself one evening at a fashionable *soirée* in Madison Square. Things had changed somewhat since his last entrance into society, since his sojourn abroad: the reigning beauties of that day had married, and other beauties now reigned in their stead; there were new faces, new names, new fashions; little or nothing was old except the old, old story, written in the same old language of smiles and tender regards. It was already late when he arrived, and he was just growing warm in a discussion upon some mammoth project of the day. He was saying:

"But this scheme, Mr. Douglass, will demand a great outlay at the beginning. Is it rational to suppose—"

And here a faint odor of attar of roses blew across his face, and he was up at Lake Winnipiseogee, and the time was summer, and Barbara, in giving him a drop of attar, had spilled the contents of the tiny vial, and all the air was fine and sweet with the precious exhalation.

"Is it rational to suppose, I say—"

But another such breath destroyed the supposition for a second time. A gentleman was just seating a lady in rose-colored satin from the dance—a lady whose fair features were wondrously familiar, who turned and looked at him with an air of surprise which brought him to her side in an instant.

"Barbara, Barbara! Is it possible?" he cried; then, speaking to the gentleman whom he had left thus abruptly, "Excuse me; I have just discovered an old and very dear friend;" and Mr. Douglass smiled his pardon and left them alone.

"Indeed, Mr. Ferris," said Barbara, "I could hardly believe my eyes, though they are faithful witnesses. It is so long since I have seen you. What have you done with yourself all these years?"

There was not a shade of embarrassment in her manner. Ferris could have wished it otherwise, but one can not order every thing.

"Wretchedly enough, Barbara, without you," he answered her.

"You are your old self at least," she laughed, flirting her laced fan.

"In one thing I am, indeed, all my old self; no change of time or place has been able to effect a change in my affections, Barbara."

"No?" with the least movement of uneasiness. "Time is something of an iconoclast. You are fortunate to have preserved any thing from its destroying finger."

"Am I? If you say so it must be true. Barbara, I did violence to my best feelings once. I sinned against myself and you—a sin of omission. Can you forgive me, Barbara? I loved you—I love—"

Her face was wild and white with surprise and pain; she put up a deprecating hand. He could have caught and covered it with kisses, but for a handsome officer who bent his gaze upon her and came forward.

"Is it the Lancers, Major Purviance?" she asked, trembling visibly.

"It is the Lancers, unless you have reconsidered, in which case I shall join the Cretan reserve."

"Oh, I never reconsider," rising; then, giving a hand to Mr. Ferris, she said, half under her breath: "I absolve you of your sin of omission. Pray forget it, for my sake; at least, don't make it a sin of commission."

And there was nothing left to him but a memory and the faint odor of attar. A little later, as Mr. Ferris followed a couple down the broad steps of the mansion, he had the satisfaction of overhearing a gentleman ask:

"Was it an old lover of yours, Bab?"

"He is no lover of mine," the answer came. "I think he never loved any one but himself distractedly. But he is very pleasant in his way, poor fellow!" And then, "But, Mr. Douglass, haven't we staid unusually late? I wish Thorold could have been with us. Do you know, I positively haven't danced with him since my marriage!"

And the coachman cracked his whip, and Mr. Ferris was left behind.

BOTH SIDES.

THERE is said to be somewhere a tradition that Mrs. Wordsworth wrote some of her husband's finest poems. "Mayster Wordsworth is dead and gone," said an old lady, a townswoman of the Lake Poet, "but his puir wife will still carry on the business!"

I confess, now that I am fairly seated in the window-sill, with my paper in my lap, my ink-bottle on my foot, and the children at school, that I feel not unlike the "puir wife" carrying on "the business"—taking stock in the "Excursion," for instance, or the "Ode on Immortality."

They could have told the story so much better themselves. In fact, I had hoped to make them do it after their papers fell into my hands. Her journal, however, especially in its later pages, I found it impossible to use entire, owing to a bad habit she had of eating slate-pencils. The consequence of this cheerful diet, I believe, is apt to be a somewhat regular fit of crying about bedtime, when her entries were usually made. If she had not eaten slate-pencils, I am inclined confidently to suppose that the rec-

ord would be quite legible; though I am perfectly aware that in the capacity to make such a remark I argue myself upon the shady side of forty.

His diary is entered in short-hand. I have by me all the best manuals of phonography, but it is hit or miss what material I am able to obtain from it.

As Irma, the brown-eyed countess in "On the Heights" said, shuddering, of convent life, the narrative is one "in which nothing happens." But that one may say of your history, or mine, or John Smith's; and you and I and John Smith make up the world, after all.

They had "grown up" together, in the full sense of the term—and that was just the matter. They had eaten each other's mud pies, taken the croup in each other's snow forts, cried out the sums on each other's slates, tipped over each other's ink-bottles, sopped up the ink with their mutual handkerchiefs, "told" of each other in about equal proportions, and "made up" in a common exuberance of sobs and sassafras. They had played at lovers behind the wood-pile, been married by the prize speaker, been divorced by the "first base," been reunited by the minister's daughter, and gone to housekeeping in the peat swamp, at regular intervals, as far back as their memory extended.

She had blue eyes, and never understood Vulgar Fractions.

He used to miss, so that she might get to the head of the class.

One day she braided her hair in two little braids behind, and tied it with a pink lute-string ribbon at three cents a yard. When they walked home together he touched it gently, to signify his approbation, and she blushed like a May-flower.

It could not have been long after that before she grew shy at singing-school, and was apt to be going home with her brother. In another year, when he went to St. David's College, she cried herself to sleep, forgot to crimp her hair, and said that nothing was the matter.

So, of course, when he came home on his first vacation, it all happened as it could not very well help happening, and as I suppose it must go on happening to the end of all young things' dreaming or of old ones' warning.

She sat in the choir in a blue dress with white spots, with a pink bonnet and pink cheeks, and sang in a very sweet little country voice, that quivered and curled about the pillars of the sunny white meeting-house like incense in an open field on a May day, you might have thought—or you might not.

He, grown rather tall, rather quiet, with long hair, and the unmistakable St. David's shawl, sat below in his father's box pew—and listened.

One Sunday it chanced that the Reverend Mr. Love, the recently settled and very popular shepherd of the "meeting-house," felt moved in the spirit to preach to his flock a sermon upon Christian amity, and to suggest as its

most fitting musical accompaniment Hymn 857 of the "Sweet Singer of Israel" (just introduced).

Ah, you excellent mothers with washing-days on your minds, and ye fathers struggling to keep your faith under the discovery of Tom's first cigar, do you never suspect in your stupid good hearts, the tears of solid comfort rolling into your spectacles as you sing, and your souls a-glow with all the hidden meanings of fellowship in the one Master whom they who love not never know—do you never suspect the flirtations conducted over that admirable hymn?

It may be very much too bad, but it is very much the case. It is quite as bad in me to suggest the sacrilege to your young people. Bless your indignant souls! they stand in need of no suggestion. Ask them. I do not deny that it is atrocious in me to spoil the hymn for you; but that is another matter.

She then, in her blue and white dress, with a sunbeam struggling through a little ground-glass gallery window upon her pink bonnet, sang:

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

It struck him that her voice was less like incense now, and more like melted silver; which was a very good fancy, by-the-way, and he would make a note of it against some indefinite exigencies as class orator.

"Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares,"

faltered the little silver voice; and so tinkled into this:

"When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart..."

And he, turning round with the audience, back to the Rev. Mr. Love, as was the fashion in the Bloomsbury First Church, lifted his face to hers, and their foolish young eyes met—met, and dropped, and the work was done. The mothers with washing-days, and the fathers with smoking sons, settled themselves comfortably under the text and knew nothing. The deacons went to sleep, and poor Mr. Love wandered into "sixthly," and the afternoon sun singled out all the little red-headed boys to shine upon, and Hitty (did I not tell you that her name was Hitty?) heard and saw as if she heard and saw not; sitting there all in her flush of pink and blue in the warm gallery, with her veil drawn and held about her happy face.

She curled herself away after church into the back seat of the old wagon with "her folks," and sat very still all the way home. The ripened light, like a golden garment, wrapped her about and warmed her. All the people at the road-side looked so merry in their Sunday clothes! All the faces, lifted to nod and smile at her, swam and shone in a blur of beautiful thoughts.

"I ain't quite clear about the doctrine of that air discourse," observed her father. "I heerd a Unitarian sermon when I was to Boston that appeared to me to resemble it quite striking."

"There!" said Cousin Phipps, "I never once thought to remind Mary Ann of the beans! I do declare now!"

And Hitty, listening idly, wondered how any body could be interested in beans and Unitarians to-day.

She went away alone after church to read her Bible, but tripped upon the words, "My beloved is mine;" and mused for an hour with folded hands and eyes upon some little silver clouds that were floating by the window.

She sat with bowed head at the evening meeting; and when Gershom Bell, according to custom, was called upon "to lead us in prayer," she remembered that she had been cross to Cousin Phipps on Friday, and cried a little; then thought how deep and kind a voice it was that prayed, and cried a little more.

And so, when at last they were alone together out in the strong night-wind, the girl's heart was too full for many words.

"Hitty!" said Gershom, "suppose I talk to-night."

"Very well," said Hitty.

"And suppose—look here, Hitty—what should you say if they make a minister of me some day?"

"Oh, you'd be so much better than I!" said Hitty, with a start.

"I *could* not be as good as you," replied the young man, reverently.

Undoubtedly he believed it. Probably it was true.

"That's all you know!" Hitty made answer, choking. "I get so cross at Cousin Phipps, and then—and then I never read the Bible through, and then you see—"

She looked so pretty, and so pure, and true, breaking off into a little sudden sob, and hiding her face away from him! What prettier, purer, truer thing could a man take into his life's long work than this hidden face? What other answer should he make than the answer that he made?

"Well then, you see, Hitty, we might be good together—you and I."

"Gershom Bell is goin' to hev a gift at prayer," remarked Cousin Phipps at bedtime. "Just like his father, all over agin!"

Hitty, with her lamp in her hand, nodded faintly, kissed Cousin Phipps profusely, then ran away up stairs and locked herself in. She looked timidly about her silent room. She drew the white curtains with bewildered eyes. She untied the pink bonnet, of which the strings were liberally ornamented with spots of a brilliant salmon shade, dreamily. She shyly unfastened her gloves, and folded her collar slowly. She flushed into pretty, sudden colors, and then grew very pale, with bright eyes.

At last—just where she stood—the pink bonnet hanging by its ribbons from her folded hands, she dropped upon her knees. And whether she prayed to God or to Gershom I do not think she ever knew.

He was content—quite. In the long mornings of the short vacation he ran over to watch her tripping about her work in a red cooking-apron, daintily powdered with white flower—watched, with some notion of a picture waiting for its frame.

In the afternoons they took endless sunny walks—Hitty was strong, and always ready to walk. In the evenings they sat upon the parlor sofa—without lamps. She talked of the next pickling, and the last sociable. He told club stories, and berated the Sophomores. The plane was level, you see—just about. One must say something. Even lovers, dear young friends, are liable to “talk out.” There was, if any shade of difference, this only:

“She will keep my life white,” thought the young man, walking home alone on moonlit nights.

“I shall make *him* happy,” sobbed the girl, in a thrill of gratitude greater, it sometimes seemed, than she could bear.

Not a selfish fellow either, this young man. It was nature, not Gershom Bell, I fancy, which spoke in him. The love of man and woman is very much of a constitutional monarchy. The exceptions are as republics among the nations. Have America and Holland and Switzerland a future greater than their past? What prophet is he that discerneth the signs of the times?

I have noticed that people with hair as gray as mine are in danger of growing garrulous over love-stories. One loves to linger over the budding of the “rose with the double calyx,” as one would play with a canary, or any other pretty, foolish thing. There is a satisfaction in drawing breath here in the pauses of battle to remember that there *are* people outside the lines who find time for moonlight and Locksley Hall, for jealousies, tears, raptures, and a note a day; that there is a world into which the care of dividends and souls and measles can not corrode.

I take a positive pleasure now, much like that one takes in Correggio's frescoed babies, in picturing those two young things starting off in their best clothes one shining afternoon to have their “ambrotypes” taken in a car on wheels that stood under the elm opposite the post-office.

“I wore my blue and white spot,” wrote Hitty in the journal, on one of the unstained pages. “I tied my yellow velvet across my crimps. It was so cozy and nice in the little car. And Gershom made me laugh. And he liked the picture. Then the sun was so bright on every thing all about! It seems such a happy world to be put into as I observed to Gershom on the way home. I suppose one always finds it out, as one grows older.”

Exchanging the little pictures out in the

slant sunshine of the quiet road home, Hitty took the two into her two hands, and sat down for a moment upon an old stone-wall, looking at them gravely—so gravely that Gershom laughed at her.

“There's so much—more—of you,” said the child, suddenly, under her breath.

A little embodied polka of a red squirrel shot by just then—almost under her hand—and the words went out from her conscious thought; nor ever came back to it, I think.

So their lives branched out a little, as any two lives must, from the root of their happy oneness: his, back in the college class-rooms; hers, in the kitchen with Cousin Phipps.

He plunged into the wells of the Old World's rich experience; dreamed himself into the dreams of poets so long buried that their very names are monuments; thrilled under the voice of orators fallen asleep in the haze of centuries' distance; fathomed, or thought he did, which for practical purposes is the same thing, mysteries of nature over whose brink Hitty, under a general idea of “volcanoes and things,” peeped with frightened eyes. He acquired “opinions” of Horace, of Dante, of Shakspeare; criticised Burke and Everett with an easy air, much like that with which Hitty would toss you up a supper-cake; regretted that Hamilton was not used more frequently for a textbook, and considered him very simple and direct—a mere personal conviction though—it might not become a general one; appreciated the “beautiful demonstration” of impossible cylinders; weighed sidereal systems in a balance, and found them wanting; drew for four years into the moulding of his keen, young, sinewy life wealth which “words and sciences” (as Swedenborg has it) “are not sufficient to describe.”

She rolled dough, stewed preserves, basted flannel gowns at sewing-circles, took Marion Harland's novels from the library, trimmed her bonnets, wrote love-letters, and said her prayers.

Very well worth while, those prayers of Hitty's, you must understand. The young man, opening a young man's eyes by degrees upon the world—the actual, awful world, which Hitty understood no more than did the pure sunshine in the ambrotype car, or the little squirrel on the wall—felt them drawing for four years a charmed line about his life. Sometimes, the fellows being about, and the talk a little noisy, it used to come upon him with a sense of positive awe, that Hitty, at that moment, in her white-curtained room, was speaking to God of him.

What if she did miss-spell a word in her letters now and then, and never allude to his theory of mesmerism? One does not go to church to philosophize. This “little girl” of his—(Hitty was not small, but one of those large people whom you always would run into diminutives)—this little girl was good and true—ah, how true! His heart blessed God for her every day.

And, by a singular law of geometrical progression, the more blunders she made the more convinced he found it natural to be that his life would be a crude affair without her sweet completeness. "If I must be head, she will be heart for us both," he said; and supposed himself to have made an original remark.

Terms and vacations, times and seasons, following hard upon one another, slipped him before Hitty's dazzled eyes out of St. David's into the Theological School at Xerxes; out of the boy into the man; out of the flush of collegiate honors into the halo of the sacred work, He who entereth which, thought innocent Hitty, must wear perforce the nimbus of the saint.

From time to time, as his actual presence glorified her days, she found him true and tender—more true, more tender; but grave, and still a little graver, as life deepened before him.

She worked slippers and traveling-bags for him; he read "Lalla Rookh" and the "May Queen" to her. She chattered like a black-bird of ministers' wives and ministers' worries: *must* she be President of the sewing-circle? and what *should* she do about the deacons? But even while he listened the smile in his earnest young eyes grew beyond, out of, away from Hitty's comprehension—frightened her a little. She matched her pinks in silence, and wondered if he meant to go upon a mission.

Once, in the stillness of such a pause, he closed "Lalla Rookh" abruptly—he had been sitting with his hand above his eyes—and tossed away the worsted-work, and took the girl's hands into his own, to say:

"Hitty, you are all I want—*all*."

"Why, yes," said Hitty, simply; "*I* supposed so."

In thinking it over afterward, however, it struck her as very kind in him to mention it.

Just here I insert a few leaves from the young student's diary. It should be constantly borne in mind that my translation of his shorthand is a free one. I have not observed it to be characteristic of the genus *theologus* that it runs largely to subjective journals. Modern ministerial custom is apt to tolerate them only in some such safe and economical form as the one in question. We of these latter laboring days—well-nigh too absorbed in their burden to remember that we have souls of our own—can scarcely discover a stand-point from which to view with the charity that thinketh no evil the mental and moral poise of that celebrated Professor (long since transplanted to a world where he will never write a journal) whose papers bear this record:

"*Monday*.—I feel myself to-day so sinful as to be convinced that I am more wicked than the devil.

"*Tuesday*.—Yesterday I stated that I was conscious of being more wicked than the devil. To-day I feel myself to be such a sinner that I ask his pardon for having made the comparison!"

Gershom Bell, in spare moments after dinner, and in fragments at bedtime, has left me,

as a photograph of his student life, bits like these:

"*Xerxes, Dec. 14*.—Found to-day in one of the old Latin Fathers, whom I took up in mere curiosity a few moments at noon, a valuable hint on Isaiah, li. 11. Find myself much fascinated with Hebrew, after all. They used to tell me at college that I had a knack at philological studies. My Greek, too, has received a stimulus. The Professor seems to have found me out. He has a singular habit of looking over his spectacles at one; a little annoying till one is used to it. I fell to sketching him in lecture to-day. H. may be pleased to see what he looks like. He is said to be the finest exegete in the country."

"*21st*.—Do not feel content with the argument from design as it is presented to us. Do not see that it closes the avenue to a malevolent Designer.

"An invitation from Prof. Craik to tea on Thursday."

"*Wednesday*.—If eternal predestination is consistent with free agency, and total depravity signifies the utter absence of good choices from the unregenerate heart—"

"*Thursday*.—Took tea with Prof. Craik. It is the first time I have been out any where since I have been here. Thoroughly enjoyed the evening. The Professor was in one of his best moods; monopolizing the conversation as he is apt to, if he talks at all, but never to his hearers' regret. Told two rich stories about the younger Edwards, and stopped in the middle of them to say to his niece, 'My dear, you *have* forgotten my shells again.' 'You have just finished the third cup, uncle,' she answered him, with twinkling eyes. And so he had. The old gentleman's absence of mind does not fall far short of Sir Isaac Newton's: witness the story of his seeing chicken-bones and supposing himself to have dined.

"Miss Craik, I understand, has been at the head of her uncle's house since his wife's death. One would suppose her to be his daughter. The relation between them is singularly pleasant.

"What an admirable thing is an easy manner! The young lady entertained us—there were four of us, classmates—as placidly as she would have played with her kitten. I was amused to see that she should take an interest in a discussion I had with the Professor on the disputed rendering of Felix's reply to Paul.

"'It was clumsy in me to bring Greek roots into your parlor, Miss Craik,' I said, like a fool. I will do myself the credit of having taken in the full flippancy of my remark when the Professor observed, in his nervous manner, glancing rapidly over the old spectacles: 'Hartley, my dear'—I think he called her Hartley—'that scrap from the Odyssey which you brought to me the other day went into this morning's lecture; did I tell you?'

"Wrote a long letter to Hitty to-night."

"*Friday*.—In a memoir of Burns I found to-day this: 'I do not find the gentlemen in cultivated society very different from the men I have been used to; but a refined and elegant lady is a being of whom I have hitherto had no conception.'"

"*Jan. 2*.—A letter from H., the second this week. Don't quite like this plan of hers to take

the district school. Begin to wish we were already married—an intelligent wish for a fellow with just one coat in the world.

"Met the Greek Professor and his niece to-day. The young lady noticed my old gray shawl. What young lady would not? I have so few acquaintances in Xerxes that I observed her observation, and thought that, were I settled over the Brick Church in New York, for instance, on a salary of, say, seven thousand, I would buy an over-coat. How pleased a little girl I know would be with a seven thousand dollar salary!"

"6th.—Made a call at Prof. Craik's. He was engaged. His niece entertained me conscientiously.

"A discussion at Club this noon on federal headship in Adam."

"13th.—Prof. Craik has engaged me as one of his readers. In his nervous, shattered state of health and eyesight, he is accustomed to employ students to read him to sleep every night. We feel that the privilege more than balances the loss of a little sleep. Am especially pleased with the arrangement, for my bell-ringing and the private scholar in the village will hardly eke out term-bills."

"30th.—Have been dipping into Hegel this week. Pastor and scholar—how *can* a man be the two?"

"This fortnight's reading to the Professor wears a little, but pays.

"At tea there again. Miss Craik instructed me on the French *salon* system. Her uncle introduced the subject. Between the two I was annoyed at my ignorance. Have my doubts about that sort of thing in a woman. Undoubtedly Miss Hartley makes sour bread."

"Apropos of bread, I find in chronological unity with the Xerxes journal a pet receipt of Hitty's:

"Use two of Froth and Fermenti's yeast-cakes (more reliable than home-made), and half a teacupful of sugar in my opinion is—' A letter just from Gershom. What a dear good boy to write so often and so much, and he so busy! And then such affectionate letters! It seems to me that he must love me more than ever this winter. It is *so* pleasant! I lock myself in here and look at his picture every night. And then I tell God how much I love him, and how much he loves me, and how happy we are. Only one little thing troubles me, which is quite wrong, I know, when we are so happy—he didn't make me any answer about old Mr. Benson's silver wedding. And I wrote him six pages about it, thinking he would like all the Bloomsbury news. But then I suppose he is so busy and hurried. And he told me that I spelled *irresistable* wrong, but I don't think I did."

(From Xerxes.)

"February.—The lectures on German Rationalism interest me greatly. Am reading Emerson to the Professor. He told me that capital story about Idealism at Princeton."

(From Bloomsbury.)

"Forgot the rose in my apple-pies to-day! Walked over to see Jenny Smith's wedding-presents. Had to keep Pat Donahue after school. He makes me a great deal of trouble. Our gray hen is dead."

(From Xerxes.)

"Sometimes the awfulness of this work into which I have come strikes me dumb. Have been thinking of it here in the dark till I am choked—stifled. Did I take the shoes from off my feet before I stepped in? Have I waited, as Whitefield waited, not daring to enter 'till God thrust him in?"

"We were speaking of Whitefield last night. Miss Hartley told the story about taking to the life-boats with great dramatic effect.

"This growing *burden* of God's message,' I said to her one day, 'seems to me sometimes more than man can bear.'

"A man need not bear it,' she said, very low. 'He can trust it.' And her eyes as she spoke were full."

(From Bloomsbury.)

"Gershom writes me what fine skating they have in Xerxes. He wishes I were there to cut circles with him. His last letter was very funny; and he seems in such a hurry to see me! I asked him the other day whether he were still studying Sir Alexander Hamilton, for Mr. Love wanted to know; but he has forgotten to tell me."

(From Xerxes.)

"Sunday.—Read Milton for two hours after church. The three words, 'Myself am hell,' dog one like the toll of the bell after one has come from a funeral. The downward *impetus* of sin is something terrible to find out. We are all of us embryo Satans. Even systematic theology, I see, has its practical uses to Christian experience.

"How long must a man live before he is justified in supposing himself to have any acquaintance with himself?"

(From Bloomsbury.)

"There is *such* a lovely moonlight out of doors! But I don't like moonlight without Gershom. Skated too long to-day, and am very tired. How sweet it would be, and strange, never to be tired, or blue, or happy without him! I did not get a letter to-day, and have been crying a little about it. Am going to read Bancroft's History of the United States, as he asked me. But there are so many big volumes! And they are such a horrid red color! Besides, I *did* go to sleep in the middle of the first chapter. And then Cousin Phipps came to say that Miss Mazeppa *must* try on my dress that very minute."

(From Xerxes.)

"The Professor was exceedingly weary last night, and demanded a little of Goethe by way of diversion. Came home with my brain spinning. Seem this winter to have stepped out of myself. Am confused, bewildered, never at rest. Where was it I saw a picture of a man in a labyrinth whose clew—a silver cord with the sun on it, a little cord, but one that could not break—led him straight into a desert?"

(From Bloomsbury.)

"Trimmed my black alpaca with pink velvet. G. likes black and pink. Jimmy Glendower has the mumps."

(From *Xerxes*.)

[These entries, in irregular characters, bear blurred dates in February.]

"Feeling a little under the weather, apparently for no better reason than the loss of a few nights' sleep, I have forbidden myself all books to-night. My chum sits magnanimously copying for me the lecture which I missed to-day. I sit here by the fire and journalize like a school-boy. In an exhausted physical condition even this may be preferable to aimless thought.

"Naturalists tell of a species of worm which, if cut in twain, comfortably accepts the situation by turning into two separate and individual worms, and going its happy ways. Supposing a life to be simply bisected by one short winter, shall the two ends go writhing off from one another? A sensible worm might grow together again, one would fancy; if, like the surgeon's dog, a little the wrong way, what matters it?"

"I see little of her when I go to read, yet one is always conscious of her presence in a house, as one is of a tuberosc. I mean, of course, Miss Hartley. I should like to have Hitty know her. That French system of sound friendships between man and woman, who can be and care to be friends only, is sensible. Mentioned the idea in a letter to Bloomsbury the other day. Hitty quite agreed with me."

"Sometimes, going a little early, I find her in the heated, lighted, tinted parlor, at the piano, at her work, at her reading; the door is open as I pass by. She, in a soft dress, with her head bent in profile, sits framed in there alone. Sometimes she lifts her eyes to smile. Sometimes I step in, and we talk a little together. Sometimes I go on my way in silence. Sometimes the door is shut."

"A man's work is one thing; his home another. Who would want the sharer of his life to be criticising his sermons, and burning his steak while Ruskin lay on the kitchen table? To be simple, tender, true—this must best complement the perplexities and temptations of an overwrought life. It being my birthday, the little girl at Bloomsbury remembered me by a pretty affair—watch-case, I believe she called it. 'There's nothing,' I have somewhere read, 'like having a woman at hand who believes in you.' I walk a great deal—at morning, at night, at midnight—up and down the silent Seminary paths, into the fields, over the crusted snow. Health does not improve."

"Miss Hartley to-night was singing as I passed the door. Caught in fragments words of Jean Ingelow:

"Sing on! we sing in the glorious weather,
Till one steps over the tiny strand,
So narrow, in sooth, that still together
On either brink we go hand in hand.

"The beck grows wider, the hands must sever—"

"Have been humming the tune till my chum as caught it, and we whistle together a spasmodic duet:

"The beck grows wider, the hands must sever."

"Found that letter of H.'s which I had mislaid. It was in the Professor's copy of Wordsworth, which, by-the-way, must be returned to-morrow."

"A face in church at the Communion Service to-day reminds me of—I think it was Saint Cecilia—but my head gives me pain.".....

Here the record stopped abruptly, and my young friend came as near perhaps to not resuming it, in form or fact, as he is likely to come till the compiler of his *Life, Letters, and Remains* shall apply to me for this material. A lung-fever of the most unromantic pattern, contracted by late walking and hard study, just failed of depriving the Gospel ministry of his valuable services.

He, following only a tortuous dream of labyrinths and Saint Cecílias, turned weakly in bed one sweet spring morning to see through a mist a woman's watching face, to mutter some words which no one could quite interpret, to hear a brisk voice saying, decidedly:

"There now! Told you so! Look a here! He'll be as chirp as a cricket in a week, you see!"

"Cousin Phipps?" he suggested, faintly.

"Precisely, Sir. You with no mother, poor dear, to tend to you—and the child besetting me day and night to bring her, and your father laid up with rheumatiz in his own bed this whole blessed time— See here! Well, well, well, you baby! Have your own way, then!"

So Hitty was standing there in the living light, and Hitty's passionate sobbing filled the air, and Hitty's touch and tears were on his face, and, smiling, he closed his eyes. Her fingers patted his helpless hands. Her voice cooed in his weary ear. They seemed to be playing at lovers again behind the wood-pile. The spring sun upon the floor was cool and still. Life, with "the green things growing," sprang, and was sweet. He "asked no questions; he had no replies."

"Day and night, up and down," said Cousin Phipps, at the first opportunity, in Cousin Phipps's own loud whisper—"never eatin' nor drinkin' enough to keep a bantam hen alive, till you was out of danger. There's good stuff in that child, Gershom Bell, though I say it as shouldn't say it; and you're better'n most men-folks if you're half good enough for her, poor thing!"

What most "men-folks" would have done under the circumstances remains a problem.

Gershom Bell could have groaned aloud, but changed his mind, and calling Hitty, asked her to kiss him.

Miss Craik, visiting in Athens at about this time, received, among other letters from her uncle, one from which I take this extract:

"Young Bell, one of my readers, you remember, has been down with lung-fever in his Seminary room. Have been so driven with the proofs on Malachi that I could not do more than run in to inquire how he was. Found ladies there—his mother and sister, I believe—in attendance upon him, and presume he has all the care he needs. I regretted that you were not at home to send him something in the soup or jelly line, but mentioned his case to one of the ladies connected with the Pinkerton Occasional Need Society."

They took him home—Cousin Phipps and

Hitty—on a warm, spicy day, when the music of the earliest birds was overhead, the trickling of unseen water underfoot. He obeyed them passively; he was glad to be at home, glad to be with them, glad to hear talk of cows and plowing, of weddings and funerals, of spring planting and spring bonnets, of little healthful, restful things; quieted through all his brain and heart and body by a simple life into which Whitefield, Goethe, Everlasting Punishment, the Categorical Imperative, Neander, Miss Ingelow, Night-Reading, and Morning-Prayer could not enter—from which struggles, burdens, doubts, regrets were blotted out.

Coming back to existence slowly in the sweet spring hours, Hitty, you see, came with him. Was he too weary to speak, to think? Why, Hitty would chat and sing. Did he falter and grow faint on their walks in the budding weather? Hitty's strong hand held him. If she asked, in reading the papers to him, who was Speaker of the Senate, he only smiled. Her very blunders were pretty to him. In his feeble state he found it a relief that she did not know much. He seemed to himself to have stepped from a whirlwind into a vacuum; beaten, blinded, bruised—who should care now even to breathe? Little concern for the past, little fear for the future, came to him. He felt himself to be stranded; he believed himself to be safe; why make ado over an unquiet dream?

Thus the lighted, scented days slipped softly; and thus, in due time, the man waxed strong.

With strength there came a pause.

It was the day, I think, before the Seminary term began that Hitty, alone with him, a little tearful for to-morrow's parting, fell to talking of the expenses of his sickness, of his summer plans. How should the two ends meet? And had he strength for private scholars now? And so drew from him, as she might not at another time, the wearing, worrying story of his debts and dreads.

"No, my board-bills are not paid, Hitty, to tell the truth, and the fact is—"

"The fact is," interrupted Hitty, with hanging head and sudden crimson forehead, "that—oh, Gershom! don't be angry—but I knew how much the doctor charged, and I haven't used the money since I taught, and so I—paid the old board-bills—in your name; in a little letter; nobody knew; and I've been afraid to tell you, and you know—"

"Hitty!"

The young man flushed hotly; but when he saw her face he said only the one word.

"If we belong to one another," said Hitty, in a whisper, "and God sends you sickness, and I'm strong and well, and so glad—oh, Gershom!—to do *any thing*!"

Gershom was a man of sense, and this little promised wife of his seemed just then, you know (Xerxes, except by way of board-bills, blanching from his thoughts), the one only woman in the world to him—as pretty women, taken at random, have a way of seeming, just because

they are pretty women. Then the child could have her money back by the middle of the term, and her lip grieved so like a child's—how could he cross her fancy?

So he neither argued nor blamed, but let her have her way, and rather loved her the better for it, for twenty-four hours to come.

Once in the cars, however, fairly started for Xerxes in the morning air, leaving spring flowers and scents and dreams behind—and leaving them in a woman's debt—he felt annoyed about it. He began to think that it was an inappropriate thing in Hitty, after all; she showed want of tact in forcing him to accept such a position; the more pleasant conclusion this to arrive at, because he was perfectly aware that he had not at that moment five dollars in the world with which to repay her.

A party of very well-dressed ladies entering the car in the middle of his musing caught his eye and mood unpleasantly; Hitty at the station, in her broad hat and ill-cut sack—Hitty was one of those people whose things never have an "air"—crossed his perplexed fancy. He wondered how she would look in a city church, and so wondering put her from his thought for other things; then, in the whirl of travel, growing a little confused within himself, old Xerxes habits of feeling assumed distinctness in nearing Xerxes boundaries.

He sent his trunk to his room by coach without him (thereby saving ten cents), and walked a little slowly or reluctantly up the hill. He passed a lady at the bend of the road; her face was outlined against the waning light. She raised her eyes, and turning, smiling, bowed. He lifted his hat and went his way—and that was all that happened.

It was all that happened, except that the young man, walking on in the dusk, stopped suddenly and drew his hand across his forehead; the gesture was a confused one, like that of a person a little blinded or stunned. Perhaps only a young man could have thoroughly understood it.

You and I, in the smoothness of "life's late afternoon," forget perhaps the chasms we met in the morning; can scarcely understand how looks, tones, touches, instants, atoms of things ever plunged us too down precipices which it had exhausted weeks, months, years to scale.

Young Bell turned sharply upon himself now; French friendship and convalescent dreaming fluttered airily away, and were not.

What, then? Did he love two women—two women at once? Possibly. The thing has been done. He must be an older man than Gershom Bell, who knows whether or not he is incapable of it.

It takes a man, after all, to "go right along" with a trouble. There is spice in the old Scandinavian proverb: "It is for women to lament, for men to remember." Girls, facing a discovery like that which Gershom, stopping there in the dusk of the Seminary walk, had faced, extemporize headaches and get away alone with it on

the spot. The young student ate his club-supper, talked politics, unpacked his trunk, chatted with his chum, precisely as he would yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, while suppers, chums, and politics endure.

With night and stillness reflection came—none the cheerier, perhaps, for delay; Matilda's method has its own advantages.

He struck a match after a while in his chilly, dark room, and hunting for a picture which he had somewhere (it required some hunting to find it), laid it down in the light, and, with his hands above his eyes, examined it.

He saw an ambrotyped girl with supernaturally red cheeks and lips, yellow velvet on her hair, and an awkward blue dress with white spots. He saw "only that, and nothing more." He closed the case, and put the thing away.

And even with his hand upon it the room grew luminous with a dead sunset, and a face leaned living from it—the strong, tender face! the womanly, gracious face!.....

He went out into the other room and sat down a while by the smouldering fire. Oddly enough, the only distinct thought which he had was a scrap from an old ballad which he had not remembered before in half a dozen years. He used to "spout" it at school:

"A man might sail to hell in your companie,
.... 'Why not to heaven?' quo' she."

Bell's chum simply gasped the next morning on being met with the proposition that they should sell their stove.

"In a climate where you have a week's 'nor-easter' in July? If it were theological, I should say you'd been on a spree!"

"I need money to pay a little bill," said Bell, a bit pale that morning.

The idea was preposterous, and he knew it; dropped it of sheer necessity; went off down town and found wood to saw; but it was the middle of the term, after all, before Hitty had that money.

The record of Gershom Bell's closing years at Xerxes Seminary is largely a sealed one. From the commencement of that perfumed spring term the entries in his diary ceased altogether. The young man was living that of which written words and characters are no symbol. At least, he had undeceived himself. That old suspicion of loving two women at once (which had mortified him extremely at the time) faded in a clearer self-analysis; brightened in spots occasionally when a pretty note from Bloomsbury came on a dull afternoon; died by degrees in a haze of summer gardens, winter moons, lighted evenings, Mendelssohn, and Mrs. Browning, penetrated forever by the richness of this Hartley Craik's unconscious face.

Was it unconscious, though! The query occurred to him once only; he could have had his hands round his own throat for it with pleasure—he, the pledged husband of another woman.

To go like a man to this other woman, and

tell her, in his grief and shame, that the thing which he greatly feared had come upon them both, scarcely crossed his purpose as a sane possibility; never, as a sacred duty owing both to her and to himself.

The case, it must be owned, was hard. It was such a true little girl! whom he had taught to love him while she was a baby; whose strengthening trust he had fostered with their strengthening years; whose budding, hallowed dreams of wifehood he had deliberately folded round himself; who had turned from all other loves for his dear sake; whose whole being was bounded—he knew it—by his smile; who had thought it priceless privilege to wear herself to exhaustion over his sick-bed; and who, to crown the whole, had paid his board-bills!

Now, just because he had outgrown her, was he to cast her by like a plaything from which the gloss was worn? Because she was only that which God had made her, was the debt he owed her canceled? Because she could not read Jean Paul in the original, could he not therefore become her honorable husband? And yet—and yet—had it been Hitty who wearied of him? *She* could have freed the prisoned secret, and there would be few to blame her. *He* must keep his struggles barred. The man's conscious chivalry stung within him. All the old mistaken sense of honor faced him and fought with him. What was done was done. That which he had sown he should likewise reap. Amen.

His wife should never suffer sense of loss in him; they should become each to the other all that God in his sweet pity (and God knew they needed pity, they two!) would help them to become. She should be honored of him so tenderly that she might never guess the outlines of that other face which must die—which *must* die!—with the dying sunset from out his married skies. And, in the "courts she could not enter," an angel with finger on its lips should stand forever.

All this may be very fine writing; at any rate, it was very fine thinking; at least, it served a very fine purpose through the remainder of the young man's student-life.

When it failed him at last—as it must, as it should, as any but the poor fellow himself could have foreseen that it would—it failed with a crash; broke and bounded beneath his feet as if the earth were reeling.

It failed of course when, in the confusion of his anniversary week, he went, at the close of a blazing summer's day, to bid the Professor's niece good-by; when he found her by chance alone, in the dusk, at the piano—her pale muslin dress shining like a softened lamp through the sweet darkness, as one looked in through the open front-door. He, looking, passed in without announcement, and stood in the shadow unseen, unheard—not caring to interrupt her—till she had finished her song.

It was a simple little song, running to an old Scotch melody, thus:

"God be with you! through my losing
And my grieving, shall I say?
Through my smiling and my hoping—
God be with you, friend, to-day!

"Somewhere, on a shore of silver
(God be with you on the way!),
In a sunlight sifted richly
From a thousand skies of May.

"In a dream of June's white roses,
In a chant of waters low,
In a glory of red maples,
A hush of moonlight upon snow.

"In the meanings of the sunrise,
In the soul of summer rain,
In the heart of purple hazes—
We will not say good-by again.

"But the tears dash through my dreaming,
And the thing I fain would say
Falters into this—this only:
God be with you till that day!"

Turning, a little startled, with the last words upon her lips, to see him, she raised her eyes, and Gershom Bell knew nothing in heaven or earth but the thing which he found in them; he had caught it, prisoned it; none could take it from him; it was his forever; and so, in his thrill of delight and dread and danger, he broke his silence.

When he had come to himself, and told her all, he went out from her presence with an exceeding great and bitter cry.

It was Cousin Phipps who tipped the balance, after all; the last person in the world from whom one would have expected it.

But that part of the story requires prelude.

The young man went back to his promised wife with hand upon his mouth and his mouth in the dust. He felt himself unworthy to touch the hem of her garment. Before her trustful, uplifted eyes his own wandered and fell. In that habit peculiar to the Christian man of taking his very mistakes to God for a blessing, he asked night after night upon his knees for strength to be true to this little girl; true to his life's remotest corner; true to every shading of his married fancy. But his honest soul told him that he had no answer for his pleading, and so, like the wheel of Ixion, his conflicts turned themselves about.

Hitty, if his stereotyped notes had disappointed her sometimes, had long ago concluded that ministers had no time to waste on love-letters. If his studied tenderness rang a little hollow to her now, it was her puzzled eyes alone which noted it. To question if her husband should love her as she, his wife, loved him would have seemed to her an insult to them both. Still, I think, quite unconsciously to herself, and in such blind way as came by nature to her, the girl's heart had gone up alone into a watch-tower.

So it came about that they sat one night together, he and she and Cousin Phipps, talking of his call to East Athens, of Hitty's wedding-dress, of this and that; Cousin Phipps sprinkling Bloomsbury gossip in at intervals, making at last this observation:

"When I heard of Bob's breaking off with

Cynthy Glendower, says I, Du tell! Well, I never! Want to know! for I never'd have thought it, not if I'd died for it—they two children seemed so happy!"

That these trivial words should have been repeated at the lapse of years to me, that I should be repeating now to you, that the fate of three lives should have been checked and turned by them, is—not so strange after all, when one stops to consider.

"Bob did very wrong," pronounced Gershom, resolutely.

"I don't know about that," Hitty said, humming a little love-song over her crochet work. "It would be far worse if he had waited, and Cynthy had found out too late."

"Too fiddlestick!" interrupted Cousin Phipps, with decision. "When a young man has made honorable proposals of marriage to a young woman, and she's been and gone and accepted him, *I* was brought up to believe it's his business to marry her, whether or no. But I'll say this, though," added the old lady, with a sharp nod; "*if* a girl finds out a fellow's tired of her, in *my* opinion she's a fool of the first water if she'll have him!"

"I wonder—" began Bell, and stopped. Hitty looked up from the crochet work, and her little love-song stopped too. The two young people looked into one another's eyes, and Gershom turned exceedingly pale.

"Good laud!" said Aunt Phipps, after a long pause; "where are you going to now, Mehitabel?"

"I will be back presently," said Hitty, in a steady voice. With a steady hand she folded her soft, bright work, and Gershom, with the room reeling before his eyes, noticed how steadily she shut the door.

All that Hitty did was to go away into the moonless summer night, and find a still spot beneath some evergreens, and lie down there for a little while, with her face crushed down into her hands. "To find out what had happened," she very simply said, in telling me the story a long while after.

All that she said when, coming in at last, she found Gershom sitting wretched and alone in the lighted room, was,

"Gershom?"

It was very gently spoken, though somewhat low. He turned his haggard face about.

"What did it mean? I would like to have you tell me—the look in your eyes just now when Cousin Phipps was talking?"

"How *can* I tell you?" groaned Gershom.

"But you must!" said Hitty, speaking with drawn breath. "I must know; I must guess; I must tell *you*. It meant that somehow—after all—you do not love me as I love you."

"I love you, Hitty," the young man made answer, honestly enough.

"But not as I love you." Hitty repeated the words, speaking steadily again, and nodding as she spoke. "Perhaps somebody—who knows a great deal more than I—"

Gershom quailed. So did the girl for a moment. She walked weakly away from him, with a little moan like a hurt child's, not considering whether it were dignified or not—acting herself out, as she always did.

"Don't, Hitty!" he whispered, hoarsely; "*don't!* I never meant to leave you for any other woman on earth. We can be happy together yet. I know I am not worthy, but if you would come back to me—"

"I can never come back to you." Hitty spoke distinctly. She stepped up to him, but with a certain shining in her eyes which warned him not to touch so much as the fold of her dress. "I can never come to you again. But, standing right here where I can see you, I should like to hear all about it, if I can."

He told her then, I believe, as best he could, the story of his last three years, brokenly, in an agony of distress and self-abasement greater far than hers. When it was all finished, I have been told that she touched him very gently on the shoulder, and said:

"My poor Gershom! My poor boy!" and cried a little—her first and only tears that night—for his sake.

"It was all one of my blunders, Gershom. Don't fret about it. I should have known, I should have known! All these years you have been wearing and worrying on with me. All these years you have tried so hard, I see, to love me as you ought to love your wife. Come, see, now, how it is; you did not see; you did not understand. You meant to marry me for my sake all this long, long while. Gershom, if you had done that I should have hated you! You would have been wicked, wicked, wicked! It was for *my* sake you should have told me! It was for *my* sake you should not have let me think of you for one day, nor hour, unless I was the dearest thing in all the world to you. It is for *my* sake that I must never, never be your wife. It has all been a terrible mistake; but you did not know. Never mind! There! Say good-by now, and go, for I am tired."

He obeyed her, bewildered and dumb. In the doorway he turned. It had been a rainy night, and the water was yet dripping with an irregular, sodden sound from the hemlocks in the yard. He dimly saw flowers, and they were wet. The hall light fell out far upon the wet graveled path. A wet creeper, with a staring scarlet blossom, had brushed in from the porch when the door was opened, and peered, nodding, about.

Hitty, standing quietly to close the door upon him, was a sight to which he could have knelt in reverence. The girl's eyes were wide open; her lips closed and still; her hands folded into one another; all the woman in her had blossomed, opened, enriched itself in this crisis, to which God, or Cousin Phipps, had brought them.

It may be a curious fact in the psychological history of young men in the abstract, or of this young man in the concrete, but it is neverthe-

less a fact, that as he stood looking from the wet darkness to Hitty, and from Hitty back to the dark wetness, and from both into his future, he felt himself to be suddenly aggrieved, afflicted, irreparably injured. It is undeniable that at that moment he would rather have had Hitty for his wife than any other woman in the world.

"I believe there is something in the Bible," said Hitty, when he turned, in silence still, to go, "about the kiss of peace. *You* must never kiss *me* now; but that you may not think I mind it much, dear, or ever think I blame you, or ever wish you had not told me, I should like—if you please—to kiss you good-by."

She put both hands upon his shoulders and very gravely kissed him on the forehead. He received the touch mutely, and went down between the rows of wet flowers with uncovered head.

Hitty stood to watch him till he had passed quite beyond the line of light and wet gravel, and listened a little to the dripping from the hemlock branches, and noticed the creeper staring from the porch. Then she went in and shut the door.

For just about four weeks young Bell kept away from Xerxes, thinking never to go back, and hardly caring whether he did or not. But time took care of all that, as it must—and should. Happiness is of God's own rare giving, and He never gave regret or remorse to mar it.

He had saved Gershom Bell as by fire from wronging that little girl with one of the greatest wrongs that man can work on woman. This he learned, I hope, at last.

And she?

A very few women in the world would never have loved or married—I mean loved in sincerity and married in honor and content—another man. The chances are, I should think, in the ratio of nineteen to one, that Hitty is not one of them.

WEBSTER, CLAY, CALHOUN, AND JACKSON.

HOW THEY SAT FOR THEIR DAGUERRETYPES.

WHEN Daguerre made practical the art of taking portraits by the aid of sunlight and chemical combinations, Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and Jackson were past the prime of life. Two of them had wasted much time in sitting to artists; and if they had been captious men they could have told of long, dreary hours they had dreamily, and often miserably, passed in the studios of painters and sculptors. In fact, Clay and Webster had been so much "persecuted" in this way that they were nervous at the very suggestion of the idea of entering an artist's studio. Calhoun was not a popular idol with the masses, and his immediate constituents seemed never to have taxed his patience much in endeavors to obtain his "counterfeit

presentment." Jackson lived so much on the "frontiers" before he was President that he seemed to have had little experience with artists, if we may judge from the fact that he asked Mr. Powers, the sculptor, "how he was getting along with his portraits?" meaning busts.

When these great men were in the very acme of their fame the daguerreotype came into vogue, and it was deemed a desirable thing to preserve their faces for posterity by the aid of the new process; and while they would probably have refused to sit long and weary hours and days to accomplish this desired object, they made no objection to giving a flitting moment of their valuable time for the purpose.

Mr. Webster sat for his picture in the year 1849, in the art-gallery corner of Fulton Street and Broadway, opposite St. Paul's Church. He was the guest at the time of the Astor House, in which establishment he was by the proprietors treated with the most princely consideration. He received the request to sit for his picture, after being informed it would only occupy a few moments of his time, with a prompt assent, and made no other remarks than were necessary to fix the time and place. Punctually to the moment, and unattended, he was at the gallery. He was expected, and when he made his appearance his dignified presence, massive head, his large dark eye, and commanding political position almost paralyzed the then comparatively inexperienced workmen. His style of dress was also calculated to attract attention, the prominent object of which was a blue dress-coat ornamented with richly-gilt buttons. Under direction he quietly took his seat, and was as kindly disposed as a well-trained child. It was more difficult in those days than now to take a picture, but Mr. Webster submitted with the greatest good-nature to every request, and at the proper moment was as motionless as a statue. The picture, under such favorable circumstances, was soon obtained, and Mr. Webster, on being told that such was the case, his face brightened up with an expressive smile, and without other demonstration, except a formal bow, he left the gallery.

Mr. Clay sat for his picture in New York in 1850, directly after he had announced himself in favor of the "Compromise Act" of that year. The attention he received from our citizens made it almost impossible to see him. Mr. Clay, whose health was then beginning to decline, declared that he was overwhelmed with demands on his time. His friends, however, were very urgent, and he finally decided that he would gratify their wishes, and appointed the morning of the day he was to have a public reception at the City Hall. Mr. Matsell was then Chief of Police, and by his assistance the camera was taken to the Governor's Room, curtains were tacked up, and every thing arranged, Mr. Clay being present, and expressing himself relieved by the quietness of the room. The crowd of people in the mean time outside of the building was becoming demonstrative, and the

corridors of the City Hall were lively with noise. At the very moment Mr. Clay was to sit "a committee" of some kind broke open the door into the refreshment-room, where a lunch was spread, and commenced helping themselves with the greatest freedom; from the lunch-room they came into the Governor's Room. Mr. Clay acted with great presence of mind, by seeming to not notice the intrusion. He was dressed with unusual care, for he had set apart some hour of the day for the especial reception of the ladies. The fashion of the day for the neck was a high satin stock, with standing collar to match, which gave a singular stiffness to the whole costume. When every thing was announced as in readiness Mr. Clay took his seat, surrounded by his host of admirers, who seemed wonderfully delighted with this "private view." For a moment it appeared as if the real object of the moment would be defeated. Mr. Clay, however, suddenly waved his hand, which had the effect to command the utmost silence; then dropped both before him, one grasped within the other. While the process of taking the picture continued, which was for some seconds, many of the spectators, unaccustomed to mental discipline, grew pale in their efforts to subdue their interest in what was going on, or from fear of being rude by some unfortunate interruption. Mr. Clay all the while seeming to be perfectly at his ease; the blood flowed calmly through his cheeks, his eyes beamed with peculiar intelligence, and his large, expressive mouth was firm but kindly disposed; he could not have been more self-possessed if alone in his study. When the click of the instrument announced that the affair was ended, an enthusiastic but subdued demonstration was made by the spectators. Mr. Clay took the hint, and gracefully rising, put every one at ease by commencing conversation with those persons nearest to him, and he did this as if he had not been interrupted. In a few moments the room was relieved of cameras and extra curtains, the doors were thrown open to the public, and then proceeded the last and probably the grandest reception Mr. Clay while living ever received in New York.

Mr. Calhoun sat for his picture in Washington city in the year 1849—less than two years before he died. His hair, which in his younger days was dark, and stood so frowningly over his broad, square forehead, was now long, gray, and thin, and combed away from his face and fell behind his ears. Mr. Calhoun was dressed in a suit of black, over which he wore a long cloak. Nothing in human form could have exceeded his dignity of manner and impressive personal appearance that day. He came promptly in accordance with his appointment, accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Klempson. The day was cloudy and unfavorable for the business proposed. Mr. Calhoun seemed to feel this, but was at the same time very obliging, and was constantly making some kind remark about any delay or accident that might occur. The first trial, owing to the floating clouds and

murky atmosphere, consumed some thirty seconds, which appeared to be a long time in a standing position. Mr. Calhoun readily consented, however, to a second trial, which was perfected in ten seconds. Mrs. Klempson, who delicately arranged at times her father's hair or the folds of his cloak, expressed her surprise at this, and said, "Father, how is it that your first picture, to make it, consumed so much more time than your second?" Mr. Calhoun resumed his seat while the plate was preparing for the third picture, and substantially replied that the art of taking pictures by the daguerreotype was a new process, and that while the results had deeply interested him, as indicative of great advantages to the social circle and all scientific pursuits, yet he did not feel competent to explain the exact method, and with these preliminary remarks he proceeded to open up the invention by an analytical disquisition and explanation that could not have been surpassed by the most accomplished expert; and all this was done in the simplest and clearest language, that fascinated and astonished the workmen in the gallery. Mr. Calhoun sat the third time, and after expressing a great deal of pleasure at the announced success of his visit, and calling the attention of his daughter to some pictures on the walls, he left the gallery.

General Jackson's picture was taken at the Hermitage in the spring of 1845. He was at the time a confirmed invalid, so much so that his death was a possible event at any moment. Against the wishes of his household, who were only solicitous for his comfort, he would know who called upon him, and against the positive advice of his attending physician he persisted in gratifying those who had "come so far" by having his picture taken. On the morning appointed he caused himself to be dressed with especial care, and bolstered up with pillows and cushions. He was very determined in his manner, and would not listen to any denial. At this time his hair, once such a remarkable steel-gray, and which then stood like a mass of bayonets round his forehead, was now soft and creamy white, and combed quietly away from his temples, and fell upon his shoulders. When the moment came that he should sit still he nerved himself up with the same energy that characterized his whole life, and his eye was stern and fixed and full of fire. The task accomplished, he relapsed into his comparatively helpless condition. When relieved from pain he was pleasant and courtly, yet never seemed to be entirely satisfied with the restraints imposed upon him as an invalid.

In looking through the camera glass into the eyes of these remarkable men, Webster's seemed to be dark and mysterious, where way down in profound depths were hidden strange mysteries. Clay's was a light bluish-gray, and was always restless, the pupil of which seemed to be constantly trembling from the electrical effects of the controlling mind; it was fascinating, and caused you to look away from its concentrated

gaze. Calhoun's eyes were cavernous, they seemed so deeply set in his head, but there was a deep blue in their depths that appeared trembling with a threatening storm; and yet there was, for all this, inconsistent as it may seem, a wonderful sense of repose. Jackson's eye was of a bluish-gray, dashed with yellow and red, that in his youthful days made it look so hot, red, and terrible. It was ever trembling by the agitations it had been accustomed to, and was constantly changing, one moment stern and defiant, the next quiet and peaceful; the imperious was, however, always predominant.

THE PLAINS,

AS I CROSSED THEM TEN YEARS AGO.

["The Plains," as seen from the windows of a "Silver Palace" rail-car, well stocked with creature comforts, and traversing a region covered with houses and fences, will soon be familiar to traveling Americans; but the Plains as they were till the Iron Horse first careered over them—as they still are every where else than within sight of his track—have been seen by comparatively few: one of whom has made the following record of his impressions.—HORACE GREELEY.]

THE Mississippi is the King of Rivers. Taking rise almost on the northern limit of the temperate zone, it pursues its majestic course nearly due south to the verge of the tropic, with its tributaries washing the Alleghanies on the one hand and the Rocky Mountains on the other, throughout the entire length of those great mountain chains.

The Amazon, or La Plata, may possibly bear to the sea an equal volume of waters; the Nile flows through more uniformly genial climates, and ripples over grander and more ancient relics of the infancy of mankind; the Ganges, or the Hoang-ho, may be intimately blended with the joys and griefs, the fears and hopes, of more millions of human beings; while the Euphrates, the Danube, or the Rhine, is far richer in historic associations and bloody, yet glorious, memories: but the Mississippi still justifies its proud appellation of "The Father of Waters."

Its valley includes more than one million square miles of the richest soil on earth, and is capable of sustaining in plenty half the population of the globe; its head-springs are frozen half the year, while cane ripens and frost is rarely seen at its mouth; and a larger and richer area of its surface is well adapted at once to Indian corn, to wheat, and to grass—to the apple, the peach, and the grape—than of any other commensurate region of earth. Its immense prairies are gigantic natural gardens, which need but the plow to adapt them to the growth of the most exacting and exhausting plants. It is the congenial and loved home of the choicest animals: I judge that more game is now roving at will over its immeasurable wilds and pastures than is found on an equal area all the world besides. It is the geographic heart of North America, and probably contains fully half the arable land in the New World north of the Isthmus of Darien.

Its recent progress in industry and civiliza-

tion has been rapid beyond parallel. At the birth of this century, its only city was a village; its total white population was less than one million. To-day, it has five cities, averaging two hundred thousand inhabitants each, and its civilized population exceeds fifteen millions.

And to its luxuriant and still unpeopled expanse all nations, all races, are yet eagerly flocking. The keen-eyed sons of cold and hard New England there meet the thrifty Dutchmen of Pennsylvania, the disinherited children of Scandinavia, of Northern Germany, and of the British Isles. From every quarter, every civilized land, the hungry, the portionless, the daring, hie to the Great Valley, there to forget the past buffets of niggard fortune and hew out for their offspring the homes of plenty and comfort denied to their own rugged youth. Each year, as it flits, sees the cultivated portion of the Great Valley expand; sees the dominion of the brute and the savage contracted and driven back; sees the aggregate product of its waving fields and fertile glades dilate and increase. Another century, if signalized by no unforeseen calamity, will witness the Great Valley the home of one hundred millions of energetic, efficient, intelligent farmers and artisans, and its chief marts the largest inland cities of the globe.

The Mississippi and its eastern tributaries are among the most placid, facile, tractable of rivers. A single fall wholly arrests navigation on the former; the Ohio rolls its bright volume a thousand miles unbroken by one formidable cataract. If half the steam-vessels on earth are not found on these waters, the proportion is not much less than that. It may almost be said that steam navigation and the development of the Great Valley have hitherto gone hand in hand, and that the former is the vital impulse, the indispensable main-spring, of the latter.

There is no eastern affluent of the Great River whose sands have not been plowed by adventurous keels almost to their sources; and the spectacle of a steamboat pilot backing his engine to let a yoke of oxen and cart ford unharmed ahead of his stern-wheeled, light-drawing craft, is probably peculiar to this region. The Ohio River captain who averred that his boat drew so little that she could get on by the help of a moist surface or a smart dew was less extravagant than he would have been in uttering the same hyperbole any where else.

But, the moment the Great River is crossed, all this is changed. The turbid, resistless Missouri waters a far larger area than the other "inland sea" of Mr. Calhoun, wherewith it blends at St. Louis; yet its tonnage is but a fraction when compared with that of the latter; and, while boats of liberal size are overshadowed by the Alleghanies at almost each day's journey along their western base, the rays of no setting sun were ever yet intercepted on their way to a steamboat deck by the peaks of the Rocky Mountains.

Time will doubtless multiply the keels plying

on the Missouri and its affluents; but human genius can never wholly overcome the obstacles to secure and speedy navigation presented by the nature of that resistless current, or rather of the country it traverses. The eager thousands pressing westward overland each summer to the shores of the Pacific find no relief from the length, the weariness, of their tedious journey in the shrill but welcome whistle of the fire-propelled, floating caravanseraï. For weeks, they stalk in dusty, sombre array, beside the broad, impetuous Platte: finding obstruction, not furtherance, in its rippling, treacherous current; this moment scarcely knee-deep, and the next far over head; only their thirst, with that of their fainting beasts, is assuaged thereby. For all other uses, its bed might as well—perhaps better—be a stretch of uniformly thirsty, torrid sand.

For the wide PLAINS, which slope imperceptibly, regularly upward from the bluffs of the Missouri to the bases of the Rocky Mountains, are unlike any other region of earth. They labor under what, with no reference to our current politics, may be fitly characterized as a chronic deficiency of *back-bone*. Rock, to be sure, is sometimes seen here in place; but very rarely, save in the *buttes*, or perpendicular faces of hills, which are mainly confined to the vicinity of mountains, and are obviously a sort of natural *adobe*—a modern product of sun and rain and wind, out of the mingled clay and sand which form the subsoil of all this region.

Apart from this *butte* formation, the Plains have little or no rock, save at unfathomed depths; and their larger streams run through valleys and over beds washed and worn through countless centuries to a depth of hundreds of feet below the ordinary level of the country, yet exposing no rock in their beds—nothing still but clay and sand—sand in their channels, clay in their intervalles and along their banks, save where some tributary—perhaps dry throughout most of each summer—has brought down additional miles of coarse, heavy, yielding, clogging sand, across which the teams of traders or immigrants plod slowly their weary way as they follow up the banks of the central stream.

Half a dozen ridges of stubborn Eastern granite, ribbing these Plains, would have completely changed the character and destiny of the central Western world.

Behind or above those ridges, lakes and marshes would have been formed, arresting the sweep of fires and insuring the growth of ample timber: water-power, building-stone, and other aids to industry, would have incited to settlement and civilized effort; in due time, arts would have flourished and cities risen where all is now, and seems to have ever been, savage solitude and bleak desolation. For in the absence of resisting ridges of rock, sometimes rising above or nearly to the surface, and of consequent lakes or swamps, annual fires, impelled by furious gales, sweep mercilessly over every foot of

the country which has still virtue enough in its soil to evoke a tolerable growth of herbage; while the flooding rains of autumn and winter, the melting snows of spring, acting upon a clayey surface unprotected by rocks or matted roots, constantly wash and gully it away, carrying off millions of tons of it annually to render opaque and milky the waters of the Arkansas, Kansas, Platte, and Niobrarah, and render the Missouri and lower Mississippi gigantic rivers of pea-soup—the least pellucid and most fertilizing streams under the sun.

Each year sees them bear to and squander upon the ocean a wealth of fertility, a volume of plant-food, adequate to the production of ample bread and meat for all the beggars on earth; but each year, alas! sees the Plains still farther denuded and impoverished by this same process, which threatens to continue till the crack of doom. Nay: the process tends ever to self-acceleration; for, as the streams and water-courses are annually gullied still deeper and deeper, the exposure of the intervening hills and glades to abrasion and waste from falling and running water becomes greater; and the more the soil is washed away and impoverished the less capable it becomes of producing those plants and grasses which can alone, by the abundance and tenacity of their interlacing roots, present some barrier to this sweep of devastation.

There is urgent need of some great genius, some creative Napoleon, some Liebig of the western wastes, to tell us by what means this desolation may be arrested and overcome.

I ventured timidly to suggest the *Canada thistle* as, in the absence of a better, a plant admirably adapted to counteract this fatal tendency—to bar the road to ruin—defying drouth by its facility of piercing the earth to any imaginable depth and drawing thence sustenance and solace under the most scorching suns—a plant which affords nourishment in later Spring and early Summer to nearly all ruminating animals, especially if it be cut and slightly salted a few hours before it is eaten; which sends its seeds to great distances on the wings of the wind, and which would laugh to scorn the ravages of the fires of October and November.

There may be plants better adapted to the end in view than this—I sincerely hope there are—possibly the *Alfulfa* (or Chilian clover) is one of them—and I trust the best may be chosen and propagated.

My own suggestion was made to incite, not foreclose, inquiry and discussion; and I shall be most gratified to see it largely improved upon. But, even if there be no plant better adapted to the end in view than the *Canada thistle*, I insist that a very moderate outlay would insure the general diffusion of this one over the parched plains and naked, water-worn, clayey hill-sides of the Far West; that such diffusion would rapidly arrest the waste and loss of their soil, while gradually restoring their fertility by drawing up mineral elements from the

deeper subsoil and depositing them, in the shape of ashes or of decaying stalks, on the surface; and that moisture would thus be retained and other plants ultimately encouraged to germinate and grow under the protection of this much dispraised annual, which, nevertheless, was not created in vain, nor yet to curse, but rather to bless mankind. Weeds and noxious plants are confessions of human ignorance. Were we but wise enough, every one would contribute to our sustenance and comfort, or to those of the animals who do.

It is the mind, the human soul, that has run to weeds. Were but that put right, we should realize that nothing else is wrong.

Drouth is, throughout each summer, the master scourge of the Plains. No rain—or next to none—falls on them from May till October. By day, hot suns bake them; by night, fierce winds sweep them; parching the earth to cavernous depths; withering the scanty vegetation, and causing fires to run wherever a thin vesture of dead herbage may have escaped the ravages of the previous autumn.

Of course, no young tree escapes destruction, unless it cowers behind the perpendicular, herbless bank of some gully, washing stream, or stands in the low, wet, narrow bottom of some unfailing creek. Even here, the slender belt of scanty, indifferent timber—usually the elsewhere worthless cotton-wood—is often set upon by a fierce prairie-fire, driven through the dead grass to windward by some resistless gale, and is charred and blackened to lifelessness, save at the roots. Yet from those roots springs a new growth of luxuriant shoots, and, if no fresh disaster is encountered, these shoots develop rapidly into trees, while their predecessors fall, decay, and are forgotten. But, let the fires ravage them for two or three seasons successively, the vigor of the roots is exhausted, and the trees disappear forever.

Hence, as prairie-fires are kindled far more frequently and wantonly by white men than by Indians, timber on the Plains has visibly been diminishing throughout the last fifty years, and threatens at no remote day to disappear altogether.

The bleached skeletons of dead cotton-woods, and, as you approach the Rocky Mountains, of pines also, still linger beside creek-beds where no living tree has been seen for an age; while the thin screens of timber along many streams have for miles been swept away by the relentless axe of camping teamster or emigrant.

Rivers sink and are lost for miles in beds where water was formerly visible nearly through the summer; what were once perennial brooks are now for months but stretches of thirsty, scorching sand. Grass now springs but in patches, in hollows wherein the drifted snow lies deep far into spring, where it formerly over-spread miles of hill and glade. And the predominant tendency, as wherever matters are left to the anarchical caprice and short-sighted greed of coarse, selfish men, is from bad to worse.

The prevalent impression made on the stranger's mind by the Plains is one of loneliness—of isolation. You press on, day after day, without seeing a house, a fence, a cultivated field, or even a forest—nought but a few shy wild beasts at intervals, or undelightful birds, and rarely a scanty, niggard stream, with a few mean, low, scrubby trees thinly strewn along its banks—often one of them only; and, as you go farther west, even these disappear, or are only seen in thin patches, miles apart.

If you are traveling along a river, you are amazed at the sparseness, the feebleness, of its tributaries, the dryness of their beds, the bareness of their banks. At length, the river itself disappears, or is only seen in pools and in hollows along its bed, where a deep excavation has been gullied under one of its banks; at last, the necessary, but not particularly inviting, fluid has wholly vanished, and you are compelled to make your way hurriedly over the long "divide" that separates this stream from one, often less considerable, but which heads in or near a range of mountains, and, therefore, maintains its current nearly or quite through the summer. This "divide" may be thirty, fifty miles across—it may be a hundred—wood and grass upon it, and, in summer, water also, are out of the question; only a few straggling weeds, with the worthless shrubs here known as grease-wood and sage-bush, relieve the monotony of the sterile, dreary waste.

What wonder if the patient ox, weary, famished, foot-sore, should here lie down to his long rest, leaving his master and more pitiable mate to get on without him as they may?

It would be rather Hibernian to pronounce dead oxen the only signs of life to be encountered during many days' journey on the Plains; but I have no doubt that the carcasses of fifty thousand cattle are now slowly decomposing above-ground on the arid, treeless, dewless stretches which separate Kansas and Nebraska from California and Oregon.

Verily, the carrion-crow is lord of the Plains—the only ample feeder in those famished regions—quick-sighted, impudent, and, though gorged to heaviness, abundantly able to take care of himself. I can not guess where he finds nest-accommodation; probably in the face of some high, perpendicular creek-bank, the brow of some *butte*, not too remote from the emigrant trail to enable him to gorge his young ones as he gorges himself. He is as decorously jolly as an undertaker in cholera-time, and sports a grave demeanor and a black coat professionally, and with no thought of evincing sorrow, or exciting sympathy, still less of mortifying the flesh. On the Plains, the crow is general executor and universal heir.

On the hither side of this broad, bleak domain—say a little below the forks of the Platte—two great lines of emigration in early summer intersect each other. One is that of the adventurous thousands who push westward from the yet unmade garden of the world to

find still ruder homes by the shores of the great Pacific. Its van-guard appears at this point early in May, is composed of cavaliers well-mounted on steeds just beginning to be the worse for wear, followed by light wagons, drawn respectively by two mules or horses each, carrying but two emigrants or speculators, with their provisions and scanty baggage, eagerly pushing on to cross the Sierra Nevada at farthest by the first of August. Following these, come straggling slowly along heavy wagons and carts, drawn by horses, mules, or oxen, five to twenty teams in a company for mutual assistance and protection, with sober matrons, ruddy damsels, and tow-headed children looking wistfully out from beneath the white cotton cover of most wagons, or trudging slowly, dustily along, from ten to sixty rods in front. Drove of loose cattle, the frolic all worked out of them, move behind, before, and on either flank of the wagons, already tired of the scanty fare and hard usage of the Plains, but without a suspicion that they have not yet begun to conceive what hardship really is—a point on which their experience will be decidedly enlarged within the next three months. But the whip cracks, the oxen strain at the yoke, the well-mounted herdsman gallop hither and thither along the rear of the straggling throng; and, through sand and dust, the whole caravan moves slowly westward, with many similar caravans pressing on before and behind it. Of the cattle thus impelled toward the setting sun, perhaps three-fourths will live to cross the Sierra Nevada—famine, fatigue, the diseases engendered by bad, alkaline water, and the crows, taking the rest; but of the tens of thousands thus urged through the South Pass, not even hundreds will ever return. They have cropped their last of the ample herbage of Kansas and Missouri, and must make up their mouths to the dryer, seeded grasses of Utah or California for the residue of their lives. Of their human companions on this long, rugged exodus, probably one-fourth—hardly more—will live to see water running toward the Atlantic again.

The transverse line of migration which intersects the great trail near the forks of the Platte is that of the American bison or buffalo. Having wintered, as they best might, amidst the timber and grass of Northern Texas, of Eastern New Mexico, of the Indian Territory, of Western Arkansas—by the sources of the Red River of Louisiana, the Cimarron, the Ouchita—the buffalo, half-famished and thoroughly miserable, start with the springing grass, and, in April or early May, turns his face northward in quest of "fresh fields and pastures new." Traveling in countless legions, sufficient to cover at once whole townships, the bison avoids, so far as possible, the timbered valleys of streams, and, driven outward by hunger and the speedy disappearance of the coarse, short, sturdy buffalo-grass beneath the feet of his all-devouring myriads, crosses successively the Arkansas, the Smoky Hill, the Solomon, the Repub-

lican, and begins to show a dark front of over a hundred miles along the south bank of the Platte from its forks eastward, as the later half of the emigration is toiling up both sides of that broad, shallow, rapid river. Collisions naturally ensue, and thousands of the noblest natives of the Plains bite the dust—most of them shot in sheer wantonness by hunters already gorged and overladen with buffalo-meat, whose only poor excuse for this wanton butchery is a passion for slaughter. Where food is the object—and the hides are good for nothing in Spring and early Summer—cows or calves are marked out for destruction; thus increasing the proportion, already far too great, of surviving males, and dooming the race to earlier extinction. Sometimes, advantage is taken of the blind, bisonic instinct of following, and a whole herd driven pell-mell down a precipitous brook bank, to the certain destruction of scores, whose carcasses are left to rot where they fell. Nowhere is the blind, senseless human appetite for carnage, for destruction, more strikingly, more lamentably evinced than in the rapidly-proceeding extermination of the buffalo.

For the white man, though his greatest, is by no means his only destroyer. The Indian watches for him in every thicket, by every wooded brook-side, and the calf that unwittingly goes down to quench his thirst is saluted by an arrow through his loin. The gray wolf lurks in every hollow, and sneaks through every ravine, in the rear and on the flanks of each mammoth herd, watching ravenously for some heedless cow, some foolish calf, some wounded or aged bull, to straggle to one side or fall limpingly behind, where a spring from his hiding-place, a snap at the predestined victim's ham-strings, will leave nothing to chance but the appearance of some hungry compatriot to claim a dividend of the spoil.

But the wolf and the Indian, though persistent in their warfare, are not wantonly destructive—they kill to eat, and stop when their appetites are glutted, their wants fully supplied. Civilized man alone kills for the mere pleasure of destroying, the pride of having killed. For thousands of years, the wolf and the Indian fed and feasted on the buffalo; yet the race multiplied and diffused itself from the Hudson and the Delaware to the Columbia and the Sacramento—from the Ottawa and the Saskatchewan to the Alabama and the Brazos. But civilized man, with his insatiate rapacity and his devilish enginery of fire-arms, has been on its track for a bare century, and already the range of the buffalo is shrunk to one-tenth of its former dimensions, and the noble brute is palpably doomed to speedy extinction. Press on, then, hunters! to your exciting, cruel sport! but make a speedy end of your victims, and do not merely wound and leave them to drag their broken limbs, their maimed bodies, after the frightened, flying herds, fighting off the greedy wolves through weeks of fruitless pony!

The roads over the Plains, and farther west, have one striking peculiarity—yes, two—a dearth of laterals, and an almost total absence of houses along their sides.

You are traveling a broad, well-marked, well-beaten highway, whereon you pass and meet teams, trains, droves, almost hourly; but no cross-roads present themselves, no hospitable tavern-sign salutes you, for hundreds of miles. There may be half a dozen "trading-posts," so called, between Fort Kearney and Salt Lake—a distance of nearly a thousand miles—each trading-post being usually a very poor and empty country store, blent with a most detestable low grog-shop or canal grocery. The total stock in trade of the eight or ten of these concerns which flourish outside of Salt Lake City, between Fort Kearney and Carson Valley—a distance, by way of the South Pass and Salt Lake, of nearly two thousand miles—may have cost \$20,000; whereof the alcoholic potables—if you please to consider such execrable concoctions potable—must have absorbed the larger share.

Every man who ventures upon the Plains is presumed to carry the blankets that form his bed, and the pork, flour, and coffee, that constitute his food; leaving whisky the only necessary of Western life that you may exhaust without incurring the imputation of foolhardiness.

Marvelous is it to see so much active, moving, vigorous Caucasian humanity so scantily provided—for the most part, so utterly unprovided with house-room—living in such utter independence of protecting roofs and floors. Wherever night overtakes you, you unroll your faithful blankets, spread them on the dry ground, crawl into them, and sleep soundly in the cool breeze, under the over-arching sky; if the rattlesnake or the centipede creep to your couch for shelter and warmth, he has usually the politeness to crawl under your blankets, not into them; if the clouds that rolled angrily at dark discharge hail and rain as well as thunder and wind before dawn, you know that their liquid efflux in summer is rarely or never copious; and, even if you are wet through and chilled as you sleep, it will be the easier to rise early in the morning. If a path leads away from the main trail, you know that it runs to no settlement or village, but to some spring or creek where water or grass may be, at least has been, obtained; no thirsty soul need follow it under the fond illusion that it leads to any fluid more exhilarating than Adam's ale. Thousands traverse the Plains, but few civilized men live on them; those who stay here draw their subsistence mainly from the Federal Treasury, in connection with the Army, the Mail Service, Indian Agencies, or something of the sort.

For hundreds of miles, there is no fenced field, no growing grain, no tolerable house, and only the merest spot of garden by some military post or mail station, some Indian

agent's lodge, many a weary day's journey from any other. Nature's ruggedness and man's indolence, or impatience of meagerly rewarded labor, combine to render this pre-eminently the region of rude living, discomfort, and a prevalent despair or disdain of any thing better. Yet, even here, this shall not always be.

I have said that the predominant impression made on the stranger's mind by the Plains is one of loneliness—of isolation. For days, if with the mail, for weeks by any other conveyance, you travel westward, still westward, with never a mountain, and scarcely a hill, with never a forest, with seldom a tree, with rarely a brook or spring, to break the monotony of the barren, mainly grassless, dewless landscape, out of which the sun rises at morning, into which it settles at night. God's works are around you; but those of man, save the trail beneath your feet, the wagon which conveys you, are absent.

And yet a nearer, steadier, more familiar gaze reveals symptoms of life which you had at first overlooked. At intervals, the fleet antelope looks shyly down on you a moment from the crest of a "divide," then is off on the wings of the wind. The gray wolf more rarely surveys you deliberately from a respectful distance, and, seeing no opening for a speculation, slinks off in quest of more available game. The paltry *cuyota*, to which the name of prairie-wolf has unwisely been given, since it has in its nature nothing of the wolf but his ravenous appetite, and would hardly be a match for a stout fox or raccoon, lingers near you, safe in his own worthlessness and your contempt. The funny, frisky little prairie-dog—a condensed or foreshortened gray squirrel—barks with amusing alarm at your approach, then drops into his hole, which, for mutual defense and advantage, he shares with an owl and a rattlesnake, and is silent as the grave till you pass out of hearing. Ten or twenty thousand of these little imps, with their odd partners, cover a square rood or two together with their holes, dug irregularly at distances of ten or twelve feet apart, but, I think, rarely communicating underground, as one may be drowned out by pouring in upon him twenty or thirty pails of water.

I suspect it is some presentiment of this kind that causes prairie-dog towns to be usually located on high ground, at some distance from spring or brook-side. I was told that the prairie-dog, almost alone among animals, never imbibes the Temperance beverage—nor (of course) any other. Slowly, on easy pinion, the hawk circles in air, then swoops down on the prairie-squirrel or mole whom he has chosen for supper—a preference by which its object seems not at all flattered. Lazily the crow hops from carcass to carcass, too plethoric to caw, too secure to be frightened. He may not know, shrewd as he is, that a charge of ammunition is too precious on the Plains to be wasted on his worthless corpus; but long impunity has

given him courage, or rather confidence, and to be fairly out of reach of the passing teamster's whip is the extent of his care. Yes, there is life on the Plains, though the unaccustomed eye fails to see it, and Heaven is quite as near them as to the cultivated valley or the crowded mart.

The mail (which was but weekly when I crossed) is one of the redeeming features of the Plains, calling into existence perhaps eighty of the hundred huts or station-tents that sparsely dot the fifteen hundred miles of else uninhabited, uncivilized country, which, on either side of the Salt Lake settlements, divide Kansas from California. As the emigrant toils slowly, wearily, up and over a long "divide," anxiously, wistfully looking around and ahead for grass and water for his fainting beasts, a dim speck near the horizon arrests his regard; it soon develops into a wagon and six mules, which rapidly approach; as they meet, its conductor and charioteer exchange a pleasant or spicy word with him ere it whirls by in a cloud of its own dust, and is lost to his vision. Yet that transient apparition, that hurried greeting, have had a value for him which you, sitting cozily at home, can not fully realize; the teamster's weary, listless step has become once more elastic; his sunken eye, veiled and goggled to shield it from the blinding glare of the mid-day sun on the naked clay, is fired once more with hope, and no longer expressive merely of dogged resolution; that flitting wagon, those jaded, panting mules, bear tidings, perhaps but twelve days old, from the region of telegraphs and newspapers, to which he bade adieu so many weary weeks ago; its news, now threadbare in the States, is fresh and deeply interesting to him; possibly, some passenger may drop or throw him a newspaper, or part of one, not yet a month printed, not yet worn out, save at the folds, containing the bulletins of some far-off battle, the reports of some great trial—some marvelous achievement, heroic exploit, or noble effort—some fearful marine disaster by explosion, wreck, or fire—over which his wife and children will to-night spell themselves into unconsciousness by the flickering light of their fire of burning grease-wood, and sleep to dream of scenes and loved ones far away, yet consciously less distant than they seemed a few hours ago. For that mail-wagon represents Civilization, Intelligence, Government, Protection, and gives assurance to the pilgrim family that they are not absolutely at the mercy of daring outlaws and prowling savages—that, beneath the unsleeping Eye, there is a terrestrial Providence also that watches over their safety, and would seek to avenge their wrongs.

And thus the emigrant, no longer heart-sick, walks firmly, proudly on, beside the team that is conveying all he loves best to that far Western home by the Pacific which none among them ever saw—for Bunker Hill, Saratoga, Yorktown, Plattsburgh, New Orleans, the starry flag, and the American Union, are all vividly,

confusedly mirrored to his mind's eye in that canvas-covered mule-wagon which, bearing the United States mail, swept past him an hour ago.

But the mail is not the only apparition of the Plains which exhales an odor of nationality, and, though mobile, evinces some of the qualities of an institution. The army contractor's laden wagon-train partakes of this character; possibly the sutler's or trader's as well. A cloud of snowy canvas on the morning horizon apprises you that a prairie-fleet lies there at anchor—the tongue of each wagon being run under the body of that directly before it, until the whole train is thus formed into a hollow square, within which the oxen are driven, while still wild, that they may be yoked—wherein they are herded after grazing at nightfall—and within which the captain and teamsters cook, eat, and sleep, while exposed to any danger of savage attack or surprise.

If a high wind or Indian assault is threatened, the wagons are strongly staked to the ground, while one easily displaced from the inside serves as a door or sally-port to the rude fastness. The danger of surprise being dissipated by broad daylight, the cattle are turned out to graze again; the breakfast of bread, bacon, and coffee, is prepared and eaten; the oxen now yoked,

and the *corral*, unrolling itself like a great snake, moves on its sluggish way, each cavernous wagon laden with fifty hundred weight of provisions or merchandise, and drawn by twelve gaunt, rough-coated oxen; the extra axles slung beneath it bespeaking at once the ruggedness of the way and the dearth of serviceable timber throughout the broad region it is to traverse. The train captain, fairly mounted, rides forward to look out a camping-place for the ensuing night, and back again to see what has arrested the progress—slow enough at best—of his train. Whenever a steep bank or miry brook-bed has stalled a team, another is unhitched from its own wagon and sent to the aid of that in trouble; and so, little by little—at first scarcely a mile per day; but soon ten, twelve, even fifteen miles—the train creeps patiently, fitfully on; rarely turning out for food or rest but at night; taking a brief halt in the yoke for the teamsters' dinner, or perchance to parley a moment with some passing mail; but soon the captain utters his cheery "Roll out!" the mail-driver cracks his whip and rushes by; and the train creaks slowly on—to Utah, Fort Hall, New Mexico, or whatever its destination may be—and the savage solitude and bleak desolation on either side close up again behind it.

THE WORKING-MEN OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

HISTORY but seldom pauses in its record of royal criminals and national woes, of princely extravagance and high-bred follies, to present us with a clear conception of the lives and fortunes, the joys and sorrows of our true benefactors in the past—the working-men. It celebrates too often the destroyer rather than the creator. Its superficial philosophy traces the sources of political progress to dissolute and imbecile kings, to haughty priests, or remorseless conquerors, rather than to those calm and thoughtful men who in every age have labored patiently to repair the waste of wars and the ruin occasioned by the passions of their rulers. We are taught to weep with the guilty Mary Stuart, to rage with the passionate Elizabeth. We know too much of the monster Henry VIII. We can tell how Louis XIV. dressed and undressed, and every vice and folly of the imbecile Charles VIII. of unhappy France. We know how often the modern Gauls have crossed the Alps, how often the busy cities of Germany and Flanders have been battered down and rebuilt, how often France and England have stained the land and sea with blood; but of the inventors and artisans, the skilled mechanics and creative farmers, more potent than kings and princes, we know far too little.

Yet still with some effort we may catch a glimpse of the working-men of the past as they glide through the shadows of history; we may trace them to their work-shops and warehouses, their splendid cities, their early republics; and

can readily understand how much we owe to the Morses and Fultons of the Middle Ages. Work first began with the Arabs. When the Gothic savages had laid all Europe waste, and made warfare and plunder the business of mankind—when the rude chivalry looked with contempt upon labor and had made indolent license the mark of noble birth, the gifted followers of Mohammed adopted the opposing principle. They declared labor honorable, and the highest emir and the bravest chieftain would have his children taught some useful trade. In the busy cities of Spain or Syria no man was idle; and when Benjamin of Tudela visited Bagdad in the twelfth century he found the Commander of the Faithful maintaining himself by selling his own handiwork to his obsequious courtiers.¹ Lord of the wealthiest city of the East, the caliph still professed to live by his own labor. The Arabian tales abound in examples of fortune's changes where exiled princes maintained themselves as pastry-cooks, the sons of sultans live by cutting wood, or the silent Gulnare is willing to labor as a slave; and it was thought a shame among the Arabs for any man to be without a useful occupation.

The result of this difference in principle soon showed itself in the rapidity with which the Arabs outstripped the Europeans in all the arts of cultured life. Europe remained barbarous

¹ Benjamin of Tudela, Itinerary, i. p. 93.

and brutal. It was the day of feudalism; the most memorable period of human woe. There were savage Williams and Henrys on the throne of England, wild emperors of Germany, and cruel popes at Rome. The cities of Europe were squalid, plague-stricken, and half desolate; the open country a scene of human degradation. Famine raged over the land, and men fed upon each other; the people were starving serfs, the nobles coarse and fearful tyrants; the baron from his impregnable castle plundered the merchant or swept away the last relics of the wealth of fallen cities; society had sunk into barbarism, and Europe in the ninth and tenth centuries seemed tending to its final decay. Its working-men were slaves, and labor was dishonored. But at the same period the brilliant Arabs had swiftly risen to the very height of civilization.¹ When they ceased to be conquerors they became a nation of working-men, and their united labors were followed by the most wonderful results. They built a long line of cities reaching from the Euphrates to the Tagus, from Bussorah to Cordova, each one of which, in its rare and splendid architecture, its groves and gardens, and its countless appliances of luxury and taste, rivaled the fairest labors of the Greek. New Corinth and Athens arose upon the coasts of Africa and the rivers of Spain. When London and Paris were still collections of wretched hovels, their streets muddy lanes, their palaces strewn with rushes and blackened with smoke—when fever and plague lingered perpetually in their narrow lanes and comfortless homes, Cordova and Bagdad shone with elegant mansions, and the working-men of Arabia had surrounded themselves wherever they went with all the conveniences of cultured life.²

The industrious Arabs revived those useful arts which the barbarians of Europe seemed anxious to forget. They wove the richest fabrics of wool, cotton, or silk; they manufactured cloth of gold and carpets of unequalled splendor; their divans were covered with satin cushions and velvet hangings; and muslins and lace of fairy-like texture adorned the Moslem bride. In metals the Arabs were also excellent workmen. They forged huge chains and bars of iron; the steel of Damascus was renowned in the cities of Europe. Their jewelry was the fairest and costliest of the age; they lavished gold and silver in decorating their mosques and their palaces; and their mints produced a coinage that was the model of the European world. As architects they invented a strangely graceful style of building, in which the fancy of the artist seemed to revel in new creations, and of which the lovely ruins of the Alhambra form a living example; in their private houses they gathered the richest marbles, the costliest mo-

saics, fountains of dancing waters, and gardens of perpetual beauty.

The Arab workman was usually temperate almost to austerity.¹ Mohammed had enforced the doctrine of total abstinence with a rigor unsurpassed by the most austere of modern reformers. He denounced temporal and eternal woes against the Mussulman who should touch the accursed wine. He had himself set an example of perfect abstinence, and in their purer age his followers obeyed the precept of their prophet. It was only in the decline of the nation that the Mohammedans learned to imitate the drunkenness and license of the Europeans. Temperate in their diet, frugal in their mode of life, the Arabs possessed sound intellects in sound bodies; they soon began to display an intellectual vigor that raised them to the front of civilization. They eagerly sought for knowledge amidst the ruins of Grecian literature, and the poets and philosophers of Athens and of Rome were translated for the benefit of the students of Bagdad and Cordova. The colleges and schools of the Arab cities were thronged with attentive scholars when the great nobles of France and England could neither read nor write; they produced eminent poets and graceful writers while Europe had neither a literature nor a language; their libraries numbered thousands of volumes when Oxford possessed only a few imperfect manuscripts chained to the walls; and the poorest merchant of Bagdad lived with more comfort and was far better informed than the proud knight who came at the head of his barbarous squadrons to die on the burning plains of Syria in an ineffectual crusade.

Common schools and colleges, indeed, seem to have originated with the Arabs. The caliphs were as ardent friends of popular education as a Brougham or a Barnard. Haroun Al Raschid decreed that a free school should be attached to every mosque; the Spanish caliphs founded colleges at Cordova and Seville that became the models of those of France and England; the Saracenic working-men were accomplished artists, and the general education of the people aided the progress of manufactures and the arts. An unlooked-for event further extended their advance. China, which had turned with cold aversion from Greece and Rome, showed singular favor to the Mohammedans. The Arab travelers penetrated to the great cities of that busy land, and in the ninth century became familiar with the teas and spices, the copper money, the manufactures, the porcelain,² perhaps the gunpowder, the compass, and the printing-blocks of the Chinese.³ They may have brought back those

¹ Abulfeda, ii. p. 51-75, celebrates the poets and grammarians of the age of Haroun.

² Bagdad was provided with hospitals for the sick, an insane asylum, and various charities. R. Benjamin, i. p. 98 *et seq.*

¹ In the Arabian story the virtuous father recommends his son "to drink no wine, for that is the source of all vices." Arabian Nights, ii. p. 130.

² Travels of two Mohammedans, Pink. Voyages, vii. p. 192. Le Livre de Marco Polo, par M. G. Pauthier, i. p. 325.

³ See M. Huc's Travels in China, ii. p. 120.

three mighty secrets which were to revolutionize Europe and open America to mankind.

Such were the Arab working-men in the splendid reign of Haroun Al Raschid and his vizier Jaffier; when a venerable merchant with a benevolent countenance and a flowing white beard sat at his own hospitable divan in Bagdad, dispensing his liberal gifts and narrating his wonderful voyages to the attentive guests; when Nour Ad Deen and the fair Persian were being feasted by the unlucky Ibrahim in the caliph's summer-house; or when Haroun was threatening to impale the virtuous Jaffier for some incomprehensible offense. And amidst the pleasant fictions of the Arabian fancy we every where discover that probity, benevolence, industry, temperance were looked upon as the crowning traits of the virtuous citizen.¹ It was labor that made Spain or Syria prosperous beyond example; it was the contempt in which the working-man was held that made Europe so long a barbarous wilderness.

The next important class of our benefactors at this period were the Jews. Despised and rejected of men, driven from city to city and from land to land, shut up in foul quarters of the medieval towns, plundered by ruthless barons, and racked and tortured by infamous kings, the hapless Israelites, in all their cruel wanderings, never lost their frugal habits, their painful industry, their commercial ardor, their probity, and their hope.² They settled in almost every land. They clustered together in the gardens of Syria, the rich cities of Spain, the barbarous lands of Germany and Muscovy, the dangerous realms of Richard or Philip Augustus. Every country and city was benefited by the presence of these indefatigable laborers. Wherever the Jew came he either brought capital or created it. He was the money-lender of Europe before the Florentine and Venetian bankers engrossed that gainful trade. He supplied the means with which merchants made their purchases, nobles supported their lavish establishments, and monarchs waged their destructive wars; and the usurious interest which he exacted for his loans made him hated and envied by the less prudent Christians. Jewish communities grew up in all the European cities, distinguished from their barbarous neighbors by the regularity of their habits, the purity of their morals, their learning and scholarship, no less than their commercial thrift;³ and when the Semitic Saracens had sunk into indolence and decay, their relatives, the Semitic Hebrews, continued to impart to Saxons and Franks the higher traits of an ancient civilization. While Greek and Roman, Babylonian and Carthaginian died out from

the earth, the chosen people still preserved their mental and moral vigor.

Yet the most fatal persecutions met them in every land. They lived amidst scenes of intolerable suffering. To rack and torture a Jew was the favorite employment of medieval Christians.¹ To treat him with insult and contempt was considered a Christian duty.² At Toulouse it was an established custom for the inhabitants to give a blow on the face to a Jew every Easter; and the Jews were only relieved from the pious insult when they had consented to pay a liberal tribute. The Christians of Beziers, from Palm-Sunday to Easter, thought themselves bound to assail every Jewish house with volleys of stones, and the bruised and bleeding Israelites were glad to be released from the peculiar religious rite by a considerable bribe. When the first band of Crusaders set out on their pious pilgrimage they attacked the rich Jewish communities of Germany with fire and sword, and every species of outrage was committed among them by the fanatical robbers. In England³ the noble Cœur de Lion plundered his Jewish subjects at will; the infamous John wrung money from them by cruel tortures; Edward I. banished them from the kingdom; and it was not until the iron reign of Cromwell that a Jew could legally enter the English realm: it is only within a few years that a Jew could become a member of the House of Commons. In France they met with still worse treatment; the people more than once made a general massacre of the Jews; Philip Augustus released all his subjects from paying the debts they owed to Jews, and banished every Israelite from his kingdom; Charles VI., the insane king, again expelled them from France; the saintly Louis IX., "for the good of his soul," as he declared, cheated them of their just profits in trade, and drove them from his realm.⁴ It was thought a pleasant joke when a brutal sea-captain left his Jewish passengers to drown in the rising tide. Yet, in spite of the persecution of their barbarous neighbors, the Jews grew rich and powerful; their patient industry conquered at length in the struggle with feudal cruelty and indolence; their trading-cities on the Rhine and the Moselle became again centres of intelligence and wealth; Jewish bankers, merchants, artisans, manufacturers became the models of those of Italy and Germany; and the example of Semitic learning and intelligence probably aided greatly in awakening the intellect of Europe.

Slowly the Europeans followed in the path of the Saracens and the Hebrews, and acknowledged the dignity of labor. The working-men

¹ Abulfeda, ii. p. 71 *et seq.*

² Rabbi Benjamin represents them as rich and prosperous in Germany in the close of the eleventh century, i. p. 163.

³ Rabbi Benjamin paints the Hebrews from Bagdad to the Rhine as scholars and men of taste, i. p.

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¹ Hallam, Middle Ages, i. p. 208; ii. p. 316.

² Florence of Worcester, Chron., 1279. Jews were torn to pieces by horses in London.

³ All the Jews in England, of every age and condition, were imprisoned (1278) on charge of clipping the coinage. Florence of Worcester, Chron. In 1279 two hundred and sixty-seven were put to death.

⁴ Hallam, Middle Ages, n. iii. p. 305.

of the Middle Ages began at length to make their power felt amidst the decay of the feudal monarchies, built their commercial and manufacturing cities under the shadow of frowning castles and robber strong-holds, and beat off the noble plunderers with the arms they had learned to wield as well as to forge in their republican communities. On a cluster of barren islets in the upper Adriatic arose Venice, the bride of the sea. Her working-men, with incessant toil, labored for centuries in covering their native sand-banks with a display of wealth and splendor such as no other European capital could surpass.¹ They built and navigated those adventurous galleys whose pennons soon waved in every port of the East or the North; that filled the harbor of Alexandria or the canals of Bruges; and whose priceless cargoes again made barbarous Europe familiar with Oriental luxury. Venetian enterprise once more revived the intercourse of nations. The Venetian sailors penetrated the stormy Euxine, and carried their golden fleeces beneath the walls of Constantinople; coasted the dangerous shores of Portugal and France; pierced the distant Baltic, and tamed the sea-robbers of the North. Their war fleets swept the Mediterranean;² their ship-owners won a rich return from their connection with the Crusaders; and at length a Venetian doge became one of the masters of Constantinople.

Meanwhile the artisans of Venice had made their city one of the wonders of the world. Its architects had covered the once desolate site with a multitude of palaces and churches; its canals glittered with gilded gondolas, and were spanned by graceful bridges;³ its warehouses were filled with the silks and luxuries of the East; its countless factories employed its citizens in profitable labor; its store of gold flowed to the public mint; and every year, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, one million golden ducats were coined for the Venetian treasury. Venice was particularly famous for its glass manufactures.⁴ Its tasteful artisans produced the splendid mirrors that filled the saloons of Europe with a rich ornament unknown to the ancient world; its goblets and vases were seen on every table. The Venetian factories produced almost every article of luxury or use; in the beginning of the sixteenth century its famous Aldine press sent forth those numerous editions of the classics which even the most practiced modern printer can not surpass; artists of rare excellence arose, who covered its walls with the most gorgeous of paintings; its citizens lived in an opulence and comfort unknown to London or Paris; and the splendor of their dress and the elegance of their taste awakened the envy and the emulation of the rude nobles of the North.

But the achievements of the working-men of

Venice were surpassed by the democratic population of its sister city, Florence. The banks of the Arno, indeed, must ever be immortal as the birth-place of modern labor. It was here that a busy throng of armorers, clothiers, mechanics, traders, in the thirteenth century, threw off the yoke of their feudal tyrants and declared themselves free and independent. A republic was established in which all offices were elective, and in which every Florentine had a share. The armorer or the trader was often taken from his foundry or his stall to become one of the magistrates of his native city. The mechanic often outstripped the nobly born in the strife for public honors. The vigorous democracy in which labor was honored grew rich and powerful in the midst of despotic monarchies and haughty empires; its name became famous throughout Europe, and its busy working-men, never at rest, succeeded in making their native city the centre of a vast trade.¹ Its manufactures and commerce flourished with rare vigor. The wealth of the world flowed into its streets, and the capital of the age centred in Florence. It was the lending city of Europe. The haughty monarchs of France and England were often suppliants to its powerful merchants for loans and commercial favors, and their bad faith and utter dishonesty sometimes reduced even the wealthy Florentine bankers to insolvency. The two great banks of the Bardi and Peruzzi failed because Edward III. of England cheated them of immense sums of money. Another royal rogue, the King of Sicily, was also a defaulter, and helped to ruin them.² But in general the Florentine bankers made immense profits, and kept up their commercial importance from age to age. Their habits of mental and physical occupation, the prevalence of industry and thrift, provided the Florentines with sound intellects, and kept them from indolent decline. They became eager for knowledge. They cultivated and honored art. Their vigorous intellects were fed upon the sublime visions of Dante, the republican lyrics of Petrarch, and the sculptures of Michael Angelo.

And thus the city, founded and made great by its working-men, became a fountain of genius whose perennial stream gave life to European mind. As the monarchs of Europe came to Florence to borrow its gold, so the people of Europe borrowed from Dante, Petrarch, and the Florentine scholars the best traits of their national literatures. At length Florence ceased to be free. It yielded up its liberty insensibly to the Medici. This excellent race sprang from the people, and never, until its utter decay, lost its sympathy for the popular cause. Its founders were probably busy men, who by their industrious habits and methodical lives had attained to opulence and popular favor.³ They preserved for many generations their mercan-

¹ Communes, vii. p. 18.

² Id.

³ The Grand Canal was the finest street in Europe, says Communes, vii. p. 18.

⁴ Beckmann, History of Inventions, ii. p. 77.

¹ Roscoe, Lorenzo di Medici, i. p. 14, 181.

² Hallam, Middle Ages, iii. p. 339.

³ Roscoe, Lorenzo di Medici, i. p. 13.

tile habits and their democratic taste. The Medici always defended the people against the usurpations of the nobles. They were always grave, polite, patient, liberal, just. They resiled from feudal haughtiness, or that intolerable vanity which led dissolute kings and princes to believe themselves half divine. They were singularly sane, and never ran into any wild extravagance of self-esteem, like that which destroyed Charles of Burgundy, or led Charles VIII. to his fatal campaigns. Said John di Medici from his death-bed to his two sons: "It is my chief satisfaction to think that I have offended no one, but have endeavored to be useful to all."¹ Cosmo, and his grandson Lorenzo, followed in the path pointed out by the dying patriot. They labored to be of use to every one, and ruled their country by the influence of superior virtue. But miserable was the decline of this great mercantile family when it sought to ally itself with princes and kings. When the Medici abandoned the modest principles of their ancestors they became the scourge of mankind. Leo X., ambitious and corrupt, destroyed the Roman Church. His nephew Lorenzo was so wicked that his death was a public benefit. Catherine di Medici, on the French throne, presided at the massacre of St. Bartholomew; her miserable offspring—a brood of vipers—were the contempt and terror of Europe.

The decline of the moral vigor of this great mercantile race, and the gradual loss of its regular habits and inoffensive morals, represent a similar condition of things in all the Italian republics. Genoa and Pisa, the Florentines and Venetians, who had once held in check the feudal powers of Italy by their democratic vigor, slowly sank into decay. The working-men of Venice, corrupted by prosperity, learned to despise the labor that had made them great; the people of Florence lost their freedom partly by their own imprudence, partly by the force of circumstances; and all the free cities of Italy fell into the power of feudal tyrants. Yet their ideas still survived. They had taught personal independence and self-respect when the rest of Europe had been ruled by the enfeebling spirit of loyalty. They had inculcated the high principles of commercial honor and probity when the word of European kings and princes was a symbol of falsehood and deceit. They had shown what labor could do, and what it might yet accomplish in refining and elevating human nature.

From the declining republics of Italy we turn to the next great field of human industry, the Netherlands, or the Low Countries.² The name properly includes all that flat and once desolate waste of marsh and bog which had grown up in

the German Ocean from the gradual deposits of the Rhine. It embraces Flanders, Belgium, Holland, and what has been for many centuries the chosen home of the working-man. Here, amidst swamps and tangled meadows resembling those that line the banks of the Mississippi, and which were once thought only fit for the habitation of the slave—exposed every moment to inundations from a storm-tossed ocean and the wintry tempests of the northern seas—racked by feudal lords who, while he was weak, snatched from him his poor earnings, pillaged his hamlets, or broke down his dykes and let in the angry waves, the humble Batavian or Belgian grew rich and great by patient toil. He founded a circle of magnificent cities, sprung like exhalations from their native bogs, each of which was wealthier than any feudal capital of the day; more splendid than Paris, more convenient than Rome or London; a model habitation for order, elegance, and thrift.¹ Ghent and Bruges, Brussels and Antwerp, Liege, Haarlem, Amsterdam, and a throng of similar busy communities, suddenly startled the repose of barbarous feudalism by declaring the dignity of labor. The rich burghers of Ghent and Bruges learned to look with a kind of pity upon their feudal dukes and their royal neighbors. It was better to be a workman in Ghent, free and wealthy, than the retainer of an impoverished prince or a royal villain. It was better to be a clothier of Flanders, honest, self-respecting, and the peer of all his neighbors, than to haunt the court of a perjured and faithless prince like Louis XI., or to share in his villainies like the unlucky Communes. The workmen of Ghent saw this, and showed little respect to princes and lords. They took charge of the fair Mary of Burgundy, and held her almost a prisoner in her capital; they executed two of her noble advisers in their public square, while she rushed wildly into the midst of the throng hoping to stay the execution. The valor and the turbulence of the workmen of Ghent, their fierce democracy, their contempt for lords and kings, their magnificence in living, and their enormous wealth, formed a political problem which few of the statesmen of that age could understand.²

It is even now quite startling to observe how wide a gulf lay between the tone of thought in the industrial cities of medieval Europe and that which prevailed in the feudal capitals. In London a rich merchant was treated little better than a Jew. He was scoffed at by the meanest follower of the court, plundered by the rapacious king, excluded from the higher ranks of society, and often merited all these indignities by the serf-like subservience with which he cringed to the vile and brutal noble. In Florence or in Ghent the self-respecting me-

¹ Roscoe, i. p. 14.

² Monstrelet, Froissart, De la Marche, and the various chroniclers, abound in notices of the great spread of labor in the Netherlands. See Monstrelet, i. p. 62 *et seq.*; Schayes, *Les Pays-Bas*, i. p. 424, for the settlement of the sandy plain.

¹ Communes notices the general wealth and prosperity of Burgundy. Charles the Bold he declares to have been the richest and most powerful prince in Christendom, i. p. 298.

² Froissart, i. p. 700. Warnkoenig, *Hist. de la Flandre*, trad. par A. E. Geldolf, i. p. 303.

chanic was the peer of counts and barons. In Flanders the wealthy traders controlled the policy of their duke, and surpassed in splendor the proudest of their nobles.¹ In France and Spain the noble who engaged in trade was degraded and lost his nobility. A still wider difference prevailed in conduct and morals. The working-men of the industrial cities were remarkable for their honesty and truthfulness. The faith of the great bankers and manufacturers of Florence or Bruges was preserved unsullied. Their promises were relied upon all over Europe, and their drafts and bills of exchange passed current wherever they were known. But the promises of kings and princes were universally looked upon with utter distrust. The personal characters of the men of trade were seldom stained by any gross vices: the fame of the mightiest princes was sullied and blackened by their crimes.

Louis XI. and his admirer, Commynes, were both engaged in a transaction which in any modern community would have consigned them to a prison and perpetual infamy.² Louis defrauded the lord of Amboise of a valuable estate and presented it to Commynes. The heirs of Amboise brought the matter before the courts, and papers existed which must have given them a judgment in their favor. Commynes found the important documents and threw them into the fire. A noble who was with him at the time snatched the papers from the flames and severely reproved the shameful act. Commynes then sent them to the king, who at once threw them again into the fire. "It is not I who burn them," he exclaimed, "but the flames." And thus the courtly historian finally secured his ill-gotten gains. The conduct of the higher orders, at this period, resembled that of a band of thieves and assassins. Louis XI. murdered without scruple every one who stood in his path. Charles the Bold violated his plighted word, and was a monster of crime. The King of Portugal stabbed his own brother before his wife's face, as they were sitting at table. Mary of Burgundy was convicted of a plain falsehood in the presence of all Ghent. The whole court of Edward IV. of England, and even his chancellor, took bribes from Louis of France; and Edward was a murderer to his dying hour. Nobles and priests were still worse than their kings, and a carnival of crime and license prevailed in all the courts of Europe.

Freedom of speech and thought was another marked trait of the mercantile cities; in fact, they seem almost to have invented it. They spared none of the vices of the great.³ The people of Liege, Ghent, and Bruges almost alone dared to think for themselves. In Paris and all France a perfect silence prevailed. No one ventured to say what he thought of the vil-

lainies of his rulers. Even in the next century the bold Rabelais was forced to conceal his sharp satires under an assumption of folly.¹ In Spain the Inquisition and death awaited the bold talker. But the free cities were centres of liberal thought. They were the constant sources of discontent. "I can not understand," exclaims devout Commynes, "why God has preserved the city of Ghent so long, the source of so much mischief, and which is of no benefit either to the public or the country in which it is seated, much less to its prince." The worthless nobles would have been glad to have razed every free city to the earth, and grown rich by the plunder of an industrious people.²

The enormous wealth amassed by the various manufacturing cities of the Low Countries was a subject of wonder to their noble contemporaries. The counts and barons of France and England could not well understand how a simple citizen of Ghent or Liege was able by the mere practice of his handicraft to win a larger income than was yielded by the finest of their hereditary estates. They were never weary of admiring the lavish opulence of the proud republican burghers. The chroniclers of the time unite in celebrating the splendor of their robes of silk and cloth of gold, their rich furniture, the magnificence of their houses, their gold and silver plate, their priceless jewels.³ Most of the cities were under the nominal government of the Dukes of Burgundy, and Philip the Good and Charles the Bold were the wealthiest princes of the age. The poverty of German emperors and their rude, half-brutal courtiers was a favorite subject of jest with the rich Gantois.⁴ Even the kings of France and England were scarcely able to vie with the magnificent display of commercial Bruges. And he who had not seen the Low Countries in its best estate was wholly unacquainted with elegance and taste. Yet the whole of this wealth had been gathered by mechanical pursuits. It was the mechanic rather than the merchant that made the prosperity of Liege and Ghent. There were in Ghent seventy-two corporations or guilds of mechanics, each forming a kind of co-operation society, all the members being pledged to assist and protect each other. The society had a common dress or livery,⁵ was governed by its own by-laws, and was engaged in some particular branch of trade. The weaving of woolen cloths formed one of the largest pursuits of the Low Countries. They possessed almost a monopoly of this manufacture, and supplied the world with cloths. England sent all its wool to be manufactured in their cities, and then imported the stuffs and

¹ Like Socrates, he lived tousiours dissimulant son divin scavoir. Rabelais, *Oeuvres*, Prologe de Lau-theur, p. 1.

² Commynes, v. chap. v. He represents Germany as little better than a den of robbers.

³ Monstrelet, ii. p. 103, describes the splendor of Bruges; Froissart, ii. p. 256, of Ghent.

⁴ Commynes, i. chap. iv. The Germans threw their foul clothes and muddy boots on the rich couches and carpets of Brussels.

⁵ Commynes, iv. chap. iv.

¹ De Quinsona, *Hist. de Marguerite D'Autriche*, i. p. 329.

² Life of Commynes.

³ Les Pays-Bas, Schayes, i. p. 427. Motley, *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, i. p. 59, describes the freedom of Ghent.

cloths of its more industrious neighbors.¹ But the Flemings did not confine themselves to any single branch of trade. They possessed almost the patent right of every kind of manufacture. From the commonest utensils to the richest cloth of gold they made every thing pay them a tribute. Often the least expensive produced the largest return. The city of Dinant grew immensely rich by manufacturing copper kettles and other kitchen utensils.² Its citizens were so wealthy and high-spirited that Charles the Bold, the scourge of industry, resolved to destroy their city. At Liege the corporation of locksmiths was so rich and powerful that the great feudal lords sometimes sought admittance to its membership, and were proud to wear its livery.³ Each of the corporations of Ghent had its own dean or leader, its standard, and its own laws; the armorers, locksmiths, clothiers, founders had learned that union and brotherhood were necessary to their safety. Each city, in fact, formed a great co-operation society, pledged for mutual defense against the robber lords and the avaricious king.

The feudal nobles looked with an insane hatred upon the busy cities of the working-men, and constantly labored to destroy their benefactors. They would have been glad to have swept them from the earth. Like Commynes, they could not understand why God permitted laboring communities to exist. Froissart rejoiced in the slaughter of "the low-born peasants" of Ghent, and lamented that any of them were left.⁴ The Dukes of Burgundy loaded the cities with taxes, which they collected whenever they were able. They made every excuse for pillaging and burning them. The "good" Duke Philip burned the rich town of Dinant, and drowned eight hundred of its citizens in the river; the bold Charles made magnificent Liege a fearful solitude. A warfare almost constant raged for several centuries between the working-men of Flanders and the feudal powers around them, in which the men of labor were often more than a match for the men of the sword, in which the long pikes of the tradesmen often put to flight great hosts of mail-clad warriors, and which aided in a great degree to produce the downfall of chivalry.⁵ The example of Ghent and Bruges every where awakened the self-respect of laboring men. Ghent stood at the front of European progress. James, and his son Philip, van Arteveld awoke a wild enthusiasm for self-government which was felt in every land. The Parisian butchers and clothiers rose against their king;⁶ all Flanders obeyed Philip, and the people, it is said, adored him as a god; nobility and royalty began to be looked upon as badges of infamy; the crimes of kings and nobles made them hated as murderers and assassins; and the peasants of France, in the

rising called the *Jacquerie*, said very truly "that the nobles of the kingdom of France, knights, and squires were a disgrace to it."

Philip van Arteveld, the idol of the laboring Flemings, was a man of rare mental and moral vigor. He has been defamed by the feudal chroniclers,¹ neglected by careless historians, and oppressed by an unhappy fate. Yet, contrasted with the worthless throng of the feudal tyrants of his age, his character and achievements assume a commanding eminence. He was the hero of working-men. He united for a moment his own order in defense of their most precious rights. In 1382 Philip² was the leader of Ghent in one of those ceaseless efforts which that proud city made in the cause of freedom and of labor, which, though unsuccessful in their result, were of signal influence in breaking the power of feudalism; which gave hope to the honest and the good of every land, and opened the path to the more prosperous revolutions of Holland, England, and America. Ghent in 1382 was encircled by the forces of Louis Earl of Flanders, and reduced almost to starvation and despair. For many days its famished citizens had scarcely bread to eat. Gaunt want preyed upon men, women, children. In a few days all must die or surrender. Meanwhile, in the neighboring city of Bruges, the Earl of Flanders and his dissolute court were reveling in excess, and watching with eager joy the gradual destruction of the working-men. In a short time they trusted that Ghent, the home of freedom, would be a black and smouldering waste. The feudal vultures brooded threateningly over their prey.

Philip van Arteveld gathered around him his worn and famine-stricken people, and by his vigorous eloquence aroused them to a last effort for freedom. The men of Ghent resolved to march out of their city and attack the foe. They collected their last store of bread and wine, put on their shining armor, and with feeble steps advanced toward Bruges. They ate nothing but what they could collect in the desolate country, keeping their provisions to strengthen them for a final battle.³ The Earl of Flanders meanwhile had collected an army of forty thousand men, well fed, vigorous, and confident of victory, and, attended by his bravest nobles, approached the men of Ghent. Philip had but five thousand famished working-men. He addressed them a last stirring appeal. The brave monks and priests of Ghent inspired their fellow-citizens with patriotic sermons, and prophesied success. They took their last meal of bread and wine together, and then, gaunt and haggard, gave battle to the foe. The chivalry of Flanders broke and fled before their desperate courage, and Philip van Arteveld and his inspired working-men chased them to the gates of Bruges. Here they became masters of the

¹ When the English wool was cut off by war the Flemings suffered. Monstrelet, i. p. 62.

² Commynes, ii. 1.

³ Commynes, ii. chap. iii.

⁴ Froissart, i. p. 746.

⁵ Monstrelet, ii. p. 62.

⁶ Froissart, i. p. 717-744.

¹ Froissart loads him with various imputations, i. p. 705.

² Froissart, i. p. 708.

³ Froissart, i. p. 708. Davies, Hist. of Holland, i. p. 31. Meyer, Ann. Fland., 1381.

city, fed upon its luxurious plenty, and were enriched by its plunder; but their first care was to send back a convoy of food to their families and brothers in Ghent.

The Earl of Flanders owed his life to a poor woman, who, when he was pursued by the enraged Ghenters, hid him under her child's bed in a loft, and assured his pursuers that he had fled from her cottage. He afterward escaped in disguise from the city. All Flanders revolted to Philip van Arteveld; the working-men of every city looked upon their champion as half divine; and the common people of every land rejoiced in the hope that they were about to be freed from their intolerable woes.¹ For several months his power seemed perfectly established, and he ruled as regent over the wealthiest portion of the earth. Ghent was once more filled with plenty and splendor. The regent kept a magnificent court, and gave dinners and suppers to the citizens and fair ladies of the town that rivaled in elegance and profusion the finest banquets of the old régime. His revenues were the willing contributions of a united people; and when he set out for the siege of Oudenarde an army of one hundred thousand men, supplied with all the materials of warfare, followed him in that ill-advised expedition. Flanders believed itself one of the great powers of the earth, and its brave working-men thought themselves invincible. Unhappily they ventured, in their presumption, to defy the King of France. Charles VI. declared war against them, entered Flanders with a powerful army, and encountered Philip, November 27, 1382, at the battle of Rosebecque. A fierce contest ensued; the French chivalry enveloped the Flemish phalanx in a cloud of cavalry; the clangor of their battle-axes as they fell upon the brazen helmets of the Flemings was heard for many miles around. The working-men were defeated, and Philip van Arteveld died upon the field of battle.²

All Flanders once more submitted to its earl except Ghent, which still held out, encouraged by the support of England and the general sympathy of the people. "I wish to God," said the English knights, "that Philip van Arteveld had had two thousand of our lances and six thousand archers; not a Frenchman should then have escaped us." But, after a vigorous resistance, Ghent was obliged to submit to its feudal lord, still, however, retaining many of its privileges, and ever afterward forming the favorite strong-hold of the working-men.

But the most brilliant and beautiful of all the cities of the working-men, the richest in costly paintings and works of art, the most curious in ornate medieval architecture, the most important in its influence upon the progress of mankind, was Bruges, the Venice of the North.³ A melancholy charm, the loveliness of decay,

still hangs over the silent streets of this once crowded mart of commerce, where the merchants of every land were accustomed to resort to buy and sell, and whose name was renowned in the Middle Ages as the wealthiest of European cities. Beautiful as a poet's dream, Bruges still retains its tall and graceful belfry that looked down upon the pomp of tournaments and the lavish splendor of medieval processions; its streets are still wreathed with embroidery in stone that seems to have blossomed and borne fairy fruits beneath the skillful touch of the Flemish workmen; its chapels and cathedrals, gray and sombre with age, still reflect the fertile conceptions, the grotesque imagery, the abundant novelty of the Middle Age.⁴ Here are the homes of its sumptuous mechanics and traders, the stately palaces of its nobles, the squares where its fierce and haughty people held their public meetings, the port where the galleys of Venice and the ships of Muscovy met in a carnival of trade.⁵ Here are warehouses once laden with the spices and silks of the East, the rare cloths and cutlery of Flanders, the furs of Russia, the gems of Hindostan. Here are picturesque groups of buildings within whose luxurious chambers the popular leaders met in their wild tumults of passion when the tyranny of their feudal lords drove them to some sudden revolution; when fishermen and butchers, weavers and tradesmen, rose up in arms, inspired by the love of freedom, and threw off with terrible massacres the yoke of their cruel oppressors.

The massacre of the French at Bruges in 1302 was one of the earliest of those great democratic outbreaks that gave liberty to Europe.⁶ Philip IV. of France had overrun Flanders and reduced its wealthy cities to subjection; he left Jacques de Châtillon as governor of the new province, and the Flemings were oppressed with intolerable taxes to satisfy the avarice of the French nobility. Châtillon demanded the fourth part of the daily wages of every laboring man at Bruges, and laid a heavy tax on flour; he scoffed at the privileges of the people, and sought to destroy the associations of the working-men which had created the liberty and prosperity of the city.⁷ A simple weaver, Peter King, poor, feeble in form, and possessed only of a rare and vigorous style of speaking, aroused the tradesmen by his bold harangues. The working-classes, the weavers and the fishermen, the butchers and the tailors, arose in their strength and threw themselves upon the French garrison; more than two thousand of the invaders were killed; men, women, and children joined in the terrible massacre; Jacques de Châtillon fled from the city, and Bruges, running with blood, was yet once more free. The French king and the French chivalry when they heard of this

¹ Froissart, i. p. 706-708.

² Id., i. p. 744.

³ De Quinsona, Histoire De Marguerite D'Autriche, i. p. 327. *Vue de la ville de Bruges du nord. Les Pays-Bas, Schayes, i. p. 435.*

⁴ Ferrier, Description Ville de Bruges. La ville du nord la plus riche en monuments et en souvenirs du moyen âge. Introduction.

⁵ De Quinsona, i. p. 333. Schayes, i. p. 435.

⁶ Ferrier, Descrip. Bruges, p. 25.

⁷ Warnkoenig, Hist. de la Flandre, i. p. 303-313.

dreadful deed vowed vengeance upon the working-men of Bruges; they resolved to visit the rebellious city with utter destruction. A magnificent army, composed of all the chivalry of France, approached Flanders; on the other side, the working-men of Bruges and its sister cities left their forges and their factories, put on their shining helmets, drew forth their pikes and bows, their swords and knives, and marched boldly out to meet the feudal host of knights and squires.¹ The two armies, indeed, represented two conflicting principles that already in that early age were contending for the mastery. On the banners of the working-men were inscribed the emblems of industry, civilization, the hopes of mankind; the red oriflamme of France was the symbol of barbarism, tyranny, and human decay. They met at Courtray; the French were defeated with great slaughter; the spell of chivalry was broken, and among the immense mass of the dying or the dead who had fallen on that dreadful day before the pikes of the working-men were reckoned up sixty-six princes, dukes, or counts, seven hundred seigneurs, and twelve hundred gentlemen, the flower of their falling caste.

The growth of this beautiful haunt of labor amidst the wild solitudes and the dreary dunes of the North is almost as remarkable as the creation of a coral island.² Antiquarians, in the shadows of early European history, imagine that they can trace the origin of Bruges to a bridge, a lonely château, perhaps a monastery. It is first mentioned in the legend of a saint who, about the year 287, was sent to convert its savage people to Christianity. In the eighth century it must have been a considerable town. Flanders was then a wilderness governed by officers called foresters, appointed by the kings of France. In 837 the forester, Baldwin of the Iron Arm, so called from his skill in wielding the battle-axe, loved Judith, the beautiful daughter of Charles, the French king, and was loved in return. He bore off the lady, and married her at Bruges, notwithstanding the opposition of the father, who looked upon the match as a degradation. Charles, who was then harassed and enfeebled by the invasions of the Danes, being unable to avenge the insult upon the warlike Baldwin by force of arms, called in the aid of the Church. The Pope, at his solicitation, excommunicated the forester; but Baldwin, who seems to have been as successful in diplomacy as with the sword, pleaded his cause—the cause of true love³—so eloquently to the pontiff that he relented, withdrew his censures, and even prevailed upon the king to pardon his involuntary son-in-law. Baldwin and the fair Judith were received into favor, the title of “Forester” was changed into that of Count, and the descendants of Bald-

win and Judith ruled for many centuries in the rising cities of Flanders. Bruges, where their stolen nuptials had been celebrated, was adorned and strengthened by the pious affection of the Count. He enlarged its fortifications, filled it with new buildings, consecrated new chapels, was a devoted son of the Church, and died, after a prosperous reign, the founder of the greatness of Bruges.

The Baldwins, Counts of Flanders, were usually mild rulers, and saw their native land flourish beneath their care. The wilderness became studded with busy cities. Industry chose it for its home; commerce turned to its ports. Meanwhile the Counts of Flanders had shone in the Crusades; a Baldwin of Flanders in 1205 became the Latin emperor of Constantinople. His shadowy power soon faded into a name; but the Crusades made the fortunes of his subjects. The inventions and luxuries of the East were imported into Europe. From 1200 to 1600 the course of trade fixed itself in the busy cities of Flanders, and Bruges stood at the head of a gathering host of less famous German and Flemish municipalities, the centre of European progress. By the marriage of a Countess of Flanders the Low Countries were transferred to the Dukes of Burgundy; and by the marriage of Mary of Burgundy they fell into the hands of the emperors of Germany; and it was under the cruel rule of Philip II. of Spain that they rose in revolt and created the first great republic of the North.

Bruges¹ rose to its highest prosperity under the mild rule of the Duke of Burgundy, Philip the Good. It was then the distributing port for most of the productions of the south of Europe—the Northern Venice. It is said even to have surpassed in wealth and activity its southern ally, and was ever the chosen resort of Venetian merchants. Its canals were filled with Venetian argosies, and the friendly intercourse of the two cities was of signal service to both. Its population at this period was estimated at 200,000, of which a large part were foreigners. The bearded Russian from Great Novgorod, the courtly Venetian, the rude English clothier, or the vivacious Frank, mingled together in its crowded mart and purchased its various wares. The consuls of seventeen different nations had establishments at Bruges; and the order of the Golden Fleece, created by Philip the Good, amidst a pompous display of which Europe had had no previous example, seemed a fitting emblem of that boundless prosperity with which his favorite capital was crowned. But the good Philip died, and his son, Charles the Bold, the scourge of working-men, began his career of madness. He strove to destroy the only source of all his splendor and his strength. He had commanded as Count Charolois when Dinant had been almost razed from the earth; he opened his own reign by the ruin of indus-

¹ Warnkoenig, *Hist. de la Flandre*, trad. par A. E. Geldolf, i. p. 313.

² De Quinsona, i. p. 327-351. Ferrier, Bruges.

³ The fair Judith, however, had been married twice already.

¹ Warnkoenig, *Hist. de la Flandre*, ii. p. 199. It was situated in a flat country not far from the sea. Ferrier, *Descrip. Brug.* Its port was at some distance.

trious Liege. This great city of working-men had obtained by honest toil a degree of wealth that seemed shameful and unbecoming to its lordly neighbors; it resembled Manchester or Lowell; and the smoke of its chimneys and the ceaseless hum of its shuttles was a constant reproach to the idle retainers of dukes and kings. Its people, too, had always been fierce democrats, quite ready to resent the insults of the proud and the exactions of envious rulers; and Charles the Bold resolved to strike terror into the democratic throngs of Ghent and Bruges by the spectacle of the hideous ruin of their sister city.¹

The feudal vultures—dukes, counts, lords, gentlemen, and men-at-arms—after many conflicts, in which the working-men of the solitary city fiercely repelled the robbers and assassins, made their way into blood-stained Liege. The feeble citizens—for the able-bodied had almost all been put to death—fled with their wives and children to the open country and the forest of Ardennes.² It was a winter of intense cold, when wine froze in the casks and was cut with hatchets, and when mothers with their babes in their arms were seen lying by the road-side, having frozen to death together. The people of Liege, famine-stricken and starved with cold, hastened in a melancholy train toward the woods, when a “gentleman” of the neighborhood, “to ingratiate himself with the Duke,” fell upon them, killed many whom the frost had spared, and made many prisoners.³ The latter were afterward drowned. Such were dukes and gentlemen at this period—the peers of the Sioux and the Comanche of the present; the true savages of an advancing age. The King of France and Charles the Bold dined cheerfully together in the midst of the deserted city, and soon after left it in excellent spirits, intent upon some other deed of horror. Liege was then set on fire, and its fine houses and factories burned to the ground. Charles the Bold, maddened by crime, went on plundering, murdering, and destroying, until at length in his insane rage he threw himself against the hardy Swiss; his armies were defeated in three memorable battles, and in the last he was killed, and his dead body found naked in a ditch. He was the last of the dukes of Burgundy.⁴

Bruges, Ghent, and unhappy Liege form excellent examples of what working-men were able to accomplish in the Middle Ages by union and co-operation; and they were surrounded by a cluster of rival cities that were almost equally prosperous. Antwerp and Brussels were already rising in importance; the great city of Nuremberg, gay, rich, luxurious, was little inferior to the cities of Flanders; the towns of Holland were soon to become, under a free government, the successful rivals of Ghent and Bruges; while the various cities of the Hanseatic League, studding the shores of the

Northern seas, spread over barbarous Europe the refining habits and tastes of commerce and labor. The working-man, wherever he came, was a missionary of purity and good order; the factory and the work-shop were the heralds of civilization; and it was only when men learned to labor and to reflect that they ceased to be barbarians.

From the intellectual working-men of the Middle Ages have come most of the remarkable inventions of modern times. One of these was printing. To this rare art we are accustomed to attribute the spread of knowledge, the rise of the Reformation, the discovery of America, the general intercourse of mankind. Yet printing was given to the world by a working-man of Germany.¹ Block-printing, indeed, had been known to the Chinese for ages, and the report of the invention may have spread through the Saracens to Venice, where playing-cards had been printed long before the year 1441. It was this kind of printing that Laurentius Coster is said to have employed at Haarlem about 1430, and which has led his native city to place his statue in its midst, crowned with laurel, as the memorial of his wonderful invention.² But it is to two men of genius, educated in the work-shops of Mentz and Strasbourg, that we owe the perfection of the queen of the arts. The Chinese never advanced beyond the use of the inconvenient block; Gutenberg of Mentz, aided by the generous and wealthy merchant, Faust, invented types; Schoeffer, a poor German workman, discovered a method of casting them in metal.³ The magnanimous Faust, charmed with the wonderful invention of his working-man Schoeffer, gave him his daughter Christina in marriage; and it may be hoped that the days of the ingenious artisan and his well-won bride were full of bliss. The wonderful art soon spread from land to land; a multitude of Bibles issued from the German press, and startled the devout Catholics into the belief that they must be the work of Satanic agency; books on navigation and geography followed; knowledge was brought to the poor; and Columbus and Luther were the true offspring of the press.

Another invention of this fruitful period, another gem in the coronal of labor, was the free school. This, too, may be traced to the Chinese; and we are told that in the ninth century, throughout all that busy land, every Chinese, whether rich or poor, could read and write; that public schools existed in every town, supported by the government, and that no man in China was without an education.⁴ The Saracens, again, seem to have invented or borrowed the Chinese practice, and the caliphs in the ninth century had established a system of public instruction as extensive, and not unworthy to be compared with that of Prussia or New

¹ Commynes, ii. chap. iii.

² Id., ii. 13.

³ Id., ii. 13, 14.

⁴ Id., iv. 8. Lenglet, iii. p. 493.

¹ Temperly, Encyclopædia, p. 38.

² Id., p. 43.

³ Thomas, Hist. Printing, i. p. 73-92.

⁴ The Travels of Two Mohammedans. Pink., vii. p. 191-193. The masters were paid at the public expense.

York. In Europe, at the same period, universal ignorance prevailed among knights and nobles; it is doubtful if Charlemagne could write; and it is certain that his effort to establish free schools in connection with the monasteries—an idea he may have borrowed from his highly educated contemporary and correspondent, Haroun Al Raschid—wholly failed to educate feudal Europe. The most successful champion of the joust or the tournament was more ignorant and barbarous than the meanest Chinese.¹ But with the growth of the industrial cities and the gradual elevation of the laboring-man, the people began to educate themselves; and although we can not trace distinctly the early history of common schools, we must infer that it was in the Netherlands, Germany, and Holland that they first made their appearance; that it was the trader or the mechanic that first felt the value of practical education.

The free or co-operative government was a third invention of the working-men. They early formed their guilds or trade associations for the purpose of mutual support, and they moulded their city constitutions into a series of republics. If Ghent or Bruges professed a general allegiance to their counts or dukes, they still maintained their civic rights, and held their ancient privileges as the highest law. The republic of Holland sprang from the usages of the cities, and from that fertile example come the liberal tendencies of modern nations. And in connection with these three inventions we may name as their natural result the Reformation. It was the intelligent working-man in every land that sustained Luther or Calvin: the industrious Flemings, the thoughtful Germans, the prosperous Huguenots, the laborious Puritans.

Another of the inventions of this period was the bank and paper currency. The Lombard Jews, it is said, first established banks in the ninth or tenth century; but it was the Florentine and Venetian merchants and bankers who created the great banking-houses of the Middle Ages, who established their agencies in all the important commercial cities, and whose drafts and bills of exchange became the currency of Europe.² The Bank of Venice was probably the first to issue bank-notes, or *banco*; but it is worthy of notice that the earliest form of legal tender is to be found among the Chinese. The Emperor of China in the thirteenth century seems to have had notions upon money not very different from those that prevail among some of our own financiers. He issued a currency made from the bark of the mulberry-tree, each bill being stamped with a certain value.³ No other money was allowed to be used in all China; the foreign merchant who came to trade in the country was obliged to exchange his gold

or silver for its value in paper currency; and in order to keep his legal tenders at par, the Emperor directed that whoever refused to take them should be put to death. He was evidently a vigorous financier. From the Chinese, too, about the same period, came gunpowder, which can hardly be classed among the useful inventions, and which has yet been of signal service to the engineer and the builder. To the thinkers of that early age, however, it showed only its aspect of horror. "Divine Providence," said an old writer, "may seem to have given birth to this terrible invention that such unquiet spirits as stir up war, may perceive the flashes of his anger flying in their faces, or roaring in their ears, and thus all men grow more peaceable."⁴

Chemistry slowly grew up in the industrial cities from a costly and useless pursuit to a valuable accessory of manufactures. In the form of alchemy it had only served to amuse or impoverish. "I have never seen a wealthy chemist," was a proverb of the times; and Pancirollus assures us that "there is nothing to be expected from chemistry but smoke and ashes, sighs and labor, ignorance and imposture." He thinks it "wonderfully pleasant, but very costly."² Yet the despised science was soon employed by the working-men of the factories to produce their richest dyes, bleach their wool, or temper their steel and iron. In the twelfth or thirteenth century magnetism makes its appearance; and it is said the Crusaders found the Arabs employing a rude compass to guide them over the desert, composed of a needle floating in a cup of water.³ The practical navigators of Europe seized upon the invention, and having applied it to the desert of the sea, were soon enabled to pursue the fabled wealth of the Indies over the bosom of the once impassable Atlantic.

It would be impossible to enumerate the varied inventions of the working-men of this creative period—the countless refinements that sprang from a happy union of intellect and labor. The looms of Flanders produced cloths of unrivaled excellence, that were afterward the models of those of England.⁴ The foundries and work-shops of Liege and Ghent poured forth a profusion of utensils in metal that added to the domestic comfort of millions. Carpets of Oriental beauty were woven to take the place of the rushes that once covered the floors of baronial castles. Laces and silks, velvets and satins, once the exclusive workmanship of the Saracen and the Greek, became familiar to the European; and glass and earthenware of singular excellence supplanted the pewter service of an earlier age. A Dutch spectacle-maker of Middelburg, about 1690, produced the first telescope, and suggested to Galileo the instru-

¹ Hue's Travels in China, ii. p. 122.

² Hallem, Mid. Ages, iii. p. 339.

³ Le Livre de Marco Polo, par M. G. Panthier, i. chap. 95. Et les fait despendre à chascun par toutes ses provinces et par tous ses regnes.

¹ Pancirollus, trans. Hist. of Many Memorable Things, etc., ii. p. 384 and 449, appendix.

² Id., ii. p. 320.

³ History of Wonderful Inventions. The Magnet.

⁴ Pulleyn, Origin of Inventions, p. 57.

ment by which he was enabled to unfold the machinery of the heavens.¹ Clocks and time-pieces, a wonderful improvement upon the water-clocks of Greece and Rome, appear in Europe about the twelfth century, but remained for a long time very imperfect.² The first city clock was put up at Padua, in 1358; and striking clocks were so rare and costly that considerable cities had difficulty to obtain sufficient money to purchase one.³ The rarest genius of the workman was exerted to adorn the new invention; and the famous clock of Strasbourg, put up in the fourteenth century, was provided with a moving figure of the Virgin, angels with waving wings, a golden cock that crowed, and a throng of complicated devices.

In all the arts of domestic life, indeed, the working-man was the teacher of his barbarous lords. His cities were models of comfort and neatness when those of France and England were clusters of wooden hovels. His houses were built of brick or stone, the streets of the cities paved, the apartments provided with chimneys, the city protected from fire, when the English towns were desolated by constant conflagrations, and often leveled to the ground. His love for artistic elegance led him to delight in magnificent display; and the chroniclers abound in labored descriptions of the splendor of Ghent and Bruges, when the streets of the great cities were hung with cloth draperies of red, black, and gray; when their fountains spouted the richest wine, their public buildings

were adorned with a boundless profusion of statues and paintings, and their wealthy burghers, clad in rich robes and covered with chains of gold, welcomed the approach of royal or ducal visitors.¹

Thus labor, persecuted and tormented in every land, in the face of a thousand discouragements, slowly laid the foundations and reared the fabric of modern progress. Hiding amidst islets in the Adriatic, clustering together on the banks of the Arno, or sheltered by the dreary wilderness of Flanders, the patient working-men raised their wonderful cities and created their priceless inventions. In vain the feudal robbers despoiled them of their honest gains or drove them from their flaming homes to perish in the icy forest. In vain the kings of France and England, through all their dreary history, preyed upon their working-men and wasted their earnings in brutal warfare or wicked license. In vain the Georges crushed their laboring classes with intolerable debts, or Bourbons and Hapsburgs snatched the working-men from their factories and sent them to die by millions on a thousand battle-fields. Labor still survived; the industrial classes have every where slowly advanced in knowledge, wealth, and power; and it is to their calm, clear intellect that all modern nations are looking for relief from the political errors of the past. The principles of Venice and Florence, Ghent and Bruges, have become the guiding impulses of modern progress; their inventions, material and intellectual, have civilized mankind.

¹ History of Wonderful Inventions. Telescope.

² Beckmann, i. p. 343.

³ Id., i. p. 353.

¹ Monstrelet, ii. p. 103. Froissart, ii. p. 256.

THE EVE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

Is the night still, O wife, O tender wife of my bosom:
Star-crowned still, as began the night of unspeakable horror?
Is it only the rising wind that moans in the branches,
Only the glow of the moonlight filling the room with its splendor?
Never, O wife of my anguish, motherless wife of my sorrow,
Never again will the coming of night bring merciful slumber,
But only a sleep dream-haunted; full of terrors phantasmal,
Memories hateful, accurst, that will torture our hearts forever.

Tortured in fancy again, I rose to-night as the tocsin—
The bell of St. Germain aux Auxerrois tolling heavy and dooming—
Startled with hideous clangor Paris, white in the moonlight,
In the beautiful August time, on the solemn eve of the Sabbath.
Again from our chamber-casement looked I forth on the house-tops,
Saw the streets in commotion; lights at the windows; the marching
Of troops in orderly hasting; glitter of armor and weapon;
Waving of plumes and the flash of swords, while ever-recurring
Cries, "For God and the King!" burst from infuriate voices.

Once again came the creeping of flesh, as I looked and listened;
Once again, like a stone, went down my heart in my bosom;
And thou, awaking affrighted, thou with our boy, our beloved,
Didst, in a voice of emotion, demand the cause of my terror,
Saying, "Thou, too! Hast thou dreamed, thou, the Medici beholding,
Smiling and fair, till her face wrinkled and changed, and her tresses
Coiled and hissed—and in place of Catherine, lo, the Medusa?"



Gazing, I heard, but replied not, heeding rather the clamor,
 Strange and unearthly, of voices blended in infinite tumult.
 Still were they calling on God; but loud and hideous laughter,
 Mingled with shrieking and wailing, deafened the ears of the city.

Then, as we listened confounded, thou and I and our infant,
 "Death to the Huguenot!" smote us, sharp as the ring of the clarion:

"Death!" We clutched at the boy, and looking forth for a moment,
Saw Nevers and Montpensier; saw, too, the multitude surging;
Saw where white-haired Coligny swung by his feet from the lantern;
Saw the slaughter of men, of flying women and children;
Saw the flames of the torches, heard the ring of the hatchets;
Saw and heard, yet incredulous even in seeing and hearing,
Doubted yet of the worst, of the infinite compass of horror,
And only fled when the chances of flight were all but defeated.

Sharp, as branded with fire, is the picture of all that succeeded:
The stealthy flight from the house; the steps beleaguered with danger;
Heavens lurid, and black with the smoke of homesteads consuming;
Shrieks and cries of the tortured, blent with the groans of the dying;
Streets with the blood of the slain ones reeking hot in the channels;
Thou by my side, and the child clinging and wailing with terror;
Ever weapon in hand ready to strike, I protect thee,
Threading the hideous ways that are dark and unspeakably noisome.
So we elude pursuit, till, as we speed, on the instant
Out of the darkness a woman armed with a poniard confronts us;
Fierce are her luminous eyes, cruel her mouth, and her laughter
What but a ghoul's, as her knife in the heart of our darling she plunges!

Once, and but once, have I stained my sword with the blood of a woman,
Thou looking on, wife, the while—with pitiless eyes on-looking.
God, is it more than a dream? Have these things really befallen?

MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN ODD INTERVIEW AND AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

ARE there any poor people who never felt an impress of something like awe and timidity at their first direct contact with wealth? I have heard and read of noble, independent beings, serene in the unsurpassed and conscious dignity of mere manhood, who, in whatever poverty, never felt the faintest flutter of envy, awe, or humiliation when they stood for the first time in the presence of a great man's flunkys, and asked to see the great man himself. Are there such persons? I don't say I disbelieve in their existence, but I should like to hear, on the authority of some one more skilled than I to penetrate the secrets of human consciousness, that there really are beings of that kind before I quite believe in them. My own impression is, that civilized man or woman of humble class hardly ever yet knocked for the first time at the door of a great West End mansion without a beating of the heart, a mingling of awe and humiliation. It is very mean and shabby and unworthy, and so are most of our instinctive impulses, which at last we school down, or are schooled and mastered by. Deep, deep down in our civilized nature is rooted the abject homage to wealth. I almost think it begins with the wearing of clothes. I doubt whether the very next stage of civilization after nakedness does not witness the internal growth of that servile sentiment. I think we keep singing our "A man's a man for a' that," and our "*Vilain et très-vilain*," in order to drown the feeling or exorcise it, as they play martial airs

to keep up the manhood of the raw recruit. Of course we get over it sometimes; at least, thank Heaven, we do not all succumb to it wholly. I am not much of a sneak myself, and I never yet sought the patronage of a man of rank, or put myself in his way to get his nod, or bragged to my acquaintance that I had met him—and I know that I am no whit more independent than many of my neighbors—but I have felt the poor man's sentiment of awe for wealth; I have done to wealth the involuntary homage of being afraid, and hearing my heart beat, as I stood in its august, unfamiliar presence. Many of my friends are people connected somehow with the world of art, and who have made their way up from nothing. Some of them have fine West End houses now of their own, and carriages, and awful footmen in livery; but I think if I were talking confidentially with each of them in turn over a cigar and a glass of brandy-and-water, he would frankly admit that one of the most trying moments of his life—one of the moments when he found it hardest to keep up his dignity of independent and equal manhood—was just the first time when, having knocked at some great man's door, he waited for the opening of it and the presence of the flunkey.

Now I stood this Sunday morning at the door of Mr. Lyndon, M.P., and I realized these sensations. I had come to ask no favor—to seek no patronage—to bespeak no recognition—to pave the way for no acquaintanceship. If any thing, I was coming out of my regular beat of life rather to confer a favor than to solicit one; and yet I did feel that ignoble, nervous tremor which the unaccustomed presence of wealth inspires in the poor man, and which is the base

image, the false coin, the bastard brother of the soul's involuntary homage to beauty and greatness. I knocked at the door, and, as I waited for its opening, I felt so nervous that I grew positively ashamed of myself, and took my courage in two hands, as the French phrase goes, and remembered about a man being a man for a' that.

Mr. Lyndon, M.P., lived in a fine house in Connaught Place, looking straight into Hyde Park. One had to go up high steps to get to the door, which lent additional majesty and dread to the business. It was, as I have said, a Sunday; and as I came hither I had passed crowds of people streaming out of the doors of fashionable churches, and seen splendidly dressed women, all velvets and satins and feathers, assisted into their carriages by footmen who carried gilded prayer-books; and I wondered whether Mr. Lyndon had been to church, and if so, whether he would have come back from his worship by the time I reached his house, and whether it was a dreadful heathenish sort of thing, a kind of outrage upon Church and State, to ask to see such a man at all on Sunday. To go to church, too, seemed, in presence of the splendid crowds, so necessary and becoming a part of respectability, that I felt like a social outlaw because I had not been there, and was not much in the habit of going there. My sensations were not the pangs of an awakened conscience, but the kind of feeling which goes through a man who, unshaved and with muddy boots, unconsciously intrudes into the midst of a well-dressed and elegant company.

When I found out Mr. Lyndon's house I wondered much why such a man, especially if he was in the habit of going to church, could not do something kind and substantial for his niece and his brother's wife, whose chief crime, poor thing, appeared to have been her inconvenient virtue; and why he would not at least take them out of poverty and debt, and the perpetual presence of temptation. This I was thinking when the door opened, and I stood in the presence of the great man's servant.

Well, it was not so dreadful after all. I really don't think I minded it in the least after the first sound of my voice. Mr. Lyndon at home?

Yes, Mr. Lyndon is at home. The servant seemed to say by his look of cold inquiry, "What then, young man? Admitting that Mr. Lyndon is at home, which it can't be worth while concealing from you, how can the fact in any way concern *you*?"

I mildly asked if I could see him.

The man—who was civil enough, by-the-way—merely asked if I had an appointment; Mr. Lyndon did not usually see people unless by appointment. The pampered menial of a bloated aristocracy clearly assumed at the first glance that I was not a visitor, a friend of the family.

"Will you take in my card, and say I wish

to speak a few words to Mr. Lyndon very particularly? I think he will see me."

Presently the servant came back and told me that if I would wait a few minutes Mr. Lyndon would see me. I was shown into a large, cold, handsome room, with the blinds down, and a conservatory at one side. A group of marble figures, nearly life-size, stood in front of the conservatory. They were the familiar Graces, and they were covered over with a shroud of very thick muslin; so thick, indeed, that the covering seemed put on less as a protection against dust and discoloration than as a veil to hide the nakedness of the classic women during the severely proper hours of Sunday service. I did not give much attention, however, to these marble forms; for my eyes were caught by an exquisitely framed photograph of large size, which stood, conspicuous, on the chimney-piece. It was the likeness of Christina—once my Christina, when she was poor and obscure, and we were both happy.

"Please to walk this way, Sir; Mr. Lyndon will see you."

I followed the servant across an echoing hall and into a library. At a desk in the centre, with letters and papers all about him, with Blue-books piled on the floor near his arm-chair, and on his other side a waste-paper basket overflowing with pamphlets, sat Mr. Lyndon, his eyes still fixed on some document he was reading.

He was a formal, rather handsome, close-shaven man, wearing the high stand-up collars which now are almost as rare as pig-tails. His thick hair was iron-gray; his complexion was fast purpling; his eyes, when he favored me by looking up, were much lighter than those of his brother or of Lilla—they were a cold, steely gray. I marked the rigid expression of his chin and jaw—it might have been cruelty, or it might have been stern virtue, according as you pleased to construe it; even in history and in action it is not always easy to distinguish the one from the other. In Mr. Lyndon's case I could not but think that the full, sensuous lips helped one a little to make the decision.

This, then, was Tommy Goodboy. I am bound to say that from the very first I took a dislike to Tommy Goodboy.

Mr. Lyndon left me for some seconds *planté là* without looking at me or speaking. I was, in fact, about to open the conversation, when he suddenly looked up with an air first of irritation, then of vacancy; then he looked down at my card, which was lying before him on his desk, and at last he spoke:

"Oh, Mr. Temple! Yes, I recollect now. My niece did speak to me about you, and I promised her that if I could do any thing—but I am sure I don't know. Why did you not come sooner—some time in the season, Mr. Temple? This is no time; and every body is out of town; and I am leaving town myself to-morrow; and, in fact, I am very busy to-day, and hardly counted on being disturbed. I don't

usually see any body on Sundays; but as you have come—and I certainly did promise my niece to see you—”

“Excuse me, Mr. Lyndon. I have not come to remind you of your promise, or to ask any favor of you; indeed, I would accept none even if it were offered, although I feel deeply obliged to Miss Lyndon.”

“To Miss Lyndon?”

“To your niece. Yes.”

“Oh, to be sure—Lilla Lyndon, my niece. Well?”

“I don’t mean to make any demand on your kindness, so far as I am concerned. I hope to be able to work my own way.”

He merely bent his head, as a sort of formal acknowledgment.

“I have not come on any business of my own.”

“Sent by my niece, I suppose?”

“No, Mr. Lyndon. She does not know any thing about my coming here.”

He looked down at his papers, and glanced at his watch. The actions were significant; they said very plainly, “If you have any thing to say, say it at once, and go.”

“I dare say you consider my visit an intrusion.”

“Not at all. At least, that quite depends—”

“I have come about a matter which concerns you, or, at least, which I thought might possibly concern you.”

He looked at me with cold surprise.

“I met lately, more than once in Dover, and here in London, a person whom I believe to be a member of your family—your brother, in fact.”

He did start a little and wince as I gave him this piece of news.

“I was not aware that he had returned from abroad. Are you quite sure?”

“Quite sure; at least, he told me so. Indeed, I might have guessed the fact even without his telling me.”

“Well, Sir, if you formed any acquaintance with the person you speak of—and I gather from your manner that you did—it would be superfluous to tell you that he is not a person whose return to England could give any pleasure to me or to any member of his family. That fact it would be idle for me to attempt to disguise. I did not know that he had returned to England, or expect his return, or desire to see him. You know, therefore, that you are the bearer of unwelcome news. The question I would ask is, why you have gratuitously taken on yourself the task of making the announcement. I suppose I need hardly say that if you are the bearer of any message, or request, or any thing of that sort from the person you speak of, you could not possibly present yourself with worse credentials.”

“I have no message or request, and I would not make myself the bearer of any. I assure you, Mr. Lyndon, I am no friend of your brother’s. No member of his family—no, not his nearest relation—could feel less inclined for his

society than I am. It is just because I think him so objectionable, and so offensive, and so reckless, that I have come here to-day.”

“Well?”

“Your brother told me over and over again, before I knew his name, that he had come to England resolved to expose, and disgrace, and extort money from some one. I afterward learned—indeed, he told me—that you are the person against whom this is to be directed.”

“He means to make some disgraceful exhibition of himself, to raise some scandal, in the hope of terrifying or shaming me into buying him off?”

“He does.”

“He is quite capable of that, or of any thing else outrageous and—and, in fact, infamous.”

“I have no doubt he is. He impressed me as being all but insane with hatred and recklessness.”

“Ah! but he is not insane. It would be well for his family if he were. He is perfectly sane. Well, have you, then, come for the purpose of warning me?”

“No. Frankly, I tell you that I have not; at least, not on your own account.”

“Listen to me, Mr. a—a—Temple. If you should see that person again, you may tell him that he can do his worst. I shall not buy him off—no, not by the outlay of a sixpence. It’s very kind, no doubt, of you to take the trouble to come here, and all that; and of course you will understand me as expressing my sense of the obligation.”

“Pray don’t speak of that. I have not come out of any consideration for which you, Mr. Lyndon, personally have any reason to feel obliged. But—”

My speech was cut short by the entrance of the servant, who handed a card to his master. Mr. Lyndon looked at it, and said with emphasis: “Certainly. Let him wait; I shall be disengaged in less than one minute.”

There was no mistaking this. I must come to the point, and make good use of my time.

“Mr. Lyndon, I have come quite of my own accord, and perhaps very foolishly, to ask you whether you would not do something in this unpleasant business for the sake of your niece. It is such a pity that a girl so young, and so poor, and—and—” I blurted out—“so pretty, should be liable to be tormented and disgraced by a man of that kind. Could you not make terms with him, and buy him off, for her sake and for her mother’s? They have had so much unhappiness and poverty; and it’s such a pity for poor Lilla.”

“Mr. Temple, you appear to be so intimately acquainted with the personal history of some members of my family, that I don’t suppose I add any thing to your stock of knowledge when I say that I have already done a good deal for my niece.”

“Yes, I am aware of it. She has told me so often.”

“And that she has no claim on me?”

"No claim but close relationship."

"That she has no claim on me except what I feel inclined to recognize. Now, I have no objection to Lilla herself; indeed, quite the contrary—I like her. But I am not going to be made the victim of all her relations. On that I am quite determined."

"If you could even take her away—to the country somewhere?"

"I am so little in the habit, Mr. Temple, of discussing my family affairs, even with members of my own family, that I really can not fall into the way of talking them over with strangers. Will you allow me again to thank you for the trouble you have taken in coming so much out of your way?"

"You, Mr. Lyndon, I have once more to say, are in no way indebted to me. I came only because I feel an interest in your sister-in-law and your niece. I fear I have done them little good by my unwelcome interference."

"You have done them, Sir, neither good nor harm."

He touched the bell that stood upon his table.

I hastened out of the room, without even going through the form of a parting salutation, which, indeed, would have been thrown away upon him, as he had already busied himself in his papers with a resolute manner, as if to announce to me that he would not look up again until I had relieved him of my unwelcome presence.

I was in no pleasant mood as I crossed Hyde Park. Especially was I out of humor with myself, even more than I was with Mr. Lyndon; and as before I had seen him I felt an unreasoning dislike to him, and as now that I had seen him and spoken with him I felt a deep detestation for him, it follows that I felt somewhat bitterly toward myself. I knew that I had made a fool of myself; that I had brought humiliation on myself; and that all this had been done to no purpose, or to an ill purpose. It takes a very brave and loyal nature to enable a man to be content with the knowledge that he has made a fool of himself, even when thereby he has benefited somebody; but it is gall and wormwood indeed to know that one has made a fool of himself, and at the same time frustrated instead of serving the object he wished to accomplish.

So I went, scowling and sullen, across the Park, mentally girding at myself and at the loungers and idlers I met in my way. I don't know why, when a man is in a vexed and sulky humor, he immediately begins to despise his fellow-creatures whom he may happen to meet, and to set them down as frivolous and worthless idlers, gilded butterflies, and so forth. I know that I visited, mentally, the pride and insolence of Mr. Lyndon upon every creature, man and woman, who passed me. Madame Roland in her maiden days, when snubbed by the aristocracy of her province, was not consumed by a fiercer flame of democratic passion than I felt that Sunday after I had been a victim to the insolence of the rich member of Parliament. I

dare say if the people I scowled at in Hyde Park could only have known what was passing within my breast, many of them would have felt highly flattered and delighted. For the aristocrats Madame Roland detested were aristocrats. My aristocrats and pampered minions and gilded butterflies were in nine out of ten instances people very much of my own class of life, who had come out on the Sunday to see the riders and the carriages in the Row.

As I approached the Row a haughty aristocrat passed me rather closely. He was walking, like myself. It was like his insolence and the arrogance of his class! It was his affectation of indifference to saddle or carriage-cushion. He was a tall and, as well as I could see in a passing scowl, a handsome aristocrat. I flung upon him a glance of scorn. He eyed me rather curiously; he even turned back and looked steadily after me when he had passed. I too turned, and glared defiantly at him. He was, as I have said, tall—fully six feet high, I should say, with square, broad shoulders; he was dark-haired, and had a magnificent beard of curly, silky black. He was very well dressed—indeed, far too handsomely dressed for an aristocrat on a Sunday. He was not hurling back glances of scorn at me, but was scrutinizing me with a grave, earnest curiosity. He advanced a step, then fell back. I too advanced, a sudden light of recognition flashing on me. Then we approached each other rapidly and at once.

"Ned Lambert!" I exclaimed.

"Mr. Banks!" said my aristocrat. It was my old friend, the basso-carpenter.

Now that I came to study his appearance, he was not changed as to features or expression. He had grown much handsomer—he always was a good-looking fellow, remarkable for his fine eyes and his beard, but now he was strikingly handsome. He was splendidly built—stately as a guardsman, supple as a gymnast. He had still the grave, modest, genial expression which was so attractive about him in the old days. He was only too well dressed; for as one came to look at him attentively there was something about him which seemed a little out of keeping with the clothes. Perhaps if I had not known of his origin and his bringing-up, I might never have noticed this; as it was, I thought I could detect the outlines and the movements of the young workman under the broadcloth, the shiny hat, the fawn-colored trowsers, the lavender kid gloves.

We were very cordial in a moment. Really it was kind of him to walk with me just there and then; I was so very carelessly, not to say shabbily, dressed. My old friend and foe did not seem to care.

"You have been in London long, Mr. Banks?" asked Lambert.

I told him how many years.

"So long, and we never met all that time! I've been away a good deal; but still it is odd that we should both have been knocking about London so much and never met."

He soon told me all about himself. He was an organ-builder, and was holding a very good position in a great house. He had himself invented and introduced some improvements into the construction of the instruments, and though these were not important enough to bring him fame or money, yet they gave him consideration with his employers and their patrons; and he looked forward to an ultimate, perhaps not a very distant, partnership. He had been sent to many foreign cities to represent his principal and superintend the building and putting up, the repairing and improving, of organs. He had been to the United States; he had been in St. Petersburg, and Moscow, and Stockholm; he was quite familiar with Rome, and Paris, and Madrid. He had lived ever so many lives, while I had been vegetating by the Lethean wharf of the Thames's stodgy banks. I felt myself very small indeed as he talked to me. For me, my story was told in two words: *Me voici*.

There was one subject we both seemed to avoid, yet surely we both were anxious to approach it. We sometimes beat about it; in this way, for example:

"You have been in London all lately—for the most part, I mean, Mr. Banks?"

"For the most part, yes. No, though; I was down in the provinces a good deal all the summer."

"But you were in town some part of the season—of the opera season?"

"Some part of it; not lately. I only came back to town a few days ago."

He wanted to know if I knew all about Christina. But I shrank back as yet. It came on in another way. He insisted that I must go and dine with him. He lived out St. John's Wood way.

"Are you married, Lambert?"

"No." He spoke very slowly. "No, Mr. Banks, I am not married, and I am not likely to be. I don't see what I want marrying. And you—perhaps you are married?"

"No. I may take up your own words—I am not married, Ned Lambert, and I am not likely to be. I don't see what I want marrying. And you know the reason why."

"Ah!" He breathed hard, looked at me with a stolen glance of kindness, curiosity, and pity; but he said no more.

"Have you seen *her*, Lambert?" I broke out at last, and I drew him aside under a clump of trees. "Have you seen her?"

I did not name her name—what need to pronounce it?

"Yes; oh yes, I've seen her."

"Lately?"

"Lately, and before, and always. I may say; at least, often."

"You have been seeing her—you have been meeting her all this time?"

"Yes; off and on, that is. When I could, and where I could."

Almost a cry of agony and anger escaped from my lips. All this time, all these years,

while I had been groping in the desolation of solitude and darkness, he had known of her whereabouts, had watched her, and spoken with her, and been familiar with her! And faithfully served her, no doubt! I suppose the fierce light of jealousy and anger flamed in my eyes, for he at once said, gently and firmly:

"For what I think you mean, Mr. Banks, it was little good to me to see her and speak to her. I tell you honestly, and like a man, I did my very best to make her love me; and I couldn't succeed. I tell you, too, I was mean enough to try to serve her and help her when she wanted help, and to hope to work on her gratitude in that way; and it was of no use. She told me so at last; and then I tried to make up my mind as a man to be her friend, and no more; and I have been trying, and I think I've been succeeding even; and I fancy I'm growing better, and able to bear it, and to think of her only as a friend. Now I'll not deny that this meeting with you, and bringing back the old times, and talking of her with *you*, may have thrown me back a little. But I'll get up again, please God, and get over it. I'm determined to get over it, and to be satisfied and happy to be her friend. So you need not feel any thing like anger at *me*. I have done you no harm, and myself no good."

Need I deny that a glow of wild and futile delight passed through me? It passed soon away; Lambert's ill success was but little gain to me.

"You say you have always been seeing her; where, for instance?"

"In London, here, first of all; and in Paris, and in Milan, and in Russia. And Paris again, when she made her great success there. And here, the other day, when she came out and carried all before her. I was there. I hoped to be able to throw her her first bouquet; but, good Lord, there was such a shower of bouquets came down that mine must have been lost among them!"

"One word, Lambert. Did she never—did she never speak—of me?"

"Not much; very little indeed. I didn't ask her any questions. I didn't know how you came to be separated, and I don't know now; and I don't ask you, either, any thing about it. I tell you, however, that I thought badly of you at first; but afterward I thought I must have done you wrong."

"Why, Lambert, why?"

"Because, from some words she once let fall, I thought she had made up her mind not to let any thing stand between her and success on the stage; and I thought—although she never hinted such a thing in the least—I thought—well, I don't quite like to say it."

"Speak it out, man! Nothing that can be said by any human creature can hurt me more."

"Well, I thought that she had thrown you over."

"So she did, Lambert. She threw me over, as you say—she left me suddenly. I never

knew why; and I have never seen her since. I ought to hate her and curse her, and I can not."

"No, no, you ought not to hate her. I don't understand her—I never quite could; but if I know any thing about her, and if she ever loved any one, I think she loved you."

"Did she not speak of me lately—when last she was here?"

"Yes, she did; that was, indeed, almost the only time. I went to see her up in Jermyn Street just the day before she left, and she asked me if I knew that you were living in London; and of course I didn't know; how could I? London is the grave of provincial friendships."

"Well, and she—"

"She told me you were living in London, and that she believed you were very happy."

"And did she so calmly, so readily believe that I was happy? Did she cast me from her mind without a word of regret?"

"No, not without a word of regret; at least, I ought not to say regret, perhaps, for she said she was glad that you were happy."

"O God!"

"And she said I might perhaps meet you after she was gone, and, if I did, to give you her remembrances and her good wishes."

"That was all?"

"That was all—all she said, at least. I know what I thought at the time."

"Tell me what you thought. Don't spare me, Lambert; tell me any thing—all."

"Then I'll tell you what I thought. I saw how pale she grew, and heard how her voice quivered, and I envied you; for I thought, 'For all that's come and gone, whatever is the reason of the separation, she thinks of him and loves him still.'"

"No, Lambert, you are mistaken; you do not understand her. No, she never loved me—never. She never cared a rush for me compared with her ambition. She despises me now because I have come to nothing so far. She pities me, I dare say, and would fling me an alms if she might; but she rejoices that she had the good sense and the good fortune to free herself from me."

Lambert shook his head.

"I don't quite understand her," he said; "but somehow I think I understand her better than you do. I know well enough how ambitious she is, and fond of admiration and applause and success, and all that; and how proud she is of having pushed her way up and up, from being a poor little girl unknown to be the star that she is. I don't think she would let any thing stand in the way of her success much. But you know as well as I that human nature sounds more than one stop; and *hers* has many. And I think there is much love in her heart too, as I know there is much friendship; and I don't believe she has ever forgotten you or ceased to love you. There, it costs me something, I can tell you, to speak these words, and I shall have

to smoke away very fiercely for half the night to get over this; but I think it's true. I don't know that it's any good telling you, either; for, mind, I don't say that it could come to any thing now, even if you were to meet her."

"No, it could come to nothing. Don't think me an idle braggart or a fool, Lambert, or that I am talking after the fashion of the fox and the grapes; but if she stood there and held out her hand to me, and—and—offered to marry me, I would turn away from her and leave her. I would, though I love her now as much as ever—ay, far more than ever."

Lambert again shook his head, and smiled—a melancholy smile.

"No, you wouldn't," he said. "If she stood at the other side of that pathway, and held out her hand and beckoned you to come, you'd come if all the promises and vows and vengeance, and saints and angels and devils, held you back. I know that *I* would, and couldn't help myself; and I know that you would too."

"It will never be tried, Lambert."

"No, it will never be tried. She has gone away for a good long time. She told me that, no matter what offers she might get, she would not come to London next season. She was thinking of going to the States and South America; they are very greedy of new singers now in Brazil. And before she comes back we don't know what may have happened."

"She will probably marry."

"Perhaps. And you may have recovered, and may be married too."

"No; whatever may be possible, that is not. A word or two more, Lambert. Did you know of any one who seemed likely to marry her?"

"Likely, no; would have liked to marry, yes. No doubt the number of candidates will begin to increase considerably now."

"Ay, I dare say it will. Did you know any Italian, any musical man, who took her up and helped to bring her out, and who was fond of her?"

"I didn't know him; but she often told me of him. It was he to whom she owes much of her success; so she says, at least; but I don't think much of that, for her voice and her talents would have won their way some time or other. But I believe he made the way very smooth for her in the beginning, and quite took her under his care, and was better to her than many brothers or fathers could have been. She always speaks of him with great regard; in fact, with a sort of devotion."

"Was he—is he, do you think, in love with her?"

"I suppose so," said Lambert, slowly, and speaking rather ruefully. "Why not he as well as you and I, and all the rest of us?"

"Do you think that she—"

"No, I don't. I know what you were going to ask, and I really don't. I am sure she is very much attached to him, you know, and all that; and I don't say that if she were to marry for any thing but love she might not marry him

out of pure gratitude. But when I spoke to her once about him she was a little angry at first, and said I ought to know better; and then she softened and smiled, and went on to say that in any case his heart had two great loves already—music and Italian revolution—and there was no place left in it for any woman.”

“He is older than she is?”

“Yes; I should say ten or a dozen years at least. But that’s nothing, you know; he is not old enough to be her father.”

Lambert had a painfully direct and honest way of extinguishing any hope which he might perchance have lighted. I winced under his last few simple and practical words.

Another point I was anxious to be informed upon.

“Tell me, Lambert, do you know any body named Lyndon, who knows her?”

“Lyndon, the member for Laceyham, the man who lives over in Connaught Place there? Yes, of course I know him; that is, I know all about him. In fact, I know him in the way of my own business, and I have heard of him through her.”

“I don’t mean him, though I am interested in knowing something about him too. I mean another Lyndon who knows *her*, and says he helped her forward at the beginning.”

(Christina’s name had never once been mentioned in our conversation. We only spoke of *her*.)

Lambert shook his head.

“No, I don’t know any other Lyndon but the one; and I don’t like him. He is a purse-proud, self-conceited, egotistic, unscrupulous man. He has all the proud airs of a born swell, though his father, I hear, made his money in the pork trade at the time of the French war.”

“But he was, and is, very friendly to *her*?”

“Yes, he was and is. I don’t like his friendship—I suppose it is because I don’t like *him*; but I hate to hear of his being near *her*.”

“Well, that is not the man I mean. The Lyndon I speak of helped in some way, or says he did, to introduce her first to the Italian you have told me of; and he wrote to her lately, or says he did, for some money, and she sent it.”

“Oh, *that* fellow? Yes, there is such a fellow: I believe he did, quite in a chance sort of way, meet her long ago, and he was a sort of musical jackal whom the Italian employed to discover fresh and promising voices for him; and in that way he introduced them. Yes, he did write her a begging-letter lately, and she sent him money—with a liberal hand, I dare say. He is an unfortunate scoundrel, I believe. But *his* name is not Lyndon.”

“He told me it was; and I believe, in that one instance, he spoke the truth.”

“Perhaps so. But it certainly is not the name he went by—that she knew him by. He is a sort of fellow who probably has a whole stock of names, a perfect assortment to choose from.”

We said no more on the subject then. I walked with Lambert to St. John’s Wood, where he lived. A beggar would have been interesting to me just now if he came from my old home, and was in any way associated with my old life; and Ned Lambert I had always liked since the time of our memorable battle on the strand, that dark night when, falling and fainting, I awoke with my head in Christina’s lap. We were, somehow, rowing in the same boat too, and were no longer rivals. Life seemed brighter for me now that I had met him. Since I came to London, seven or eight years ago, I had never spoken with or even seen any one who came from the old home. That whole passage of my life seemed gone and dead. A great sea had risen up and swallowed the green, delicious island under whose palm-trees I had sat happy and idle so long. It was a strange delight now, on this hard gray shore, to meet at length with one who, like me, was once a tenant of the lost home. I felt that I must be Lambert’s friend.

His manner seemed to return the feeling. He was always rather a diffident sort of fellow, slow of speech, and he had not much changed in that respect. Indeed, I noticed one peculiarity about him which rather added to his natural diffidence and slowness of speech. He was conscious of his want of early education, at least in manner and speech, and he was always on the watch to correct any error of tongue, or to prevent himself from making any. Therefore he pronounced every word slowly and cautiously, somewhat after the manner of a foreigner feeling his way into our language; and he lingered with a slight emphasis over words which an uneducated man would be likely to pronounce incorrectly, as if in order to leave no doubt that he was pronouncing them correctly. Sometimes he went a little wrong in an aspirate or an “r,” and I observed that when he did so he always went back deliberately over the word and said it correctly, as one brings a horse up to a fence again and makes him go clean over it when he has failed in jumping it properly the first time. He was always fond of reading and thinking; when a mere young carpenter his stock of book-knowledge seemed wonderfully out of proportion with his class and his manner. Now he had added to this, and doubtless to new stores of reading gathered since, all the vast and varied experiences accumulated during travel through many countries by a keen, observant eye, and a robust, intelligent mind. I could see easily enough through his simple, modest pride in his own advancement and experiences. I could see clearly that, in his quiet, manly way, he was resolved on being a gentleman in appearance and manner, as he surely was in mind, and that he was training himself for the task. There was so much about him that was strong and self-reliant, that this little trait of weakness or vanity was a softening, childlike peculiarity which made one like the man all the better.

Some thought of this kind made me fancy that it would rather please Lambert if I were to make a slight allusion to his improved position and changed appearance, and I took occasion to remark on the fact of my not having recognized him at once when we met.

"Do you know, Lambert, that I was rather in a cynical and fiercely-democratic mood when I passed you, and I positively scowled at you, believing you to be a bloated aristocrat?"

"No; did you, though?" he replied, blushing over his dark face like a great girl.

"Positively I did. Did you not see my scowl?"

"Yes; I did notice somebody looking rather sharply and oddly at me. That first attracted my attention. Then I looked, and I recognized you at once. But you did not seem to know me, or to be inclined to recognize me."

"How could I recognize you at once? You have grown such a swell."

"Have I really? Did I really look at all like—well, like what people call a gentleman? You may laugh at me if you like; but I should very much wish you to tell me the truth."

"As I have told you, I scowled at you as you passed, out of my detestation for born aristocrats."

"Poor born aristocrats!" said Lambert, smiling, "their privileges of birth don't seem of much use when fellows like me could be mistaken, even for a moment, for one of them. Do you know that I am silly enough to be gratified when you tell me of the mistake, although I know very well that the second glance showed you what an error it was? But I don't think it's any shame for a man to try to educate himself in manner, and I am always trying it. It was a dreadful task at first. When I got to know a few people, and became noticed a little as a man who had some new notions about organ-building, and all that, and one or two really great musicians were very kind and friendly to me, it used to be a dreadful trial to have to observe how people came into a room, and sat and talked, and used their knives and forks at dinner, and drank the right wine out of the right glass, and all the rest of it. The first time I went to an evening party in a white tie and a dress-coat was an agony, I can tell you. And then to have to watch one's *h*'s and *r*'s all the time did so intensify the misery. For a long time I acquired a positive reputation for sententiousness because I used to plan out little remarks and replies which should say as much as possible in the fewest words, and should have none of the dangerous words in them. I am getting better now, I think. But to this hour I am afraid of that cursed letter *h*; and when I find that I must encounter it, I fall back and have a look at it mentally first, so as to be quite sure that I know what to do with it. Do you know that I feel infinitely more happy and at my ease talking French on the Continent, or with foreigners here, than speaking English with Englishmen? Because, you know, a wrong

accent, or even a slip of grammar, isn't any thing with an Englishman speaking French, but it does so stamp an Englishman talking English. And I am so conscious of my own defects."

"Far too conscious, Lambert; never mind your defects. It may comfort you to hear that I know a man, a literary man and a scholar, too—to be sure, he is an Irishman—who says that he never yet met or heard an Englishman who did not, some time or other, go wrong with his *h*, or sound an *r* where the cynical letter had no business to come."

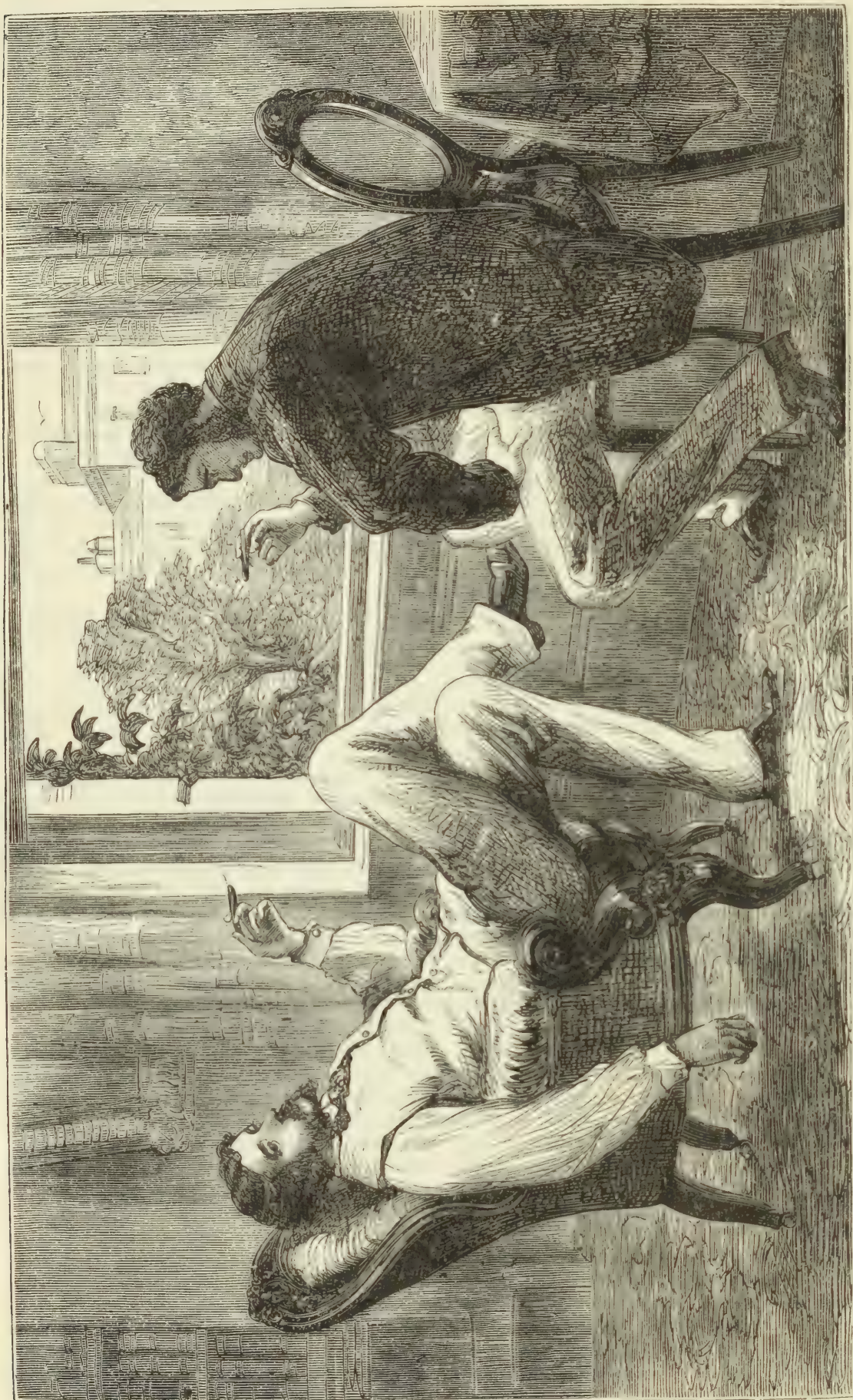
"Ah, but there are degrees. There's an almost imperceptible lapse made once in a twelve-month, and there's a blunder that would be always coming out if one didn't keep close watch over it. No; you don't know what it is never to have been at school, never to have been taught when young how to pronounce a word, or enter a room, or properly handle a knife and fork. Teaching one's self Latin, or even Greek, is comparatively easy—I've done something that way; but studying the ways of polite society alone out of a printed book of etiquette is cruel work;" and Lambert laughed genially.

"Then you shall teach it all to me, Lambert, now that you have mastered the art, for I fear I never could grapple with it alone."

"No; *you* don't want it. With you it's quite different, for you have been at school, and you have always been mixing with people. You have no idea how different is the case of a fellow who goes into any thing like society for the first time, and finds himself new to the very clothes he wears, not to speak of the ways of the people he meets. I wonder a man ever has the perseverance to go through with it. Many a time I thought it really was not worth the labor and trouble. But I suppose it's something like cigar-smoking—it's sickening at first, and it takes a long practice before one can get quite used to it and enjoy it; but at last one suddenly finds he can't do without it."

Talking this way we reached pleasant St. John's Wood, and the house in which Lambert lived. It was a pretty, fantastic little house, one of a terrace which stood upon the sort of almost imperceptible rise that in the suburbs of London men call a hill. Lambert had the first-floor of the house, and enjoyed a very pretty view over the outskirts of London; the windows being so placed as not to overlook the vast cluster of streets and spires and domes, fog-surmounted, which lay below. Looking from the room, one might at times catch faint, hazy glimpses of something like the country. Flowers in profusion grew on the patches of garden in front and back of the house; trailing plants fell from eaves to basement. It was altogether a very pleasant, gracious, and tempting place, and I thought Lambert might well feel glad to return to such a nest every evening from the town.

The rooms were neatly furnished; for the most part, of course, the regular furniture—



I TALK WITH LAMBERT AFTER DINNER.

chimney-glass, ornaments, pictures—of suburban lodgings in London. But there was a small organ, hardly bigger than a piano, of my friend's own design and construction, with some of his

special and newest improvements; and there were some clever specimens of wood-carving, which he made a frequent recreation, he told me; and there were books of his own—books

on carving, on music, on science, Greek Lexicons and class-books; and there was a photograph over the chimney-piece which caught my eye the moment I went into the room: it was that of Christina.

Lambert took a book—a sort of scrap-book, apparently—out of a drawer of his writing-desk, and, turning hastily over its leaves, called my attention to it.

“Critiques of *her*,” he said; “I used to watch for them in the papers, and cut them out and paste them in.”

Yes; there were criticisms of her performances from the *Moniteur*, and the *Débats*, and the *Indépendance Belge*, and the *National-Zeitung* of Berlin, and the *Ost-Deutsche Post* of Vienna, the *Pungolo* of Milan, the *Osservatore* of Rome, the *Opinione* of Turin, the *Courrier Russe*, the *Times*, the *Morning Chronicle* (there was a *Morning Chronicle* then), the *Morning Post*, and I know not what other papers. I glanced over them. Often, indeed, the letters danced and flickered before my eyes. I read them with amazement, with pride, with delight—ah, and with selfish shame and pain as well! They differed as to minor points of criticism—some extolling as a special charm what others deprecated as the one sole defect; some declaring that the voice was incomparable, but the singer had yet much to learn; others insisting that the skill of the musician conquered some vocal defects; others, again, leaning more on the acting than on the singing. But all rang to the one grand chime—success. In Berlin the students of the university had a serenade by torch-light in honor of their gifted countrywoman; in enthusiastic and music-mad St. Petersburg the singer was presented, on the occasion of her last performance, with a coronet of gold and a diamond brooch. So on. It was simply success. Christina had succeeded.

I put the book away, and sat thinking and silent for a few moments. The whole thing was unreal to me; I was as one who dreams. Only the other day it seemed when she called to me a farewell from her window, and the flower she had worn in her bosom fell on the pavement at my feet.

I rose and went to the chimney-piece, and looked calmly at her portrait. She had developed, but not much changed. The photograph made her look a little older, perhaps, than I could have expected; but most photographs have that sort of effect. She was certainly very beautiful, and of a beauty which was in no sense commonplace. In a portrait-gallery filled with the pictures of handsome women—most of them even of handsomer women—one must, I thought, be attracted at once by that striking face, with its fleece of fair hair and its eyes so large and dark, and the singular softness and sweetness—almost a sensuous sweetness—of the expression on the lips and the outlines of cheek and chin, contrasting as strangely as did the hue of the hair and eyes with the

energy and decision which the forehead and brows expressed.

I looked at it long and silently, compressing my lips the while, and crushing, with such force of self-control as I could command, all rising emotion down into obedience. But I might have allowed my feelings their full sway without fear of observation, for Lambert had quietly left the room the moment he saw me approach the photograph. He did not return for some minutes. I conjectured that he would not return, in fact, until I had given some audible intimation that I needed no longer to be alone. I sat down and played a few random chords on his organ. He presently came in, looking animated and cheerful, and told me he must apologize for having left me, but that he had been compelled to have a long and profound consultation with his landlady on the subject of dinner. Dinner came at last, and we drank some wine, and became very talkative and cordial and friendly. By a sort of silent agreement we avoided all reference to past times, and said no more of *her*.

After dinner we opened the windows, lighted cigars, and smoked. Lambert told me, with the innocent, boyish pride which was rather an attractive part of his character, that he was the only lodger ever allowed to smoke in that sacred room; that the landlady, a most respectable old lady, positively insisted that he must have his cigar there whenever he pleased; and that, whenever he was leaving the place for good, he meant to present her with a set of entirely new curtains.

“It wouldn’t be any use my giving them before,” he added; “I should only spoil them, and she would benefit nothing by the transaction.”

The evening was calm and sultry, as we sat quietly smoking. Presently I saw Lambert get up and grasp the collar of his coat with one hand, while he looked inquiringly at me.

“Would you mind,” he asked, “if I were to—” and he stopped.

“Mind what?” I asked in my turn, not having the least idea of what he meant.

“Well, just to pull off my coat, you know. It’s very hot this evening, and the fact is I haven’t got rid of all the old ways yet. It does seem so pleasant still to sit of a Sunday evening in one’s shirt-sleeves. I am gradually breaking myself of the fashion; but just now I begin to feel so very comfortable that, if you really *didn’t* mind, and wouldn’t be at all offended—I have a dressing-gown, you know, and rather a handsome one; but still it isn’t quite the same thing, just yet.”

I could not help laughing; but he was quite grave and earnest.

“Sit in your shirt-sleeves, by all means, Lambert, if it makes you comfortable,” I said. “My poor father was a boat-builder, as you know, in his best days, and he always used to like to sit in his shirt-sleeves of a Sunday evening; but I think my mother discouraged and

finally abolished the practice in him, and she never allowed me even to attempt it. Therefore I have an enjoyment the less, you see, and I rather envy you your additional comfort."

So Lambert pulled off his coat, and lay with his lithe, long, manly figure back in his arm-chair, and chatted with additional freedom and fluency all the evening.

The night passed pleasantly, and it was time for me to go. Ned insisted on walking part of the way with me, and did in fact walk nearly all the way. We made arrangements, of course, to meet again, and meet often. He inquired gently and cautiously into my prospects, and hinted in the most delicate manner that he might perhaps be able to give me some advice, or to make me acquainted with somebody whose advice would be better than his. I opened to him freely whatever plans, prospects, and hopes I had.

"One thing," I said, "I am resolved on, Lambert. I will make a way and a place for myself, and in opera. I *will* be a *primo tenore* one day; I will sing with *her*, and she shall acknowledge that I have something in me; or I will find a way of dying, if it has to be by a plunge from Waterloo Bridge." We shook hands and separated.

CHAPTER XV.

THE HEAVY FATHER'S MISTAKE.

My parting words to Lambert expressed not too strongly a resolution which had grown up in my mind. I was resolved to slave, and strive, and wear myself out, if need be, in order to qualify myself for success in opera, that I might once sing with her, perhaps on equal terms. All other objects in life seemed to be as nothing compared with that—thus to triumph, thus to prove myself not unworthy of the opinion she once held of me—and then come what might!

Strangely enough, this determination was not inspired by any hope that we might fulfill the other part of our early dreams, and be married. I do not think such a hope ever entered into my ambition and my resolve. She did not love me; it was only too evident that she could not really have loved me at any time as I would have been loved; and even were it probable or possible that the far-off date of my success could find her still unmarried, I was too proud to think of courting the love of one who had flung me thus away, and left me to my loneliness and my misery. No, passionate as was my futile love for her, it was not that which now influenced me to my determination and my hopes. It was the absorbing desire to prove myself not unworthy, not all a failure. To wring that compensation from Fate was now my one sole object in life.

And if I should fail?

Well, I was no idiot, and I thought of that. The most passionate aspiration can not conquer

success, nor is it evidence of capacity for success, unless when it comes as a mere instinct of the nature, like the desire of the water-fowl for the pool, of the young eagle for the flight. I therefore laid little stress on my own mere aspirations, knowing well how greatly they were stimulated by my love and my wounded pride. So I contemplated coolly the possibility, the chance, of utter failure, and I resolved upon my course. Once let it be certain, let it be beyond all doubt—and I felt convinced I could judge my own cause impartially and rightly—that I was a failure, and I would withdraw instantly and forever from these countries, change my name, bury myself in some remote western region of America, and live there, a hewer of wood and drawer of water, till my life should come to an end.

I have said thus much in explanation of the resolute energy with which I now went to work at musical training, and at saving up money with which to go to Italy and improve myself, and begin a career there which I hoped might wake an echo in England. My friend Lambert entered quietly, earnestly into all my plans, calmly assuming my perseverance and my success as a matter of course; and he lent me valuable assistance by advice and suggestion. Lilla, too, was in our full confidence, and was quite delighted with the project, frequently reminding me of the magnificent day at the Derby she was to have the first season of my London success. Weeks and months went on, and I began at last to see Italy in the near fore-ground of my hopes.

Before I proceed to sum up in a few lines one tolerably long chapter of my life—a chapter as quiet and uneventful to tell of as it was to me momentous—I must relate two incidents.

I went very often to see Ned Lambert; he very often came to see me. He made himself very friendly and familiar with Lilla and her mother. He would sit for hours listening to the poor old woman telling him of her trials and her disappointments, her feats of cooking, her new and incomparable methods of applying sauce and preserving peaches, Lilla's sicknesses and Lilla's charms. I don't believe there was an ailment Lilla had had, from her first "thrush" to her latest toothache, of which Edward Lambert did not hear many times, and seemingly with profoundest interest, the full details. Lilla herself used to grow dreadfully impatient under these narratives, and I observed, not without curiosity and interest, that she was far less enduring now than she used to be when I was the spell-bound victim.

Often, therefore—indeed, whenever I could—I intercepted Mrs. Lyndon, flung myself in her path, and engaged her in colloquial battle, in order that Lambert might be saved, and that he might, if he liked, have all the time with Lilla to himself. I thought his eyes rested sometimes fixedly and tenderly on her when he was not near her, with an expression as if he would gladly be beside her; and I was quite

willing to give him the full opportunity, so far as I could bring it about. Soon, too, I began to observe that Mrs. Lyndon watched with somewhat uneasy glances when these twain talked too closely and too long together, and that the pleasure of expatiating to an unresisting, patient listener like myself lost some of its charm under such circumstances. These were symptoms, omens perhaps, not to be overlooked.

One fine starry night of winter, when the hardened snow gleamed glassy on the ground, and the lighted clock of Chelsea Hospital showed brightly through the clear and rarefied air, I walked part of the way home with Lambert from our quarter by the Thames. He was unusually silent for a while, then suddenly said :

"I say, Temple" (he had got into the way now of calling me Temple, and not Banks), "what a very pretty girl your friend Miss Lyndon is!"

"Very pretty, and very clever, and very good."

"Yes, she seems a sort of girl that could understand a fellow, and help him to think, and bring him out. Do you know, I talked to her just now of some new ideas I have got—good ideas, I think; in my own line, of course—and she listened to me all the time, and quite understood it all and cared about it. I know she did by the questions she asked. Never mind the answers a girl gives. I don't; they're no test. Some girls will know by the mere expression of your face, if they haven't even been listening to a word, what kind of answers they ought to give. But the questions—if they venture upon questions—that's the real test. You can't mistake, if you have a question asked. You know at once just how far she has gone with you, and how far she is able to go. Well, Sir, that girl asked me one or two questions that showed she had got rather ahead of me. She did indeed. I'm rather a slow fellow, and she seemed to make a short-cut—to cut off the angle, you know, and get to the end directly. It must be very pleasant," he added, with a sort of half sigh, "to have a woman for a friend—for a friend—who can understand one in that ready sort of way."

Was the inconsolable becoming consoled?

"It must be very pleasant, Lambert," I answered, in deep earnestness. "It is a pleasure some of us must go without, and go darkling through life for want of it."

"She does not seem very happy there, I think," he remarked, with a nod of his head in the direction we had left.

"No. They are, as you know, very poor."

"Yes. If ever I marry, it shall be some poor girl, who will have no fortune to throw in my face, but will owe all to me. I hate the idea of benefiting by one's wife. I'd like to make my way in the world myself, and bring her along with me; and you know I have not been doing badly so far."

"Lilla and her mother have both been very

kind and good to me. I only wish I had any way of proving my friendship and gratitude."

"Is there not a ready and suitable way?"

"Is there? If there is, I don't know it."

"Marry Lilla." He brought out the words very slowly.

"My dear fellow, you don't know what you are talking about."

"Yes, I do; I quite understand why you can not think of such a thing."

"No, you don't; at least, you only know part of the reason. If I had never met another woman I should not wish to marry Lilla Lyndon. I am very fond of her, Lambert, and have good reason to be; but not in that way. My feeling in the matter, however, is not much to the purpose. Something a good deal more to the point is that Lilla Lyndon would not marry me."

"Do you think not? Now I have often thought—"

"Because you don't know. To begin with, my prospects are all too cloudy, and I am far too poor. Lilla Lyndon does not pretend to be a heroine, and I don't believe she could be happy in poverty. She must marry somebody who can make her mother and herself comfortable, or more than merely comfortable; and I don't blame her for it."

"Yet I don't think—I am sure I am right—that she would marry for money. I think there is something better in her."

"And so do I of late. I don't believe now that she would marry for money; but I don't think she would go into married poverty—love in a garret, and that kind of thing. And I say again I don't blame her. Some people can do it, and others can't. Let us all try to understand ourselves and our capacities. One person can stand the night-air without catching cold, and another can not; but there are some who run the risk which they might have avoided, and do catch cold, and are moping and cross about it for weeks after. Others know they can not stand it, and take care not to try; and they are wise. Now, I suppose there are plenty of girls who have just courage enough to take the plunge, but not courage to bear the consequences without regret and lamentation. I think Lilla Lyndon knows that she has had enough of poverty in her domestic life, and she has sense enough to caution her against risking any more of it. She is not fit for the kind of life she leads, and I think it has gone near to spoiling her. A very little of a better sort of existence would soon lift her quite out of the contamination of this."

"So it would," said Lambert, eagerly. He had been listening with rather a depressed air to my exordium against poverty.

"The fact is, Lambert, they talk dreadful rubbish about the blessings of poverty. It is all very well for preachers and philosophers to try to gammon people into making the best of a bad lot; but there is a sort of poverty which does nothing but degrade. All Lilla Lyndon

wants, to be just as good a girl as ever lived, is a certain income, and ease, and no debts."

Lambert brightened, I thought, under these words. The fact is, I began to perceive that I had been producing, unconsciously, quite a wrong impression. When I was lecturing on the evils of poverty, I only meant to show him how certain little levities and defects had probably arisen in Lilla's character, and thus to encourage him to pay court to her, if he felt so inclined. To me he appeared quite a rising and prosperous man, and every word I used as an argument against Lilla's marrying into poverty was meant as a reason why she ought to marry him. I was fast turning match-maker out of interest in both my friends. But Lambert at first thought I was arguing against the prudence of any body thinking of such a girl as Lilla unless he was a man of fortune, and his countenance, transparently expressive, became clouded. It cleared again as he said:

"Then you don't think she would care about a man only if he was a swell, and had plenty of money, and a house in the West End, like her uncle, and all that?"

"No; I think she is too sensible and spirited a girl to throw away a chance of real happiness for dreams."

"You see, Temple, it's this way with me. I suppose a man can't always live alone. At least, I think now he can't; I used to fancy it would be my fate, and that it was the only thing I could endure under—in fact, under the circumstances, you know. Now, somehow, I don't think so, since I've seen that girl's bright face, and heard her pleasant laugh. And I think there's something in her too—I know it. I don't think I've fallen in love with her; perhaps I've passed the age for that sort of thing, and I've knocked about a good deal, and I'm not far off thirty years old. But I do like to be near her, and to hear her talk; and I think she could brighten a man's life very much. Then I'm getting on very well—for a fellow like me, that is, who came up from nothing; and if things don't take a wonderfully bad turn, I don't see why I shouldn't soon be able to keep my wife quite like a lady—and Lilla Lyndon would look like a lady too, and take the shine out of some of the West Enders, I can tell you."

"My dear fellow, I wish you good luck and God-speed with all my heart."

"Yes, that's all very fine, but we mustn't go too fast; I haven't the faintest reason to know that she would listen to a word of the kind."

"Nor I; but I don't know any reason why she shouldn't."

"Don't *you* know any reason?"

"Not I. How should I?"

"Unless that, perhaps—she knows you a long time, you see, and you have been a good deal together, almost like brother and sister."

"Exactly, Ned; there it is—we are very much like brother and sister, and never could or would be like any thing else. Lilla Lyndon has not a friend on earth who thinks more of

her than I do, and I'm sure I have no friend more warm and true than she—no friend, indeed, half so warm and true. And that is all; and if Lilla should marry you, old fellow, which I sincerely hope, she and I will be just the same fast friends as ever, please God."

We parted without many more words—without any more words, indeed, upon this subject. But it seemed clear enough to me how things would tend. Of Lilla's feelings on the subject I could guess nothing as yet; but I thought it would not be difficult soon to know all; and meanwhile I could see no reason why she should not love this handsome, manly, simple, successful fellow.

As for him, I envied him, because he could love and hope. The whole thing gave me sincere pleasure, and yet a queer, selfish shade of sadness fell on me, too, as I walked home alone. I could not help thinking somewhat grimly that my condition resembled a little that of a man on board a disabled and sinking ship, who sees the last of his friends safely received in the boat which has no room left for him.

That was one of the incidents I had to relate before leaping over a few chapters of my life, because it serves to foreshadow and explain what happened during the interval. Another incident, seemingly unconnected with this, must be told about the same time, as it tended toward the same end.

One day I had made an appointment with Ned Lambert in town. We were to meet at half past four o'clock, and we had fixed on Palace Yard as a convenient rendezvous. It was a fine frosty evening in late February, and the cheery sunbeams were falling lovingly on the Abbey and on the gilded pinnacles of the Clock-Tower. Palace Yard was full of bustle and life; carriages and cabs were driving up every moment and depositing members, to make way for whom policemen kept scurrying here and there, and driving back the ever-encroaching rows of people who flanked the entrance to the great old Hall. I was somewhat too soon for my appointment, and I knew that Lambert would make his appearance precisely as the clock chimed the half hour—not a minute sooner, not a minute later. So I too fell into the crowd, and occupied myself in watching the senators as they rode or drove up, and thinking what a very fine thing it must be to be one of a body of personages so high and mighty that crowds gathered to see you go to your work, and that, even though you only came up in a hansom cab, a policeman rushed to clear the way, that your august feet might tread an unimpeded pavement. Presently, however, my eyes rested on a figure in the little rank of spectators just before my own, the sight of which was quite enough to make me fall back precipitately.

It was Lyndon—the wrong Lyndon, the prodigal son, the outlaw. He was dressed with what I can not help calling studied and artistic poverty. His hat was rusty in hue; his coat was

all threadbare, and in one or two places actually torn; but both were brushed with elaborate care. He had black gloves on, which were gone in the fingers; his trowsers were strapped down carefully. Looking at him from a purely dramatic point of view, I should say his appearance expressed Honest Poverty in the person of a Heavy Father.

The moment I saw him I was convinced something was "up;" and I drew back to avoid being seen by his peering black eyes. I could observe, however, that he kept always glancing up toward the Parliament Street end of Palace Yard.

Presently a carriage drove up, in which I saw a face I knew. It was an open carriage, frosty though the day was. Mr. Lyndon—the Lyndon in possession, the Tommy Goodboy—sat in it, with a pale, handsome, slender young woman, whom I assumed to be one of his daughters. The carriage stopped at the entrance to Westminster Hall.

"Now," I thought to myself, "we are in for a pretty scene."

I saw the other Lyndon move forward. Suddenly he drew back, as the strident voice of the M.P. was heard saying,

"You wait there, Lilla; I'll just take my seat and come back."

The member got down and strode into the Hall, and the carriage began to withdraw to the other side of the yard.

I almost thought of profiting by the interval to seize the confounded Heavy Father, expostulate with him, and even drag him away, when I saw him break from the crowd, plunge at the carriage, and cling to its side.

"Lilla!" he exclaimed, in tones so loud that even those who were farther off than I from the carriage must have heard the words distinctly—"Lilla, my daughter, my beloved daughter! do you not know your father—your outcast, wronged father? Have they, then, taught you to hate, hate, hate me, my sweet child?—Get away; don't attempt to interfere. What business is it of yours, confound you!"

These last words were addressed to the first policeman who rushed forward and attempted to drag him away.

The young lady in the carriage sat pale and apparently bewildered, but without showing any wild affright. She was a handsome girl, with a colorless Madonna face, large deep violet eyes, and dark brown hair.

"Come, none of this!" expostulated the policeman. "You come away quietly, or I shall have to lock you up."

"Stand back, minion! Blue-coated minion, away! That lady is my daughter. May not a father speak with his own child? I appeal to my fellow-countrymen, my fellow-Englishmen here around. They will not allow me to be thus ill-used."

"Bravo, old cove!" was the remark of one fellow-Englishman.

"Go it, Wiggy!" cried another sympathizer.

The general crowd laughed.

The girl in the carriage looked paler than before, but she fixed pitying eyes on poor battling Lyndon.

"Don't hurt him," she called to the policeman, in clear, firm tones. "The poor man is mad!"

"I am not mad!" screamed Lyndon. "This hair—" and he put his hand to his head, but stopped.

I do believe he was about to say, "This hair I tear is mine!" but, recollecting that he only wore a wig, he checked himself in time. "I am not mad! That lady is my daughter."

"No, she ain't," expostulated the policeman. "I know that lady well enough. Come away now, that's a good fellow, and don't make any more row. Come away. Where do you live? where are your friends?"

"There! my daughter is my only friend! Let me go! Let me know if she casts me off.—Lilla! Are you not Lilla?"

"My name is Lilla," said the young lady, looking pityingly at him; "but I do not know you.—I am sure," she said to the policeman, "the poor man is mad. Pray take him away, but deal gently with him; and let me know, please, if you can, something about him. Send some one to me—to Miss Lilla Lyndon, Connaught Place. Has he no friends? Does nobody know him?"

An impulse I could not resist dragged me into the business. I pushed my way through the crowd; I took off my hat to the young lady, whose sweet, calm face had attracted me from the first.

"I know him, Miss Lyndon," I said; "and if he will come with me I shall be happy to take charge of him."

"He is mad, is he not?" she asked, bending forward and lowering her tone.

"In one sense he is indeed mad."

"Can I do any thing for him? Is he an object of charity? Has he no friends?"

"He has, I believe, no friends—none whatever."

"You are not, then, a friend of his?"

"Indeed, no; but I know some members of his family, and should like to take charge of him for their sake."

By this time, however, Lyndon had quite recovered himself. His mistake was clear to him now. The name of Lilla had misled him. He really had thought, no doubt, that the Lilla Lyndon before him must be his own daughter. He twisted himself from the hands of the policeman, and, coming up to the carriage, took off his hat and made a low bow.

"I have to ask the lady's pardon," he said, "her very humble pardon. I am not mad; I am as sane as any senator over the way; but I have made a mistake—not so great a mistake, perhaps, as it may seem just now. I am but mad north-northwest, although in this instance, and with the wind southerly too, I have failed to know a hawk from a hernshaw. I have

made a mistake, and I apologize for it. What more can a gentleman do? I *am* a gentleman, Miss Lilla Lyndon, although I confess that just at present I may not perhaps quite look like one; but you shall know the fact one day. Meanwhile, allow me again to apologize and to withdraw. Enough has been done for fame to-day. My compliments to your dear father. I decline the escort of the police-force, and I repudiate the friendship of Mr. Emanuel Temple. I want no one to take care of me but Providence."

He again made a low bow, addressed to Miss Lyndon, honored me with a contemptuous glance, pushed his way through the grinning and wondering crowd up to a grinning and wondering driver of a hansom cab, mounted lightly into the cab, and was rattled away.

I was backing out of the dispersing crowd too, when Miss Lyndon again leaned from her carriage, and said, very earnestly, "May I ask, Sir, if you can tell me any thing about that strange man?"

"Nothing, Miss Lyndon; nothing that you could care to hear."

"But there is something. Pray what is his name? Oh, here is papa at last."

Mr. Lyndon, M.P., came rapidly up, looking red and angry. I took advantage of his coming to escape from an embarrassing question by bowing to the lady and walking away.

I looked calmly in Mr. Lyndon's face, but sought and made no sign of recognition. I could see that his daughter began at once eagerly talking with him, and that she glanced toward me. I could see too that he looked irritated and excited. And I had the comfort of thinking that he would probably set me down as an accomplice and actor in his brother's pleasant little performance.

The whole scene, though it seemed long, had not occupied five minutes, and the little bubble of excitement it had created in Palace Yard soon collapsed and wholly melted away.

Mr. Lyndon and his daughter drove off; and by the time Ned Lambert came up to his appointment there was no evidence of any thing unusual having happened.

I did not tell him any thing about it, although I should have been glad enough of a little of his advice; but I preferred to think the matter calmly over before I took any body, even him, into my confidence.

Late that night I was going home alone, having parted with Lambert. I was walking slowly along Piccadilly, when an arm was suddenly thrust into mine, a burst of mellow laughter pealed in my ear, and I found that the detested Lyndon was walking beside me.

"Temple," he broke out, "I forgive you! To-day I repudiated you, because I thought you wanted to disavow my acquaintance, you shabby dog, in order that you might stand well in the eyes of my pretty niece. But I am delighted to meet you now, for I do so want to talk the matter over; and you are, I give you my word, my sole confidant."

I came to a dead stand.

"Pray tell me," I asked, as sternly as I could, "which is your way?"

"Just so, in order that you may go the other way. I know all about that, Temple; and, as I have had occasion to remark to you before, you sometimes adopt a sort of conventional coarseness only fit for the most inferior transpontine drama. Don't try that on, Temple. Qualify for the Adelphi, at the lowest, if you will practice stage-talk in private life. Be genial, man, be sociable! Look at me. Above all, try to be a gentleman. Don't you know that I rather like you?"

"Yes; but then I don't like you."

"Coarsely candid. I don't mind. Come, let us move on a little. I am going your way, wherever that is. Don't try to thwart me; I have a motive in it. I'll follow you, if I can not have the pleasure of your friendly companionship."

It occurred to me at once that he had now perhaps resolved on changing his tactics, and persecuting his wife and child; and that he hoped, by finding out where I lived, to come upon their track. So I straightway resolved to baffle him. Like Morgiana observing the stranger in the Arabian tale, I at once leaped to the conclusion that, whatever he might have in view, it would be for the interest of society to thwart him. So I permitted his companionship, and walked on, resolved to lead him a pretty dance if he hoped to find out my whereabouts.

"That was a funny mistake of mine to-day," he chuckled; "but very natural. I don't know that any harm is done, after all. It's not a bad way of opening the campaign, and giving Tommy Goodboy a sort of notion of what he has got to expect. What a happy evening he must have spent! What a string of lies he must have told that fine girl, my niece! Isn't she a fine girl, Temple? I feel quite proud of her. I foresee that she will prove immensely useful. Goodboy will have to come to terms, or woe upon his life! By-the-way, Temple, do you know any thing of astronomy?"

"Nothing."

"Ah! what a pity! Then that magnificent sky over our heads is, I suppose, all a blank to you! Just a pavement or floor inverted! I dare say the floundering Venuses and Cupids on the Hampton Court ceiling would interest you a good deal more than that field of sublime constellations. Well, I tell you frankly, I wouldn't be that sort of fellow, Temple, for any thing you could give me. No, I wouldn't indeed; I have always noticed, though, that you professional singing-fellows are generally very stupid. The spiritual nature doesn't seem to get developed at all. Wonder how that is? The women don't appear to me to be so bad."

"Are you walking so much out of your way to philosophize on professional singers?"

"Acute youth, no, I am not. The fact is, Mr. Temple—for I want to get back to a game of billiards—I have begun to think a good deal

of what you were saying, only too eloquently, the other day. It didn't impress me then, as, I am bound to say, it ought to have done. I was in a frivolous and cynical mood; unfortunately, I sometimes am so. I mean the evening that you appealed to me so very touchingly about my wife and child. You shot an arrow into the air, Temple, and, although at the moment unheeded, it came down and found its mark—a father's heart. I do now long to see my child. I thought I had found her to-day; alas! the voice of Nature guided me wrong, or at least not quite right. Temple, conduct me to my child! You know where she is. Lead me to her."

"This sort of stuff," I replied, very calmly and deliberately, "does not impose upon me. I suppose you want to make your daughter the victim of some such disgraceful exposure as that to which you tried to subject your niece to-day. That you shall certainly never do by any help or hint of mine. Let that be enough. Were you to parade the streets all night at my side—to my disgust—were you to dog my footsteps for a month, you should learn nothing of your daughter from me."

"Temple, an awful thought flashes on me! I beseech of you to answer me! Heavens, it can't be! and yet—tell me, is my daughter married—and to *you*?"

"She is not;" and I broke fiercely away.

"Thank Heaven for that!" was his fervent and pious exclamation.

I hurried away. He looked after me for a while, hesitating; then, apparently giving up the idea of forcing any more of his company on me just then, he broke into a loud laugh, sang out "Good-night, Signor Pantalon!" and went chuckling and stamping back in the direction of his favorite Haymarket.

It was a hideous nuisance to me to have the existence of this dreadful little creature hung as a sort of mysterious burden round my neck. A secret with which I had nothing to do, which I wanted neither to keep nor to disclose, was thrust on me, and seemed to lay a sort of critical and embarrassing responsibility on me. Sometimes I thought of taking Mrs. Lyndon aside and telling her the whole matter, and so putting her on her guard; again, I turned over in my mind the propriety of trusting to Lilla's natural good sense and courage, and making her the confidante. But so long as there was any chance or possibility of his not finding them

out and disturbing or disgracing them, I shrank from adding this fresh and superfluous burden of vexation to their hard lives. It was clear that any chance that Lilla—my Lilla—might have from the patronage or bounty of her uncle would be utterly gone if once her life became mixed up with that of her unfortunate father. I very much mistook the character of Mr. Lyndon, M.P., if that gentleman would not cast off his niece as though she were a plague-infected garment, once it became apparent that recognizing her would be encouraging his outlaw brother. Thus far, at least, the crusade of the latter seemed directed only against the inhabitants of the fine house in Connaught Place. And although I had no doubt that he would in the end, if needful, kick with equal foot at the door of the Chelsea lodging-house, yet, until he showed some signs of beginning to attack, it seemed only raising a needless alarm to put my friends on their guard.

Positively, I entertained ideas of writing to, or waiting on, or throwing myself in the way of Miss Lyndon—the other Lilla Lyndon—and telling her who the madman was, and appealing to her pity and kindness to prevail upon her father to pension him quietly off, and thus buy his perpetual absence and silence. I fear that pure good-nature toward my friends did not wholly inspire this notion. I own that I should have dearly liked a few words of conversation with that sweet, clear voice; to have looked in those pure, pitying eyes again. Was this, then, one of the proud, cold, puritanical spinsters *my* Lilla had so often described to me? She had clearly never seen this one, at least; and, unless the latter was a very accomplished actress indeed, she could never have heard of any other Lilla Lyndon than herself. For when the little scoundrel claimed her as his daughter because her name was Lilla, her face exhibited only surprise and pity; she showed not the faintest gleam of any comprehension of his meaning or his mistake.

I could not forget her eyes and her voice. I even walked by Connaught Place several times, hoping to see her, but not confessing to myself that I did so hope. So I temporized and postponed, and kept my secret, and did nothing more. But I held still to my first impulse, and wished for a chance of trusting to the girl's pure and sympathetic face, and breaking through ceremony and conventionality by appealing to her and telling her all.

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A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

With Illustrations.

"Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon."—BURNS.

THE PROLOGUE.

IN most, nay, I think in all lives, is some epoch which, looking back upon, we can perceive has been the turning-point of our existence—a moment when the imagination first wakes up, the feelings deepen, and vague, general impressions settle into principles and convictions; when, in short, our bias for good or ill is permanently given. We may not recognize this at the time, but we do afterward, saying to ourselves, either with thankfulness or regret, "But for such and such a thing, or such and such a person, I should not have been what I am."

This crisis befell me, Winifred Weston, when I was just entering my sixteenth year. It was not "falling in love," as in most cases it is—and rightly, for love is, or ought to be, the strongest thing on earth; but it was equivalent to it, and upon me and the moulding of my character it had precisely the same effect. Nay, in a sense I did really fall in love, but it was a very harmless phase of the passion; for I was a commonplace damsel of sixteen, and the object of my intense admiration—nay, my adoring affection—was an old lady of seventy.

A young girl in love with an old woman! What a ridiculous form of the emotion, or sentiment! Not so ridiculous, my good friends, as at first appears; and by no means so uncommon as you suppose. I have known several cases of it besides my own: cases in which a great difference in years and character drew out, to a remarkable degree, that ideal worship and passionate devotedness which is at the root of all true love, first love especially. Laugh as you will, there is always a spice of nobleness in the boy who falls in love with his "grandmother;" and I have often thought that one of the extenuating circumstances in the life of that selfish, pleasure-loving, modern heathen, Goethe, was the fact that in his old age he was so adored by a "child."

Nor does the character of the feeling alter when it is only a woman's toward a woman. I have loved a man, thank God, having found a man worth loving; but he well knows that for a long time he ranked second in my affections to a woman—to this woman, for whom my attachment had all the intensity of love itself.

She was, as I have said, quite old, even at the time when I first beheld her, which happened to be at church. Our pews were along-

side of one another, for I sat in the rector's, and she in the one beyond. I was the new curate's daughter, and she was "the lady of the hall"—Brierley Hall, the oldest and finest place in the neighborhood. She entered alone. Many of the fine families of the parish always had a footman to carry their prayer-books, but she carried her own; walked alone, stately and slow, up the aisle, and took her seat in a corner of the large musty pew, the cushions and linings of which, once a rich crimson cloth, had faded with the sunshine of indefinite summers. They contrasted strongly with the black of her garments—black, but not sombre; her gown being of rich glittering silk, though she still wore a sort of widow's cap over her smooth, soft, white hair.

I knew who she was. Though my father and I had only been a week at Brierley, she was of sufficient importance there for us to have already heard about her—at least as much as the village generally knew. I had been told I should be sure to see her in church, the only place where she ever was seen in public; and she had been described to me so minutely that my excited curiosity could not fail to recognize her at once.

Even had it been otherwise, I think the result would have been all the same. It was to be, and it was; and I could not help it. I, the poor curate's daughter, motherless, romantic, solitary, brought up in the strictest seclusion, fell in love, desperately and determinedly, with this beautiful old lady—Lady de Bougainville.

It was such a remarkable name too, and so exactly suited to her appearance. Let me describe her if I can.

She had "high" features, as they are called—that is, her nose was aquiline, and the outline of her cheek and chin sharply and clearly cut; likewise her mouth, which, though delicate, had much decision in it. It was a sad and firm rather than a sweet mouth; or perhaps it seemed as if it had been meant to be sweet, but the experience of life had hardened it. Nevertheless, the old softness could and did at times return; I saw it afterward, not then. Sadness also was the characteristic of her eyes—sadness, or at any rate pensiveness. They put me in mind of the sea after a storm, when the waves have calmed down, and the surface has grown smooth, or even broken out again into little necessary ripples: but you

know all the while there must be, somewhere or other, many a broken spar floating about; many a castaway treasure beaten against the beach; many a dead carcass of ancient grief rising up from the depths below. Such did rise—and I fancied I could see them—in the dark eyes of this my beautiful lady—the most beautiful, I still think, that I ever beheld, though she was a septuagenarian.

Even now, as I vainly try to describe her, I feel my old infatuation return—the delight with which I watched every curve of her features—pale, colorless features—as un-English and peculiar as her eyes; and admired every fold in her dress—quite unlike any lady's dress I had ever seen. Her toilet was complete in all its details, as befitted both herself and her station. She was *chausée et gantée* (the French best expresses what I mean; we English merely *put on* gloves and shoes) to perfection; and she had little hands and little feet—remarkably so for such a tall woman. She lost no inch of her height, and she carried her head like one who has never lowered it in shame or sycophancy before mortal man. “Aristocratic” undoubtedly would have been the adjective applied to her; but used in its right sense, as belonging to “the best” of the earth. There was nothing haughty about her, or repellent, or scornful—if these qualities are supposed to constitute aristocracy.

Her eyes and complexion, as I have said, were very un-English, and when she began to say the responses, it was with a slight, a very slight accent—French, I thought; but in nothing else was she foreign. Her dress was the ordinary dress of an English widow, from whose weeds Time has melted away the obnoxious pomposity of crape, and allowed a faint mixture of white and gray with the black. But it was black still—no bugles—no trimmings—no ornamental fripperies, which always seem such a mockery of mourning. Her costume was perfectly plain, perfectly simple, yet exceedingly rich; as was justifiable in a lady whose wealth was, people said, very great, and who had not a creature to inherit it after her.

For Lady de Bougainville was that sad sight, a widowed wife—a mother left childless. In her solitary old age she kept her forlorn state in that huge house, which, many years ago, her husband, Sir Edward de Bougainville, had bought, rebuilt, lived in for a short time, and then died. Before then, by a succession of fatalities, her six children had died also. Thenceforward she, too, was as good as dead, socially speaking, to the little world of Brierley. She did not quit the Hall. She kept it up externally much as before—that is, none of the rooms were closed, and there was a sufficient establishment of servants. But she lived in it quite alone—never visited any where, nor invited any body to visit her. So she passed her days, and had passed them—our gossiping landlady told me—for twenty years and more, the wonder and curiosity of the neighborhood—

this poor, lonely, wealthy woman—the envied, pitied, much revered, much criticised Lady de Bougainville.

Those who revered her were the poor, to whom she was unlimitedly charitable: those who criticised her were the rich, the county families with whom she had long ceased to associate, and the new-comers whom she never sought to visit at all. These were naturally indignant that Brierley Hall should be shut up from them—that no dinner-parties should be given in the fine old dining-room where Charles II. was said to have taken a royal refectation after hunting in the chase which surrounded the property. The younger generation likewise felt aggrieved that on such a beautiful lawn there should be no archery parties (croquet then was not), and no hope whatever of a ball in the tapestry-chamber, concerning which there were rumors without end; for none of the present generation had ever seen it.

Once things had been very different. While Sir Edward was rebuilding the Hall he inhabited a house near, and lived in a style suitable to his fortune, while his wife and family mingled in all the best society of the neighborhood. They were exceedingly popular, being a large merry family—handsome to look at, full of life and strength. Their father was less liked, being “rather queer,” people said, somewhat unsocial, and always fancying himself a great invalid. But their mother shared in all their youthful enjoyments, and herself shone upon society like a star.—Vanished too, almost as suddenly; for after a certain grand ball—a house-warming which Sir Edward gave—and the splendors of which the elder generation in the village remembered still, the master of Brierley Hall fell really ill of some mysterious ailment. “Something amiss here, folk said,” observed my informant, tapping her forehead; and after lingering, unseen by any body, for many months, died, and was buried in Brierley church-yard. His monument, in plain white marble, without any of the fulsomeness common to epitaphs, was over his widow's head every Sunday as she sat in the Hall pew.

There, too, was a second tablet, equally simple in form and inscription, recording the names, ages, and dates of death of her six children. They had every one perished, some abroad, some at home, within a comparatively short space of time—dying off, as some families do die off, when all the probabilities seem in favor of their continuing to remote generations a prosperous, healthy, and honorable race. When I read the list of names on the white tablet, and glanced thence at the mother's face, I no longer wondered at its sad expression, or at those “peculiarities”—people called them—which had made her the talk of the village, until it grew weary of talking, and let her alone.

At first, in the early years of her desolation, her neighbors had made many attempts, some from curiosity, some from pure kindness, to break through her determined seclusion; but

they failed. She was neither uncourteous nor ungrateful, but there was about her a silent repelling of all sympathy, which frightened the curious and wore out the patience of even the kindest-hearted of these intruders. She let them see, plainly enough, that their visits were an intrusion, and that it was her intention to reappear in society no more.

She never did. Except at church on Sundays, or driving out along the most unfrequented roads, in her handsome old-fashioned carriage, no one saw her beyond the limits of her own grounds. She was as little known as the Dalai Lama, and regarded with almost equal awe. Her smallest deeds were noticed, her lightest saying recorded, and her very name uttered respectfully, as if she were a different person to the rest of the world.

She was. As I sat gazing at her during the whole of church-time, I felt that I never had seen, never should see, any body like Lady de Bougainville.

It so happened that hitherto I had known very few women—that is, gentlewomen—partly because in the far-away parish where we had lived till we came here, there were only farm-houses, except the great house, which my father never let me enter. A certain sad prejudice he had—which I will no further allude to except to say that, though I was motherless, my mother was not dead—made him altogether avoid female society. He had brought me up entirely himself, and more like a boy than a girl: in my heart I wished I was a boy, and rather despised my own sex, until I saw Lady de Bougainville.

She, with her noble beauty, not weak, but strong; with her unmistakable motherly air, not the feeble fondness which is little better than an animal instinct, but that large protecting tenderness which makes one ready to defend as well as cherish one's offspring: she seemed to me a real woman—a real mother. And all her children were dead!

I did not presume to pity her, but my heart was drawn toward her by something deeper than the fascination of the eye. The fancy of sixteen can take a pretty long Queen Mab's gallop in two hours: by the time service was over I seemed to have been "in love" with her for years.

She walked down the aisle a little before rather than after the rest of the congregation, quitting the church among not the genteel but the poor people, who courtesied to her and were acknowledged by her as she passed, but she made and received no other recognition. Alone as she came she departed, and alone she ascended her carriage—one of those chariots swaying about on springs, such as were in fashion thirty years ago, with hammer-cloth in front and dickey behind. Her footman handed her in, and shut the door upon her with a sharp click, and an air as solemnly indifferent as that of the undertaker who closes a coffin-lid upon some highly respectable corpse whose friends have

quitted the house—as I hear in fashionable houses they always do; and her coachman then drove her off, the sole occupant of this handsome carriage, as slowly as if he were driving a hearse.

After all there was something pathetically funereal in this state, and I should have hated it, and turned away from it, had I not been so fascinated by Lady de Bougainville herself. She burst upon my dull life—craving for anything new—as an interest so vivid that it was an actual revelation. I went home, to think about her all day, to dream of her at night; I drew her profile—how perfect it was, even though it was an old woman's face!—among the sums on my slate, and along the margins of my Latin exercise-book. I kept my mind always on the *qui vive*, and my ears painfully open, to catch any floating information concerning her; but I was as shy of putting direct questions about her as if I had been a young man and she my first love. Do not laugh at me, you who read this; it is such a good thing to be "in love" with any body. When we grow older we love in a quieter and more rational way; but even then we regard tenderly our early idolatries.

It seemed a long week till the next Sunday, and then I saw her again. Henceforward, from Sunday to Sunday, I lived in a suppressed suspense and longing—sure to be satisfied then; for, fair weather or foul, Lady de Bougainville was always in her place at church. Only upon Sundays was my fancy "with gazing fed;" but it fattened so rapidly upon that *maigre* diet that I went through all the preliminary stages of a real love-fever. Most girls have it, or something like it, and it rather does good than harm, especially if the object is, as in my case, only a woman. Poor little lamb that she was—silly Winnie Weston! I look back at her now as if she were some other person, and not myself; seeing all her faults, and all her good points, too; and I beg it to be distinctly understood that I am not the least ashamed of her, or of her "first love," either.

That my idol should ever cast a thought toward me was an idea that never entered even my vivid imagination. She cast a glance occasionally—that is, she looked over my head to the opposite wall, but I never supposed she saw me. However, this was of no consequence so long as I could see her, and speculate upon her, weaving long histories of which she was the heroine; histories over which I afterward smiled to think how far they were from the truth. Then, having exhausted the past, I turned to the future, and amused myself with conjuring up endless probabilities and fortuitous circumstances which might cause Lady de Bougainville and myself to meet, or enable me to do some heroic action for her, with or without her knowledge—it did not matter much. Sometimes I pictured her horses starting off, and myself, little Winnie Weston, catching hold of their bridles and preventing a serious accident;

or some night there might arise a sudden gleam of fire among the trees whence peeped the chimneys of Brierley Hall, which I often watched from my bedroom window in the moonlight; and I pictured myself giving the alarm, and rushing to the spot just in time to save the house and rescue its aged mistress. Perhaps, after some such episode, she would just notice my existence, or, if I did any thing very grand, would hold out her hand and say—in the same clear voice which every Sunday besought mercy upon “us miserable sinners,” as if *she* could be a miserable sinner!—“Thank you, Winifred Weston.” Suppose I actually saved her life—who knows? she might do even more—open her arms to my motherless but yearning heart, and whisper, “Winifred, be henceforth my child!”

All this was very silly and very melodramatic; yet it was better for me than many of the follies that one’s teens are heir to—better than dancing and flirting into womanhood, buoyed up by the frothy admiration of raw young-manhood. It taught me to love, rather than to crave for being loved: and it taught me—if only through my imagination—two other things which I think the present generation rather loses sight of—heroism and patience.

That Lady de Bougainville herself was capable of both I felt sure, from her very face. The better I knew it the more it fascinated me. It was an ideal face—nay, there was something in it absolutely historical, like one of those old portraits which you are convinced have a story belonging to them; or to which you may affix any story you please. Calm as it was, it was neither a stony nor impassive face. Often, when something in my father’s sermon attracted her—he preached very good and original sermons sometimes—she would brighten up, and fix upon him her dark eyes—keen and clear as if they were twenty-five years old instead of seventy. But ordinarily she sat with them cast down; not in laziness, or pride, or scorn, but as if they were tired—tired of looking out upon the world for so many years. When lifted they had often a wistful and abstracted expression, as if she were living in times and places far away. As she said to me, months after, when I ventured to ask her what she did with herself—that is, when her daily work was done—“My dear, I dream. I have nothing to do but to dream.”

What first put it into her mind to notice me I have even now not the slightest idea. I suppose it was nothing but the impulse of her own kind heart: when, missing me from my seat at church, she inquired about me, and who I was: finally, hearing I was ill—of that most unpoetical complaint, the measles—she did as she was in the habit of doing to almost every sick person in the village, sent daily to inquire and to offer gifts. Only these gifts came at first rather from the gardens and vineries than the kitchen of Brierley Hall; until, some little bird having perhaps whispered to her that a poor curate often feeds not quite so well as a prosperous artisan, there appeared gradually jellies, soups,

and other nourishing aliments. When I learned from whence they came, I banqueted upon them as if they were the ambrosia of the earth.

But they did not cure me; and I had been fully five weeks absent from church when one Monday morning—oh, that blessed Monday!—there came a little note to my father—a note on delicate-colored paper, with a small black seal, in a handwriting diminutive, upright, firm—more like foreign than English caligraphy. I have it still:

“Lady de Bougainville presents her compliments to the Rev. Henry Weston, and would esteem it a pleasure if he would trust his daughter to her for a week’s visit. Brierley Hall was always considered a healthy place, and Lady de Bougainville has seen many sad instances of long ill-health, which a slight change of air at first might have cured. She will take the utmost care of the child”—[here “the child” was crossed out, and “Miss Weston” inserted]—“if Mr. Weston will consent to part with her. A carriage shall fetch her at any hour to-day or to-morrow, so as to avoid all fatigue.”

Most wonderful! The letter dropped from my trembling hands. Aladdin, Fortunatus, Cinderella—all those lucky youths and maiden, befriended by fairies and good genii—were not more intoxicatingly happy than I.

“Father, you will let me go!” I cried. “Not to-day, perhaps” (for—it was a natural weakness—I suddenly remembered the state of my wardrobe; a condition not surprising in a poor curate’s motherless daughter); “but to-morrow? You will send back word that I shall be ready by—let me see—by noon to-morrow?”

I always had every thing pretty much my own way; so it was soon arranged that I should pay this—the first visit I had ever paid from home alone.

Young people who have many friends, and are always interchanging visits, can have no idea of the state of excitement I was in. It seemed to rouse me out of invalidism at once. To go any where—to any body, would have been charming; but to Brierley Hall! it was ecstasy! To live under the same roof as my beautiful old lady—to see her every day in ordinary life—to be kindly noticed by her—to be able to render her various small services, such as a young person can so easily pay to an elder one: the cup of my felicity was full. It was worth being ill—twenty times over. I thought—I think still, and, while laughing at myself, it is with tears in my eyes—that the measles was a special interposition of Providence. Not in any worldly point of view. In spite of all my landlady’s respectful and mysterious congratulations, I could see no special advantage likely to accrue to me from the visit; but I accepted it as a present delight; about which, and my own deservings of it, I did not speculate at all. In fact, I took going to the Hall as naturally as I suppose I shall one day take going to heaven; and it felt not unlike it.

My clothes were at first a serious weight on my mind; they were so few, so poor, and—as, alas! I only now seemed to discover—so untidy. When I thought of Lady de Bougainville, her silks, velvets, and furs, the richness

of which was almost forgotten in their exquisite neatness and appropriateness, my heart failed me. Well, she was rich and I was poor; but still that need not make such a vital difference. Even poor folk can contrive to keep their garments clean and whole. I must try to turn over a new leaf from this day forward.

So I mended and arranged, folded and packed, wishing faintly that I could put some womanly orderliness into my too boyish ways; and this practical occupation kept my head steadily balanced, and leveled a little the heights and depths of excitement, the alternations of eager expectation and shyness almost amounting to fear, which came upon me. Yet the whole of the day I was in a fever of delight. I tried to hide it, lest my father should think I was glad to leave him, this first time in my life that I ever had left him. But it was not that at all; it was no carelessness to old ties, only the dawning instinct for new ones—the same instinct which prompts the young bird to creep to the edge of even the warmest and safest nest, and peer over into the unknown world beyond. It may be a cold world—a dangerous, fatal world, wherein, many a day yet, we may wander about shivering, and long regretfully for the nest left behind. But for all that we can not stay in the nest: God gives us wings, and when they grow we must use them; whatever it costs us, we must learn to fly.

Nevertheless, when I had bidden my father good-by—as solemn a good-by as if I had been bound to the Antipodes—and sat alone in the Hall carriage, my heart failed me a little. Luxury was so new to me; I was half frightened by it. Yet was I not well-born? Had not my forefathers driven about in carriages quite as grand as this one? Besides, in my still feeble health, the easy equipage, rolling lazily and smoothly along, gave me rather a pleasurable sensation. After the first minute or two I began to believe in the reality of my felicity; and Aladdin as he rubbed his lamp, Cinderella as she leaned back in her pumpkin chariot, were not more full of happy hope than I.

As we drove through the village, and people stared at the Hall equipage passing at an unwonted hour, I first sat bolt upright in it, with a conscious pleasure that every body should see me there; then I scorned myself for the mean vanity. It was better to hide my happiness in the deep of my heart, and the darkest corner of the carriage: so I leaned back, saying to myself in proud delight, "Nobody knows—nobody knows." For it seemed to me that the whole world, if they did know it, would envy me, thus going on a visit to Lady de Bougainville.

We reached the lodge-gates. I had often peeped through them at the mysterious region beyond, where the fine red-brick mansion glimmered through the green of the long elm-avenue; and the trees which dotted the park cast their shadows on the smooth turf—making a picture which sometimes reminded me of the garden of the Hesperides.

Now, however, the gates flew open, and a very commonplace gardener's wife admitted us into the enchanted ground. It was such—it always will be such to me. As the carriage rolled slowly between those two lines of patriarchal elms, just dressing themselves anew in the soft green of early spring, I felt that the modern villas starting up around us so fatally fast, snug and smug, four-square, Portland-cemented, with newly-painted palisades, and araucarias and deodaras stuck here and there in the fresh-made lawn, were no more to compare with Brierley Hall than were their occupants, fat and well-to-do gentlemen, highly-dressed and highly-respectable ladies, with *my* Lady de Bougainville.

Could that be herself standing at the door? No, of course not; how could I have imagined such a condescension?

Nevertheless, it was a friendly-smiling and pleasant person—a lady's maid, but not the elderly Abigail one might have expected. Curiously enough, the domestics at Brierley Hall were, except one, all young servants.

"My lady says, Miss, that I am to take you straight to your bedroom, and see that you lie down and rest there till dinner-time—six o'clock. You shall have a cup of tea directly."

I often fancy people know not half the mysteries of personal influence; and how curiously they themselves are reflected in their servants. This young woman—who was as civil as if I had been the Honorable Winifred Weston, come on a visit with my own maid and a heap of luggage—took from me my small portmanteau, led the way across a wide hall, of which in my bewildered nervousness I only saw a glimmer of painted glass, green marble pillars, and polished oaken floors, up a beautiful staircase, and into a warm, fire-lit bedroom.

We all have our ideals, and this will be my ideal bedchamber to the end of my days. It was not large, at least not too large to feel cozy; and it was made still smaller by a subdivision: an arch, supported on Corinthian pillars, behind which was the bed and all the toilet apparatus, making a clear distinction between the sleeping and the social half of the room. In the latter, collected snugly round the hearth, were a sofa, a table, writing materials, books; a little encampment, on which the fire blazed welcomingly this chilly, gray, spring day. Above it, inserted into the wainscoted wall, was a curious oil-painting, half length, life-sized, of some old saint. From the unkempt hair and beard, the leathern girdle, and the robe of camel's hair, I concluded it was John the Baptist. A strange fancy to have him there, gazing with wan face, and gleaming, reproachful eyes that seemed ever crying "Repent ye," upon the luxuries of the room.

It appeared luxurious to me, for I had never beheld one any thing equal to it. I was half amused, half annoyed, to see how many necessities of civilized life I had hitherto done without; toilet appliances of mysterious kind; end-

less drawers, closets, and shelves in which to stow away my poor property; mirrors and hand-glasses, reflecting every where my humble person, gaunt with the awkwardness of my age, ill-dressed, unlovely. Then the bed, which was of foreign make, with a graceful canopy, rich damask hangings, and a counterpane of quilted silk. How could I ever go to sleep in it?

At first, I own, my novel position quite frightened me. But when I had drank my tea, unpacked myself—declining assistance through sheer shame—and arranged my garments as carefully and as widely as I could upon their numerous receptacles, after having taxed my mother-wit to the utmost in discovering the uses of all these things, so as not to be disgraced in the eyes of house-maid or lady's-maid, then I took heart of grace. I said to myself, "Winny Weston, you are a fool. All these things are mere externalities. They could not make you a lady, if you were not one; and, if you are, the lack of them will not unmake you. Pluck up your courage, and do the best you can."

So I curled myself up comfortably on the sofa, and lay gazing at the delicious fire. Ah, that luxury, the permanent bedroom fire! I had never been allowed it yet; it never would have occurred to me to have it, except in case of illness; but here it was apparently the custom of the house, and any one of a solitary, shy nature can best appreciate the intense comfort, the delicious peace, of being able to shut one's door upon all the world, and warm one's soul and body thoroughly at one's own particular bedroom fire.

Lady de Bougainville had done a kind thing in leaving me to myself until dinner-time. But to "lie down and rest," according to her orders, which the maid had given with an air as if nobody ever was expected to gainsay any thing the mistress said—was impossible; rest is for a later period of life than mine. In an hour I had exhausted all the delights of fireside meditation, all the interest of my room, including the views from my two windows, and was dying with curiosity to penetrate further.

I opened the door and peeped out, as timidly as a young mouse on her travels. All was silent, as silent as Tennyson's Sleeping Palace. Why should I not creep down stairs, just to examine the staircase and hall?

I delight in a fine wide staircase; it is the lungs of a house. I am sure people who plan grand reception-rooms with narrow ascents thereto, must have rather narrow minds. The planner of this had not. As I looked over the balustrade of carved oak—carved as beautifully as Grinling Gibbons could have done it—and then upward to the circular ceiling, over which flying Cupids were hanging wreaths, and downward to the broad, polished stairs, winding step after step in smooth dignified progression—I thought of the lovely ladies passing up and down it with their sweeping trains—their high head-dresses, like that in my great-grandmo-

ther's portrait—escorted by gentlemen—such gentlemen as was Sir Charles Grandison. And I thought then—I fear I think now—that these were far finer specimens of humanity, inside and outside, than the young men and women whom I shall meet at the next dinner-party I go to, or have to see flirting with my sons and daughters—when old enough—at the next ball.

Descending, I gazed left and right across the hall, which ran right through the centre of the house from door to door. Great windows lit it at either end, large panes of stained glass, forming shapes not unlike crosses—one scarlet and blue, the sacred colors, such as old painters always gave to their Madonnas—the other violet and green. Supporting the hall in the middle were double pillars of scagliola marble; its walls were of some soft gray papering, with Pompeian figures grouped here and there; and across the wide space of its dark oak floor ran rivers of carpeting, cutting it up a little, but just enough to make it safe. Only French feet can glide across those slippery plains of polished wood, beautiful as they are. Mine failed me more than once; and in the perfect silence and solitude I felt—not altogether comfortable, yet deliciously, ecstatically happy.

There is a belief among modern psychologists—one of whom has lately developed it in a novel—that we are none of us wholly individual or original beings, but made up of our countless antecedents—of whose natures, combined or conflicting, we partake, and often feel them struggling within us. As if we were not ourselves at all, but somebody else—some far-back progenitor whose soul was new-born into our infant body, to work us weal or woe, and influence us more or less throughout life—a creed not more impossible or ridiculous than many other scientific theories.

As I stood for the first time in this house, gradually it seemed to become familiar and natural. Large and fine as it was, it was a house, not a baronial residence. In it I felt myself a mere drop of water, but it was water conscious of rising to its level. The soul of my great-grandmother seemed to enter into me; and I thought in my silly, childish heart, that if I only had a train I could sweep up the beautiful staircase with as grand an air as she. Ay, and enjoy it too. So absorbed was I in my foolish dream that I drew myself up to my full height, and shook out my scanty cotton frock, trying to imagine myself one of those ladies, like what my great-grandmother must have been—my beautiful great-grandmother, whose miniature, with the rose in her hair, I knew so well.

At that luckless moment I heard an outer door open—and in walked Lady de Bougainville.

I knew it was she, though she looked, of course, in her home dress and garden wraps, different from what she looked in church. But she was one of those people who seem to make their costume instead of their costume making them. Whatever she had on, she was sure to be the same.



WINIFRED WESTON AND LADY DE BOUGAINVILLE.

I half hoped her eye would not discover me, but I was mistaken. She came forward at once.

"Is that you, my little visitor?" and she put out her hand—her old soft hand, the softest, I think, I ever felt, though it was withered and thin, so that the jeweled rings hung loosely on every finger—"I thought you were safe resting in your room. What have you been doing? Where were you going?"

Sweet as her voice was—sweet as when uttering the responses in church—there was in it the tone of the mistress and mother, accustomed all her life to be answered and obeyed.

I answered at once—though in a hot agony of confusion, which makes me even now pity myself to remember—"I was not going anywhere, my lady."

She smiled. "Don't say 'my lady,' the servants only do that. If you call me 'ma'am'—as I was taught to say to my elders when I was a girl—it will do quite well."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And what shall I call you? Miss Weston, or simply Winifred?"

"Winifred, please, ma'am—nothing but Winifred?" cried I, my delight suddenly making me

bold. Then I shrank back into myself with a wild collapse of shame.

She took no notice of it, except just to pat me on the shoulder, saying, "Very well, Winifred:" and then began asking a courteous question or two about my father. So my heart, which had at first beat in my bosom like a little steam-engine, slowly quieted itself down, and I recovered sufficiently to be able to look up in my hostess's face, to hear and answer intelligently, and even to take in the minutiae of her dress and appearance.

What a picture of an old lady she was! If all old ladies did but know the wisdom of recognizing the time when a woman should cease following fashion's changes, except in a very modified form, and institute, so far as she can, a permanent costume! Lady de Bougainville's was charming. Not exactly old-fashioned; neither of this year, nor that year, nor the year before, but suited to all years, and looking well at all seasons. It was excessively simple, consisting only of a black silk gown, without trimmings of any sort, but the material was so rich and good that none were required. It fitted her figure—which was slender and straight,

even at seventy years of age; and she was so upright that walking behind her you might have taken her for a woman of thirty. At throat and wrists she had a sort of frill, made of fine cambric and Valenciennes lace. Over her widow's cap was drawn a garden-hood or *capuchon*, such as Frenchwomen wear. A French shawl, of fine soft black merino, fell round her in comfortable folds. Indeed, there was something about her toilet essentially French. We had happened to live three months in that country—my father and I—just before we came to Brierley, so I was able to detect this fact; and also a small *soupeçon* of an accent which developed itself more the more she spoke, and gave her speech, as a slight foreign accent always gives to otherwise correct English, a certain pretty individuality.

As she stood before me, and talked to me, in her ordinary home dress, and upon ordinary subjects, but looking none the less stately and beautiful than she had done in church for Sunday after Sunday, I felt as bewildered and enrapt as would a poor little nun who suddenly sees the Virgin Mary or St. Catherine step down from her niche and become everyday womanhood.

When I had grown a little less afraid of her, and had succeeded in answering all her questions—very harmless, commonplace questions, about my father's health and my own, but given with a kind of tender graciousness, and an earnestness over the replies, which great people do not always show to little people—she put to me a second inquiry, or rather a repetition of the first, which frightened me as much as ever.

For I felt it must be answered, and truly, even if untruth had occurred to me as one way of getting out of the difficulty—which it did not. Lying usually springs from cowardice; and, girl as I was, I had never yet been afraid of any mortal soul. So when Lady de Bougainville asked, with a covert smile, what I was doing when she caught sight of me, I confessed, silly as I knew the confession must make me appear:

"I was trying to walk up stairs as if I had a train. I wanted to fancy myself my great-grandmother."

"And who was your great-grandmother?" asked she, laughing a little, but not in the way I had expected and feared.

"A very beautiful woman, I believe, and very rich."

"Ah!" drawing back at once, "I thought your family was poor?"

"So it is now, but it was not always." And I explained to her one or two traditions of the departed glory of the Westons, on which my imagination had always hung with great delight. To which she listened without comment, and apparently without being affected with them in any way; then asked:

"And your great-grandmother?"

"She was," I repeated, "a very beautiful woman; and she lived in a house which I sup-

pose must have been much like yours. I was wondering how she felt in it."

"Indeed. Then, Winifred, would you have liked to be your great-grandmother?"

I stopped to consider, for I could not bear to speak inaccurately, even at random. "For some things I should, ma'am; not for all."

"Why not for all?"

"I have heard she was not a very happy woman."

"Few women ever are very happy," said, with a slight sigh, which amazed me as much as her words, Lady de Bougainville.

Of course I did not presume to reply; and immediately afterward she changed the subject entirely, and began to speak to me about my own health, and the arrangements she had made for me in her house, with a view to my deriving as much benefit from the change as possible. Her questions, suggestions, and advices were all extremely practical and minute, even to the most motherly degree. I did not know what motherhood was then—the tie, both ways, from child to mother and from mother to child, was to me a perfect blank; but I had sense enough to have guessed instinctively, even had I not known the fact, that she who thus spoke to me had been the mother of many children; and that the heart once opened, in a way that only motherhood does open it, nothing afterward could altogether close. Her very eyes, as they rested upon me, had a pensive tenderness in them, as if beyond my face they saw another. Some women have that expression whenever they look at a child; it reminds them either of the dead or the lost—or, perhaps as sadly, of the never born.

I answered obediently my hostess's questions, though they surprised me a little. I mean, it was puzzling to find out that my idol was not too ideal to condescend to such ordinary things; in fact, was much more of a mortal woman than I expected. She appeared to me now not so much a medieval saint as a wise, sensible mother of a family, something like that most sensible and capable woman in the Proverbs, whose portrait, transmitted to us from distant ages, proves that the Hebrews at least had some notion of what a woman ought to be, and did not accept as their notion of feminine perfection a charming, amiable, beautiful—fool!

Looking closer at Lady de Bougainville, it was easy to detect under all her refinement an amount of strength which circumstances might drive into actual hardness; while against her high, pure, lofty nature might be laid the charge which inferior natures often do lay, that she could not understand them, and had no pity for them. Maybe so! In her clear, bright, honest eyes lurked the possibility of that cutting contempt for all things weak, and base, and double-faced which a mean person would find difficult to meet; and the delicate line of her lips could settle into a mouth firm enough to shame all cowards—a mouth like my pet heroine, Catherine Seyton's, when she put her

slender right arm as a bar through the bolts of the door, to protect those who needed her protection. Lady de Bougainville, I was sure, would have done the same any day.

I was not old enough fully to take in her character then, and I greatly fear that in many things I write about her now I am giving not so much my impressions of the time as my observations and convictions of a later period; but, child as I was, I could appreciate that force of nature which was able to deny as well as bestow, to blame as much as to praise.

She blamed me unequivocally for having disobeyed her orders and quitted my room, and would not listen for a moment to my excuses, which in their earnest honesty seemed to amuse as well as please her—that I was longing to go all over her beautiful house, the biggest and most beautiful I had ever seen in my life.

"Indeed. Yours must have been a quiet life, then, child. What sort of home did you live in?"

"In no home at all," I said, mournfully, "only in furnished lodgings. And oh, if you did but know what it is to spend month after month, year after year, in furnished lodgings!"

She smiled. "Then you have never been any thing but poor, my dear? Is it so?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"That is right, that is honest. Poverty is no shame; the shame is for those who think it so, or fear to acknowledge it. Still it is a hard thing to bear sometimes."

"Indeed I have found it so," cried I, warmed up by this unexpected sympathy. "I don't like it at all, but I bear it."

Lady de Bougainville laid her hand, her delicate dear old hand, upon my head. "Poor little thing," she murmured: "*pauvre petite*." But the minute she had let fall the latter words she turned away from me. I did not know till long afterward that she had been in the habit of speaking French to her children.

Presently she addressed me with a sudden and quite uncalled-for asperity of tone.

"So you are poor, Winifred, and you would like to be rich. Do not deny it. I hate prevarication—I despise shams. Say outright, you foolish child, that you wish you were in my place, and lived at the Hall—perhaps even were mistress of it, as I am, and have been these many years. What a fortunate, happy woman I must be!"

There was a keen sarcasm in her voice which actually startled me; but immediately she became conscious that she was speaking in a way quite unsuitable for a child to hear, and quite incomprehensible to most children. Only I think that we who have spent our childhood either with grown people or quite alone, get a certain precocity of intuition, sharper and more accurate than is supposed. I should have been acute enough at guessing much concerning Lady de Bougainville had I not been frightened by her witch-like faculty of divining what was passing in my own mind. For I was painfully

conscious of having done exactly as she said, and broken the tenth commandment over and over again that morning.

"Do not blush so," she went on. "You have done nothing very heinous, child, even if you have wished to step into my shoes, or to inherit my fortune and estate. I should consider such a fancy neither wicked nor unnatural at your age. Only if it really happened I should be very sorry for you."

"Sorry!"

Her hand, firmer in its grasp than I could have thought possible to such soft fingers, was pressed on my shoulder; and her dark eyes, no longer wild, but piercing, penetrated down to the very depths of mine. "Now, child, pay attention to me for a minute, that we may begin our acquaintance on a sure footing. You are nothing to me, and I am nothing to you, except that I was sorry for you, as seventy is sorry for sixteen. But I see you are of a very imaginative temperament, as full of romantic notions as any girl of sixteen can be, and I know what that is—I was sixteen myself once. But I warn you, Winifred, build no castles in Spain at Brierley Hall. Do not fancy, because I invited you here to nurse you well again, and send you back home fit to battle with life, as is your lot, that I have taken a mysterious interest in you, and intend to adopt you, and make you my heiress."

"Ma'am! Lady de Bougainville!"

She had been sitting on one of the hall chairs, and I on the staircase in front of her; but now I started up, and looked her full in the face. Child as I was, my indignation made me a woman for the moment—a woman, and her equal. I did not condescend even to rebut her accusation; I stood a minute, feeling myself grow hot and hotter, to the very roots of my hair, and then I darted away, and rushed violently up stairs.

"Winifred, child, where are you running to?"

"To fetch my bonnet. I am going home."

But in the effort of speech I broke down, and before I reached my room door I had only strength to totter in and bury my head in the sofa cushions in a paroxysm of tears.

How long they lasted I do not know; but my first consciousness was a kind, cool hand on my head, and a soft voice calling me by my name. Lady de Bougainville was standing over me, looking grave and grieved, but not displeased at all. Nor amused, as many persons would have been, at this passion of almost ludicrous anger in a young girl, little more than a child. She held out her hand, smiling.

"I was mistaken, I see. Do not take it so seriously to heart. May not an old woman talk nonsense if she likes?"

"It was nonsense then? You did not really think I came here with such ideas in my head? You do not suppose me capable of such meanness? I don't say," continued I, for in all

my wrath I was still candid ; "I don't say that I should not like to be as rich as you—I should ; and I have thought so many a time this day. But I never wanted *your* riches. Keep them yourself! For me, I despise them."

"So do I," she said, with an air of gentleness, even sadness, which to me was then wholly unaccountable.

She added no other word, but stood by me, firmly holding my hand, and looking down on me with a curious mixture of interest and compassion, until my sobs abated. But the result of the storm of indignation into which I had thrown myself was, as might be expected for one just recovering from severe illness, any thing but satisfactory. I fell into a sort of hysterical state, which soon made me quite incapable of going down stairs, or even of stirring from my sofa. My hostess tended me there, fetching no servant, but taking all the trouble of me upon herself for two or three hours—of which I remember little, except that she seemed to be quite another person than my preconceived idea of her. She soothed me, she scolded me, she made me take food and medicine ; finally she put me to bed like a baby, and sat beside me, reading or pretending to read, till I fell asleep. I did not wake till broad daylight next morning.

It was a delicious waking—like dawn after a thunder-storm. My window faced the east, and the early sun looked in ; while, without, the birds sang their cheerful songs with the especial loudness that one hears on a spring morning. I felt tired, and not quite myself, but scarcely ill. In truth, I hated to be ill, or to be kept in bed one minute longer than necessary. So before any one could restrain me I had leaped out, and was already up and dressed when a knock came to my door. It was the maid, entering with my breakfast.

I was a little disappointed that it was only the maid, but I got a message, at all events.

"My lady wishes to know if you are better, Miss ? and, if you are, she will not disturb you till noon. She herself is always busy of a morning."

Was it out of consideration for me and my shyness, or had my tender, motherly nurse of the night before changed back into my idol of the church pew—my noble, stately, reserved, and unapproachable Lady de Bougainville ? I could not tell, but I accepted my lot, whatever it was. I implicitly obeyed her ; and, though the imprisonment was dreadful, I did not stir from my room until the cuckoo-clock on the chimney-piece—oh, how I love a cuckoo-clock !—had struck twelve. Then out I darted, to snatch, eager and happy, at the delights that lay before me.

Not quite happy though, for it struck me that I had made a goose of myself the previous evening ; but still this little episode, so uncomfortable and so unexpected, had had one good result—it had broken down the barrier between my idol and me, had taken away my

dread of her, and put a certain sympathy between us, in spite of the alarming difference of our years. How or why I did not know, not till long afterward ; but I felt it was so. Still, when once again I descended the stairs—not making such a little fool of myself as heretofore, but walking sagely and rationally, like a respectable young lady—and saw, as yesterday, that tall black figure entering in from the garden door, my heart beat a little with the old throb—half pleasure, half awe, but wholly love. I wonder if any man ever loved the sight of me as I did that of this lovely old woman !

She advanced with her smiling welcome, formal a little, but always smiling. I came afterward to know what a better welcome was, to have her arms round my neck, and her kiss on my cheek ; but I like to remember the earlier welcomes—just the simple hand-shake, and the kindly inquiry, written at once on lips and eyes. Some people say "How do you do ?" and never wait to hear the answer, which you can omit altogether, if you choose—they will never miss it. But she always looked as if she liked to hear—as if she really was interested in learning how you were and what you were doing—as if the large sympathy which even seventy years had neither narrowed nor dulled took an interest in every minute thing you could tell her, and cared for your fortunes as if they had been her own.

After an inquiry or two, which she saw rather shamed and confused me, she ceased speaking of the little episode of last night, and took up the thread of our acquaintance precisely where we had left it yesterday.

"You were wanting to see my house ; shall I show it you now ? There will be quite time before luncheon."

"Will it not tire you too much ?" For I noticed that she looked extremely pale, and the dark circles under her eyes were deeper, as if she had been awake all night.

"Are you tired, Winifred ?"

"Oh no, thank you, ma'am."

"Then never mind me. When I was young I used to be told I was a Spartan," added she, smiling ; "and I try to be something of a Spartan still, in spite of my age. I could never endure to sink into the invalid or doting old woman. I hope I shall manage to die like that grand old philosopher who in his last moment started up from his arm-chair and said 'he would die standing.'"

She would, I thought, as I looked at her, so erect still, with her feet planted firmly, and her eyes flashing bright.

I said, with a conceited sense of my own erudition, that there was something very fine in dying, like Macbeth, "with harness on one's back."

Lady de Bougainville looked amused.

"You read Shakspeare, I see ?"

"Oh, I read everything."

"Everything is a large word. Now, I have read very little in my life. I am not at all an educated person."

I stared in utter amazement.

"It is quite true, my dear; or rather, for educated I should have said 'learned' or 'cultivated.' We get our education in many other ways besides reading books. But come, you will be more interested in my house than in me."

"Are you not very fond of your house, ma'am?"

"Perhaps I am. I like to have things suitable and beautiful about me. Pretty things were always good company to me: now they are the only company I have."

Then it was quite true that she received no one; that I was the sole guest who had been admitted into these precincts for years! I could hardly credit my own good fortune. And when I went with her, from room to room, talking familiarly, and hearing her talk—which was the greatest treat of all—I was almost bewildered with my happiness.

Her home seemed so completely a portion of herself, that in telling of her I can not help telling of it likewise, and should like to describe it minutely.

It was a house such as was used to be built by the landed gentry a century or two ago, just when the type of Elizabethan houses—poetical, but not too comfortable—was merging into that of modern convenience: convenience degenerating into luxury. It was not Gothic at all—had no queer corners—its general plan being four-square; the four reception-rooms making the outside angles, with the large central hall between. Some people might say it was not a picturesque house, but it was what I call an honest house; in which every thing feels real, substantial, and sound; well built, well ventilated; with high ceilings and airy passages, giving one breathing room and walking room; plenty of windows to see out of, and snug recesses to creep into; warm solid walls, and wide hospitable fire-places: in short, a house containing every requisite for a home and a family—a large, merry, happy household—contented in itself, and on good terms with the world outside. And in it Lady de Bougainville lived—all alone.

She took me from room to room, explaining the plan of the whole house, and showing me the ground-floor apartments; drawing-room, dining-room, morning-room, library. All were in perfect order: even the fires laid in the grates, ready to be kindled in a moment, to welcome a large family or a houseful of guests. And then we went slowly up the beautiful staircase, and she pointed out the exquisite oak carvings, the painted panels, and highly-decorated ceilings; telling me how they had been found covered up with plaster, whitewash, and other barbarisms of the last century; what pains she had taken to disinter them, and restore them to their original state. In describing, she regarded them with a curious tenderness—like one who has grown fond of inanimate objects—probably from having long had only inanimate objects to love.

I ventured no questions: but I must have looked them, for once, turning suddenly to me, she said:

"I dare say you think this a large house for one old woman to live in—large and gloomy and empty. But it does not feel empty to me. When one has lived seventy years, one is sure to have, whether alone or not, plenty of companions; and it depends much upon one's self whether they are pleasant company or not. I am quite content with mine. No, I did not mean ghosts"—(seeing, doubtless, a shade of slight apprehension on my face, for, like all imaginative, solitary children, I had suffered horribly from supernatural fears). "I assure you, Winifred, my house is not haunted; I have no ghosts; at least, none that you will see. Besides, you are too much of a woman to have a child's sillinesses. How old did you say you were? I forget."

I told her, sixteen.

"I was married the day I was sixteen."

Then for fifty-four years she must have been Lady de Bougainville. I longed to inquire further; to find out what her maiden name was, what her husband had been like, and how they fell in love with one another. They must have been such young lovers, for I had discovered, by arithmetical calculations from the date on his monument, that he was only about five years older than she. How I longed to hear it—this love-story of half a century ago; interesting and delicious as all love-stories are to girls of my age, eager to go the way their mothers and grandmothers went, only believing that with themselves the great drama of life would be played out in a far higher manner: as it never has been played before.

I craved for even a word or two concerning the past to fall from those lips—what sweet lips they must have been when, at only sixteen, they repeated the marriage vows!—but none did fall. The love-story never came. And, kind as she was, there was something about my hostess which at once excited and repressed curiosity. What she chose to reveal of her own accord was one thing; but to attempt to extract it from her was quite another. You felt that at the first daring question she would wither you with her cold rebuke, or in her calm and utterly impassive courtesy speak of something else, as if she had never heard you. The proof-armor of perfect politeness, as smooth and glittering as steel, and as invulnerable, was hers to a degree that I never saw in any other woman.

Though from the very beginning of our acquaintance, either from some instinctive sympathy, or from the natural tendency of old age to go back upon its past, especially to the young, with whom it can both reveal and conceal as much as it chooses, Lady de Bougainville often let fall fragments of her most private history, which an ingenious fancy could easily put together and fit in, so as to arrive at the truth of things—a much deeper truth than she was aware of having betrayed—still, in all my relations to-

ward her I never dared to ask her a direct question. She would have repelled and resented it immediately.

So, even on this first day, I had the sense to be content with learning no more than she condescended to tell me: in fact, I did little else than follow her about the house, and listen while she talked.

Her conversation at once charmed and puzzled me. It was more "like a book," as the phrase is, than any person's I had ever met; yet it sounded neither stilted nor affected. It was merely that, from long isolation, she expressed herself more as people write or think than as they talk. This, not because she was very learned—I believe she was quite correct in saying she had never been a highly-educated woman—the cleverness in her was not acquired, but original; just as her exquisite refinement was not taught, but inborn. Yet these two facts made her society so interesting. Conversing with her and with everyday people was as different as passing from Shakspeare to the daily newspaper.

It was impossible that such an influence should not affect a girl of my age and disposition—suddenly, decisively, overwhelmingly. I still recall, with an intoxication of delight, that soft spring morning, that sunny spring afternoon—for, luncheon over, we went wandering about the house again—when I followed her like a dog from room to room, growing every hour more fascinated, and attaching myself to her with that dog-like faithfulness which some one (whom I need not now refer to, but who knows me pretty well by this time) says is a part of my nature. Well, well, never mind! It might be better, and it might be worse—for me and for others—that I have this quality. I do not think it was the worse, at any rate, for her—my dear Lady de Bougainville.

I fancy she rather liked having even a dog-like creature tracking her steps, and looking up in her face—she had been alone so long. Old as she was, and sad as her life must have been, by nature she was certainly a cheerful-minded person. There was still a curious vitality and elasticity about her, as if in her heart she liked being happy, and seeing other people the same.

She especially enjoyed my admiration of the tapestry-room, a large *salon*—the French would call it; and the word dropped out of her own lips unawares, convincing me more and more of what I did not dare to inquire—her French extraction. She told me when she first came to Brierley Hall—which had been bought from the Crown, to whom the estate had fallen due, after two centuries of wasteful possession by the heirs of some valiant soldier, to whom a grateful monarch had originally presented it—this room was covered with the commonest papering, until some lucky hole made her discover underneath what looked like tapestry. Further search laid bare six beautiful pieces of work, in perfect preservation, let into the wall like pic-

tures: just as they hung there now, in the soft faded coloring which gives to old tapestry a look at once so beautiful, and tender, and ghostly; as if one saw hovering over every stitch the shadow of the long-dead fingers that sewed it.

"How glad you must have been," I said, "when you tore down the horrid papering and found out all this!"

"Yes, I was very glad. I liked all old things. Besides," she went on, "the tapestry is fine in itself; Vandyck even might have designed it. Possibly one of his pupils did: it seems about that period. See how well they are drawn, these knights and ladies, kings and queens, foresters and their falcons, horsemen with their steeds. Such a whirl as it is, such numerous figures, so lifelike, and so good!"

"And what does it all mean, ma'am?"

"Nobody knows; we have never been able to make out. In some things it might answer to the story of Columbus. Here is a man like him coming before a king and queen—Ferdinand and Isabella; they are sitting crowned, you see; and then this looks like his meeting with them afterward, laden with the riches of the New World. But all is mere guess-work; we have no data to go upon. We used to guess endlessly about our new tapestry the first year, then we accepted it as it was, and guessed no more. But think—" and she stood gazing dreamily at these faint-colored, shadowy, life-size figures, which seemed to make the wall alive—"think of all the years it took the artist to design, the seamstresses to complete that tapestry, and how their very names are forgotten—nay, we can not even find out what their handiwork meant to portray! They and it are alike ghosts, as we all shall be soon. 'Man goeth about like a shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain.'"

"Yes," I said, and with the "priggishness" of youth, being conceited over my knowledge of my Bible, I added the remainder of the text: "'he heapeth up riches, and can not tell who shall gather them.'"

The moment I had uttered the words I felt that I had made a mistake—more than a mistake, it was an actual cruelty; one of those chance stabs that we sometimes give to the people we love best, and are most tender over; which afterward we would give the world to recall: and, though it was done most harmlessly, and in pure ignorance, grieve over and feel as guilty about as if we had committed an actual crime.

I saw I had somehow unawares struck Lady de Bougainville to the very heart. Not that she showed it much; she did not speak—no, I forget, I think she did speak, making some commonplace remark about my familiarity with Scripture; but there came a gray shadow all over her face, the features quivered visibly, she turned away, and suddenly sat down in the broad window-sill, clasping her arms together on her lap, and looking out at the view; then beyond the view, up to the rosy floating clouds

of the spring sunset, until gradually its beauty seemed to soothe her and take away her pain.

By-and-by I ventured to ask, chiefly to break the silence, whether she ever sat in this room. It was a very large room, with six windows, and a good view from each; but its size and ghostliness and the dim figures on the walls would make it rather "eerie" to sit in, especially of evenings.

"Do you think so, child? I do not. I often stay here, quite alone, until bedtime. Would you like to see my bedroom? Perhaps you will think that a more 'eerie' place still."

It certainly was. As large fully as the tapestry-room, out of which you passed into it by a short flight of stairs. It was divided in the centre by pillars, between which hung heavy curtains, which at pleasure could be made completely to hide the bed. And such a bed!—a catafalque rather—raised on a dais, and ascended by steps. To enter it would have been like going to bed in Westminster Abbey, and waking up in it one would have felt as if one were a dead hero lying in state.

What an awful place! I asked timidly if she really slept in that room, and quite alone?

"Oh yes," she answered. "The servants inhabit a different part of the house. Once when I was ill, this winter, my maid wanted to sleep in a corner there; she is a good girl, and very fond of me, but I would not let her. I prefer being quite alone. Seventy," she added, smiling, "is not nearly so fearful of solitude as sixteen."

"And you are really not afraid, ma'am?"

"What should I be afraid of? my own company, or the company of those ghosts I spoke of? which are very gentle ghosts, and will never come to you, child," and once more she laid her hand upon my head. I think she rather liked my curls; she said they were "pretty curls." "Child, when you are as old as I am you will have found out that, after all, we must learn to be content with loneliness. For, more or less, we live alone, and assuredly we shall die alone. Who will go with us on that last, last journey? Which of our dear ones have we been able to go with? We can but take them in our arms to the awful shore, see them slip anchor and sail away—whither? We know not."

"But," I whispered, "God knows."

Lady de Bougainville started, as if my simple words had cast a sudden light into her mind. "Yes, you are right," she said, "it is good for us always to remember that: we can not at first, but sometimes we do afterward. So"—turning her eyes on that great catafalque of a bed with its massive draperies and nodding plumes—"I lie down every night and rise up every morning quite content; thinking, with equal content, that I shall some day lie down there to rise up no more."

I was awed. Not exactly frightened: there was nothing to alarm one in that soft, measured voice, talking composedly of things we do not

usually talk about, and which to young people seem always so startling—but I was awed. I had never thought much about death; had never come face to face with it. It was still to me the mysterious secret of the universe, rather beautiful than terrible. My imagination played with it often enough, but my heart had never experienced it—not like hers.

Finding nothing to say that seemed worth saying, I went round the room; examining the pictures which hung upon its walls. They seemed all portraits of different sizes and sorts, from crayon sketches and black silhouettes to full-length oil-paintings—of young people of different ages, from childhood to manhood and womanhood. They had the interest which attaches to all portraits, bad, good, or indifferent, more than to many grander pictures; and I stood and looked at them, wondering who they were, but not daring to inquire, until she solved my difficulty by saying, as we went out of the room,

"These are my children." Not "these *were*," but "these *are*."—Her six dead children.

And their father?

I did not ask about him, and there was certainly no portrait in the room which could possibly have been Sir Edward de Bougainville. Once or twice in showing me the house she had cursorily mentioned his name, "Sir Edward bought this," or "Sir Edward preferred that," but it was always as "Sir Edward," never as "my husband"—that fond name which many widows always use, as if tenaciously anxious that death itself should not loosen one link of the precious tie.

Lady de Bougainville retired to dress for dinner, and I had to do the same. Hurrying over my toilet, and eager to re-examine the house at every available minute, I came ignorantly into the only room where we had not penetrated—the dining-room—and there saw, lit up by the blazing fire, the only picture there—a large portrait in oils.

"Who is that?" I took courage presently to ask of the man-servant who was laying the table, with glittering plate and delicate glass more beautiful than any I had ever seen.

"It's Sir Edward, Miss—my lady's husband."

"Oh, of course!" I said, trying to look unconcerned, and speedily quitting the room, for I was a little afraid of that most respectable footman.

But, in truth, I never was more astonished than at this discovery. First, the portrait was in clerical robes; and, though I ought to have known it, I certainly did not know that a "Sir" could be also a "Reverend." Then it was such a common face—good-looking, perhaps, in so far as abundant whiskers, great eyes, rosy cheeks, and a large nose constitute handsomeness; but there was nothing in it—nothing whatever! Neither thought, feeling, nor intellect were likely ever to have existed under those big bones, covered with comfortable flesh

and blood. Perhaps this was partly the artist's fault. He must have been a commonplace artist, from the stiff, formal attitude in which he had placed his sitter—at a table, with an open book before him and a crimson curtain behind. But Titian himself would have struggled vainly to impart interest to that round forehead, long weak chin, and rabbit mouth, with its good-natured, self-complacent smile.

I contrasted the portrait mentally with the living face of Lady de Bougainville—her sharply-cut yet mobile features, her firm close lips, her brilliant eyes. Could it be possible that this man was her husband? Had I, with the imaginative faculty of youth, constructed a romance which never existed? Had her life been, to say the least, a great mistake—at any rate, so far as concerned her marriage? How *could* she marry a man like that! I know not whether I most pitied or—may Heaven forgive me my momentary harsh judgment, given with the rash reaction peculiar to young people!—condemned her.

Yes, I was hard; to the living and to the dead likewise. The portrait may not have been like the original: I have seen many a good face so villainously reproduced by an inferior artist that you would hardly recognize your best friend. But, granting that he was handsome—which from after and circumstantial evidence I am pretty sure of—still, Sir Edward de Bougainville could never have had either a very clever or very pleasant face. Not even in his youth, when the portrait was painted. It was a presentation portrait, in a heavy gilt frame, which bore the motto, "From an admiring Congregation," of some church in Dublin.

Then, had Sir Edward been an Irishman? It was decidedly an Irish face—not of the broad and flat-nosed, but the dark and good-featured type. De Bougainville was not at all an Irish name; but I knew there had been a considerable influx of French families into Ireland after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. How I longed to ask questions! but it was impossible.

At dinner my hostess sat with her back to the portrait; I directly opposite to it and her. The candelabra glimmered between us—how I love the delicate, pure light of wax-candles!—glimmered on her softly-tinted old face, set off by the white muslin of her widow's cap, and the rich lace at her throat and on her bosom; upon her shining black silk dress, and her numerous rings. As I have said, her appearance was essentially aristocratic, but she had come to that time of life when only a noble soul will make it so: when the most beautiful woman in the world, if she have only beauty to recommend her, fades into commonplace plainness; and neither birth nor breeding will supply the want of what includes and outshines them both—the lamp burning *inside* the lovely house; and so making it lovely even to its latest moment of decay.

This was exactly what I saw in her, and did not see in Sir Edward de Bougainville. The

portrait quite haunted me. I wondered how she could sit underneath it day after day; whether she liked or disliked to look at it, or whether during long years she had grown so used to it that she scarcely saw it at all. And yet, as we rose to retire, those big staring eyes of the dead man seemed to follow her out of the room, as if to inquire, "Have you forgotten me?"

Had she? Can a woman, after ever so sad a wedded life, ever so long a widowhood, quite forget the husband of her youth, the father of her children? There are circumstances when she might do so—other circumstances when I almost think she ought. Nevertheless, I doubt if she ever can. This, without any sentimental belief in never-dying love—for love can be killed outright; and when its life has fled, better that its corpse should be buried out of sight: let there be no ridiculous shams kept up, but let a silence complete as that of the grave fall—between even child and parent, husband and wife. Still, as to forgetting? Men may; I can not tell: but we women *never* forget.

Lady de Bougainville took my arm—a mere kindness, as she required no support, and was much taller than I—and we went out of the dining-room through the hall, where, in spite of the lamp, the moonlight lay visibly on the scagliola pillars, clear and cold. I could not help shivering. She noticed it, and immediately gave orders that, instead of the drawing-room, we should go and sit in the cedar parlor.

"It will be warmer and more cheerful for you, Winifred; and, besides, I like my cedar parlor; it reminds me of my friend, Miss Harriett Byron. You have read 'Sir Charles Grandison?'"

I had, and burst into enthusiasm over the "man of men," doubting if there are such men nowadays.

"No, nor ever were," said, with a sharp ring in her voice, Lady de Bougainville.

Then, showing me the wainscoting of cedar-wood, she told me how it also had been discovered, like the tapestry and the oak carvings, when Brierley Hall was put under repair, which had occupied a whole year and more after the house was bought.

"Why did you buy it, if it was so dilapidated?" I asked.

"Because we wanted something old, yet something that would make into a family seat—the root of a numerous race. And we required a large house; there were so many of us then. Now—"

She stopped. Accustomed as she had grown to the past, with much of its pain deadened by the merciful anæsthesia of time and old age, still, talking to me, a stranger, seemed to revive it a little. As she stood by the fire, the light shining on her rings—a heap of emeralds and diamonds, almost concealing the wedding-ring, now a mere thread of gold—I could see how she twisted her fingers together, and clasped and unclasped her hands; physical actions implying sharp mental pain.

But she said nothing, and after we had had our coffee—delicious French *café-au-lait*, served in the most exquisite Sèvres china—she took up a book, and giving me another, we both sat reading quietly, almost without speaking another syllable, until my bedtime.

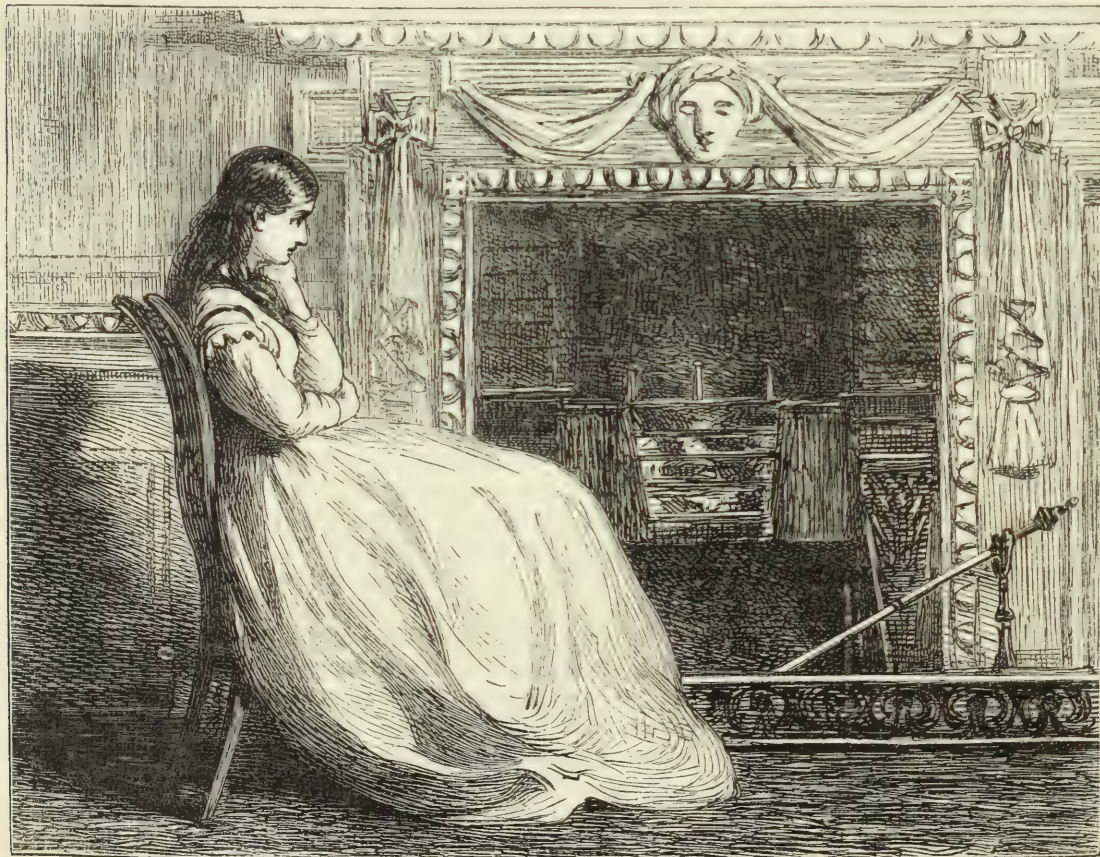
When I went to bed—early, by her command—she touched my cheeks, French fashion, with her lips. Many will laugh at the confession—but that kiss seemed to thrill me all through with a felicity as deep and intense as that of a young knight, who, having won his spurs, receives for the first time the benediction and salutation of his beloved.

When I entered my room it was bright with fire-light and the glow of scarlet curtains. I reveled in its novel luxuries as if I had been accustomed to them all my days. They gratified my taste, my imagination, my senses—shall I say my soul? Yes, a part of one's soul does take pleasure, and has a right to take pleasure, in material comfort and beauty. I had greatly enjoyed wandering over that handsome house, dining at the well-appointed table, spending the evening in the pretty cedar parlor. Now, when I retired into my own chamber, into the innermost chamber of my own heart, how fared it with me?

Let me tell the truth. I sat a while, wrapped in purely sensuous satisfaction. Then I thought of my poor father, sitting in his cold study, having none of these luxuries, nor caring for them. An ugly house to him was the same as a pretty one—a blank street-wall as a lovely view. Pleasant things were altogether wasted upon him;

may, he despised them, and would have despised me, I knew, had he seen in me any tendency—alas! an hereditary tendency—to luxury and selfish extravagance. Yet I had it, or I feared so sometimes; but perhaps the very fear enabled me to keep it under wholesome control. It sometimes is so. The most strictly truthful person I ever knew said to me once, “I believe I was born a liar, till I found out that lying ran in our blood, and that cured me.”

My cure came in a different way, but not immediately. I well recall the bitterness with which, this night, I sat comparing my bedroom in Brierley Hall with the wretched attic which I tried so hard to make tolerably pretty, and could not. Was I destined always to live thus—struggling vainly against natural tastes, which Providence did not choose to gratify? Were they therefore wrong? Was it any blame to Lady de Bougainville that, in spite of her saying if I were as rich as she, “she should be very sorry for me,” she should be at this minute ascending her beautiful staircase to her stately bedroom—I heard her shut its door—and laying down her lovely hair upon those laced pillows, as she must have done all her life? She had doubtless been born to all these pleasant necessities; I, if I wanted them, must earn them. Were they wrong in themselves, or only wrong when attained at the sacrifice of higher and better things? Does a blessing, which, freely bestowed by Heaven, may be as freely and righteously enjoyed, become a sin when, being denied, it is so madly craved after as to corrupt our whole nature?



WINIFRED'S THOUGHTS.

I was sitting thus, trying to solve in my foolish, childish mind all the puzzles of the universe, with the gaunt, grim, reproachful face of John the Baptist looking down on me from overhead, when a slight knock came to my door—three little knocks indeed. My nerves had been wound up to such a pitch of excitement that I forgot the simple solution of the mystery—that Lady de Bougainville's room had only a small ante-chamber between it and mine; and when the door opened, and a tall figure in a dressing-gown of gray flannel, not unlike a monk or a nun, stood there, I screamed with superstitious terror.

"Foolish child!" was all she said, and explained that she had seen the light shining under my door, and that girls of sixteen ought to have their "beauty-sleep" for a full hour before midnight. And then she asked me what I was doing.

"Nothing, only thinking."

"What were you thinking about?"

From the very first, when she put any question in that way, I never thought of answering by the slightest prevarication—nothing but the direct, entire truth. Nobody could, to her.

"I was thinking about earning a fortune; such a fortune as yours."

She started, as if some one had touched her with a cold dead hand. "What do you know of my fortune or of me?"

"Nothing," I eagerly answered, only adding that I wished I was as rich as she was, or could in any way get riches—with many other extravagant expressions; for I had worked myself up into a most excited state, and hardly knew what I was saying.

Lady de Bougainville must have seen this, for, instead of sending me at once to bed, she sat down beside me and took my hand.

"And so you would like to earn a fortune, as I earned mine, and to enjoy it, as I enjoyed mine? Poor child!" She sat thoughtful a little, then suddenly said, "I do not like even a child to deceive herself. Shall I tell you a story?"

I expected it would have been the story of her life; but no, it was only a little fable of a shepherd who, elevated from his sheepfolds to be vizier to a caliph, was accused of appropriating his master's treasures, and hiding them in a wooden box which he always kept beside him. At last, spurred on by the vizier's enemies, the caliph insisted on seeing the contents of the box, and came with all his courtiers to witness its opening. It contained only a ragged woolen coat, shepherd's sandals, and a crook.

"Now, Winifred, would you like to play the caliph and the envious courtiers? Will you come and look at my hidden treasure?"

She led the way into her bedroom, where the fire-light shone on masses of damask drapery, and mirrors which at each step reproduced our figures. How noble and stately hers was, even in the gray dressing-gown! At the foot of the bed, quite hidden by a velvet cush-

ion which covered it, lay one of those old-fashioned hair-trunks which were in use about half a century ago. She unlocked it, and therein was—what think you?

A gown of white dimity, or what had been white, but was now yellow with lying by, three little girls' frocks of commonest lilac print, two pairs of boys' shoes very much worn, and, patched all over with the utmost neatness, a pair of threadbare boy's trowsers.

This was all. I looked into the box, as I might have looked into a coffin, but I said not a word: her face warned me I had better not. Silently she locked up the trunk again; then, with a tender carefulness, as if she were wrapping up a baby, laid the cushions over it, and, taking my hand, led me back to my room.

"Now go to bed and to sleep, Winifred; but cease dreaming about a fortune, and envy me mine no more."

EVENING REST.

THE "Children's Hour" is a halcyon time,
As our own head-singer hath said;
But there cometh one more serenely sweet,
When the children have gone to bed.

As the last little feet stomp up the stair,
And the last "Good-nights!" shouted back,
Grandma sinks wearily into her chair,
And her thoughts take the well-worn track

To the by-gone years when "the girls" were young,
When "the boys" were around her knee;
Her fingers move softly—as through the curls
Of "the baby"—now far at sea.

Now grandpa can read his paper in peace,
Or tell the last news from town;
Aunt Julia can wind up her sunny braids
Saucy Dick's rough play has pulled down.

Aunt Sue can arrange her work-basket now
In the order she loves so well:
Of the spools unwound and the buttons lost
Much she could, but she does not tell.

Baby's teeth-dints scar the Scotch-plaid box,
But she loves them every one;
And only smiles at her poor scissors bent
When Johnny bored holes in his gun.

And when the tired little mother returns
Reporting "all soundly asleep,"
The father announces a letter from Dick,
The brother far out on the deep.

Good news from the bonny midshipman boy,
Far away in tropical seas;
Ah! the smiles of love—ah, the longing tears
That fall over letters like these!

And now all join in recalling "old times,"
Before babes or gray hairs had come;
When Bel was unmarried, dear Ned on earth,
And "Middy" and "Soph" boys at home.

But after a while the talk will return
Unto those who are children now,
For whom father writes and grandmamma knits,
And those lines came in dear Bel's brow.

Kate's last bright speech must be told and admired,
Dick's mischief, and baby's new tooth;
And how little John grows daily like him
Our hearts hold in undying youth.

So the children sleep while their elders wake,
Head and hand tasked for them alway,
Through those quieter hours, as truly theirs
As the wilder seasons of play.

PHILLY AND THE REST.

THEOPHILUS and I had quite a discussion the other night concerning our Philly.

Philly is a good boy, and a healthy boy. He's straight as an arrow, and would know a hawk from a hernshaw as quickly as any one, if those two birds were in the habit of flying daily before his dear little nose. But Theophilus thinks that when a youngster gets to be six years old and not only is unacquainted with his letters, but evinces a decided unwillingness to acquire them, it is time for the parents to look at each other and ask, Is this, our child, a fool?

Theoph generally is in the right; but he certainly is unduly anxious about Philly. Any one would suppose, to hear him talk, that the dear child should by this time be able to recite half of Webster's Unabridged with his eyes shut—just as if he wouldn't be an unbearable little prig if he could! For my part I love him all the more for his dear, stupid little ways. He'll come out all right in time. It's delightful to hear him try to count—"one, three, five, two, seven"—bless his heart! But Theophilus always looks grave and troubled at these attempts, and tries to teach him the proper sequence. Philly listens for a moment—but what can one do with him? He has a way of wriggling under a lesson that soon forces one to kiss his rosy, laughing little cheeks and let him go. Ah! you should have seen Theophilus just after the discussion I have alluded to. Half in fun, and half because I was provoked at him for his solemn way of taking Philly, I took up a book and began to read aloud a life of the wonderful child Candiac.

"Candiac, John L. de Montcalm' (I began impressively), 'a child of wonderfully precocious talents, was a brother of the Marquis de Montcalm who was killed at the battle of Quebec. He was born in 1719, and at three years of age read French and Latin fluently.'"

Theophilus sighed, but I proceeded as if nothing had happened:

"When four years old he had mastered arithmetic; and before seven summers had passed over his head he had acquired Hebrew, Greek, heraldry, geography, and much of fabulous and sacred and profane history."

Theoph almost groaned. I continued:

"His extraordinary acquirements were a theme of panegyric to many literary characters of that age."

"Seven years," moaned Theoph; "only one year older than our Philly—dear me! what an astonishing child! Go on, dear, what else did he do?"

"What else *could* he do?" I rejoined, severely, "but die? Here, read it for yourself. Born in 1719, and died of hydrocephalus in 1726."

"Oh!" said Theoph.

"Ah, here is another," I said, peering into the book; "shall I read it?"

"Certainly, my love."

"The annals of precocity present no more remarkable instance than the brief career of Christian Hei-

necker, born at Lubeck, February 6, 1721. At the age of ten months he could speak and repeat every word that was said to him; when twelve months old he knew by heart the principal events narrated in the Pentateuch; in his second year he learned the greater part of the history of the Bible, both of the Old and New Testaments; in his third year he could reply to most questions on universal history and geography, and in the same year he learned to speak Latin and French; in his fourth year he employed himself in the study of religion and the history of the Church; and he was able not only to repeat what he had read, but also to reason upon it and express his own judgment. The King of Denmark wishing to see this wonderful child, he was taken to Copenhagen, there examined before the court, and proclaimed a wonder."

"Tremendous!" exclaimed Theoph, "but very unnatural. Still I must say I would like to have a child like that."

"Would you?" I responded, dryly, casting a glance of suppressed indignation toward the crib where dear little Philly lay asleep. "But I've not read it all yet."

"Ah, excuse me, love."

"This account of him by his teachers is confirmed by many respectable contemporary authorities. On his return home from Copenhagen he learned to write; but his constitution being weak, he shortly after fell ill."

"Ah! got sick, did he? I believe that is the way often with these extraordinary children. Probably he remained always sickly—but I beg pardon, go on."

"No, Theoph," I answered, in a low but awful tone, "he did not remain ill at all. He died then and there, at the age of four years and four months."

"Oh!" said Theoph again.

In a few moments he rose and crossed the room. I knew he was bending over Philly; but I didn't look up from the book.

"Come here, dear," he said at last.

I obeyed. Well, it *was* strange. There lay our fair-browed little boy, rosy and dewy with sleep; one adventurous little bare foot was thrust out from beneath the soft blanket; his left hand tightly held a slate-pencil; the other, with chubby finger extended, was pointing to a slate that lay on the coverlet beside him; and on this slate was a great big A which Theoph had drawn upon it that afternoon, now criss-crossed all over with Philly's pencil-marks.

"He really does appear to be pointing at it," I said, in rather an awed voice.

"We'll take it for a sign," added Theoph, quietly. "We won't trouble the little chap with books yet a while. Plenty of time for that sort of thing when he's older!"

Then he leaned over the crib, and laid his cheek close upon Philly's; and as I thought it best not to make any remark, I went back to the table and took up my sewing.

Now the two children, Candiac and Heinecker, were extreme instances of precocity, I admit. But we sometimes need extreme instances to point a moral, and especially in convincing a person like Theoph, who holds out an opinion with all his might, forcing you to do the same; and then, just as you are trusting your

whole weight to the obstinacy of his argument, it snaps like an overtaxed rope, leaving you, as I may say, a prostrate victor. When he gives in he does it so completely that you've nothing to say, and must just sit in silence, letting your unuttered arguments seethe within you till you cool off.

I might have reminded him of the wonderful boyhood of Pascal, who found mathematics in his porridge, and was forced in his infantile pursuit of geometry to call a circle a *round*, and a line a *bar*, because his wise father peremptorily withheld all book-knowledge of the subject from the precocious little one. Or I could have opened another biography and read to him of Bossuet, "The Eagle of Meaux," as his eulogists have called him. This wonderful creature, when only eight years of age, preached with unction at the Hôtel de Rambouillet. But, as we all know, he went on preaching, growing more and more able and eloquent as the years passed by, and died at last in a green old age. So his was not a citable case, in my regard. It would have been much more to the point to dwell upon the dull boyhood of some of the world's most eminent men. Of how Corneille was called a dunce by his schoolmaster; of how Master Walter Scott was the blockhead of his class; of how the poor sickly school-boy, Newton, was always in trouble on account of inattention; and how impossible it was to make little Danny Webster speak his "piece" at school on declamation-days—how that was the one thing he couldn't and wouldn't do, any more than Philly would learn his letters.

But Theoph might then have turned about and renewed the defense. He might have quoted, as he often had before, the childhood of Galileo, of whom some old frump has said, ecstatically, that, "while other little ones of his age were whipping their tops, he was scientifically considering the cause of their motion." Very likely he would have thrown Dr. Johnson and Lord Jeffrey at me, both of whom are said to have been profoundly wise even in their petticoats. Then there was the great Frenchman, Gassendi, who was only four years of age when the study of astronomy began to engross him; and Humphrey Davy delivering scientific lectures to his nursery chairs; and Dr. Arnold, glad at the ripe age of three to be presented with Smollett's "History of England."

No, it was better as it was. A relapse of the argument might prove more formidable than the original attack.

Dear good Theoph! What differences of opinion could ever come seriously between him and me! And yet there is a great deal to be said on the subject of juvenile precocity; and if ever he goes dangerously back to his old views about Philly I shall have to say it. I'll tell him how direful a thing it nearly always is, this preternatural activity of the faculties. I'll read physiological essays to him, and I'll ask him whether, if he were to go out into his Long Island orchard on some mild day in March and

find an apple-tree fairly bubbling over with rapid blossoms, he would expect to find many apples on that tree when summer came. Of course he wouldn't.

Perhaps it would be a more philosophical way to put it if I said, "How would you like your trees to pop forth early in the spring with full-grown fruit? Wouldn't you miss blossom-time? and wouldn't apples be likely to be all gone before Christmas?"

Surely we should regard with reverence the blossom-time of life. If we force it into premature fruitage we must expect to rear a sickly tree. And how much we lose if, in a slow, beautiful blossoming, we find not the exceeding joy that childhood brings to itself and to us.

Dwelling on my simile to illustrate another serious phase of the subject, I might ask Theoph how he would like to have the beautiful floral wonders stripped from his trees as soon as they appeared, and hung in fantastic garlands all about the outer limits of each branch. Yet that is precisely what those mistaken souls do who turn the simple, beautiful ways of their children into drawing-room displays; who catch at every bright little saying as soon as it leaves the infantile lips, and, in the child's presence, dangle it before the admiring ears of guests. Ah, the wrongs that are committed in this way—the holy childish impulses that are sent back, despoiled, into the wondering childish heart, there to wither to a little wisp of vanities!—the sweet music that springs forth unconsciously at first, but in time halts into discords, because it has learned to wait for the perverted maternal echo! Mothers, fathers—all who drink in happiness in the love you bear to little children—revere the freshness of a young nature. Don't, please don't, let your weak, doting admiration, or your still weaker pride of possession, put the blight of self-consciousness upon it. I'd rather see a child of mine playing with the molasses-jug, just after I had dressed the little one in its Sunday clothes, than to hear it speak "My name is Norval," never mind how charmingly. I'd almost rather it should have the measles as a chronic institution, than to see it ready at all times to display its *répertoire* of accomplishments before strangers. Luckily little ones are not apt to fall into this latter accommodating habit. They rather protest with all their charming might against it.

"Isn't it always so!" exclaimed a mother, in despairing tones, the other day. "Can you ever get a child to show off when you wish it to?" And there sat her obdurate toddler, outwardly serene in its enjoyment of a candy bribe, which had stickied its little mouth and nose in a remarkable way, but all aflame with inward determination *not* to sing "Bobby Shaftoe." "It's too bad," cooed the mother; "you ought to hear him do it. He really has quite an ear for music, and his pronunciation is irresistible."

Now "pronunciation" and "irresistible" might not have been quite as comprehensible terms to that baby as to the youthful Candiac

or to Master Heinecker; but there was one thing he could understand, and that was the unguarded admiration of his mother; not her appreciation and love—those would have sunk into his child-soul like nourishing dews—but the admiration that, falling too often on a young nature, blights it, or forces it to a premature and unnatural growth.

Philly knows little songs, and long ago he could say:

"Who comes here? A grenadier!" etc.;

but we have always been very careful how and when we brought forward these accomplishments. He knows that he can please us immensely by an exercise of all dramatic and musical gifts. Before he grew so old and wise he believed that he frightened us terribly when, in saying that thrilling nursery lyric, he roared forth, "*A granny-deer!*" but now he just knows we enjoy his performances as he does ours, and we always make a point of giving a fair exchange in such entertainments.

To be sure, if Philly, instead of being the simple, everyday child that he is, had proved to be an infant Mozart, with God-given genius shining from his eyes and twitching his restless little fingers, of course we should feel in duty bound to lift him up to the piano-stool. We would do this reverently, I think, and with joyful wonder—glad, too, that the progress of science and the arts had prepared for our dear boy something better than a clavichord. We might even encourage him to put his music upon paper, if his overflowing soul required that form of expression. Or, premising that we had seen marvelous cows, elephants, and dogs chalked on the nursery doors or on Philly's one-eyed and tailless hobby-horse, or if, when he was six years old, another Lady Kenyon had walked in, and our precious little one had in half an hour drawn an excellent portrait of her, after the manner of the six-year-old Thomas Lawrence, does any one suppose that the maternal grasp would have robbed our boy's right hand of its cunning?

But he's *not* a Mozart. He's not any thing in particular, though he's every thing to us. He simply represents "a large and growing class of the community," as the newspapers say, and so his case is worthy of consideration. He's the average child (ah, how it hurts my motherly heart to write that, for it doesn't believe a word of it, though *I* do!), and, being the average child, we may all learn a lesson from him for the benefit of the present race of little ones.

We can resolve that for him all precocious development is hurtful: premature ability, premature politeness, premature pleasures, premature goodness even—Heaven shield him from them all! Heaven shield him and every other child from aught that will stiffen them too soon into little men and women!

I know three little tots, five and six years old, who lately have returned from a visit to

Europe. One of these, under the modern hot-house plan of mental culture, has grown to be *such* an intelligent child, *such* a little lady!

I asked her the other day what she liked best of all she saw in Europe.

"Oh, the art-galleries, of course," she replied, demurely; "everybody likes those best."

Poor child! Remembering her, with what comfort I recall a recent morning spent with the two other little travelers.

"So you have been to Europe," I said. "Now, Hal, tell me what place did *you* like best of all?"

"Don't know," said Hal; "guess I liked Munich best, cos they had the most sogers there."

"And I think I liked Venice," put in wee, bright-eyed May; "because it was there that mamma bought me this sweet little doll" (taking it up caressingly); "her name's Katie; I must finish putting on her clothes; it's very late in the morning for dolly not to be all washed and dressed, I think. Ah," she continued, plaintively, as she attempted to pin dolly's skirt, "this band is too big. Katie used to just fit it, but she's real thin now; she's lost so much saw-dust!"

Happy little May! Her days are fresh and simple and beautiful, because she is allowed to be a child. Whatever training is expended upon her is so loving and wise that she grows naturally into all that can be rationally expected of a child of her age. Her goodness is the goodness of a warm-hearted, unperverted little girl, who loves the dear God already "for making father and mother and every thing," but who has no startling Sunday-school predilections, suggestive of an early transplanting. Her politeness comes from no formal schooling, but is the simple outgrowth of the "love one another" that comes of being loved—not of being doted upon, but of being loved as God intended she should be.

May's pretty ways are, in her presence, never made the subject of admiring comment; nor are her sweet, childish sayings echoed by the mountains of appreciation by which children among the comfortable classes are so apt to be surrounded. If she asks a question it is thoughtfully answered; and if she makes any of those sweet, childish blunders in speech or conduct that often are the charm of our homes, they either are apparently not noticed at all at the time, or they are gently and cheerfully corrected. But never are they met by that domestic dyke, in the form of a general laugh or an encouraging deception, which invariably sends them back upon the child in an overflow of pain or bewilderment.

The fondest of us parents often are the most cruel to our children. This comes from selfishly regarding them as an especial personal gift to ourselves—something to delight and amuse us—while at the same time we forget that if they are given to us, just as surely are we given to them.

Mothers, when in your heart rises that first blessed thought, God has given to me a child!

then and there say: "Oh child! He has given me to thee. He has chosen me to be thy mother!"

Then with His help shall your little one be reared; no selfish fondness or pride shall rob it of its just rights; not a tithe shall be taken from its innocent, sweet babyhood, from its growing infancy, its blithesome childhood. Sufficient unto each day shall be its daily progress. Vanity shall not warp it, nor school-books crush, nor undue stimulus wrong it of its fair and just proportions.

When you say, with the woman of old, "Lo, I have given a man unto the world!" be guarded lest you cheat it and Heaven too, by not allowing that man first to be, in the fullest sense, a little child.

DEEP-SEA SOUNDING.

ONE might suppose that it would be the easiest thing imaginable to determine the depth of water by letting down a heavy weight to the bottom, by means of a line, and then measuring the length of the line.

Whether it is an easy thing or not to do this depends upon the depth of the water. If the water is shallow, it is a very easy thing. If the water is deep, instead of being an easy thing it proves to be exceedingly difficult.

There are two great difficulties to be encountered. One is to get the weight down to the bottom. The second, which is still greater than the first, is to get it up again, so as to measure the line. Both these difficulties arise from the enormous magnitude which the retarding force, resulting from the friction of the line through the water, acquires when the line has a length of some miles.

We feel so little resistance when we move the hand, or any other small object, through water, that it is difficult for us to understand how vast this resistance can become when the surfaces are extended.

People who have made voyages at sea are often surprised, when the "log" is thrown, to see how many men are required, and how great is the apparent exertion which they have to make, in drawing in again the line, thin and slender as it is. Although the line used on such occasions is only a hundred fathoms or thereabout in length, and the little quadrant called the log is so far detached from its hold at the end of it as to offer the least possible resistance, it requires the united strength of several men, following each other along the deck, with the line passing over their shoulders, to overcome the simple resistance which the *friction of the line*, in being drawn through the water, offers to its return to the ship.

Any one who has observed this operation at sea, and has noticed how much strength it requires on the part of the seamen to draw the log-line on board again at the end of it, when the line is after all not more than a quarter of a mile in length, will not be surprised to learn

how inadequate the weight of the lead at the end of a sounding-line must be to its task of continuing to draw down the line after the part submerged gets to be *four or five miles* long—for that is the depth which the water attains in some parts of the Atlantic Ocean. When the weight is first thrown over the gunwale of the boat occupied by the party who have the operation in charge the line begins to run out quite rapidly; but it goes more and more slowly as the depth, and consequently the increasing friction resulting from the increasing length of the portion submerged, grow greater, until at length, after some hours—for of course it takes hours for such a traveler as the sinking weight to make a journey of *five miles*—the line creeps over the gunwale so slowly that those in charge are long in uncertainty whether the weight has reached the bottom or not. A very gentle undercurrent in the water, flowing in a different direction from that of the surface, or even with greater force in the same direction, would drift the line enough to cause it to continue running off the reel long after the weight was at rest on the bottom.

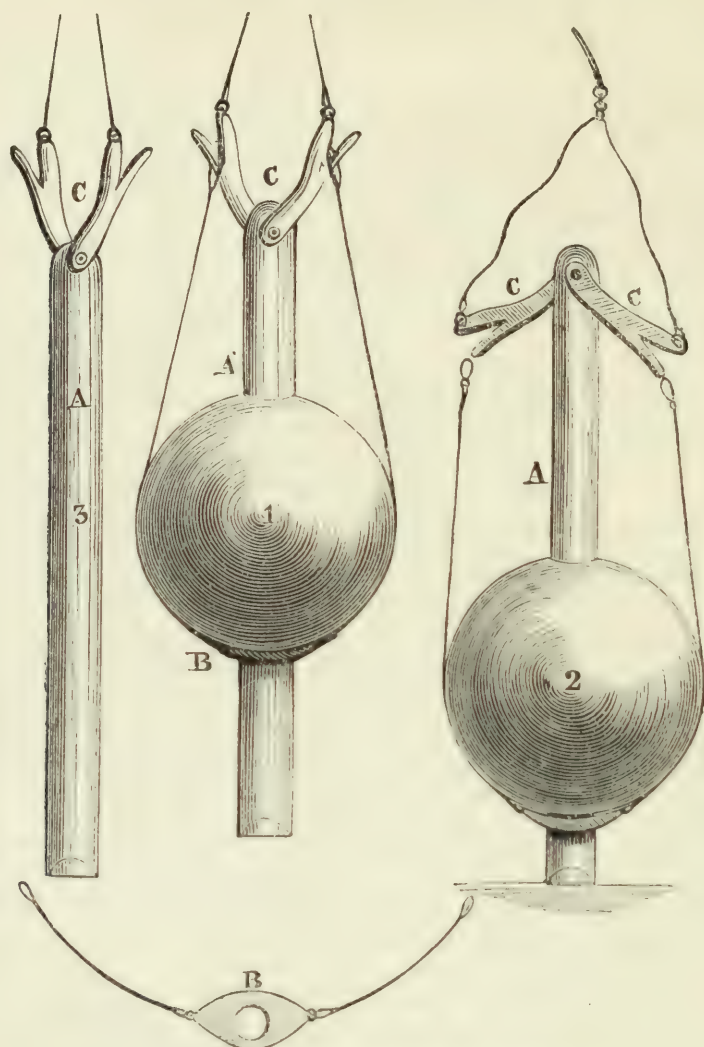
These difficulties for a long time prevented the making of any reliable soundings at great depths. Some advantage was gained by improvements in the manufacture of the line employed, so as to obtain the greatest strength with the least thickness, and to make the specific gravity of it as nearly as possible that of the water.

For if the specific gravity were even only a little greater than that of the water, the weight of the line, when a great length was out, might be sufficient to continue to draw it off the reel without any aid from the lead at all, and without any drift, so that the line might continue to run out long after the lead had reached the bottom.

On the other hand, if the specific gravity of the line were somewhat *less* than that of the water, then it would have a certain buoyancy, the amount of which might become so great, after a considerable length had run out, as to float the lead and prevent its ever reaching the bottom at all.

It was not possible under the old methods to diminish the difficulty of taking deep soundings by increasing the weight of the plummet. For although this would facilitate the work of getting the line down, it would in a still greater proportion impede that of drawing it up again.

The invention of Mr. Brooke, an officer of the American navy, very ingeniously evades this dilemma, by making the weight extremely heavy, for the purpose of securing a prompt descent, and then, when it gets to the bottom, leaving it there, and drawing up the line alone. Not entirely alone, however, for a portion of the iron which forms the descending weight is made to detach itself from the rest, and comes up with the line, bringing with it a specimen of the sand, mud, or other formation constituting the bottom.



BROOKE'S DEEP-SEA SOUNDING APPARATUS.

The construction and operation of the apparatus are shown in the engraving. The instrument consists essentially of a heavy iron ball, with a cylindrical iron bar passing loosely through the centre of it. These are shown, in the position which they occupy while descending, in the central figure—the ball marked 1, being perforated to allow the round bar A to pass through it. The ball fits loosely to the bar, but it is kept in its place during the descent by the iron supporter B, suspended by wires from above. The form of this supporter is shown more distinctly below.

At the upper end of the bar, at C, are two arms turning loosely on pivots. These arms are each divided above into two short branches—the wires which come up from the supporter of the ball being hooked upon the lower pair, while the line, made double by a division at its lower end, is attached to the upper pair.

The apparatus being thus arranged, the ball is kept in its place upon the round bar so long as the weight hangs upon the line, for while it so hangs the branches are kept in a nearly up-

right position, and the wires of the supporter are held firmly, by their loops, upon the lower branches. But as soon as the lower end of the bar touches bottom the line slackens, and then the weight of the ball draws the branches down and lets the loop slip off, as shown in Figure 2. The round rod is now liberated, and can be drawn out from the perforation in the ball and brought to the surface, as shown in Figure 3.

There is a hollow in the lower end of the round bar, which is nearly filled with some soft adhesive substance, by means of which specimens of the sand or mud, and sometimes minute shells, are brought up—sufficient to give the observer some idea of the character of the bottom.

This kind of sounding apparatus has, moreover, this great advantage over the old mode, namely, that if the bar comes up without the ball it is certain that the bottom was actually reached, a fact which it was very difficult to ascertain, in case of very deep water, by a simple lead and line.

Editor's Easy Chair.

ON the earliest of the really spring-like mornings as the Easy Chair turned into Church Street it could not help perceiving that in some romantic ways the New Yorker has the advantage of the Londoner and the Parisian. Church Street does not, indeed, seem at the first mention to be a promising domain of romance, nor a fond haunt of the Muses. Indeed, it must not be denied that it has an unsavory name; and when the city loiterer recalls Wapping, or a May morning on the Seine quais, he will smile at Church Street as a field of romance, and the Easy Chair grants him absolution. London, perhaps, does not strike the American imagination, or let us more truly say, the imagination of the traveling American, as a romantic city. That citizen of the world reserves himself for Venice, Constantinople, Grand Cairo. Yet if after his arrival he will buy Peter Cunningham's "Hand-book for London" at the nearest book-store, and turn its pages slowly, he will discover that for him, an American, he is in a very romantic city indeed. Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "Tower of London" will show him how copious a sermon may be preached from one romantic text. Of course he can be expected to have no feeling but pity for the unfortunates who fill the streets, and whose fate it was to be born Britishers. Yet let him reflect that it was not their fault, and that except for that precise unhappy fact of being Britishers, which causes all the mischief, their parents too would have lived elsewhere.

Then the American citizen of the world, pitying England, will cross to France, to another country, a new world, and in Paris will breathe more freely as being at last in the metropolis of the globe—always excepting New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati, or Chicago, as the case may be. If he opens "Galignani's Guide," the excellent and well-informed traveler will immediately discover that he is in another romantic city, and that there is something more to see and consider than the bal d'opera and the Château Rouge; and if some Easy Chair, accidentally encountered straying along the Boulevards, or seated at the door of a café, should chance to ask whether the well-informed traveler had ever taken a romantic turn in Church Street, New York, he would be rewarded with a smile of encouragement for his admirable humor. By-and-by, after the coffee was drunk and the pipe smoked out, the Easy Chair and his approving Mentor would perhaps stroll about the old city until they came, far away from the haunts of to-day, to the respectable old Place Louis Quinze. It is always an attractive spot for that well-informed traveler. He looks at it with a pensive emotion, and he turns warmly to the Easy Chair and says:

"How delightful this is! Here dwelt the noblesse! This was the Fifth Avenue—what do I say?—the Murray Hill of old Paris! And now all is gone! Fashion is an emigré. Inquire in the Faubourg St. Germain. What a pity we have nothing of this kind in America!"

"But we have," replies the Easy Chair.

The incredulous well-informed traveler again smiles a mild, melancholy smile at the inscrutable methods of Providence, which has provided no

Place Louis Quinze for the Yankees and aborigines.

"We certainly have," persists the Easy Chair.

"Where, pray?"

"Well, Church Street."

The reply seems to be beating out a jest very thin; but gradually the Easy Chair contrives to explain.

The movement of life in New York is so rapid, fashion and trade sweep from one point to another with such impetuosity, that the romance of changed interest can be enjoyed in the same spot twice or thrice in a lifetime. In older cities—in Paris, in London—it is not the individual experience, but history only, that covers the change. The gentlemen and dames of the Louis Quinze era do not moralize over the Place from which the glory has departed, but only their descendants. The change is so gradual that it is not within their personal experience. It is a tide that rises and falls in sixscore years, not in six hours. But the fortunate New Yorker has his romance making for him while he sleeps. The sorry streets of to-day will disappear within a dozen years, and the instant they are gone, or seem just at the moment of the final lapse, they have passed into the realm of romance.

Here is Church Street, for instance. It is not very long, and you turn into it from Fulton or from Canal. So turned the Easy Chair, and there was the long, narrow vista, walled by lofty buildings, the spacious houses of trade, built yesterday, piled with dry-goods, bold with prosperous newness, but instantly suggesting the street of palaces in Genoa. And a few rods off some old Knickerbocker is gravely stalking down Broadway, who has not turned aside into Church Street for many a year, and who supposes Church Street is still a place not to be named, an unspeakable Gehenna. So it was a dozen years ago. Once also it was the Black Broadway. It was a kind of voluntary Ghetto of the colored people. Then again it was an offshoot of the Five Points. There were low ranges of dingy buildings. Dirty men and women slouched on the walk and lounged out of the windows, and their idle, ribald laughter echoed along the street that few carriages traversed. Dens of every kind were just around every corner. Slatternly women emptied slops upon the pavement, and the stench was perpetual. Dirty little children screamed and played, and sickly babes squalled unheeded. It was a street fallen out of Hogarth; the street of worst repute in the city.

And now it is a double range of stately building, symmetrical, massive. Horse-cars struggle on it with the light carts of the dry-goods dealers, with the slow, enormous teams that shake the ground. At every corner there is an inextricable snarl of wagons, and porters are heaving boxes, and young clerks are directing, and huge windows are filled with huge pattern-cards, so that the narrow way is tapestried. "Look out, there!" cries a porter-compelling clerk to the Easy Chair, which smiles to reflect that only yesterday it was in Exchange Place, and Pearl Street, and elsewhere that the peremptory youth was ordering him to mind his eye. And if the employer

who now sits in that spacious office opposite had known that his clerk was familiar with Church Street, he would have warned him of the gates of destruction, and have admonished him that Church Street, though a narrow street, was a broad way.

The people that push and hurry and skip along in this busy avenue are alert and well-dressed. The slouchers and loungers, the old slatterns with the slop-pails, the fat, frouzy, jolly, dirty women with bare red arms and loud voices, the sneaks, and thieves, and the unclean groups at the grog-shop—where are they? No sneaks now—no thieves: honorable gentlemen with clean collars every where. What a consolation! As you watch the passers closely, as you read the signs, it occurs to you that the population, with the universal tendency in our mental and spiritual habit that Matthew Arnold sparkingly deplores, is clearly Hebraized. Here, where this especially fine warehouse or handsome shop stands, stood the French church. It has jumped up town a few miles. Here was the church of Dr. Potts. Could you believe that the people who go to meeting in the smug, brown little edifice in an ivy mantle at the corner of University Place and Tenth Street, which probably seems to the young clerk coeval with the city, day before yesterday, as it were, came down here among the merchants? Then they came once a week for an hour or two—now they come all the time, except for that hour or two. What did you say was the name of the deity to whom these temples are dedicated?

And at this corner—why, if it were an April thicket it could not more sweetly bubble with song, only this music is the spirit ditty of no tone—here was the old National Theatre. Do you see that very respectable old gentleman in the office who carries an ostrich egg in his hat?—for so his grandchildren describe grandpapa's baldness. He sits reading the paper, and is presently going down to the bank of which he is a director, and of which he seems always to those grandchildren to smell, so tenacious is the peculiar odor of a bank; that is the very gentleman who in the temple of the Drama upon this spot used to lead the loud applause, and at whom in his buckish costume of those merry days and nights, the lovely Shirreff herself used to level her eyes and her voice as she trilled, "Oh whistle and I'll come to you, my lad." Can you imagine that excellent grandparent kissing his hand rapturously to the retiring prima donna, going off to sup at the Café de l'Independence, and hieing home at two in the morning, waking the echoes of Murray Street with a reproduction of that arch song, followed by a loud whistle to prove whether that vision of delight really will come to him, and bringing only the gruff Charley, obese guardian of the night? Will you find in your famous Place Louis Quinze any roisterer of the regency grown bald and careful of his diet?

Here is one wall which survives from the prehistoric days of thirty years ago—it is the rear wall of the old hospital, that blessed green spot in the midst of the city, which is to be green no more, but will be soon piled with more palaces. And opposite this wall is a short street running from Church to West Broadway. A very few years ago this was one of the worst of city slums. At the corner of West Broadway a wooden building still remains—a sullen, sickly, defiant cur of

a building, that sits and snarls impotent over the savagery departed. And there is one tall rookery still—a tenement-house, with a system of fire-escapes in front; and the slattern slopping at the curb as in the ancient day; and a cooper's shop, and a blacksmith's, and one, two, three—how many whisky shops? But they are all faint and feeble and submerged in the lofty buildings, and to-morrow all trace of them will be gone. And then who will remember the murder? The mysterious, awful, romantic murder. The murder that filled all the newspapers and fed speculation at all the corner groggeries and in all offices. The murder that was done into a romance, and of which the hero, that is the murderer, was acquitted after one of the famous eloquent criminal appeals which are so effective because their power is measured by human life. And this hero occasionally reappears in the newspapers even to this day. Somebody writes from a remote somewhere that on a steamer far away a mysterious man, after much mysterious conduct, imparts the awful truth that he *is* the hero. Does he sometimes return to this spot? Does he look at the site of the house where the deed was done? Does he appear in the guise of a merchant, a jobber, a retailer from that remote southwestern somewhere, and higgie and chaffer in the noble warehouse on the very site of the wretched building where he murdered his mistress? Good Heavens! do you see that man of about those years, looking about as if to find a sign or a number (as if he didn't know the very place! as if it were not burned and cut into his heart and conscience!)? Do you think it could possibly be he, or is it, after all, only the honest Timothy Tape, the modest retailer from Skowhegan or Palmyra? The typhus-fever used to rage here; the cholera was fearful. The Sanitary Reports say that there were always cases of the worst diseases to be found here. The city missionaries also used to find their worst cases here too; and now—what cleanliness of collar, what modishness of coat! No more sin—what a consolation!

And so, as the Easy Chair strolled along, bumped and hustled and severely looked upon by the eager throng in the narrow street, more radically reconstructed than any doubtful State, it could not help feeling that London with her Majesty's Tower, and Paris with her deserted Place Louis Quinze, are not the only romantic cities in the world, and that a city of such rapid and incessant change as New York offers even some poetic aspects which its elder sisters want. The Easy Chair has pleaded formerly for some respect toward old historic buildings, like the old State House in Boston, for instance, and has been indignantly laughed at for its pains. It will not deny that, unabashed by such laughter, it contemplates the old Walton House with satisfaction. It repairs, also, to the corner of Broad and Pearl streets, and, reflecting upon General Washington's parting with his officers, turns its eyes toward Wall Street and beholds the Grecian temple which has taken the place of the old Hall upon whose balcony the first predecessor of President Grant was inaugurated. But the romance of Church Street is of another kind. It is the romance of striking and sudden change merely, not of historic interest, nor of personal association. Perhaps the gentle reader may not find it when he goes there. Then let him carry it.

WE were just now speaking of standing in Broad Street and looking up toward Wall, and beholding the dumpy Grecian temple which stands at the corner and blandly overlooks the humming Broker's Board just within Broad. That building is a joke, and was undoubtedly a job. It is an illustration of the kind of public building and of street architecture to which the country was subject only a very few years ago. Our fathers in their day built very neat and convenient houses. They had usually their two parlors; their basement for a dining-room, if preferred; their two chambers and bath-room and small front-room over the front-door, and so on. Blocks of these houses were built from street to street, with fronts of fair red brick, very neat, and fit for their purpose; and they were comely to view, and altogether proper. Yet these same good fathers lost their wits when they were to build a public building, and we have the old Capitol at Washington and the innumerable Greek temples of various kinds that cumber the continent as illustrations of their good feeling and bad taste.

The Greek temple seemed to be the most irresistible form in which a public building presented itself to the imagination of that generation. Europe was full of beautiful *Hôtel de Villes*, and of an architecture adapted to our time and its necessities. But we were nothing if not classic, and when we ceased to be exclusively classic we were nothing if not Gothic, and the country is now covered with absurd little Gothic cathedrals. The classic tendency sometimes infected the private dwelling also; and there are houses like the preposterous Arlington House, near Washington, which—as Thackeray says of George IV., that he was “more waistcoat, and then nothing”—is a vast, dumpy portico, and then nothing. Huge columns were built up in front of the windows, shutting out the sun and the air, shutting in the damp and the dark. And the columns and the whole classic façade were wood painted white. The worthy proprietor doubtless was a satisfied man. He thought of Burke walking in his grounds at Beaconsfield, and he put his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat and promenaded, content, in front of his Grecian columns.

There was something in Grecian columns that seemed to deprive the Yankee of his shrewd sense of fitness; and, without considering what Greece was and what a Greek temple was, and what was wanted in this climate in a building for a specific purpose, he was sure that what was Greek was classic, and what was classic was good enough for this time. This “classic” tyranny is a curious subject. It could not compel us to become familiar with the literature of Greece, but it imposed Greek façades upon us without a murmur. The epoch of railroads, however, dealt hardly with the classic temples. It brought in a style of building suited to its purpose. Façades and colonnades with domes and rotundas were summarily dismissed. Space, simplicity, light, air, convenience, these were the necessities, and they were satisfied.

Moreover, young men had begun to study architecture. There was a glimmering perception that its first principle was the relation of the parts to the purpose, a radical principle in every art. The perfection of architectural art in this respect has not indeed yet been fully achieved, in the Central Railroad dépôt at Syracuse, for in-

stance, nor in the Harlem Railroad station at the corner of Twenty-sixth Street and the Fourth Avenue in New York, nor at various other places. But the true idea of a railroad station has been perceived, and it has prevailed in many instances, of which the New Haven station upon the railroad of that name is not one. Since we last alluded to this dark dungeon, however, in which people pay the penalty of traveling by that generally pleasant road, a little more light and a little more air have been vouchsafed. But the view which the approach offers of back-yards and buildings is still quite unprecedented. It is still among the practical jokes of American travel to pass a range of unsavory rookeries and arrive in a gloomy cavern in which a distant voice cries “New Haven!” and the memory and imagination instinctively respond, “Elm City.” But memory and imagination are trespassers in the New Haven station. The one because it faithfully records what was; the other because it suggests what might be.

The young men with their architecture, and their studies in Europe, and their taste and ambition, and the infusion of the foreign artistic element in their society, are slowly carrying on the revolution. It is really some time since the last Grecian temple was built; and yet within easy remembrance the Society Library building, at the corner of Leonard Street and Broadway, was erected. Instead of an honest, handsome, well-proportioned front, we beheld a façade which could only suggest a compromise by which, in obedience to the villainous old taste, the front of the edifice should be a mere passing allusion, as it were, to the regulation Greek model. It was kindly meant. The hall of the National Academy exhibition was to be in the building, and if the classic traditions were not in place there, where could they be?

In many of the banks—alas! the latest and most splendid can not be included in the list—there was a style of architecture most appropriate and most pleasing. But with the new men the Gothic cathedral came in with great vigor, but on a very small scale. With such vigor, indeed, that nothing else is tolerated. With such vigor that no one had a right to be surprised if he saw a Gothic Quaker meeting-house. Does any body ever look up Wall Street and think that the old Trinity was a more pleasing building than the new? Does it occur to any body that the older had a certain quiet quaintness and association with older days? For although it is true that the Gothic style of architecture is not modern, yet every Gothic church in this country looks new. Trinity Church looks painfully new. It is a study of a cathedral. But why should we wish to go to church in a cathedral? The tendency of religious reform, except among our ritualistic friends, is toward greater simplicity of worship. The modern church is not a temple, but a meeting-house. A temple is primarily for the pageant of worship. It belongs to Rome and the older religions, where the pomp of the ritual is the substance of the service. But in our system, where the sermon, or the appeal to the conscience and the intellect, is the central interest, the dim vaulted Cathedral, heavy, sombre, with long-drawn, shadowy distances, woos the imagination away and perplexes the emotion.

Moreover, there is an austerity in the Gothic style which recalls rather the gloom of German forests and a crude, savage theory of Christianity, than the sweetness as of Syrian sunshine, which is its natural atmosphere. The smooth, open Palladian arches seem a more truly Christian style than that which we prefer. It is a placid, smiling, Southern feeling which they convey. Under them should be preached the truth that the kingdom of heaven is as a little child. But what little child, in the sober shadows of the small cathedrals in which we go to church, does not associate a certain gloom with religion? Certainly the Gothic is as senseless for a universal architecture as the old "classic." And the wooden Gothic is as comical a humbug as the sham classic. A great deal of sport has been made of All-souls Church on the Fourth Avenue, and undoubtedly it suggests some humorous criticism. But if we come to humor, look at Calvary, not far above upon the same street—one of the most ludicrous of the little Gothic cathedrals, with two wooden spires.

Going still further up the avenue we reach the National Academy of Design. Here, it was thought, was another jest. Here was a reduced doge's palace, a pseudo-Venetian cottage, a drollery in colored stone. But certainly the first legitimate emotion upon viewing this building in New York is profound gratitude that it is not a Gothic cathedral. With our Gothic halls, and Gothic houses, and Gothic shops, and Gothic barns, there was no reason why it should not be Gothic. And the grateful emotion of the Easy Chair is such that it has never been disposed to join the reprobates who sneer. They little know what they have escaped; and they ought to be glad that so masterly a blow was delivered at the old traditions. Now, indeed, the genius of this art is rapidly emancipating itself. The white marble, of which so many of the newer edifices are built, suggests a smiling style, and we behold the picturesque Italian upon every side. The contemplative student of the streets will perhaps wonder whether we are ever to have a distinctive American architecture. Let him join the other speculator upon the distinctively American literature. Then, as they stand upon the Academy steps and look across to the new building of the Young Men's Christian Association, let them be unspeakably grateful that that enlightened body did not build their hall in the regulation Gothic style, as if somehow the Gothic style were peculiarly religious, nor, on the other hand, in that of the brick-kiln called the Bible-House. How can a great association justify themselves for building such a pile under the pretense of a religious purpose? So bald and sterile a pile, dear brethren, is, in a sense, irreligious. Your building should have symbolized the beauty of your work. If you will forgive the remark, you are now, as it were, like George Fox, dispensing the gospel in leather breeches. Why not suggest that it is joyous, smiling, beautiful?

Having come so far, how pleasant it would be to go on and ask if a Christian building ought to smile, why a Christian preacher must always be as sad and solemn as if he brought ill-tidings? Who was it that said that excessively "smart thing" of Mr. Beecher's preaching, that it was theology *bouffe* or religion *bouffe*? Probably

that good divine remembers that the Teacher did not take a cadaverous old death's-head, but he took a young child and said, "of such is the kingdom." When Christendom is of that faith it will no longer go to meeting in little Gothic cathedrals.

WHEN magazines are so rapidly multiplying, and the relations between editors and authors are necessarily becoming larger, it is certainly desirable to have an agreeable mutual understanding. In reply to some late remarks of the Easy Chair upon the subject it has received the following very sensible letter:

"DEAR MR. EASY CHAIR,—It is just because you are the Easy Chair and *not* the 'ferocious editor' that people think they may come to you with their grievances; and if you were the editor I should sit here dumb, not daring to lift my pen; but as it is I feel quite at ease to say a few words on this vexed question. Now my Pegasus is such a staid, slow old fellow that I do not think of troubling editors to growl at me nowadays; but I can sympathize with those whose hopes are blasted, for I *once* had an experience, and as a matter of justice I beg you to hear me.

"Well, a *long* time ago some critics pronounced an article of mine quite equal to like efforts in the magazines of that day, and begged me to submit it to the editor. Not being over-sanguine I thought the surest means of success would be to see the editor; and, too, I had some curiosity to enter within the 'sanctum-sanctorum.' I went, and was not received very graciously; however, my document was accepted for immediate perusal, and I awaited the result; which was, first, a gruff reply to my inquiries; then, when he accidentally dropped my papers and I rescued them, I was allowed to do so without a word of thanks (the Easy Chair would not do so). To facilitate matters I offered to read it, and was gruffly refused. Finally, after watching him very closely, I found the papers totally disarranged, and he was wandering over them without connecting sentences, much less ideas; thereupon I begged him to trouble himself no farther, and after a murmur of 'sphere' and 'duty,' he informed me it was *unavailable*.

"I left that room, Mr. Easy Chair, in amazement as to how that man could reconcile his conscience with the promise given to all contributors 'of a careful examination' of all articles. He knew as well as I did that he could not tell a word of that manuscript, that he had *not* given it an honest trial; but then I was unknown, and he had other available work, so it mattered not. As I had *expected* nothing I came away 'blessed;' but I ask, what would have been the feelings of any woman (or man) who had centered their hopes upon that one venture to have been so utterly and hopelessly defeated?

"Now please don't think I contend that my article should have been accepted, or any other unavailable matter taken at the editor's loss; but I ask, would it have cost any thing to have given it a truthful perusal, and, if declined, to have pointed out the failure, and to have spoken a few words of encouragement for future efforts? It is useless to say an editor's time is golden, etc.; it is no more so than that of the employes in other branches of business. As well might Stewart's clerks refuse to tell you the price of goods or to show them to you because they thought you would not buy. If the work is too much for one editor, then employ two; but at least let those who make an effort have a fair trial.

"This actually happened to me; but I trust editors are more just now, and I send it to you because they sometimes need a word of caution as well as *other people*. And a word to contributors: perhaps they do not all realize the importance of having their articles finished ready for the press—by this I mean, finished as to diction, etc., etc., arranged in manuscript form, with clear chirography, etc., so that the editor's labors may be lightened as much as possible; for they must be sorely vexed with illegible papers and unmanuscript matter.

"I have been prompted to send you this because these frank utterances often lead to more amicable relations between parties; and the more, too, that if all editors are to be screened as '*Autocrats*,' then many '*Lanternes*' will have to be extinguished!

"From

"ONE OF THE LITTLE 'HASSOCKS.'"

As our courteous correspondent tells the story there is nothing to be said for the erring editor. He was unquestionably at that moment forgetful of his high mission. But if the excellent correspondent would only bear in mind the indescribable and endless annoyances that beset an editor; the ruthless waste and slaughter of his time; the unreasoning, unreasonable interruptions; the total want of regard, or intelligence, or sympathy so constantly shown by those who harass him—of whom the excellent correspondent is not one, and will not believe that the Easy Chair means to insinuate it—surely there would be some mercy for the editor, whoever he was, perplexed, weary, driven, whose manner failed in urbanity, or courtesy, or even proper consideration. It is not for absolute acquittal, it is only in mitigation of sentence that the Easy Chair pleads, and it will now show its correspondent one or two errors of conduct and judgment revealed in the letter.

When "friends"—or those who bear that name—assure you that your article is as good as those which are generally published in any of the magazines or in any particular magazine, distrust the judgment or the knowledge of those friends, and remember that there is really but one judge upon the subject, and that is the Editor. For the question is not whether you and your friends think that your performance is better than that really very commonplace article which was published last month—no, nor whether it really is so, but whether the Editor really thinks it so—his verdict depending not merely upon intrinsic excellence, but upon fitness, proportion—in one word, availability. A good article, says the ingenious and ready friend, is always available. Not exactly: more properly speaking, an available article is always good. The truth is that upon such a point these friends are terrible fellows. They say with such an air of assurance, "Of course he'll print your article. It's better than any thing he has printed for a year," that the poor author is fully persuaded that there is but one view to be taken of the subject, and he remains of that opinion until there comes that disagreeable other side. Indeed, if you read an essay or a poem or an article of any kind to a friend or to a circle of friends, what are they to do? It is too flat to say "beautiful," and "delightful," and "charming," and it is a capital stroke to exclaim, with energy, "By George, old Buffer, you ought to send that to the *Tri-Weekly Triturator!*" You naturally look pleased, and say, "No, nonsense!" but he has already determined you to that immense mistake of saying, "Persuaded by friends whose judgment I have no right to question, I diffidently commend to the forbearance of a discriminating public these trifles light as air, these firstlings of a rustic muse"—or words to that effect. It is a great mistake. Send first to the Editor, and when you have his opinion, consult friends. But if you must have the opinion of friends first, distrust it—so far as magazinability is concerned—until you hear from the Editor.

Then don't go personally to see him. It is not a personal affair. He wishes to judge the article as the public must judge it, upon its merits, and he wishes to have as little bother about it as possible. Now ye or you are a bother. You are sure to enter into a wholly irrelevant

conversation which merely prejudices the judge against you.

"This is Mr. Minos, I presume."

"Yes'm."

"The Editor of the *Tri-Weekly Triturator*, I believe."

"Yes'm."

"Ah, yes. I have here a manuscript which I should like to submit to your inspection, with a view of publication. I have always taken your valuable paper, and several of my contributions to the *Ballyhack Bugle* have been well received, and quite extensively copied. These sketches are the result of my own observation, and partial friends have—"

"Yes'm."

"However, you understand all about that, and I merely wished to place the manuscript in your hand; and I hope sincerely that you will find that partial friends were not too partial, for I should like very much to become a regular contributor to your magazine—"

"Yes'm."

And so it goes on, drip, drip, drip; and what matter how stony the Editor may be? All that was necessary was to enclose the MS. to the Editor, who in due time would read it without prejudice and decide. But when this extremely ill-advised visitor withdraws, the Editor is not blandly disposed toward "the devastator of his time." If there is a necessary explanation to make in regard to the MS. which can not well be written, a personal interview is plainly necessary. But if the Easy Chair were the Editor of a magazine the first article of his agreement with the publisher should be that he must be absolutely inaccessible to borers, and that he must be the judge.

Then the excellent correspondent suggests that the Editor should point out what he considers failures or defects in the performance—perhaps with a few directions as to means of future improvement. Now certainly the good correspondent doth not consider. If one contributor may expect this, all may. If one may bring his MS. and have it read, and hear judgment, and the reasons thereof, with a criticism upon the performance, and directions, and words of cheer, etc., etc., all may do the same. Thereupon the editorial profession would become impracticable. For, good correspondent, an editor is not a professor of rhetoric, or a lecturer upon style, or a general critic. All those are functions in life and society for which provision is elsewhere made. But an editor is a person charged with a special duty, of preparing the material for a number of a magazine, and therefore of selecting from what is offered that which is suitable. To do this duty properly takes all his time and all his ability. To expect him to add to it duties of an entirely different kind, as the good correspondent must surely see, is merely preposterous.

That correspondent shows so thoughtful an appreciation of the situation of an editor in some ways that his other difficulties will be readily understood. In the particular instance mentioned Homer did certainly seem to nod. But let the correspondent believe that if Uncle Sam is taken into the confidence of authors, and is permitted to carry manuscripts in his mail-bags, an infinite trouble and ill-feeling will be saved.

Editor's Book Table.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SPRING has come. Nature untucks the sleeping brooks that awake from their long hibernation to laughing life again. City residents turn their thoughts yearningly toward country homes; or, in lieu of the quiet enjoyment of Nature's spring fashions, deck themselves gayly in their own. Visions of piscatorial sport, awakened by delightful reminiscences of Moosehead, the Umbagog, the Adirondacks, and Sault St. Marie, invite us to the wakening woods and sparkling brooks. A series of dissolving views pass before us: a vision of the quiet lake by moonlight, the only sound the mournful cry of the distant loon or the forest wolf, the only sight the curling smoke of our own camp-fire; a vision of the mountain-stream, the beauty of whose foaming cascade makes us forget the trout that awaits a line from us in the eddying pool at its foot, and by which we stand lost in admiration of the beauties which Nature hides from all who do not diligently seek for them; visions of a reedy pond, with its pickerel darting like a lightning flash, and thrilling us like one too, as we feel him fairly hooked and the excitement of the "play" begins; visions of the evening meal, where fried trout, cooked with pork and seasoned with a wonderfully vigorous appetite, prove a sweeter delicacy than any with which the most skillful French *cuisine* ever tempted the palate of an epicurean gourmand.

We decidedly object to Mr. Scott's book.* It awakens in us city-bound mortals such provoking memories of the past, and such tantalizing desires for the future, as are beyond all endurance. We have read all that we can bear, and laid the book aside until fate permits us to satisfy the appetite which it renders so keen. To our thought there is no sport more genuinely healthful than that of the true fisherman. He is not a mere catcher of fishes. He scorns the net. He suffers not the spear. He is a poet. He loves Nature. The fish are simply his excuse for rambling in her wildest retreats. They simply afford the mental excitement that is necessary to take his thoughts off of his distant work, and prevent him from becoming a prey to the ennui of absolute mental inaction. Mr. Scott writes as a genuine fisherman. The enthusiasm of a true artist pervades his pages. The experience of a skillful angler fills them with invaluable information. The facts respecting lines, hooks, bait, poles, personal outfit, and, in short, all the necessary preparation for a successful piscatorial tour which are not to be found in his pages are not worth knowing. And when, about the time these pages reach the eye of our distant readers, we start, as we hope to do, pole and line in hand, for the head waters of the Delaware, or, a little later, for the lakes and streams of the Adirondacks, we shall make a careful study of Mr. Scott's *Fishing in American Waters* our first preparation; and we shall make his book the sole exception to the rule which inexorably excludes all literature from the fisherman's camp in his three weeks of summer trouting.

* *Fishing in American Waters.* By GENIO C. SCOTT. With 170 Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers.

A BOOK which is likely to create some sensation in English circles is the Countess Guiccioli's *Recollections of Lord Byron*.* By its defense of him and by its censure of his wife it has already given severe offense and awakened severe criticism. We do not suppose that these memoirs, coming from an Italian Countess universally reputed as the mistress of one the licentiousness of whose life and later poetry has become a by-word, can change the opinion of the world respecting him. Nevertheless, the world is seldom just, and no proverb is truer than "The devil is not so black as he's painted." The very excess of the adulation which surrounded Lord Byron in his early life accelerated his fall. The morbid sensitiveness of his nature, intensified by his lameness, increased by his unfortunate because uncongenial marriage, and exasperated beyond all bounds by the caustic though perhaps just criticisms to which he was subjected, urged him into excesses against which his own better nature perpetually rebelled, and enkindled in his own bosom the fierce fires that consumed his life. Perhaps not all those who are so quick to condemn him could have withstood the temptations by which he was environed.

If his life is a sad commentary on the fruitlessness of an ambition which is not sustained by inflexible principle, it is no less a perpetual warning to every man—"Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall." We have had so uniformly the life of Lord Byron depicted as a beacon-light by critics who were incapable of appreciating his nature, and therefore of judging aright his character, that we can afford to have a portrait of that character presented by one who sympathized too deeply with the man to appreciate the sins which exiled him from English society. Probably no one read Lord Byron's heart more thoroughly than the Countess Guiccioli. Probably no one was less capable of judging him by those standards of domestic purity which belong partly to English blood and partly to English religion, but which the Latin races not only do not maintain, but do not even seem capable of appreciating. The artist in painting always needs to know, as the condition of success, the country in which his picture is to be exhibited. His coloring on the canvas depends on the atmosphere through which it is to be viewed. To transfer this Italian portrait of Lord Byron into the clear, cold climate of our Anglo-Saxon life is to do it injustice. But he who in reading this analysis of the poet's character will remember that it was written by his Italian innamorata, and will make allowances for that fact, may gain a truer, because a more sympathetic acquaintance with the strange and enigmatical character who forms the subject of these recollections than he could from a life more coldly critical and more abstractly just.

Studies in Shakspeare, by Mary Preston (Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger, Philadelphia), is a little book of essays on the plays of the great dramatic poet which indicates that the authoress has studied the works of Shakspeare a great

* *My Recollections of Lord Byron, and those of Eye-Witnesses of his Life.* New York: Harper and Brothers.

deal, but the art of expressing herself very little. The most characteristic feature of the book is that weakness of style which employs from one to half a dozen italicized words on every page in a vain hope of invigorating it.

FROM Messrs. Harper and Brothers, whose School Readers are not only without an equal but without a parallel in their general scope and design, we have received *French's First Lessons in Numbers*, *French's Elementary Arithmetic*, and *French's Common School Arithmetic*, which we judge, from a cursory examination, are no less deserving of public favor. The beautiful illustrations in the first two books would render the science of numbers attractive to any beginner if any thing could do so.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

*The Illustrated Library of Wonders** is thoroughly French in its design and execution. It has already proved its popularity in France, having reached there, it is said, the enormous sale of a million copies. In these volumes the wonders of science are narrated with scientific accuracy, though in a popular form, and illustrated by engravings which greatly enhance the interest of the book, though they are inferior to those of the original French publication. Although not juvenile books they are admirably adapted for thoughtful children. The wonders of nature surpass those of fairy-land. And did these volumes serve no other purpose they would be invaluable in affording to our children better intellectual food than that of the unhealthy romances which too much stock their libraries at present. At the same time these are French, not American publications. They have been translated in England, and the alterations which have been made are only such as have been necessary to adapt them to the English market. In practical science America is not behind any of her fellows. But of American science the reader learns nothing in these volumes. In that on Thunder and Lightning we have a brief account of Franklin's discovery of the lightning conductor, and a history of subsequent applications of this discovery by the French Academy, but no reference whatever to American experiments, and no account of the telegraph. So in the Wonders of Optics there is no account of that which is one of the most important practical applications of science in this department—photography. By the republication of these volumes Scribner and Co. have rendered us good service, but it is because they have afforded us in a popular way a glimpse of French science. This service will prove still greater if it shall be the means of inciting some other publisher to give us a purely American book upon the same pattern.

THE history of the world is no longer a history of military and political movements. Its progress is one of thought. The record of the changes which take place in the opinions of mankind, and especially in their apprehension

and employment of forces of nature before unrecognized, is far more important than the story of changes in dynasties and political boundaries. The princes of the world are its inventors; the council chambers of the world its laboratories. Since 1850 Messrs. Gould and Lincoln have published each year a record of scientific discovery for the year preceding. That of 1869 is now before us.* We welcome it rather because it is the only book of its kind than because it is remarkably well executed; rather because it has no competitor than because it defies competition. It is a work of the scissors. It is composed of selections, on the whole wisely made, and gathered from a wide circle of papers and periodicals; is, in short, a scientific scrap-book, prepared by a gentleman who has evidently great facilities and good aptitude for his task. We can not but think that he would make a more valuable work if, out of the materials thus gathered, he would construct a book which might serve the purpose of an annual cyclopaedia. Such a work would be no less valuable for reference; would be more valuable for popular use. The reader, however, whose scientific enthusiasm enables him to do this work of digestion for himself, will find, in a compact space and in a useful form, the materials provided by Dr. Kneeland.

WHOEVER, having learned in school to read Racine and Corneille, or having mastered the exercises in Ollendorf, imagines that he is acquainted with the French language, finds how woefully he is mistaken the moment he lands on the shores of France. He can perhaps read the French newspaper. He can make his wants known to the French inn-keeper. But he is startled by the discovery that in order to conversation it is essential that one should be able to receive as well as to communicate ideas. He can express himself tolerably well, but he can by no possibility understand any thing that is said to him. The more perplexed he is the more excitable grows the Frenchman, in the vain endeavor to explain a short and simple sentence by long and complicated ones. To learn what ideas certain appearances on a printed page convey is one thing; to learn what ideas certain sounds convey is quite another thing. Even if the traveler has exercised himself in translating the spoken as well as the written word he is still at a loss; for it is impossible for him to go through the double mental process required in first converting the Frenchman's words into English, and then from the translated phrase receiving the Frenchman's idea. In other words, no one has learned a language until he has learned to think in it. The words must convey not other words, but ideas; not ideas through the medium of other words, but directly. This principle, which underlies all true linguistic attainment, M. Marcel elucidates in his little treatise.† The book is valuable as an introduction to the study of any language. The employment of its principles, con-

* Thunder and Lightning. By W. DE FONVIELLE. Translated from the French and edited by T. L. PHIPSON. Illustrated. The Wonders of Optics. By F. MARION. Translated from the French and edited by CHARLES W. QUIN. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner and Co.

* Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, for 1869. Edited by SAMUEL KNEELAND, A.M., M.D. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.

† The Study of Languages brought back to its True Principles; or, The Art of Thinking in a Foreign Language. By C. MARCEL. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

sciously or unconsciously, is indispensable to the true acquisition of any language. Their practical application would materially modify present methods of study. A series of text-books founded upon them would be an invaluable addition to our school literature. In our own household we have for several months employed these principles with marked success. We have devoted half an hour a day, not to studying French grammar, nor to converting French words into English or English into French, but in connecting first the familiar objects in the room, and then the familiar phrases of our daily life, with the French words which designate them. Our progress is slow but sure; and our children always call for a continuance of the lesson when the half hour is over.

THE *New Illustrated Hand-Book of Phrenology and Physiognomy* (S. R. Wells, New York) will not enhance the reputation of phrenology as a science. It can not be implicitly followed by those who really desire to learn how to read character upon phrenological principles. It is an admirably constructed text-book for those who are already satisfied that Mr. Wells is the great intellectual light of the nineteenth century. Phrenology is not yet a science. Some day it will be. Meanwhile thoughtful men can sift out from such books as this some facts to guide them in what, after all, must be the basis of their studies—*independent observation*. That character may be read by a study of form and figure no candid and careful observer of men can doubt. But Mr. Wells's charts do not afford an infallible measurement of mental and moral calibre.

RELIGIOUS.

It is not without emotion that we read Dr. Barnes's* affecting farewell to his host of readers. For nearly forty years he has carried on a double work, either portion of which is usually considered enough to task the energies of an ordinary man. He has been a pastor—most of the time of a large and influential parish in the city of Philadelphia. He has occupied a prominent position as a representative clergyman in his own denomination. He has given to the public several important contributions to the theological literature of the age. He has lived through an era of intense theological conflict, and taken an active part in it. At the same time he has prepared and published a series of volumes which have proved to be, not the most erudite, but the most popularly useful, of any commentary on the sacred Scriptures. He has done this far more by the power of patient assiduity than by that of brilliant genius. For years the early morning hours have found him at his desk studying the Bible, while the city in which he lived had not yet awakened from its slumbers. Neither the excitements of religious controversy nor the claims of the parish have been suffered to break in upon these sacred hours. The results of his studies he has given to the public in these series of commentaries, which constitute a perpetual monument to the value of resoluteness of purpose and steadiness of aim. His life-long labors are

* Notes Critical, Explanatory, and Practical on the Book of Psalms. By ALBERT BARNES. In three volumes. Vols. II. and III. New York: Harper and Brothers.

brought to a fitting close by his commentary on the Psalms, which we can not better describe than by saying that it possesses the characteristic features of his other kindred works. Of its kind we know nothing better. Those who already possess his Notes on other parts of the Bible will be sure to add these volumes to their library. Those who are often perplexed by practical difficulties in their reading of the Psalms will find many of those difficulties cleared away by the application of practical common-sense, aided by ripe scholarship. They will not be charmed by the coruscations of a poetic imagination, nor perplexed by the fantastic conceits of one whose scholastic life has been passed in the smoky atmosphere of German literature.

BAIN'S *Moral Science** and Dr. Hopkins's *Law of Love and Love as a Law*† appear before the American public nearly simultaneously.

They advocate substantially the same doctrine, though with different language. Each maintains that the idea of obligation is not an ultimate idea. Each insists that man must ascertain the true end of his being, and consciously pursue it. Each insists that the choice of the ultimate end determines the character. Each maintains that the good of others is the true end of our being.

Here they part company. Bain recognizes only human well-being; Hopkins maintains that our choice of God as the ultimate good is the supreme and final end of our life. Each of these treatises possesses its own peculiar value. The work of Bain is chiefly useful as a compendium of history. The first part, in which he discusses the theory of ethics, is contained in less than fifty pages. The second part, in which he gives an account of ethical systems, from the age of Socrates to the present day, occupies over three hundred pages. Dr. Hopkins's work disposes of the history of ethical systems in an introductory chapter. The rest of his book is devoted to an original discussion of Moral Philosophy, in two parts, in the first of which he elucidates the law of love as the theory of morals, in the latter of which he applies it to the discussion of practical questions. His work is written in a clear and simple style. It does not require an acquaintance with the technical terms of the schools to comprehend it. It brings Moral Science more thoroughly in accord with the teachings of the New Testament than any other work in the language. Its author, though evidently familiar with the works of other scholars, has drawn more from the teachings of Jesus Christ than from those of Socrates, Aristotle, Smith, Paley, or Kant. His book is thoroughly American in tone and in the topics which he discusses, and no less thoroughly Christian in the spirit with which it is imbued. It deserves to become, as it doubtless will, a most popular text-book for our schools and colleges.

It is not necessary for us to concur with the *Edinburgh Daily Review* in declaring of Rev.

* Moral Science: a Compendium of Ethics. By ALEXANDER BAIN. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

† The Law of Love and Love as a Law; or, Moral Science Theoretical and Practical. By MARK HOPKINS, D.D., LL.D. New York: Charles Scribner and Co.

John Ker's sermons* that there is nothing superior to them in the language in order to commend them very cordially. To the reader they possess a peculiar value in that they lack that declamatory style which seems to be essential to the greatest popular success of the spoken discourse, and that they contain many hidden beauties which a careless hearer would be sure to miss, but which the attentive reader can not fail to profit by—beauties less of verbal felicity than of subtle thought. These sermons are what is commonly known as Evangelical in sentiment. They are neither doctrinal on the one hand nor merely ethical on the other, but traverse the more difficult ground of spiritual experience. Less philosophical than those of Henry Ward Beecher, less stirring than those of Spurgeon, less poetic than those of Guthrie, less subtle than those of Robertson, they possess something of the qualities of each.

The Empty Crib, by Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler (Robert Carter and Brothers, New York), is an affecting memorial by one of the most popular religious speakers and writers of the day of one of his own children. It is characterized by that delicacy of taste which imbues almost every thing which issues from Mr. Cuyler's pen. It will prove a blessed visitor in many a home where the crib is empty and the heart is overfull. *The Blessed Dead*, by Rev. E. H. Bickersteth (from the same publishers), is a little tract in which the author undertakes to afford an answer to the question of his title-page, "What does Scripture reveal of the estate and employments of the blessed dead and of the risen saints?" and in which, eschewing all philosophical and imaginative conceits, he confines himself to gathering the testimony of Scripture upon this subject, upon which, however, the Scripture has really but very little testimony to give.

DR. SPRAGUE, after an interval of several years, issues a new volume of the *Annals of the American Pulpit* (Robert Carter and Brothers, New York). It embraces biographical notices of leading clergymen of the Lutheran, Reform Dutch, Associate, Associate Reformed, and Reformed Presbyterian Churches. The value of this work has been already recognized by the reception which has been accorded to it by the different denominations. It will unquestionably be highly esteemed by the friends of those whose names find a place in its pages. But for general reading it would have been far more valuable had its author wrought out with care biographical sketches giving an appreciative analysis of character in one-third the space, instead of publishing in full and without digestion the materials which his assiduous research has gathered.

POETRY.

OF the second volume of Browning's *Ring and the Book* (Fields, Osgood, and Co.) we have little to say in addition to what we have already said of the first volume. It contains, what we regard as the best portion of the entire work, the story of Pompilla, the murdered wife and mother, as

told by herself; the pleadings of the lawyers, which are more interesting as a study of the forensic eloquence of the seventeenth century than for any intrinsic wit or wisdom; the Pope's judgment, which constitutes a striking study of character; and the dying speech of Guido. Like its companion volume it abounds with rich, forcible, and striking passages, and contains some powerful analyses of character and pictures of ancient life, but elaborates a short story to a degree that will tax the patience of ordinary readers.

The Planet; a Song of a Distant World, by Larry Best, is a story of one who, by aid of the Muses, flees the pomps and vanities of this wicked world to seek unsullied bliss and purity in a distant planet, only to find himself disappointed in his anticipations, and preceded in his visit by the sin and suffering which he hoped to escape. The story of the conflict there between vice and virtue fills the remainder of his pages. The book possesses some merit. Portions of it are characterized by true poetic feeling and expression. The numbers are smooth and flowing. But our own earth abounds with a sufficient number of such conflicts to render it quite unnecessary to search for them in another planet, and Larry Best will do well, in his next endeavor, to seek a less ambitious theme.

The Voices of Nature, by Lansing B. Hall, disarms the critic by the fact that it is the work of one who has been blind from infancy. It is impossible to read his autobiographical introduction without feeling one's heart warm toward him. From its perusal we turn to his simple lyrics as to the utterances of a personal friend. A peculiar interest attaches to them. They disclose to us how voiceful nature is to the blind. We are almost startled to perceive how much his ears hear, and his fingers feel, as he sings of the winds, the rain-drops, the forest, and the flowers. It is certain that Mr. Hall without eyes sees more in nature than most men see with them.

THE Harpers publish an admirable little collection of *School Lyrics; or Sacred Hymns for Devotional Exercises in Schools*. The hymns are all adapted for singing, which is more than can be said of some more pretentious collections. The metrical trash which disgraces so many of our Sabbath-school collections, and which renders our revival hymnology so odious to cultivated taste, is carefully excluded. The book, which is about the size of the collection issued during the war under the auspices of the Christian Commission, would be no less serviceable for the family circle and the prayer-meeting than for the school-room.

D. APPLETON AND Co. continue their publication of the Globe edition of the poets by issuing in single volumes the *Works of Thomas Campbell* and *Henry Kirke White*. We have already had occasion to commend this publication as possessing the three requisites of a popular edition—clear type, convenient size, and reasonable price.

TRAVELS.

AMONG the reminiscences of our childhood is a very distinct recollection of a series of winter

* The Day-Dawn and the Rain, and other Sermons. By the Rev. JOHN KER, Glasgow, Scotland. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

evenings spent around the blazing fire of our New England home, fascinated by the story of Captain Cook's voyages, read aloud by one of our elders for the benefit of our family circle. Since that day books of travel have multiplied more rapidly than readers. English and American tourists are found in every part of the civilized globe. They travel always with their pen, often with their pencil in hand. They not only bring to our fireside the various countries of Europe, they carry us with them into wilds which only courageous adventure can penetrate. Livingstone, Speke, and Du Chaillu have familiarized us with Africa. Kane, Hayes, and Hall have carried us into the ice and snows of the polar regions. J. Ross Browne has transported us into the yet inhospitable wilds of our own continent. Paez and Bishop have recently opened to us South America. Asia and Oceanica have hitherto been almost unknown regions. But while American commerce is opening to us the one, American science has penetrated the other. Professor Bickmore's *Travels in the East Indian Archipelago** deserves to take rank among the foremost books of its kind as the work of a pioneer tourist.

His story commences on the 19th of April, 1865, fifty miles east of Christmas Island, on his way to the Strait of Sunda. It includes the narration of a year of scientific research among the volcanic islands of the Chinese Sea. It abounds not only in scientific information, such as will render it valuable to the savant, but also in remarkable adventures, which render it more interesting than many a romance to the general reader; while to both savant and general reader it possesses that peculiar attraction which belongs to a work that opens to us a hitherto substantially unknown land and introduces us to a new world. The book comes to us with the warm indorsement of the English public, and has already given to its author entrance to the select circle of the Royal Geographical Society. It is elegantly issued, and accompanied by two valuable maps and some admirable illustrations.

Letters of a Sentimental Idler, by H. H. Leech (D. Appleton and Co.), describes the author's travels in Greece, Turkey, Egypt, and the Holy Land. The title affords the reader a very fair description of the book. It is dreamy, sometimes to the point of diffuseness. It is invested with a personality which affords some measure of freshness to a very hackneyed theme. The author has been criticised for his egotism, but it is his egotism which gives the book its interest.

In our March Number we called our readers' attention to Dr. Nevius's "China and the Chinese." A companion volume to it is *Our Life in China*, by Helen C. Nevius, his wife (Robert Carter and Brothers). Less compact than her husband's volume, containing less information concerning the Celestials and the Celestial Empire, it is marked by a greater personality, and is more readable in style. To the student of China it is not so valuable. As a woman's book about a land where women have rarely penetrated, it has a peculiar value of its own.

ROMANCE.

LEYPOLDT AND HOLT give us the *Fisher Maiden*, by Björnsterne Björnson, and Sever and Francis publish *Arne*, by the same author. He is a Norwegian. His stories are simple prose idyls of Norwegian life. To read them carries one into the midst of Norway, and makes him at home with its peasant population. The opening chapter of the "Fisher Maiden" gives one a truer conception of the Norwegian village than any book of travels could do. In truth, there are few persons who would see with their own eyes what they can see through Björnson's. It is a positive delight to read such quiet stories of true home life after the sensational novels with which we are afflicted of late years. Björnson is a real genius—the originator of a new school of literature in his own land. His books have already traveled through the continent of Europe. They are translated, we believe by the author himself, into German, French, and English. They will become popular in America.

LEYPOLDT AND HOLT also publish from English sheets *The Gain of a Loss*. The incidents of the story are almost as ancient as English literature, and the common property of writers who have neither the capacity to invent nor yet the literary knowledge to select wisely. There is a mysterious changing of infants; a consequent defrauding of the rightful heir; an identification by a birth-mark; an interception of lovers' letters, of course by a Jesuit priest; an imprisonment of the hero in Indian wars; an Indian princess who falls madly in love with him, releases him from his captivity, and follows his fortunes; and, finally, a happy *dénouement* before the fall of the curtain. But for all that the characters are so drawn and the story is so told that it is saved from being commonplace, and only lacks a reasonable amount of originality in the plot to be really fresh and good.

HARPER AND BROTHERS publish *Phineas Finn*, *the Irish Member*, and Part I. of *He Knew he was Right*, both by Anthony Trollope. The former is admirably illustrated by Millais. Both of them possess the characteristic feature of Mr. Trollope's writings—truth. Perhaps no author gives the American reader a more correct picture of English society in its average aspect. The portraits of Thackeray are too often the caricatures of a satirist; those of Dickens the ideal heads of a poet—whose poetry, however, is that of real life; those of Trollope the limnings of one who only paints what he sees.

The Chaplet of Pearls, by the author of "The Heir of Redcliff" (D. Appleton and Co.), is a story of the sixteenth century. The scene is laid in France. The plot turns upon the struggles between the Catholic King and his Protestant subjects. It would be called, we suppose, an historical romance. But there is so little history and so much romance that whether the former is correct or not is of little consequence, since the latter is unquestionably interesting. The plot is well conceived, the incidents, albeit somewhat melodramatic, are striking, the descriptions good, and the reader is carried by the current of the story with a velocity which forbids him from criticising in detail.

* *Travels in the East Indian Archipelago*. By ALBERT S. BICKMORE, M.A. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

Tales from Alsace (Robert Carter and Brothers, New York) consists of a series of traditions and legends translated from the German. They carry us back to the days of the Reformation and to the land of legends, and are imbued with that genuine religious spirit which belongs to the age and country of Luther, and which has rendered the "Chronicles of the Schönberg Cotta Family" the most delightful of religious romances. It is an admirable book for the Sunday-school library, and a valuable addition to our light religious literature for Sunday reading.

Madame de Staël, by Amely Bölte (G. P. Putnam and Son, New York), is also a translation from the German. It is an historical novel of the order which Miss Muhlbach has rendered so popular, in which romance and history are so skillfully blended that no chemical analysis can discriminate between them. Madame de Staël was a sort of literary sun in Paris during the Napoleonic era. This imaginary story of her life introduces us to Necker, Voltaire, Madame de Genlis, Rousseau, the First Napoleon, and other literary and political lights of the latter part of the eighteenth century. The interest of the book lies chiefly in the graphic portraiture which it affords of these personages, and of the times in which they lived.

Fairy Tales from Gold Land, by May Wentworth (A. Roman and Co., San Francisco), con-

tains some stories that are good and some that are not so good, and differs from other similar collections only in the fact that the scenes of many of its stories are laid in California.

FROM D. Appleton and Co. we receive three bound volumes of *Waverley Novels*, in continuation of their popular edition; five volumes, in paper, of *Marryat's Works*; with new editions of *Phenixiana* and *The Tin Trumpet*. Their duplicate publication of *Waverley* in cloth and paper, in clear though fine type, places that English classic within the reach of almost every body.

Five Weeks in a Balloon, by Jules Verne (D. Appleton and Co.), is, or pretends to be, a translation of a French burlesque on English books of African travel. It purports to describe the adventures of Dr. Ferguson and his companions in an aerial voyage across the continent of Africa. It claims to be accurate in its description of the country and its inhabitants, but purely imaginary in its narration of incidents and adventures. The interest of the book lies in the air of sober reality with which the most impossible of events are narrated, and in its opening chapters reminds us a little of the veracious reports of the transactions of the Pickwick Club, which the pen of Dickens has rendered immortal.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 31st of March. On that day was consigned to earth all that was mortal of JAMES HARPER. Of him the Editors of the Magazine will speak on a future occasion.

At noon of the 4th of March the administration of President Johnson and the existence of the Fortieth Congress came to an end. President Johnson put forth a farewell address to the people, in which he set forth and vindicated the course of his administration.

The Forty-first Congress assembled at noon of the 4th. Of the Senators elect and qualified there are 66, of whom 56 are classed as Republicans, and 10 as Democrats. In the House there are 210 Representatives, of whom 170 are Republicans, and 70 Democrats. But Alabama, Connecticut, Georgia, and New Hampshire had not then chosen Representatives; and Mississippi, Texas, and Virginia, not having been reconstructed, were without Representatives. When all these vacancies are filled the ratio of the two parties will not be essentially altered. When the new Congress assembled, Mr. Colfax, as Vice-President, took the chair in the Senate, *ex officio*. He had just received the unanimous thanks of the House for his able and impartial course as its Speaker. In the House Mr. James G. Blaine, of Maine, Republican, was chosen as Speaker, receiving 136 votes, against 57 cast for Mr. Kerr, of Indiana, Democrat.

The formal inauguration of General Grant as

President took place shortly after noon. Contrary to precedent the retiring President was not present. The inaugural address of the new President was looked upon as foreshadowing the course of his administration. We give textually the leading paragraphs of this Inaugural:

I have taken the oath of office without mental reservation, and with the determination to do, to the best of my ability, all that it requires of me.

On all leading questions agitating the public mind I will always express my views to Congress, and urge them according to my judgment, and, when I think it advisable, will exercise the constitutional privilege of interposing a veto to defeat measures which I oppose. But all laws will be faithfully executed whether they meet my approval or not. I shall on all subjects have a policy to recommend—none to enforce against the will of the people.

The country having just emerged from a great rebellion, many questions will come before it for settlement in the next four years which preceding Administrations have never had to deal with. In meeting these it is desirable that they should be appreciated calmly, without prejudice, hate, or sectional pride, remembering that the greatest good to the greatest number is the object to be attained. All laws to secure this end will receive my best efforts for their enforcement.

A great debt has been contracted in securing to us and our posterity the Union. The payment of this, principal and interest, as well as the return to a specie basis as soon as it can be accomplished without material detriment to the debtor class, or to the country at large, must be provided for. To protect the national honor, every dollar of the Government indebtedness should be paid in gold, unless otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract.

How the public debt is to be paid, or specie payments resumed, is not so important as that a plan should be adopted and acquiesced in. A united determination to do is worth more than divided coun-

sels upon the method of doing. Legislation on this subject may not be necessary now, nor even advisable; but it will be when the civil law is more fully restored in all parts of the country, and trade resumes its wonted channels. It will be my endeavor to execute all laws in good faith, to collect all revenues assessed, and to have them properly disbursed. I will, to the best of my ability, appoint to office only those who will carry out this design.

In regard to foreign policy, I would deal with nations as equitable law requires individuals to deal with each other, and I would protect the law-abiding citizen, whether of native or of foreign birth, wherever his rights are jeopardized, or the flag of our country floats. I would respect the rights of all nations, demanding equal respect for our own. If others depart from this rule in their dealings with us, we may be compelled to follow their precedent.

The proper treatment of the original occupants of this land—the Indians—is one deserving of careful consideration. I will favor any course toward them which tends to their civilization, christianization, and ultimate citizenship.

The question of suffrage is one which is likely to agitate the public so long as a portion of the citizens of the nation are excluded from its privileges in any State. It seems to me very desirable that this question should be settled now, and I entertain the hope and express the desire that it may be by the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

On the 5th the President sent to the Senate his nominations for Cabinet officers. These were at once confirmed. But it was soon discovered that Alexander T. Stewart, named as Secretary of the Treasury, was rendered ineligible by a law passed eighty years ago, excluding from this office any person engaged in trade or commerce. This law, which no one seemed to remember, was in force. Mr. Stewart is one of the most prominent merchants of the country. The President, in a special message, urged Congress to remove in this case the disability imposed by the law. Congress failed to act upon this suggestion, and the disability remained. Mr. Stewart could not at brief notice absolutely retire from his great business; but he proposed to transfer the large profits accruing from it to him to the hands of trustees, to be by them devoted to benevolent purposes, and to be placed wholly beyond his control. These profits would probably in four years amount to several millions of dollars. But, upon proper consultation, it was concluded that this course would not remove the technical disability, and the nomination of Mr. Stewart was withdrawn.—Mr. Elihu B. Washburne had been nominated and confirmed as Secretary of State. He withdrew upon the ground that his health would not permit him to discharge the duties of that office. General J. M. Schofield, Secretary of War during the last months of Mr. Johnson's administration, was nominated and confirmed for that position. It was understood, however, that his acceptance of the office was merely temporary, and that he wished, as soon as convenient, to resume his post in the regular army. He resigned a few days later.—The vacancies created by the resignations of Messrs. Stewart, Washburne, and Schofield were at once filled, and the Cabinet, as finally constituted, stood as follows:

Secretary of State. Hamilton Fish, of New York.
Secretary of the Treasury. George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts.

Secretary of War. John A. Rawlins, of Illinois.
Secretary of the Navy. Adolph E. Borie, of Pennsylvania.

Secretary of the Interior. Jacob D. Cox, of Ohio.
Postmaster-General. John A. J. Cresswell, of Maryland.

Attorney-General. E. Rockwood Hoar, of Massachusetts.

The construction of the chief standing committees has a great influence upon the course of legislation. In the Senate the changes are few: Sumner remains at the head of the Committee of *Foreign Relations*; Chandler, *Commerce*; Cameron, *Agriculture*; Wilson, *Military Affairs*; Grimes, *Naval Affairs*; Trumbull, *Judiciary*; Ramsay, *Public Lands*; Howe, *Claims*; Willey, *Patents*; Howard, *Pacific Railroad*; Drake, *Education*; Conkling, *Revision of the Laws*; Cragin, *Expenses of the Senate*; Fessenden, succeeding Morrill, *Appropriations*; Anthony, *Printing*; Morton, succeeding Sprague, *Manufactures*; Harlan, succeeding Henderson, *Indian Affairs*; Edmunds, succeeding Van Winkle, *Pensions*.

In the House, the chairmen of the chief committees are: Schenck, *Ways and Means*; Dawes, *Appropriations*; Garfield, *Banking and Currency*; Hotchkiss, *Reorganization of the Civil Service*; Stokes, *Ninth Census*; Washburn (of Massachusetts), *Claims*; Dixon, *Commerce*; Julian, *Public Lands*; Farnsworth, *Post-Offices*; Morrell, *Manufactures*; Wilson, *Agriculture*; Clark, *Indian Affairs*; Logan, *Military Affairs*; Bingham, *Judiciary*; Boyd, *Revolutionary Claims*; Scofield, *Naval Affairs*; Banks, *Foreign Affairs*; Cullom, *Territories*; Ingersoll, *Roads and Canals*; Ferris, *Mines and Mining*; Dockery, *Freedman's Affairs*; Arnell, *Education and Labor*; Poland, *Revision of Laws*.

The Public Credit Bill, an abstract of which was given in our last Record, was "pocketed" by President Johnson, having been presented to him almost at the close of the last Congress. It was again passed, and approved by President Grant, the section legalizing contracts payable specifically in gold being omitted, for the reason that recent judicial decisions fully recognize the validity of such contracts, without special legislation.—A bill designed to equalize the distribution of the currency furnished by the National Banks has passed the Senate. Its essential provisions are: This currency shall be restricted to \$300,000,000, one half to be apportioned among the States in the ratio of their population; the other half in the ratio of taxable property. In States where the present issues exceed the legal proportion, the Secretary of the Treasury may call upon banks to redeem and withdraw their proportion of the excess. It is also provided that banks located in States where there is an excess may, under proper regulations, transfer their places of business to States in which there is a deficiency.—The Tenure-of-Office Law has at length been disposed of. The House voted to repeal absolutely; the Senate refused to concur, but made some important modifications. A Committee of Conference was called for, and a bill agreed upon, ostensibly an amendment, but really almost a repeal. It provides, in substance, that during a recess of the Senate the President may "suspend" any officer contemplated in the bill, and appoint another person to fill his place. When the Senate meets the President must present a nomination for the office, and if the Senate then refuse to concur, the President shall, as soon as possible, nominate another person. The bill as agreed upon by the Committee was passed in the Senate by 42 to 8, and in the House by 108 to 67.

In accordance with the law for reorganizing

the army, the regular infantry are consolidated into twenty-five regiments. The ranking officers in each regiment are Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Major. We give a list of these officers. Most of them rank as Generals in the volunteer service. Not a few of these men will be recognized as having performed great and often brilliant services during the late war:

Colonels.—Robert C. Buchanan, Samuel W. Crawford, George W. Getty, Franklin F. Flint, Nelson A. Miles, William B. Hazen, John Gibbon, James V. Bomford, John H. King, Henry B. Clitz, Alvan C. Gillem, Orlando B. Willcox, Philip R. de Trobriand, Charles S. Lovell, Oliver L. Shepherd, Galusha Pennypacker, Thomas L. Crittenden, Thomas H. Ruger, Charles H. Smith, George Sykes, George Stoneman, David S. Stanley, Jefferson C. Davis, Ronald S. McKenzie, Joseph A. Mower.

Lieutenant-Colonels.—Pinckney Lugenbeel, Thomas C. English, John R. Brooke, Joseph H. Potter, Alexander S. Webb, Daniel Huston, Charles C. Gilbert, John R. Edie, Luther P. Bradley, Alexander M'D. McCook, George P. Buell, George W. Wallace, Henry A. Morrow, George A. Woodward, August V. Kautz, Robert S. Granger, Samuel B. Hayman, Emory Upton, Romeyn B. Ayres, Lewis C. Hunt, Frank Wheaton, Elwell S. Otis, George Crook, Cuvier Grover, Edward W. Hinks.

Majors.—Martin D. Hardin, Peter T. Swaine, Richard I. Dodge, William M'E. Dye, Hugh B. Fleming, James P. Roy, William H. Lewis, John D. Wilkins, Edwin F. Townsend, Alexander Chambers, Lyman Bissell, Henry R. Mizner, Robert S. La Motte, Matthew M. Blunt, John S. Mason, William Carlin, Robert E. A. Crofton, James Van Vorst, George A. Williams, John M. Goodhue, Jos. N. G. Whistler, Alex. J. Dallas, Henry C. Merriam, Zenas R. Bliss.

The Secretary of the Treasury has put forth a statement of the condition of the public debt up to April 1. The result is that the nominal debt, including accrued interest, amounts to \$2,636,202,455. From this is to be deducted funds in the Treasury \$111,005,993, leaving the absolute debt \$2,525,196,421. The apparent diminution during the month has been \$2,573,039, to which should be added \$2,915,320 in bonds, issued to the Pacific Railroad Companies, which form really no part of the public debt. Putting these two items together, the actual reduction of the public debt during the month amounts to \$5,507,359. The Secretary adds that had the report been delayed, as formerly, for a week, the additional returns would have shown a further decrease in the debt of about \$4,000,000.

Some time since Mr. David A. Wells, Special Commissioner of the Revenue, made a report in which he stated in substance that the necessary expenses of a family had increased since 1860 about 78 per cent.; and that wages for unskilled mechanical labor had increased about 50 per cent., and for skilled labor about 60 per cent. Exception was taken to this statement, especially by Hon. William D. Kelley, in a speech delivered in the House of Representatives on the 4th of February. Mr. Kelley said that this statement was not correct; but that "the cost of the necessities of life was not more than 50 per cent. higher than in 1860, while skilled labor is now immeasurably more fully employed at an advance of from 80 to 100 per cent. over the wages of that year."

Mr. Wells, in an elaborate letter, undertakes to justify the statements made in his report, basing his justification upon an immense number of statements furnished from many parts of the country, mainly from the manufacturing regions. He assumes that the Government buys to the best advantage, and the prices which it has paid

at different periods is a fair measure of the relative cost. In 1860 the Commissary-General paid for flour \$6 77; in 1868 \$12 72—an increase of 88 per cent. In the various articles of household use, such as flour, meats, vegetables, wood, coal, clothing, and the like, the increase at Lawrence, Massachusetts, from 1860 to 1869, was from 36 to 166 per cent., the average being a little more than 90. Of the most important item of rent Philadelphia is taken as a fair sample. Here, of 26 houses, assumed to be fair examples of those occupied by working-men, the rents in 1860 were \$382; in 1869 \$882—an increase of more than 130 per cent.

Taking into account all the figures given by Mr. Wells, we think that the man who in 1860 received \$15 a week would require in 1869 \$25 to enjoy practically the same amount of comfort; and to do this he must economize in the article of rent. That is, while being as well clothed and fed, he must have less space for a home; for rents have increased more largely than any other thing.

The prices paid for labor can be given only approximately. Those paid on the Treasury extension at Washington may be taken as a sample. Skilled labor gained from 50 to 75 per cent. advance; unskilled 40; the average being 58.—Mr. Wells gives many reports from great manufacturing establishments. In some the advance in wages is small, in others larger; but the general result seems to us to be that in 1869 working-men are quite as fully employed as in 1860; and that upon the whole the condition of working people in the manufacturing districts of the United States is not less favorable than it was in 1860. In the agricultural regions we think it decidedly more favorable.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

The revolution in *Mexico* against President Juarez appears to have failed. The rebels under Negrete have been defeated by Alatorre, the revolutionary chief barely escaping with his life. The severest penalties have been visited upon the rebels.

In *Cuba* the revolution still progresses, though it has not yet been able to establish for itself a provisional seat of government. General Lesca, starting from Nuevitas, has succeeded in marching through the interior to Puerto Principe, and has raised the siege of that place. He suffered all along the march from the insurgents who opposed him in the mountain defiles and inflicted upon him severe punishment. Early in March over three hundred political prisoners were banished by the Spanish authorities to Fernando Po, an island on the western coast of Africa. The Cuban revolutionists have decreed the immediate and unconditional abolition of slavery. General Dulce, the Spanish commander, on the 24th of March issued a proclamation asserting that the insurrection had already been mastered in the interior; but in order that no assistance might be rendered to it from abroad, he decreed that "The vessels that may be captured in Spanish waters, or on the free seas adjacent to the Island of Cuba, with cargoes of men, arms, and munitions, or such materials as in any manner whatever may contribute to abet or encourage the insurrection in this province, irrespective of their point of departure or destination, and after ex-

amination of their papers and register, will be considered *de facto* enemies to the integrity of our territory, and treated as pirates, in accordance with the naval ordinances. The persons who may be thus captured will be immediately shot."

EUROPE.

Before the British Parliament, which met in December last, was three months old, the deaths of five peers and five members of the House of Commons were recorded.—On the evening of March 1 Mr. Gladstone moved the introduction of his bill to disestablish the Irish Church, to make provision for its temporalities, and to disendow the Royal College of St. Patrick at Maynooth. He followed up his motion with a speech. The bill, he said, was intended to go into effect after January 1, 1871. A commission would be appointed for a period of ten years to guard the property of the Church. The bill would result in the abolition of the rights of bishops to the peerage. Provision was made for the clergy, who would receive life-annuities. Mr. Gladstone estimated the income of the Irish Church at £700,000 per annum; its capital was £16,000,000, and the charges imposed or retained by this bill were £8,650,000, leaving a balance of between seven and eight millions at the disposal of Parliament. This surplus, he urged, must be applied to Irish purposes, and not to purposes ecclesiastical. The proposed plan was to devote it "to the relief of inevitable calamity and suffering." The bill was passed by the House on the night of March 23, by a vote of 368 to 250.—The following account has been issued of the gross public income and expenditure of Great Britain in the year ended September 30, 1868: The customs produced £22,590,000; the excise, £19,875,000; stamps, £9,250,000; taxes (land and assessed), £3,507,000; property tax, £7,281,000; Post-Office, £4,590,000; crown lands (net), £347,000, and miscellaneous, £2,867,561, making a total income of £70,307,561. The ordinary expenditure was: the interest on debt, bonds, bills, etc., £26,495,771 16s. 7d.; charges on consolidated fund, £1,860,474 13s. 9d., and supply services, £43,820,740 7s. 9d., thus making a total of £72,176,986 18s. 1d. ordinary expenditure. The expenditure for fortifications under special acts was £805,000, and the total expenditure was therefore £72,981,986 18s.

The session of the North German Parliament was opened on the 4th by a pacific speech from King William.—King John of Saxony made, a few days ago, a speech to the legislative body of his kingdom. Saxony is, after Prussia, the most important member of the North German Confederation, and this expression of the views of the sovereign is of importance as indicating something of the future of Germany. The king said: "You have enjoyed for two years an uninterrupted peace, and such a one as I hope may continue till the latest times. The old condition of things has made way for a new and, as I will-

ingly confess, thoroughly healthy one. Germany will continue to develop her strength under the ægis of the North German Confederation, and German disunion, formerly the cause of so much scorn, will cease. Have confidence in the future, for a disturbance of this peace is not to be thought of. I have made peace with Prussia, and as an honorable man I will keep it honestly and frankly, and therefore I can not approve of the intrigues of a party that daily preaches the separation of Saxony from the North German Confederation and the restoration of the old state of things, thus giving itself the appearance of discovering the secret and selfish aims of the Saxon Government. This party holds thoroughly mistaken opinions, and adopts a point of view vastly different from that of the Government. The restoration of the old state of things, gentlemen, is in Germany an impossibility."

In *Spain* the Constituent Cortes on the 3d committed to fifteen members the task of drafting a Constitution, to define the rights and liberties of citizens and submit a form of government. The form of the Constitution submitted by this commission grants religious liberty, but retains Roman Catholicism as the State religion. Notwithstanding the opposition of the Republicans a monarchy is to be established, and, as now appears, the Duke of Montpensier, son of Louis Philippe, will be invited to the throne. It is proposed in the draft of the law that the King shall be chosen for life, and his heir shall attain his majority at the age of eighteen. Considerable disturbance has been created in Andalusia on account of military conscription, resulting in great loss of life.

In *Italy* the legality of the marriage of priests has been argued in a remarkable case brought before the Court of Appeal at Naples. The advocate of the priest who was desirous of entering into the marriage state argued that celibacy was in perfect contradiction to the nature of man, to the Scriptures, and to the example of Christ, who selected for his disciples and apostles married men. These words of the advocate were received with shouts of applause and vivas, which were renewed when he went on to say that to moralize society the priests must be moralized, and this could only be accomplished by allowing their marriage. The advocate for the opposite party contended for the old state of things, and protested against any changes which would do violence to the prejudices of the multitude. What would be thought of a man who said mass in the presence of his wife and family? The Attorney-General followed the advocate of the priest in a speech full of eloquence, and distinguished by the most liberal spirit. He said he would infinitely rather hold out his hand to a priest who took his wife to his house than to one who took his concubine. This speech was followed by the wildest demonstrations of applause. The court has declared that the opposition to the priest's marriage is inadmissible, and directs that the ceremony shall be proceeded with according to law.

Editor's Drawer.

THE present Number closes the Thirty-eighth Volume of this Magazine, with a circulation of about ten thousand copies more than it had at the close of the Thirty-seventh. Many pleasantries come to us from these new subscribers. To them we say, persevere; to the old, forget us not. A young lady once remarked to an individual: "Your countenance to me is like the rising sun, for it always gladdens me with a cheerful look." That is the mission of the Drawer. A merry or cheerful countenance was always one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies or persecutors could not take from him. The Drawer stands guard against the gloomy and forbidding, against the mourners and complainers. The industrious bee does not complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in his road, but buzzes on, selecting the honey where he can find it, and passes quietly by the places where it is not. So doth the Drawer.

BISHOP BECKWITH, of Georgia, recently made a visitation to the Southwestern portion of his diocese. There being no Episcopal church in the town, the Methodist church was borrowed for an evening service. A large concourse of people assembled to welcome the Bishop. The whites filled the interior of the building; the blacks, from curiosity, flocked around the doors. The Bishop retired to the rear of the edifice for the purpose of robing, little anticipating the effect he was about to produce. Arrayed in his vestments he proceeded slowly, under the moonlight, from the rear to the front of the building. As he turned the corner a gust of wind caught the flowing episcopal lawn, and expanded it like outstretched wings. The darkeys constantly had been subjected to the terrorism of the Ku-Klux, whose members, wrapped in white sheets and other disfigurements, had alarmed their superstitious nature; therefore, on now beholding this strange apparition approaching them, clad in white, they gave a frantic yell, "Ku-Klux! Ku-Klux!" and took to the woods. The Bishop preserved his gravity, entered the building, and held the worship; but throughout the entire service, and amidst the most pathetic parts of his sermon, the distant yells, "Ku-Klux!" were heard re-echoing through the forest from the running negroes.

A HALF-WITTED fellow, well known in the region of Piqua, Ohio, came into the office of a gentleman of that place a few days since, and mentioned the sudden death of an old and much esteemed citizen. On being asked the cause of the man's death, he answered, "*Hard disease.*" "What's that?" "Well, I don't know; he was sittin' on his chair, and all at once he died—and *he never noticed it!*"

THE manner in which General Sheridan has closed up the Indian business recalls to a Western correspondent, who was for many years connected with our Indian affairs, a good thing said by a Yaneton Sioux chief at a treaty council held by General Harney in 1856, after he had thoroughly quieted the Sioux. The General had

just addressed the Indians, and accused them in severe terms of robbing and murdering the whites; when the chief alluded to, who was called (for short) The-Man-Who-Was-Struck-By-The-Rhea (meaning a Rhea Indian), made a lengthy and apt reply, charging the whites with being the aggressors, in cheating and robbing the ignorant Indians, who, having no other mode of redress, were obliged to take it out in killing. He closed as follows: "You pick out *poorest* man you got, and send um up here to give us our goods. When agent comes here *he poor*; but he get rich. After he get rich *he go 'way*, and *'nother* poor man come. Now there's *g-r-e-a-t m-a-n-y* white men, and there's *some thieves.*" And that, we reckon, is a fair solution of the Indian question.

TIME was when the ornate in music was mainly heard only in the Roman Catholic Church, or in some of the more wealthy of the Episcopal. That time, however, has long passed; and in our day there may be, and is, listened to in Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, and other Protestant churches, music arranged from the best Roman masses, or from the choicest gems of the opera. This matter (and, for *that* matter, *chacun à son goût*) was very neatly hit recently by a worthy minister whose taste ran to plain song. He was accidentally officiating in an opulent congregation where the quartette choir was of the very first order. The ordinary announcement is, "*Let us sing the 173d hymn*;" but this outspoken, homespun old gentleman, knowing the ground on which he stood and the audience whom he addressed, said, in rotund voice, looking squarely at the people: "*We will now listen to the singing of the 173d hymn!*" which was done with as much "deportment" as could have been assumed by a hundred Mr. Turveydrops, with the attendant Mrs., Miss, and Master Turveys. We all understand it, talk as we may.

WE have a little anecdote of Faraday, which will be new to ninety-nine folks out of a hundred, the hundredth being he who reads the printed proceedings of the Royal Society, in one of the latest numbers of which there is a rich collection of biographical facts, chiefly derived from the correspondence and note-books of the philosopher. It appears that he and Sir Charles Lyell were sent as government commissioners to watch the inquest upon those who died by the explosion in the Haswell Colliery in 1844. Faraday cross-examined the witnesses very pertinently. Among other questions he asked how the rate of flow of air currents was measured? An inspector, in reply, took a pinch of gunpowder from a box, as if it were snuff, and let it fall through the flame of a candle. His companion, with a watch, noted the time that the smoke took to travel a certain distance. The method satisfied Faraday, but he remarked on the careless handling of the powder, and he asked where it was kept? "In a bag tightly tied." "Yes, but where do you keep the bag?" "You are sitting on it!" quoth the callous miner. For the well-intentioned people, not being overstocked with soft chairs, had given the commissioner their best

substitute for a cushion. Faraday's agility in vacating his honored seat may be imagined; so may his expostulations, which, we are mildly informed, were animated and expressive. For the rest of the trial he sat, unlike the Ingoldsby cobbler's wife, without a cushion in his chair.

ALTHOUGH ladies, as a general thing, are proverbially fond of horses, yet even with them there is a limit to admiration, as was the case with a certain belle who turned a deaf ear to a suitor who possessed more bullion than brain. "Look at him," said she to a friend, as he passed; "could you marry him, even if he *had* a carriage and horses?" "No, indeed," replied the sympathizer; "not if he kept a livery-stable!"

THE degree of interest that was taken by Dis-senters in the recent English elections may be inferred by a remark made by Mr. Spurgeon, who was scolding certain of his followers who declined to interfere in politics on the ground that they were "not of this world." This, he argued, was mere metaphor. "You might as well," he said, "being sheep of the Lord's, decline to eat a mutton-chop, on the plea that it would be cannibalism."

A CORRESPONDENT at Manlius, New York, thus writes: A few years ago I was summoned to attend the sitting of a commission of lunacy at a farmer's house in a neighboring town, and took my little son with me for the sake of the ride. In the course of the proceedings the oath was administered to several persons at once. The little fellow observed, and drew his own conclusions. The other day I was saying something about an agricultural meeting, when my boy spoke up: "Father, was that an agricultural meeting where they passed round a Testament, and they all *smelt* of it, and then swore at it?"

ANOTHER instance of the curious way in which little folks regard the customs of those with whom they have not been familiar. It comes from Williamsport, Pennsylvania: My six-year-old went with her grandmother to dine with some aged "Friends," and on her return remarked that "at the table, before eating, the old women dozed a while" (silent blessing).

THE Holy Father must have his little hilarity, now and then, as well as we heretics. Not long ago he gave an example of it to a corporation of bakers, who asked audience of him in order to remonstrate against a new and excellent public oven, designed to supply bread to the poor at a low profit. This interference with the dishonest gains of the Roman bakers, though a great popular benefit, was a grievous injury in their eyes. "Holy Father," said the spokesman, "it is very hard on us; we have worked so long for the public benefit." "It is quite true, my son," replied the Pope; "it is high time you rested a little, and let other people work!" Pius rather had him there.

SOME fifty or sixty years ago, when Ballston Spa, with its mineral waters, enjoyed the notoriety of being the leading watering-place in America, Mr. Nicholas Low, of this city, a gentleman well known and commended by old Knickerbockers,

erected a spacious hotel, known then and now as the *Sans Souci Hotel*. The upper-tendons of both sides of Mason and Dixon's Line, the parvenu and the snob, the good and the bad, resorted thither for health or amusement. Gambling was apparently one of the medicaments largely indulged in, and many a dashing blade, after indulging in a course of that treatment, ended by finding his purse ornamented with the anagram MT. One of these playful young gentlemen, having, like a spring lamb, "gambled on the green" a little too deeply, wrote with a diamond on a window in his room:

Quand vous venez ici, vous êtes *sans souci*,
Mais quand vous partez, vous êtes *sans six sous*.

CRUEL, is it not, that the jocose American citizen can not resist the temptation to laugh at the misfortune of his neighbor? Thus in Babylon, Long Island, when Mr. William Williams was advertised among the bankrupts, he was derisively dubbed a Deficiency Bill!

IN 1865, just after the surrender of Mobile, an officer of the Thirty-third Infantry, then stationed there, lost his wife—a lady much esteemed by his brother-officers, who were therefore desirous that the last rites to the deceased should be performed with the greatest possible decorum. The cemetery being within short distance, it was thought best that the procession should proceed thither on foot. The city undertaker, having mounted the seat with the driver of the hearse, glanced back to see that all was in readiness to move. Noticing that the officers were in regular order in the rear of the hearse, and thinking that he could improve upon that, he addressed one of the officers, *sotto voce*: "Captain, hadn't you better get the officers to scatter themselves about the hearse?—it'll give *the thing* a more cheerful appearance, you know!"

A CONNECTICUT correspondent relates it as a habit of a neighbor of his in that State that he usually prefaces his remarks upon most subjects with the words "Why I;" so much so as to have acquired the name of "Why-I Jenkins." Not long since the poor gentleman had the misfortune to lose his wife, and buried her by the side of a townsman named Captain Dobbs. The Captain was fortunate enough to have friends who ordered a grave-stone, which in due course was taken to the cemetery, but by mistake was placed over the grave of "Why-I's" wife. The bereaved man, on visiting the grave-yard shortly after, was much astonished at the position of the stone, and, raising both hands, exclaimed: "*Why* I put her down Nancy Jenkins, and she's come up Captain Dobbs!"

He went away to inquire about it.

THE same correspondent speaks of another neighbor, who took his eight-gallon keg to a store to have it filled with molasses. The storekeeper declared he had put in ten gallons, and demanded pay accordingly. Our friend paid, adding that he "didn't mind the money so much as he did *the strain on the damned old keg*!"

BILL P——, by force of brain and gift of gab, has come to be looked to as authority in the community of Black River Forks, out in Wis-

consin. He is a cross between a lumberman, politician, and lawyer, and was never lacking for a loophole through which to slip when ordinary men would have acknowledged themselves cornered. Bill had been called upon to defend a worthy citizen against an indictment for assault and battery upon a miserable vagabond, "contrary to the peace and dignity of the people of the State of Wisconsin." The evidence was conclusive, and Bill attempted not to justify or mitigate. There seemed no way to escape punishment; but when Bill came to address the jury he laid down this rule of law: "You can't convict this defendant unless the prosecution prove the entire allegation. Proving a part will not do. We *admit* the assault and battery, but we *deny* that it was contrary to the peace and dignity of the people of the State of Wisconsin, and the prosecution has failed to show it."

The jury so held.

Judge Hackett, it is understood, will hold this as a precedent in certain cases to come before him next term.

THE inmates of our reformatory institutions now and then get off a good thing. In one of these admirable retreats the chaplain, noted for the length of his sermons, was lately made the subject of a practical joke. The inmates, it seems, had organized a band of Ethiopian Minstrels, and conducted it with so much success as to insure the attendance of the entire household—a large audience. During one of the "rests" Sambo asked of Brother Bones, "What will our chaplain preach about next Sunday?" After the usual number of failures to answer the interrogatory Sambo was solicited to explain, which he did by saying, "Why, Brudder Bones, he will preach about—*twenty minutes*." Which he did.

A CLERGYMAN informs us that a Washington correspondent of a religious paper recently assigned to the Rev. Dr. S—a rather novel pulpit. The Doctor had preached from the text, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against you." The Doctor must have been not a little surprised, if he saw the account of the sermon, to read in the words of the correspondent, "Dr. S— then preached from the gates of hell." Probably one of those fiery discourses for which the preacher is famous.

FROM the same source we learn that a clergyman in New Jersey, having had difficulty with his vestry, was requested by the latter to resign. What must have been the surprise of the congregation when, the next time the rector preached, it was from a text occurring in the "Gospel for the day"—the fourth Sunday after Epiphany—"And they besought him that he would *depart out of their coats*." Our correspondent does not state whether his clerical friend cleared the coat as was desiderated by the vestry, or whether he persisted in maintaining his rectorial rights, as other Jersey rectors do when raid is made upon them.

THE same good parson mentions the case of a Mr. G—, who was said to be paying his addresses to a Miss Nourse. Mr. G— being a widower, an envious neighbor remarked: "I don't believe he is going to marry Miss Nellie."

"Why?"

"Because his wife didn't leave any children, and I don't see what he wants with a Nourse."

A PENNSYLVANIA correspondent mentions that in the town adjoining the village wherein he dwells religious sects are numerous and thriving; so much so that an old gentleman recently remarked that if he wished to start a new religion he would go there to do it. Among other denominations the Dunkers and Omish are well represented, the color and style of whose dress so closely resemble each other that it is sometimes jocularly said the only difference between them consists in the former wearing buttons and the latter hooks and eyes. Some years ago the Dunkers succeeded in adding to their number a poor, slow-motivated, worthless fellow, who was a by-word for slovenliness in the community. On a certain Sunday he with some other converts received the ordinance of baptism in a neighboring creek. All went well enough until our dirty friend's turn came, when, just as he was brought up from the plunge, a waggish farmer spoiled the solemnity of the scene by drawling out: "Give him another dip; give him another—he's a *filthy devil*!"

AN epitaph which is not an epitaph comes from a New Jersey friend, who says that in a grave-yard in his vicinity there is a little headstone on which is cut the words: "Child of Richard and Jane B—: *too young for name or age*."

FOND as Mr. Robert Bonner is of "that noble animal, the hoss," his love is not more fervid than was that of the late Professor Goodsir, of Edinburgh, who was accustomed to surround himself with animals that he caressed during life, while he looked forward lovingly to the time when he should be at liberty to examine their dead tissues. "I love the horse," he said one day to a friend—"I love the horse," laying great stress on the word *love*; and then added, without a pause, "I have dissected him twice."

A FEW days since a trial was in progress in the Superior Court of Cincinnati, in which was involved the value of the chairs and furniture of a tonsorial establishment. The learned Judge to whom the cause had been submitted was at a nonplus by reason of the conflicting evidence of the value of the property in question. He determined to send for the barber in the courthouse building, and hear his opinion of the value, and thereupon he dispatched the court messenger for Mynheer von Schlizeringberg, the aforesaid barber, to aid him in determining the suit. The messenger accordingly told the Teuton what the Judge desired, and after fixing up in his best style he made his way to the courtroom, and, seeing a vacant seat next the Judge (who by-the-by is fond of a joke), the said Teuton ascended the bench and took his seat alongside the Court, and became a component part thereof. Judge S—, after taking a sly look at his colleague and the bar, proceeded to hear the witnesses; and the adjunct of the Court, taking out his pencil, began figuring up the amount of the damages, and after he had heard the witnesses pronounced judgment: "As he vos a par-

per, and understoot the case, and dis Court knew noting of de case, he gave shugment for de plaintiff tree huntret dollar, and fivf tollar for himself and de shuge for deciding te case." Of course the "shugment" was heard amidst roars, which the new judge took as a compliment, and did not find out the real cause until the Judge instructed him to go into the witness-box and be sworn as to his opinion and judgment, and then he claimed that his word as a shuge was as good as if he had sworn to it. After he had been sworn accordingly, and given his opinion upon the matters in controversy, he was interrogated by the Court as to the meaning of the stripes on a barber's pole. Not being well posted in which, he was fully informed by the Court. He claimed that all he did not know in the matter could be told by Lawyer Jokehim, upon whose testimony the plaintiff rested his case and obtained his "shugment."

WE are disposed to commend as a model for lawyers who contemplate inserting their cards in the publishing columns of this Magazine the following hand-bill announcement of an enterprising member of the bar of Pennsylvania, merely changing name and address:

Our Country, Our Laws, Our Side.

JOHN K. DUSENBERRY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Jefferson County and the public generally.

He can be found at his office in

PUNKVILLE,

JEFFERSON COUNTY, PA.

Collections intrusted to him of money will be attended to promptly in any part of the State, and shall be placed immediately in the hands of good collecting officers.

He will council on all matters touching the laws of God or man, taking no fees for the former, for its fruits of peace yield a sufficient reward; its summary is, Love thy neighbor as thyself, and owe no man any thing. By strict obedience to this first code most likely you will never call on him for council on the second; but if you desire to leave the quiet waters of peace, and to tempt the troubled seas of discord and commotion, he will stand your pilot through hells of strife, and waft you so gently over yawning elements of hungry ruin, howling to swallow wrecked estates, that when you have once more set your foot on Terra Firma, like Moses and Aaron, you will rejoice over Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, or like Miram over the host of Pharaoh, that horses and chariots and every thing pertaining unto them, except what the law allows them, are ingulfed in the Red Sea.

October 1, 1849.

JOHN K. DUSENBERRY.

LET us admire the tact and pluck of an Illinois clergyman, who, being indifferently paid by his flock, found himself too much in the "raven" business for the cravings of his little ones. Yet the people liked him. On one Sabbath morning, after performing the usual preliminary services, he announced his text and said: "No man labors for another without adequate pay. The lawyer and the physician have their fees, the teacher his salary, the merchant pay for his goods. I have announced my text, and will finish my discourse when I see a disposition on the part of my brethren to do their duty toward me;" and sat down. There was an expression of surprise, if not amusement, on the faces of the audience, but the deacons bustled about, and took an unusually liberal collection. He then gravely proceeded with his discourse. Perhaps

if this sort of pulpit oratory were more generally indulged in the parsons would realize more of greenbacks.

WALKING up Broadway the other day, met John G. Saxe. Asked, "Where are you bound?"

"To Boston," answered that poet, "this afternoon, *Deo volente*."

"What route's that?" asked an irreverent young publisher.

"By way of *Providence*, of course."

A LITTLE volume has recently been published in London entitled "Tinker Æsop and his Lessons for the Age," each "lesson" winding up with a moral in the shape of a "little story." The following, of interest perhaps to young parsons, is a fair specimen:

A young and inexperienced curate, who had lately come from college to do duty in a country parish, was passionately fond of dancing, and was eager to indulge now and then in his favorite pastime, when he could do so in private, and not seem to make a mountebank of himself. One dark winter's evening, having lit up the lower room of his lodging and set his musical box going, he began footing it round the table, and flinging his arms and legs about with wonderful agility; for, though the shutters were still open, he saw nobody in the outer darkness, and fancied that he was fully concealed. Very soon a party of rustic laborers, going home from their day's work, observed the merry curate at his solitary dancing freak, and immediately drew up in front of the window and watched him with evident amusement. "What have you got there looking at, Joe?" said another laborer who presently came up to the laughing spectators. "Ho, we are seein' our new passon cuttin' his caapers," said Joe. "Ha! ha! ha! Blowed if it ain't as pretty a little peep-show as ever I looked into, and there's nothin' to pay!"

A SOUTHERN friend, who is curious in his observations as to the effect of freedom on the ordinary field-hand freedman, says that in no way does Sambo "feel the oats" of liberty more than in his devotions; and in support of his assertion sends the following, which he says is in many quarters a favorite hymn in public religious services:

We's nearer to de Lord
Dan de white folks, and dey knows it;
See de glory gate unbarred;
Walk up, darkeys, past de guard;
Bet a dollar he don't close it.

Walk up, darkeys, froo de gate;
Hark! de colored angels holler,
Go away, white folks! you's too late;
We's de winnin' color; wait
Till the trumpet sounds to foller.

Hallelujah! t'anks an' praise:
Long enuff we've borne our crosses;
Now we's de sooperior race;
We's gwine to hebban afore de bosses!

A LITTLE honest hilarity now and then enlivens the tedium of legal proceedings even in England, where the gravity of the courts is extreme. In a case—the Saurin case—which has attracted much of the public attention recently, several nuns were introduced as witnesses, and even they were infected by the jocular turn things occasionally took. One lady, a Mrs. Ker, who

had worn her boots about her neck as a penance, was placed upon the stand, and made a curious retort. She was questioned with reference to the charge against Miss Saurin of having once surreptitiously treated herself to strawberries and cream, and was asked if it was a grave fault. She said it was. The Solicitor-General asked:

"Was it a *malum in se*?—was it a sin?"

The witness answered that "It was not a sin. To eat an apple might not be a sin, *but we know what grave consequences once followed from doing so.*" The Solicitor-General is said to have "rested" on that reply.

OUR worthy Mayor has just received from an anxious inquirer in Dane County, Wisconsin, the following epistle:

Mr. A. Oakley Hall:

DEAR SIR,—I write to you for information in regard to the genealogy or history of the Nickerbocker family and their desendents in America, and whether you know or have heard any thing about a dowry, or a township of land in Holland, that has been advertised for the benefit of the heirs of the abovenamed Nickerbockers, who settled somewhere in the State of New York. My grandmother on my mother's side was a Nickerbocker, and at one time lived on or near Livingstone's Manner, in the State of New York. I was born in the State of N. Y., Yates Co., and am now forty-nine years old. Your position as Mayor of the city of New York, and (if the papers are correct) a descendant of the Nickerbockers, is the reason I take the liberty to address you on this subject. If you know or have heard any thing in regard to what I ask, you will confer on me a favor that will be reciprocated by writing as soon as convenient.

Yours,

[Any original information in reference to old Mr. Nicker Bocker, or any of the "desendent" Bockers, will be gratefully received by the Mayor, and copies filed "keerfully" away in the archives of his office.—DRAWER.]

IN one of the flourishing towns of Illinois, where corn-raising is looked upon as the chief end of man, the yield is so large as to require the use of several corn-shelling machines. The cobs are greatly sought by the inhabitants for fuel. The following correspondence between a colporteur and a party owning a sheller is sent to us:

HOME, —, 1868.

Mr. C—:

Please send me a load of cobs. My excellent wife will be on hand to show you where to put them.

Yours in the Gospel,

J. B—.

Answer:

J. B—:

I send you a load of cobs as per order.

Yours in the cob business,

A. C—.

DURING the war it was reported that two prisoners had been placed in a military prison for certain offenses—one a young man, the other sixty or seventy years of age—and that a ball and chain had been put to the leg of the younger man. A by-stander wanted to know why they were treated in this different manner for the same offense.

"Oh," said Colonel Weatherwax, "probably the old man was bald already."

This seemed to be a reasonable explanation.

A VIRGINIA correspondent, who went to that State soon after the late outbreak, took occasion one Sunday morning to hear a prominent preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church. One side

of the crowded gallery was occupied by colored people, among whom was old Aunt Phœbe, whose religion was exceedingly emotional, and who, since freedom was hers, indulged in the exercise of that boon by shouting quite loudly whenever the spirit moved her. Having at one point of the discourse indulged in an unusually emphatic "Amen! bress de Lord!" the dispenser of the word stopped short, and pointing his finger toward the loquacious aunty, solemnly exclaimed, "Let Africa keep silence; America now speaks." Africa took umbrage at the invidious remark, and mainly seceded from the organization. That preacher was not sufficiently reconstructed.

THE Illinois House of Representatives have taken to ways jocular. Not long since, as we learn from a source claimed to be reputable, being in the comic vein, they passed several statutes, one of which was a bill for "a complete reversal of the relations of the sexes." It vested "all political, civil, and social power irrevocably in the female portion of the population above the age of sixteen years, conferred upon the same part of the population the exclusive right to escort men, hold property, propose marriage," and "keep late hours." Men were delegated to household and feminine offices, and to the wearing of articles of costume hitherto characteristic of the weaker sex.

OVERHEARD this coming down in Fourth Avenue car: Old gentleman in Baltimore had son; good son, but prodigal. Son stuttered. Often went to Washington on "lark." Borrowed money from friends—often. Friends urged him to settle up. Old Baltimore gent. wished son to marry and become good man. Son replied: "Gu-gu-guv'nor, 's curious how they s-s-state things. Them Washington chaps w-w-want me to s-set-tle up, and you w-w-want me to s-settle down. Y-y-you see y-y-you're a-g-g-in each other!"

THAT *Harper's Magazine* is a perpetual joy to the young men and women of this land is again, and very delightfully, manifested in a note just received from a Georgia correspondent, in which occurs the following consolatory paragraph:

"Please alter the address of your Magazine to Mrs. —, instead of Miss —. I think your Magazine helped to bring about so desirable a change."

THERE is some drollery still extant among the railroad conductors; at least there is a fat conductor on the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore road who seems to cultivate that quality. Quite recently an old gentleman got on the train at Chester, bound south, without a ticket. The conductor came along with commendable alacrity and demanded the fare.

"What is the fare?" asked the aged.

"Where are you going?" said the conductor.

"To h-ll!" replied the aged, with anger.

"Then," answered the conductor, "give me twenty-five cents, and get off at Wilmington!"

WE are not altogether sure that the following of Tom Corwin has not already been in print, perhaps in the Drawer, but it's good enough to be repeated: Mr. Corwin was conspicuously im-

partial in borrowing money from every one of his friends, and seldom paying them. Having been fined \$30 by a judge one day for disorderly behavior in court, Tom looked all around the court-room, and then addressed the judge: "May it please your Honor, I see no one present of whom I can borrow \$30 with which to pay the fine just inflicted on me but yourself. Will you be kind enough to lend me the amount?" The judge, foreseeing the probable result of making the loan requested, addressed his reply to the clerk. "You may remit that fine, Mr. Clerk. The State of Ohio can better afford to lose \$30 than I can."

A FEW for the little folks:

A child aged about three, upon hearing a heavy peal of thunder (the mother doubtless having talked with him about the greatness and majesty of God), rushed into the room where she was, his little eyes distended and his cheeks aglow with the thought: "Oh! mummer, mummer! did you hear that? *God's been clapping his hands!*" Beat that, in the line of children's originality, if you can.

ANOTHER: Mr. D——, a very pious old gentleman, of one of our Episcopal congregations in Washington, was in the habit, upon entering his pew, according to the custom of that body of Christians, of having a few moments' private devotion. His custom was to deposit his hat upon the floor, then kneel. It so happened that he invariably placed the hat directly in front of where he kneeled. All this was noticed by a young Miss of three, whose parents occupied a neighboring pew. The same young Miss, with observant eyes, also noticed that Mr. F——, another attendant of worship at the same place, and occupying a pew near Mr. D——, did *not* go through the devout attitudes of old Mr. D——. And so one morning she announced, as her deliberate conviction, that "Mr. F—— would not go to heaven when he died." Being asked what made her think so, she replied, with an air that showed that there was no shaking her opinion on the subject: "Because he *doesn't smell his hat like Mr. D—— does* when he goes to church!"

ANOTHER: The daughter of a clerical gentleman is quite an old woman at six years of age. She must have a womanly answer, and have it she will, *cælum ruat!* A lady determining to stump her the other day, asked her, as she thought, a poser: "What do you think of Jephtha's daughter, little Miss?" Balancing herself a moment in a thoughtful attitude, and evidently in the profoundest throes of cogitation and study, in a moment more her face assumed a less meditative but still sternly serious expression, as she answered, not to be "come over" in so simple a field as that of sacred biography (and she a clergyman's daughter, too): "I am of the opinion that she was a very amiable young lady, and eminently inclined to piety!" The house convulsed.

ANOTHER: The son of a worthy and pious gentleman of Washington had been reared very carefully, especially in regard to his religious nature. The result of all had been, at six years, great religious precocity—in fact, unhealthy.

Being asked one day his name (probably with a patronizing pat on the head to encourage confidence), his profound theological reply was (names only fictitious): "Charles-Williamson-Browning-wherein-I-was-made-a-member-of-Christ-a-child-of-God-and-an-inheritor-of-the-kingdom-of-heaven!" a name I have never heard equaled, except that of the old Puritan which Mines tells of, who called his son, "Thro'-much-tribulation-we-enter-into-the-kingdom-of-heaven-Smith!" The party inquiring the above young gentleman's name, it is supposed, had got about a square off before the antepenultimate syllable was reached.

How will this do for the youngsters?

A wee Miss had given to her a new top that would spin a long time without stopping. It was unfortunately purchased on Saturday night. Next morning little Miss was observed spinning it on one of the plates on the breakfast-table. Mother said, "Katy, stop spinning your top." Katy kept on. Mother said again, "Katy, don't you know it's Sunday?" "Mother," answered the child, solemnly, "I'm testing this top's piety, and I believe it's bad, because it won't stop!"

The irreligious instrument was elevated to an upper shelf in the cupboard.

It has been held in a Massachusetts case that letters of administration are conclusive evidence of death of promisor in an action on a note. A Boston legal luminary having cited the authority in a brief the other day, a friend remarked, *sotto voce*: "In other words, 'the letter killeth!'"

So many drolleries Federal have found their way into the Drawer, that any thing of that sort from the Confederate is the more welcome. Here are two from Louisville that are not bad:

A certain Confederate regiment that served during the war in the Western Department was commanded until after the battle of Murfreesboro by a colonel who was a foreigner by birth, but a soldier by choice and education. He never learned to use good English, but he had a short way of expressing himself in impetuous exclamations that was quite as effective in conveying his conclusions as his practiced sword was in disabling an adversary. This anecdote is attributed to him: Once, when some general officers were hesitating about making an important but desperate movement, on account of the loss of life it was likely to involve, he, happening to be present, bawled out: "What, kill soldier! What soldier made for? Soldier paid to be killed, py tam!"

At the battle of Murfreesboro, when a certain brigade was ordered forward, on Wednesday, to assist in the attack on the Federal right, the regiment commanded by the foreign officer referred to met with such a furious reception from "the boys of the West," as they prided in calling themselves, that it wavered, and was on the point of falling into confusion, when, it is said, he instantly brought the men to a sense of their duties and responsibilities by dashing madly along the line, brandishing his sabre over their heads, and shouting at the top of his voice: "Go up tah, men! Go up tah! Py tam, *do you want to live always?*"

